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CONTENTS

AUTHOR	TITLE	PAGE
ADAMS, Lady . . .	Moody and Sankey à la Normande . . .	219
ARMSTRONG, Martin . . .	The Pipe Smoker . . .	473
BRADLEY, A. G. . . .	The Decline of British Agriculture . . .	92
BERTRAM, Anthony . . .	They Also Serve . . .	103
BUTCHART, Isabel . . .	"His Enchanting Sister" . . .	504
COATMAN, J. . . .	Ottawa Will Not Fail . . .	1
CHESTERTON, G. K. . . .	Walter de la Mare . . .	47
CARTER, W. Horsfall . . .	Prelude to the German Revolution . . .	273
CARROLL, Diana . . .	A Plea . . .	354
DARLING, Lord . . .	A Great Advocate . . .	253
DILLON, Dr. E. J. . . .	Prejudice Against Japan . . .	558
FIFOOT, C. H. S. . . .	New Steps in Law Reform . . .	63
"FUSILIER" . . .	The Independence of Iraq . . .	315
GWYNN, Stephen . . .	Ebb and Flow 108, 242, 381, 513, 645, 782	
GLASGOW, George . . .	The Turn of the Tide . . .	137
	The World Conference . . .	583
GREEN, O. M. . . .	Realities in the Far East . . .	303
	The Red Scourge in China . . .	735
HIRST, W. A. . . .	The Rule of Law . . .	326
HINKSON, Pamela . . .	Irish Social Life To-day . . .	345
HILL, Phodora . . .	Sonnet . . .	582
HAMILTON, G. Rostrevor . . .	Hidden Grief . . .	702
HARRIS, S. Hutchinson . . .	Shareholders and Trust Companies . . .	725

AUTHOR	TITLE	PAGE
JOAD, C. E. M.	The Changing World	119
JOHNSON, Dorothy	Theban Toys	238
JOHNSON, Geoffrey	At Willows Farm	490
KELLY, Thomas	The Proud Woman	636
LLOYD, Roger B.	The Mediaeval Pulpit	355
LAW, Hugh A.	Mr. de Valera's Republic	703
LAPQUELLERIE, Yvon	A Kind Heart	363
LINKLATER, Eric	Discovering America	371
LUCAS, Audrey	Cul-de-Sac	630
MESTON, Lord	The Decision on India	149
MARRIOTT, Sir John	Queen Victoria in Perspective	178
	Asquith's Place in History	569
McFEE, William	Wives in Every Port	198
MOORE, John C.	Republican Spain	338
MOORE, Arthur	Beloved India	409
MELVILLE, C. F.	The League in Jeopardy	423
MACARTNEY, Maxwell H. H.	Ten Years of Fascism	432
MERCHANT, G. L.	French Graves of English Kings	753
NICHOLSON, Basil D.	Road and Rail	484
O'FLAHERTY, Liam	The Kingdom of Kerry	212
PRAYRE, Ignatius	Who Will be President	17
	Another President Roosevelt	545
REYNOLDS, A. J.	The Lone Star State	23
RICHMOND, Adm. Sir Herbert	Naval Training	83, 187
ROTH, Cecil	Wandering Jews	169
STRONG, L. A. G.	The Western Highlands	55
	Crabtrees	227
SMART, R. Cecil	A Bankrupt Coal Policy	160
STANNARD, Harold	Ottawa and Recovery	445
SMYSER, W. L.	Venezelos and Balkan Peace	455
SWING, Raymond Gram	The Change in America	692
SEAFIELD Fraser	Beyond the Cities	764
STONIER, G. W.	Eliot and the Plain Reader	620
THOMSON, Sir J. Arthur	The Children's Bread	523
TWEEDY, Owen	A Rolling Stone in Persia	609, 744
UBSDALL, A. R.	Sonnet	226
VERRILL, A. Hyatt	The Communism of the Incas	492
WHYTE, A. Gowans	Reflections on the Age of Noise	72
WAUGH, Arthur	The Book of Gosse	284
	Trollope After Fifty Years	712
WEST, Geoffrey	The Great Victorians	482
ZIMMERN, Alfred	Disarmament; the Decisive Phase	681

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY 1, 1932

OTTAWA WILL NOT FAIL

BY PROFESSOR J. COATMAN, C.I.E.

I

THE people of all the Empire countries concerned with the Ottawa Conference should understand clearly its importance, not only from the point of view of their own economic interests, but to the whole world, and to the future of international relationships, of which economic relations are only one part. At the present time, world attention is concentrated on the forthcoming Imperial Conference as it has never been concentrated on any of its predecessors, and in foreign newspapers Ottawa ranks among the leading news items. Already the Ottawa Conference has figured in one way or another in the agenda of some foreign legislatures, and there is not one trading nation of importance whose leaders in politics and business do not feel that the outcome of the Conference will be of immediate practical concern to them and their country. There is an obvious and tangible reason for this interest, namely, the important proportion which the trade of the British Empire as a whole bears to the total of world trade. Calculations from figures contained in the League of Nations Statistical Year-Book for 1930-31, show that in 1929 this proportion was no less than 27.40 per cent. Of this figure, the United Kingdom, of course, contributed by far the greater part, namely, 13.16 per cent. of world trade, with Canada next, but at a long interval, with 3.48. Clearly, proceedings which may affect materially the future lines of direction of the enormous quantum of international trade represented by these figures must be of the most lively interest to all the trading countries outside the Empire.

But there are broader and more fundamental reasons for the literally world-wide interest in Ottawa, and these also

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should be brought as forcibly as possible to the notice of all the people of the self-governing parts of the British Empire. An examination of the literature dealing with the British Empire reveals the striking fact that, of late years, the Empire as a whole, the relations—constitutional, economic, cultural and other—between its different parts, its present position and its future prospects, all form the subject of writings in the chief languages of the world. Moreover, these writings show a tendency to become increasingly frequent, and it seems not unlikely that the British Empire will become an equal favourite with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics with students of world politics.

With this mention of the U.S.S.R. we come to a profoundly, a vitally important truth which foreigners are apparently beginning to perceive more quickly than we ourselves in the British Empire. This truth is that the British Empire is an element in the life and organization of the world of no less tremendous significance to the future of humanity than that other vast political system in Russia. The catastrophic speed, the dramatic quality, and the challenge to ideas and the established order in other countries of the great Russian experiment naturally enough long occupied the attention of students all over the world, to the comparative neglect of post-War developments in politics and economics elsewhere. There has been nothing sudden and dramatic and violent about the developments and changes which have occurred in the relations between the different parts of the British Empire. They have taken place over long years and each of them has grown naturally out of something older. And, simply because the process has been so long and slow and natural, it has been taken largely for granted until recently, both by us and by foreigners. But a philosophic survey of these two vast and fundamentally differing systems reveals what appears to be at first sight a violent paradox. The apparent paradox is contained in the statement that it is the Russian experiment which represents old and well-known ideas in politics and economics, whereas it is the British Empire which represents what is strange, and new, and, literally, revolutionary. For

consider what these two systems are *essentially*. The Government of Russia is a highly-centralized despotism of which nothing is new except the name and some of the forms in which it is cloaked. The philosophic bases of communism are at least as old as Plato, and communism has been the declared rule of various communities, mostly very small, of course, from time to time. What is new in the economic policy of the Soviet is the vast scale on which communism is being attempted and the comprehensiveness of its objectives.

The present organization of the self-governing parts of the British Empire, on the other hand, represents something entirely new in human experience, so new, indeed, that much energy and ingenuity is being spent at the present moment to explain and classify it in terms of, and with reference to examples drawn from past experience. It is no wonder that such attempts hitherto have had as their main result the creation of confusion in the minds of those who make them, because the British Empire is, in the real meaning of the word, unique. In fact, that form of free association of kindred nations which we call Dominion Status is a British discovery. Hitherto it has been peculiar to the British Empire, but it cannot be doubted that it is bound to exercise a powerful influence over the minds of foreign nations who now, or who will in the future, find themselves compelled to broaden the bases of the political and economic systems in which they live through arrangements with related or neighbouring peoples. I believe it is not too much to say that at the present time the rival ideals of communism after the Russian model, and free and voluntary grouping in the fashion of the British Dominions, are struggling for mastery in various parts of the world. It is not merely fanciful to see in such things as the attempted Austro-German *Anschluss* last year, and the recent proposals for a Danubian economic *entente*, the beginnings of the application to international relations of the basic principles underlying the British Commonwealth. It is above all things necessary that we adjust our minds and ideas to the conditions of our time. The interdependence of nations, the realization of which has now been brought with cruel and irresistible force

to the minds of even the dullest persons, demands new conceptions of the limits of the powers and potentialities of the nation state, a new philosophy of international relations, and new and broader organizations and groupings for economic purposes. The way to achieve one side of this profoundly difficult work of adjustment has been shown by the development of Dominion Status. The self-governing members of the British Commonwealth have shown that strong, progressive, proud, and virile nations can enter into free association with each other on conditions satisfactory to them all, whilst yet remaining members of a supra-national political system which is not a mere union or alliance, but an organism with its own peculiar characteristics and individuality. Those who object that this British achievement cannot be copied by nations between whom there are not the same ties of common origin, and so on, as exist between Britain and her Dominions, must remember that the Dominions contain people of non-British origin who are able to make their own peculiar contributions to the life and culture of their countries, and that the vast majority of them rest happily in the Commonwealth.

II

But—returning to the Ottawa Conference—the British Empire has not yet pioneered the way on the economic side as she has done on the political. This, of course, is a long-period enterprise, and the real work of the Ottawa Conference is to begin the task of pioneering, consciously and on broad and comprehensive lines. Let us, therefore, see the position from which the Conference starts. It is true that the British Empire considered as an economic entity is very far from being entirely disarticulate. The extensive system of preferences between this country and her Dominions and many of her Colonies, as well as the preferences granted by certain of the Oversea countries of the Empire to each other, would alone invest the British Empire with some of the marks of an economic unity. And these marks of unity are increased by various acts of legislation or administrative practices or co-operative effort in such things as scientific research of various

kinds and marketing. In the domain of legislation it is not necessary to do more than mention the Colonial Stock Act of 1900—which, so to speak, gave the members of the Overseas Empire Imperial preference in the London money market—and the Merchandise Marks Act of 1926, which has made it largely possible for the British public to know whether the imported goods they buy are of foreign or Empire origin. A third Act of Parliament worth mentioning is the Cinematograph Films Act of 1927, which arranges for a progressively increasing quota of Empire-produced films for British theatres. In the field of administrative or departmental action we may perhaps include the extraordinarily valuable and successful work of the Empire Marketing Board, not only in selling Empire produce in this country, but in initiating and co-ordinating scientific research. Continuing this catalogue we notice the numerous inter-Imperial Conferences of late years in forestry, agriculture, statistics, communications; and the work of the Imperial Shipping Committee and the Imperial Economic Committee.

When we come to the third great division mentioned above, namely, co-operative effort in scientific research, we are in touch with one of the most progressive and hopeful achievements in inter-Imperial co-operation. In this connection, the first mention is given naturally to the eight Agricultural Bureaux, each attached to some research institution in this country and each working in some special domain of agricultural science. Their work, moreover, extends beyond research pure and simple and brings them into touch with immediate problems. They are supported by all the Governments of the Empire and are controlled by the latter's nominees. They are thus an outstanding example of Imperial unity, and at the last Imperial Conference the Research Sub-Committee pointed to them as a fine example for future action on an All-Empire basis. There is, indeed, immense scope for co-operative action in this connection, for very little reflection will show that there is much that is common in the agricultural problems of all parts of the British Empire. For example, dairying is an industry for moist, cool regions such as exist in

this country, in New Zealand, in South Australia, in Eastern Canada and in the Southern part of South Africa. In the dry, cool parts of the Empire like Western Canada, parts of Australia, and North-Western India in the cold weather, we get suitable conditions for growing wheat and other cereals. And so we could continue with other examples. Thus, work devoted to improving the production of products in one part of the Empire may be, and ought to be, useful to other parts, and in this we find the supreme value of co-operative work such is now being carried on and is undoubtedly going to extend vastly in the future. The old Imperial Institute in London and the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad are other outstanding examples of real, tangible links between the different Empire countries in economic matters. To students of Imperial economic affairs the work of the British Engineering Standards Association and the co-operation now existing between the various Empire Governments in the matter of common standards are well known. But they must, at any rate, be mentioned here, because in the adoption of common standards throughout the Empire we have obviously a most fruitful field of inter-Imperial economic co-operation.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, it is clear that the British Empire cannot be regarded as an economic unit, or, even, as an organized economic system, although, as we see, some parts of the bases of a more closely integrated and consciously organized economic system for the future have been laid. But when we turn our eyes to immediate economic objectives, of which, of course, the most important is the rapid increase of inter-Imperial trade, we find considerable lack of organization and co-operation. The main achievements in this direction are the existing system of Imperial preferences, the almost unnoticed but wonderfully promising work done in the matter of standardization, and certain useful developments begun by agreements between industrialists, such as, for example, that between the British Steel Export Association and the Canadian Iron and Steel Industry. With regard to the value of the work already accomplished in the direction of the

adoption of common standards throughout the Empire, and the industrialists' agreements, there is not likely to be any difference of opinion. But, as is well known, the value and effects of preferences have been the subject of continuous controversy, and of course it is not possible to demonstrate statistically the value of a preference to any of the parties concerned. Fortunately there is no need to make any attempt at evaluation because one of the main purposes of this discussion of Empire economic relations is to make as plain as possible the division of our Imperial economic interests into the immediate objectives and the long-range objectives. An examination of the literature both serious and ephemeral of our Imperial economic relations will show that practically the whole volume of attention and discussion has centred in the immediate objectives, which can be fairly summed up as the stimulation of inter-Imperial trade by means of preferential tariffs. This is particularly true of the discussions which have taken place both inside the Imperial conferences and in connection with them outside on public platforms and in the columns of the Press. This has been a great drawback and a serious hindrance in the past because it has prevented all the British countries concerned from seeing the Imperial economic problem in its true scope and character, and, consequently, has made even the beginnings of a consciously planned and appropriate policy impossible. We are dreadfully familiar with the usual run of discussion on Imperial economic affairs. On the one side we have those who see in preferences and tariffs, and in a policy of development of our "estate" in the Colonial Empire, a panacea for all our economic ills. Opposed to them are those who point out with perfect truth that the economic nationalism of the Dominions, and the existing trade relations between the various Empire countries, including ourselves, and the rest of the world, set narrow and unpassable limits to what it is possible or even desirable to do in these directions. As we look round the Empire to-day we see its various members each with its own trading relations and interests, which, obviously, must not be suddenly disturbed and diverted, even for the purpose of establishing closer economic relations with other British countries. The example

of Canada is particularly apposite. Canada has now definitely emerged as a manufacturing and exporting country, and it is clear that her industrial growth in the near future will be one of the outstanding features of world economics. Important as her trading relations with this country and other parts of the Empire are, they are completely overshadowed by her economic relations with the United States which takes over forty per cent. of her exports, and sends over sixty per cent. of her imports. Excepting the Irish Free State, of whose total export and import trade all but a small fraction is done with this country, and New Zealand, no other member of the Empire has economic interests so largely with any one other country.

Nevertheless, a survey of the trading figures of the more important Empire countries shows their trade relations to be such that at any given moment the scope for immediate or speedy diversion of trade from foreign to Empire countries is distinctly limited. Moreover, it is true that any sudden diversions of or obstacles in the channels along which the main articles of international commerce flow, cannot bring any benefit, on balance, even to the countries for whose special benefit these diversions or obstacles are arranged. So long, therefore, as we confine our attention to the purely immediate economic objectives now under discussion, we do undoubtedly find it difficult to answer the criticisms of those who point out the narrowness of the limits within which we can operate, and, also, the harmful effects on our trade and economic relations with foreign countries, so vitally important an element in the economic life of every one of the Empire countries.

III

These considerations have induced considerable scepticism in some quarters and discouragement in others as to the possibilities of ever making any sort of economic unity out of the British Empire. Certainly such scepticism as is now being expressed concerning the outcome of the Ottawa Conference arises entirely from the confining of attention to these purely immediate, and, we must now use the word, limited objectives. But when we lift our eyes above them and try to look at inter-Imperial

economic relations and their objectives and possibilities in their entirety, the whole question takes on a completely different aspect. We have seen already that what we are discussing is an economic foundation for the Empire to complete and reinforce its political foundation. To-day, and still more in the future, at least for as far ahead as we can see, economic rivalry between the nations of the world is, and is going to be, a fiercely competitive affair. Except where alliances or co-operation in economic matters exist, there will be the keenest rivalry between nations, a rivalry in which sentiment, however deeply rooted or hallowed by old tradition it may be, will play an ever decreasing part. Already the beginnings of rivalry between this country and certain members of the British Commonwealth, even in external markets, has appeared. At all costs we must examine every possible way of averting this rivalry, and the leaders of the people in every one of the British countries must use all their statesmanship to ensure that the different members of the Empire do not drift into the position of being each others cut-throat trade rivals in the world's markets. Also, since the continually growing fierceness of competition in the future will force the nations into economic unions more or less close and effective, we must see to it that no Empire country is driven by necessity into any union outside the Empire. Unless these things are done it seems impossible to doubt that the Empire will not survive. And if the British Empire were to break up, there would disappear with it the greatest force on the side of peace in the world, and the greatest attempt ever made by the human race to harmonize the most vital interests of nations and peoples of many varied kinds and stages of development and culture all over the world. This thought gives us the right to treat the economic future of the British Empire *sub specie eternitatis*, for, as we saw a moment ago, world conditions make it necessary that we should provide the Empire with an economic foundation just as it has a political foundation. And putting the matter in this way enables us to see our problem in its entirety, and to state it in a fashion which renders it reasonably comprehensible. The essence of dominion status—into which, it must be

remembered, India and other countries at present subject will grow as their conditions enable them—is free association and co-operation. Why then should we not have, so to speak, an *economic* dominion status, that is, free and voluntary co-operation in economic affairs analogous to that which now exists in politics. Stating our problem like this relieves it at once of all rigidity and takes us outside the narrow range of immediate objects, for, clearly, there can be nothing binding or mechanical or final in such co-operation. Also, tariffs, and preferences, and quotas, and other things that vex so many people to-day, fall into their proper perspective and are seen as what they are, that is, as instruments to be used, as, and to the extent that, occasion demands. The discussion of the extent to which the British Empire is already articulated economically was undertaken to show something, at any rate, of the immensity of the scope of the work which we have to do, as well as to point out that in a fashion typically British we have almost unconsciously evolved certain institutions and undertaken certain activities which are entirely appropriate to the more comprehensive long-range objectives now coming under our consideration.

IV

Calculating from figures in the sixtieth number of the Statistical Abstract for the British Empire, we find that the trade of each Dominion with the United Kingdom expressed as percentages of their total trade is represented by the following figures: Canada 20 per cent., Australia 40 per cent., New Zealand 61 per cent., South Africa 46 per cent., Irish Free State 85 per cent. India (sea-borne trade only) 31 per cent. It must be remembered that these are figures for trade with the United Kingdom only. When the trade with all Empire countries is taken into account these percentages are raised. For example, according to the *Economist* the proportion of Canadian imports which came from Empire countries during the first eleven months of the present fiscal year is 25.3 per cent. Further there is good reason to believe that the Dominions in the future will more and more frame their tariffs not only in the interests of the industry directly affected, but in

the interests of the community as a whole. If this tendency continues and becomes a settled policy it will undoubtedly open the way to a much more fruitful co-operation than has been possible in the past, and will relieve the Dominions themselves of many of the most harmful results of extreme economic nationalism. The deductions to be drawn from the existing extensive trade relations between this country and her overseas Empire are reinforced by a consideration of the part which the London money market plays. With the exception of Canada, where, of recent years, American investment has overtaken our own, the capital which has been needed for the development of the Empire countries has been very largely found in this country. The financial relations thus set up and the shipping, insurance, and other connections established are invisible but very powerful forces constantly at work strengthening and extending the economic ties between the various Empire countries.

Thus we see that there are certain strong and natural bases for a policy of inter-Imperial economic co-operation such as we have in mind. There is, in fact, no need violently to twist or distort existing economic relations between Empire and foreign countries. Having our long-range comprehensive policy of co-operation in mind, we can suit our actions to it and use our tariff, industrial, and investment policies as instruments. An important contributory to the present economic malaise of the world is the haphazard growth of uneconomic industries all over the world. Begun in many cases during the war, this growth has proceeded at an alarming pace since, and industries of all sorts have sprung up injuring, and even destroying, the markets of some of the great trading nations, particularly this country, in their old established staple industries, and contributing largely to the general upset of trade relations throughout the world. Inside the British Empire there is no reason why the development of secondary industries should proceed according to these anarchic principles. There is no reason why any uneconomic industry should grow up in an Empire country. The alternative to such an undesirable and unnecessary development in the

inter-Imperial economic relations of the future is fully discussed in the admirable "Report on Imperial Industrial Co-operation" published early in June by the Imperial Economic Committee. Indeed, we have before our eyes to-day a working example of the new and fruitful co-operation between Empire industrialists which we are now discussing. This is the arrangement made last year between the British Steel Export Association and the Canadian steel industry. The essence of this agreement is that the British manufacturers shall not compete in the Canadian market in the light lines which Canadian mills are now turning out, and, in return, Canadian steel consumers will divert to the United Kingdom as large a proportion as possible of the heavier lines which they are at present forced to import. This policy is the essence of Imperial rationalization. It can be and ought to be applied to other industries.

V

This side of Empire economic relations has much wider aspects than the industrial or primarily economic. It can be made into an important part of our migration policy. Those who have studied the migration from this country to other parts of the Empire since the passing of the Empire Settlement Act in 1922, and particularly those who have read the Report of Lord Astor's Committee, know that the time has come to reshape many of our ideas on the subject of migration. It is said that our Overseas Dominions want mainly immigrants who will settle on the land. If this is so, it is clear that the scope for further emigration from this country is strictly limited. It is limited for two reasons. First, the increasing mechanization of agriculture is all the time reducing the proportion of a country's population which is required to win from the earth the necessary amount of agricultural products. This, of course, is particularly true in the case of countries like certain of our Dominions where large-scale farming is possible. Secondly, the population of this country is predominantly urban, and we cannot expect unemployed miners and textile workers, and the like, brought up in town conditions, to become

agriculturists in Western Canada or Australia. It is not their job.

But, on the other hand, within the last few years we have seen heavy blows dealt at some of our industries, which now have the largest numbers of unemployed, by tariff changes in the British Dominions. It is only necessary here to instance changes in the tariffs on textiles which have hit Lancashire and Yorkshire very hard during the post-War years. As these industries develop in the Overseas Empire countries, it ought to be possible to arrange for them to take the additional trained skill and capital required from this country. If this were done, and if whole families of neighbours from the English towns could go out to work of a sort with which they were familiar and be, from the beginning of their new life, with their own relatives and friends, the problem of migration from this country would take on a new aspect. Moreover, if we can in future develop a thoroughgoing policy of industrial co-operation between the Empire countries on the lines laid down in the Imperial Economic Committee's Report, it is only reasonable to expect that the general economic development of the countries concerned will proceed not only on much sounder lines but at an accelerated pace, and this will mean a continuous demand for the sort of emigrants which we can supply. Indeed, it is urgently necessary that we rid our minds of the static view of industrial and economic development which seems to be held by so many people to-day. The progress of scientific invention and discovery and their application to industry and to economic processes generally are proceeding at a bewilderingly rapid rate. New industries, new methods, and new conditions are all the while appearing, and there is a growing belief that the ideas and principles of economic nationalism make it impossible not only to adjust our economic processes speedily and effectively to these changes, but, even, to avoid something like sheer anarchy, in fact, the continuance of existing world conditions. International cartels and other forms of marketing arrangements cannot be satisfactory and permanent substitutes for that international co-operation in the broad economic processes of mankind which will ultimately be forced upon the world by sheer stress of circumstances.

Here, again, the countries of the British Empire are better fitted than any other group of nations to begin this international co-operation. Wherever there can be reciprocal activity and reciprocal trade, there should be. For example, in the Colonial Empire there might be possibilities of creating new mining industries which may seriously affect some other Empire country, let us say, Canada. In such a case as this, developments ought to be undertaken with a very careful eye on Canada's interests, or, even, in actual co-operation with her particular industry concerned. Incidentally, such a policy as this would enable the economic development of certain of our Colonies to proceed more slowly and deliberately, and, therefore, more naturally and beneficially. These are only the more obvious reflections which arise when one considers the speed and variety of the changes and developments in economic processes, but at any rate they suffice to bring to notice the existence of an immensely important field of inter-Imperial co-operation for the future, and they show how vastly more comprehensive are the questions with which the Ottawa and succeeding Imperial Conferences might deal, than are those relating to the merely immediate, and, as I have tried to show, subsidiary questions of tariffs and quotas and the like.

VI

It is clear that if such developments as have been foreshadowed in the preceding pages take place in inter-Imperial economic relations, questions of finance and investment will be very important indeed, and they also will provide another extensive field for future co-operation between the Empire countries. But the very importance and complexity of these financial questions makes it impossible to do more than merely mention them here. The possibilities of the control of investment are admittedly limited as far as the existing pool of investment is concerned. But they are much wider in the case of new investments, and it is suggested that the investment policy of this country, which, of course, will be the predominant financial partner in the Commonwealth for years to come, should be so controlled as to be made one of the most

powerful instruments for working out the long-range, comprehensive policy of Empire economic co-operation which we are discussing. For some time to come, this country is not likely to have so large an investable surplus as she had before the beginning of the great depression, and it is all the more necessary, therefore, to use such surplus as we may have, in productive development inside the British Empire. The canalization of the investments of British countries, and primarily of the United Kingdom, in this way, for the purpose of working out a broad policy of free co-operation in economic matters between the different parts of the Empire, analogous to that which exists in political matters, has, in its turn, obvious bearings on another important subject which will come up for discussion at Ottawa. This is the question of the adoption of a sterling standard for the Empire and for such other countries as wish to link themselves to it. This, again, is a subject which can only be referred to here, but it is obvious that the problems which it raises take on an entirely new character in the light of all that has been said above.

VII

Let us now return to the core of all that has been said in this article. It is that the political foundations of the Empire need to be completed and reinforced by economic foundations. These economic foundations must be of the same character and scope as the political. They cannot be stated in any narrow formula, they cannot be laid down immediately by coming to agreements on tariff preferences, quotas and so on, for, as we have seen, these are not the whole problem with which we are faced, neither are they the main or the most important part of the problem. In philosophic language, they are accidental; their importance is derived from something else, and that something else is the conception of international economic co-operation between the countries of the British Empire, which is possible between them, as it is, unfortunately, not possible at present between foreign nations *inter se*. By entering upon such a policy the British countries will be pioneering the way for a new order in economics as they have

pioneered the way for a new world order in politics. So we see how wide are the real issues at Ottawa, and with some of them a successful beginning may be expected. If the only result of the Conference were an agreement between the Empire countries to consult each other, without in any way tying their hands, before they make any major changes in their tariff policies, Ottawa would be more than worth while. Inside the British Empire, the attack on economic nationalism can be made on a wide front, and one of the most fruitful results of the Imperial economic co-operation now being discussed, would be an inevitable and continuous process of lowering of tariff barriers.

Three years of unexampled world-wide economic depression have by now driven many lessons home to the minds, not only of the leaders of the various nations but to countless others, and perhaps the greatest of these lessons is that the sort of action which has been recently, or is now, being taken by nations in their own individual interests, can have no other result than to make conditions ultimately worse, both for themselves as well as for others. The delegates will assemble at Ottawa in a different spirit and in different circumstances from those in which they assembled at London in 1930. And in this there is surely another augury of success. But the last word on this subject must be that success is not to be measured by success in the purely short-range objectives which have been mentioned above, but in the comprehensive long-range objectives. The importance of these to the whole Empire and to all the world are such that when once the leaders of the Empire countries are seized of them, it is inconceivable that they should not do all in their power to achieve them. The eyes of the world are on Ottawa because of what the British Empire means to all those who live outside its borders. To fulfil its destiny, the Empire must become an economic family as it is a political family, and because we are now beginning to understand the true character of our Empire economic problems, we shall assuredly begin to attempt their solution from to-day, and therefore Ottawa will not fail.

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT ?

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

NOT since the patient Lincoln faced a shattered Union in 1861 has there been a Presidential election of such high import, both to America herself and to the world at large, as the decision of next November, after party manoeuvres lasting nine months, with the "sovereign" people playing but a passive part and the professional army of politicians (400,000 strong, according to the best authority) in undisputed possession of an area of strategy equal to the entire continent of Europe. Nothing amuses America's bosses—the Hannas and Harveys and Houses—more than the British concept of a President chosen, like the Greek archon of old, as the ideal Ruler; one who could only commence his high office after the strict *dokimasia* or "examination of fitness" (which covered his whole life) had shown the candidate to be flawless in body and soul, as well as supremely endowed with the gifts of leadership.

At a private dinner party in Washington a young French *attaché* asked Mr. William E. Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, how America came to have "the most stupid of its politicians for President"? He meant Calvin Coolidge, whose only talent was silence, and whose luck it was that prosperity fairly roared through the Continent during his "accidental" tenure of the White House. All eyes were fixed upon the Rocky Mountain Senator, awaiting his reply to that embarrassing question. Borah removed his fat cigar, gazed at his Gallic inquisitor, then rose in his slow, leonine way—and said "Good-night" to them all!

As Vice-President, and therefore a nonentity—the so-called "spare wheel of the Presidential coach"—Mr. Coolidge moved up automatically, owing to the death during office of the gay and care-free Warren Harding. Up to now no trouble

has been taken to select the Vice-President as a man who, at a moment's notice, may be called upon to rule and guide the richest and most populous of all the civilized States of the world. But let Calvin Coolidge himself answer Mr. Borah's rude questioner. He does indeed magnify his office. "Like the glory of a morning sunrise" (we read in his "Autobiography") "it can only be experienced—it cannot be told!" But he had no illusions about a small-town attorney basking in that ineffable blaze. "It is a great advantage to a President for him to know that he is not a great man. When a man begins to feel that he is the only one who can lead this Republic, he is guilty of treason to the spirit of our institutions." This is a hard saying, and I must leave it at that. Certainly the afterglow of his own bright day smiled upon "Silent Cal." as an ex-President *en pantoufles*, back home with the folks in a little frame house of Northampton, Mass. For he could now—like General Grant or Roosevelt, or Lloyd George—pour out golden Press-stuff of a guiding or uplifting nature at the noble figure of four shillings a word.

But that mediocre minds are preferred in the White House we know from the revelations of Colonel E. M. House, the Texan bear-leader and mentor of President Wilson, and one of the ablest political bosses of a long and peculiar line that goes back to Van Buren, upon whom crude Andrew Jackson relied, and Alexander Hamilton, the steersman of George Washington himself, and the only real "statesman" among the Founding Fathers.

Foremost among this year's candidates is, of course, Herbert Hoover—though he is still suspect, and has enemies in both Houses of Congress who are determined to "tie him up". That massive and sorely-harassed man keenly desires reelection, that he may see his mixed, enormous people restored to the lush prosperity that was theirs when he took over from Coolidge in 1928—"a nation that is spending ninety billions a year!" "We in America"—Mr. Hoover continued in the traditional acceptance-speech—"are nearer to the final triumph over Poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poor-house is vanishing from among us". . . . Not a dream,

but a concrete fact, was now the Utopia "so grandly conceived by its Founders". And this miraculous polity was rock-rooted "in our magnificent educational system, in the hard-working character of our people, in the capacity for far-sighted leadership in industry; the ingenuity, the daring of the pioneers of new inventions, in the abolition of the saloon, and the wisdom of our national policies". Such were the preenings and purrings of 1928.

Meanwhile, America was heaping up mountains of gold, more intent than ever upon the Harding swing-back to "normalcy", with its Jeffersonian hatred of Europe and firm purpose to demonstrate the self-sufficiency of the United States—a condition which Mr. Hoover himself encouraged in more than one Message to Congress. Then came the Great Gamble of 1929, and an aftermath of collapse which eclipses all the panics that go back to 1813. To stay the flood of disaster, every device has been proposed which crude amateurs could suggest, from the "pork-barrel" billions of "Cactus Jack" Garner (Speaker of the Lower House) to higher and yet higher tariffs upon imports. To crown all, a glaring gloss is put upon Mr. Hoover's 1928 survey by Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland: "A Budget deficit of \$3,000,000,000 impends, with every business man frightened, with 10,500,000 men out of work, with 4,800 bank failures in two years, and with nearly 750,000 farms sold up under mortgage, or for tax delinquency."

It is this economic break-up of the Commonwealth which a new Lincoln is called upon to heal and save in 1932. Now, prophecy may be more than rash in respect of a land so vast, so racially mixed, and so prone to blind rushes at any battle-cry. But I see no one for this titan task but the present Executive, hampered though he be by a mutinous and factional Congress, which seems to delight in double-crossing their President and opposing every obvious cut in the most cumbrous and costly form of Government which the world has ever known. Think of those lawless War-Veterans (with whom Mr. Hoover pleaded last year in Detroit) seizing trains and threatening State Governors on their way to the Federal

capital, there to present bonus-claims of *two thousand four hundred million dollars* ! Wherever he turns, President Hoover is opposed as the scapegoat of Woodrow Wilson's war-time "Tsardom", and America's own collective folly in her dealings with the older and wiser nations.

Let Hoover suggest economies in a Fleet whose policy is still ill-defined, and the civilian head of the Navy League scathes an "abysmal ignorance" that would disgrace Thomas Jefferson himself ! For all that, I can see no White House rival to that big, shy, sensitive mining-engineer, who has already lost forty pounds in weight trying to lift America out of the pit which she so joyously digged for herself in 1929-30.

Al Smith's name was also mentioned, but he would fail again as he failed in 1928—firstly as a Roman Catholic, and then as a "boozeocrat"—to use the unlovely name which a zealous political lady fastened on a candidate who is frankly "wet". No Roman Catholic has ever succeeded George Washington in a land that pays the loudest of lip-service to toleration and Liberty. Neither has a Jew nor a negro—though all three are American citizens, and their "equality" is covered in the Declaration of Independence. Moreover, as a product of New York's "East side", Al Smith is found wanting in dignity, in his manner of speech ("How the hell are yuh ?"), and in his lack of social polish and poise.

Then there are Mrs. Smith and her girls. These, America's women (who are potent factors) have declared, are impossible in the historic seat of Martha Washington and Edith Roosevelt : it was the last-named who, as "First Lady" put a stop to White House "crashing", and tactfully turned the Executive mansion into an austere palace for the elect. There are still millions of Americans who decry this trend towards "regal splendour", and are all for the Andrew Jackson ideal. On the day of "Old Hickory's" inauguration, a joyous mob stormed the House and grounds (like a "herd of elephants" !) to wreck the rooms and trample frugal cheeses into the carpets, and cart off or cut up the furniture for souvenirs of a boorish hero whose "Kitchen Cabinet" of cronies and pals was to become notorious in American history.

A further objection to ex-Governor Smith is his affiliation with Tammany Hall, whose changeless ways have for over a year past been investigated, with the usual revelations of graft on the epic scale. Judge Seabury has, indeed, laid bare stealings which recall the cynical plunder of Boss Tweed long ago. This amounted to no less than \$60,000,000, and the civic brigand's answer to his accusers has become historic : "Well, whaja gwan ado about it ?" Alfred Smith is beyond question an honest man ; but though he put up a good fight in 1928—with the largest "popular" vote ever given to a Democrat—he could be dismissed as an unlikely President. His first campaign was worthy of an adept in the devious *mæstria* of American politics. Smith toured the continent in a private train of eleven Pullman cars complete with dining and bed rooms, as well as with a reference-library and millions of newspaper "hand-outs" for hecklers and adherents *en route*. With him travelled a retinue of secretaries and typists, as well as thirty-two reporters. The whole outfit was controlled by Democratic "advisers" and wirepullers ; these disposed of all aids, from aeroplanes to radio "hook-ups" that passed every plank of the Smith platform all over a voting area of three million square miles. Reckoning all the costs of this enormous orgy, from local primaries to the "whirlwind finish", veteran experts like Dr. Merriam and Frank Kent put the lowest figure at \$20,000,000—"Our President comes high !"

A Democratic candidate of varying fortune is Franklin D. Roosevelt, the present Governor of New York. His star seemed to pale when John D. Garner, Speaker in the House of Representatives, defeated him in the Californian primaries (three thousand miles away) by nearly fifty thousand votes. Mr. Roosevelt—like his greater namesake and kinsman of 1908—attacked the power-trusts, but his utterance was weak and his attitude towards Tammany a thought too complacent. He has a popular following in the South, in the North-West, and to a lesser extent on the Pacific coast. But the Roosevelt chariot soon struck a snag. The Middle West and the industrial East lost interest in him, and the

professionals sought a more forceful figure for the "band-wagon", especially after Roosevelt had antagonized the devotees of Al Smith.

Another man of Presidential timber was Newton D. Baker, of Cleveland, Ohio, who served five years as War Secretary under Mr. Wilson, and has long urged America's joining the League of Nations. He would also pull down tariff barriers, and embark upon a sane plan of world-economics with a view to restore and stabilize industry and commerce. Mr. Baker is a classic scholar, recently honoured by Harvard and Princeton. I may describe him as a Wilsonian idealist, though without the vanity and obstinacy which wrecked his ill-fated master in 1919.

Among the more oddly-assorted "hats in the ring" was that of John Nance Garner, a veteran Texan (and ex-cowboy) who has been thirty years in the House, and was elected Speaker of the Seventy-second Congress. His naïf relief plans, running into billions, were ridiculed by Mr. Hoover. Thereupon "Cactus Jack" retorted with innuendoes of a disgraceful kind about the architecture of the President's modest private fortune. This thick-set, white-haired and hawk-nosed Texan is quite a character in a very uncertain Congress. He has been spoken of as a White House candidate for this year; but then so were Mr. Coolidge and General Dawes until both of them denied such aim with caustic vigour.

The "favourite sons" of certain States have sometimes in the past produced queer results as "insurgent" candidates. Thus in 1924 the elder La Follette, of Wisconsin, was able to injure Mr. Coolidge's chances in fourteen States. Yet although unable to command majorities in these, the La Follette vote enabled Coolidge to get a "plurality" and thus secure the Electoral vote in the most intricate of all political battles. At one time it was thought that Gifford Pinchot, the Governor of Pennsylvania, would throw *his* hat into the ring, on the chance of wresting the Republican nomination from Mr. Hoover and winning over perhaps 100 out of 1,100 delegates at the Convention. There is always a chance of a third-party movement: indeed, with this vast, loose land in its present throes, which have no precedent in its history, one need not be surprised at

any "revolution" in the 1932 election. There is no outstanding leader in sight, no man of that "panoramic ability" which Carlyle ascribed to the comprehensive genius of a Goethe.

The bosses look only for a "safe" President—for "the most prominent average man in our Party", to quote the vanquished Trotsky's gibe about Joseph Stalin. Just such a man is Albert Ritchie, now Governor of Maryland for the fourth time. He is opposed to the paternalism of Federal rule, and favours "the self-governing State, free to settle its local problems (especially as to liquor-laws) in conformity with the needs of its own people". This Chief of the old Free State is a tall, handsome, well-groomed man of shrewd sense and fine culture.

Passing over Senators like Robinson of Arkansas and Lewis of Illinois, as well as business magnates like Owen D. Young, I come to an interesting personality, much talked of before the Convention, namely, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Governor of Oklahoma. Here the Wild West still lingers, rip-roaring boom-towns still shoot up overnight, and the Red Indian brave may yet be seen in his forlorn panoply of tepee and feathers. Why such a "genial hobo" as Alfalfa Bill should even be thought of for what Mr. Hoover calls "the highest office in the world", throws a curious sidelight upon the welter of social conditions, as well as the geographical immensity of the United States. I know towns of the South West which are as remote in thought and distance from urban centres of the East, as Dublin is from Tiflis or Lapland from Athens or Sicily. The desert State of Arizona—more than twice the size of England—has fewer people than the City of Leeds. New Mexico is huger still, and yet more sparsely populated; while Nevada, a wilderness of sage-brush and sand, has fewer people than Blackpool scattered through its dismal area of 110,000 square miles.

From Boston to Seattle is actually a thousand miles farther than from London to Constantinople. It is this climatic range which our own Press and public so often fail to realize when American affairs are toward. The Settlers' Empire is pictured as a "nation"; it is, in fact, forty-eight large nations,

rather raggedly knit together and peopled by every race and colour, all of them engaged in a reckless *saute qui peut* of business and the "go-getting" of material wealth. It is precisely this scramble which accounts for all the confusion of politics, for the poverty of civic ideals, for the apathy of public opinion about organized crime, and in sum, for the absence of true national passion, such as kindles the more compact and homogeneous units of Europe with that mystical "hymn of race and soil" which is the French definition of patriotism.

Let this digression explain "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma as a Presidential portent. Cow-puncher and farmer, school-teacher and pedlar, reporter, lawyer and colonizer (in Bolivia, of all places!)—Governor Murray won his own State by a hitch-hiking campaign, and then played the despot by calling out his troops to close the oil-fields so as to force up prices, winding up by standing on his head on the State Capitol lawn to show he could reverse *any* policy, as well as his own primitive person. Alfalfa Bill fairly burned to embark on "a new crusade for leaderless America". "The great battle of 1932 is on", this oddity told his local adorers. "And no man is fit to be President who has not lived on one dollar a day, and earned it!"

Oklahoma loves this freakish "favourite son"—loves his shabby clothes and dirty shirt, his five-cent cigars and big revolver, his open-air feeds of hard-boiled eggs and raw onions, with toast and milk, to say nothing of the lurid fantasies and fights of his Oklahoma rule, or of the pungency of a campaign-newspaper whose editor and author is Bill himself.

Well may America's electorate at large ask: "What's the use of voting? My vote won't change the result." In 1924 barely fifty-two per cent. of the franchise was represented at the polls. "So far from putting government in the hands of the people", declares Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, "this system takes it from them as effectively as any system could". . . . "As matters stand, we have achieved well-nigh a miracle of unrepresentative government". In a word, the election is a purely "professional"

affair. And as wise old John Adams wrote to Jefferson a hundred and twenty years ago: "The real terrors of both Parties have always been, and now are, the fear that they shall lose the elections and consequently the loaves and fishes; and that their antagonists will obtain them".

The result of this ignoble strife is explained by Dr. Murray Butler. It is: "To produce among us an office-seeking and office-holding class which has a psychology and an ethic all its own, and from which the highest and best elements of our citizenship are being steadily excluded or—perhaps better—exclude themselves".

"How can such things be?" asks Dr. Butler. "What is the explanation of the fact that, with a nation-wide system of schools and colleges, and with a newspaper Press that is universally read, political indifference and political incompetence continue to exist in so high a degree?" The answer to this was given amid the "hyphenate" uproar of 1915 by Elihu Root, when he doubted whether America could be called a "nation" at all! For then it was that German-American citizens, once the soberest and best of all, rallied in their hundreds of thousands to the bomb and *sabotage* campaign of Captain von Papen—who is to-day in great Bismarck's place as Chancellor of the German Reich!

We have seen the French Senate and Chamber select a new President in the Salle du Congrès at Versailles with due expedition and dignity; but the process is vastly different in the United States. First of all, money must be raised, preferably in large sums—like Colonel Procter's \$500,000 for the Leonard Wood campaign in 1920. The so-called "fat cats" must now be stroked until they part—in anticipation of favours to come. By paying they can get what they please, even to foreign Embassies, or places in Cabinet and Congress. And it is "fat cat" finance—Mr. Frank R. Kent, the well-known expert insists—which makes all America's politicians cold to any tumult about corruption. But a "smoke-screen" must be raised "to convince the unintelligent and gullible voters of this land—which means ninety-five per cent. of them!—that there is no party guilt".

Senator Kenyon's inquiry into the queer Harding election of 1920, showed a total Republican outlay of \$8,100,738. It was then that the notorious Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil scandals were laid bare, with the Sinclair-Doherty "grants" to both Parties, and the shameless deal in Navy lands which Harding's Home Secretary, Albert B. Fall, negotiated with the oil-lords, and for which he was at long last convicted and sent to gaol.

The party conventions which officially nominate Presidential candidates are dæmonic orgies with which the masses have little to do. Cities will bid large sums to attract these meetings, for they mean big profits to the hotels and shops. In 1928 the Democratic National Committee accepted Houston's offer of \$200,000, and that hustling Texan town prepared for the "quadrennial circus" with rare vim. An auditorium to seat 25,000 was rigged up on a public site at a cost of \$100,000. Nearly 6,000 persons had direct business with the Convention, including the delegates and Pressmen. Another 10,000 attended as relatives and friends; and lastly 100,000 sightseers from adjacent States swarmed in by train, coach or car to "whoop it up for Al (Smith) and put it over big".

It would be tedious to dwell upon the Convention at which a Presidential candidate is "named" by the States' delegates; for the scenes are those of a Bedlam, moved by auto-hypnosis to the maddest extremes. At Chicago in 1912, I saw a frenzied girl lifted shoulder-high and dumped in the chair of Elihu Root, who looked on aghast as a deposed chairman. No priestess of the Delphic Oracle had more imperious sway than that young woman. With flushed face and glazed eyes, she waved her flag and gave out hymns and songs to cavorting wild-men, amid hoarse yells and screams. And even these were drowned in the blast of trumpets, or the brazen crash of massed bands playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here!"

At Kansas City in 1928 the din was less hieratic. Pages ran through the stormy, sweating aisles hurling police-rattles to a thousand delegates. Kling lights shed a glare over the deafening riot, while batteries of movie-cameras purred and clicked in spasmic undertones. There were stuffed elephants in the parades, effigies of Hoover bigger than doors; and

"demonstrations" raged for thirty minutes or more, until the bellowing actors all but fainted.

When this lurid circus is over, a committee of fifty or so cross the continent at great expense to "notify" the candidate and listen to his speech of acceptance—although both he and they know all that has passed; the candidate having throughout been in close touch by telephone and wireless with the floor managers of the Convention. Well may Mr. Victor Rosewater, a former Chairman of the Republican Committee, wonder how America can still suffer (and pay for) so many "archaic survivals", instead of "cutting out all this deadwood of our political stock-in-trade".

The nominating Convention is a survival of the horseback and postchaise era, when it took many weeks to assemble the delegates. Yet another anachronism is the four-months' gap between a President's election and his inaugural ceremony in front of the Capitol in Washington. Reformers insist that a September nomination would leave ample time to canvass the voters from ocean to ocean, and from the icy Great Lakes to the rice and sugar States of the Mexican Gulf. "If anyone doubts this", says one weary boss, "let him look at the conduct of elections in Europe, and especially in Great Britain; no time whatever is wasted there!" But the laws of forty-eight sovereign States still block the way of change; so does the ineptness of over 43,000,000 voters, for whose political education funds are so urgently desired.

The campaign itself begins in explosive gusts and works up to the November tornado of Election Day, when all the "spellbinders", "halo-polishers" ("and grin-growers"!) lapse into a sort of coma of haggard hope, after shooting every bolt in their inventive armoury. Everybody has been dunned and doped in ways that would stagger the European. Colossal robots of the candidates, built of wood and wire, stalk down Main Street to stutter out promises of a better and nobler America—always with "Prosperity just round the corner!" Regiments of donkeys with Boy Scout riders, typify the Democratic Party; campaign songs and slogans rend the air, even in the Red Indian reservations. Thus Wilson, in 1916 was well

served by the battle-cry: "He kept us out of War!"—the War he was to enter in 1917, as a perfervid apostle of "Force without stint or limit!" "Hoover, the proven Improver" was the Kansas City slogan of 1928.

Apart from the urban votes, there are the women-folk of 27,000,000 farmers living on 6,000,000 farms to be wooed for Presidential support. Official Labour is supposed to be "neutral"; but the American Federation has departed from the strategy of the late Samuel Gompers, who hoped to hold the balance of power between the two Parties. In 1908 the Federation of Labour endorsed the specious Bryan; in 1928 its chief supported Governor Smith. Other mass-votes to be canvassed are those of 12,000,000 coloured folk, and the Red Indians of 193 tribes (enfranchised in 1924). But the most ticklish of all are the polyglot "foreign-born", whose millions still live and move in unassimilated hordes. These are reached through 852 publications printed in sixteen languages, from Italian and Russian to Greek and Chinese. No wonder the last Hoover-Smith duel cost \$25,000,000 from first to last, despite the use of radio, which it was thought would reduce campaign expenses. For a "general hook-up" the rate of the National Broadcasting Company, with its network of forty-nine stations, was \$11,500 an hour, while the smaller Columbia system, with nineteen stations, asked \$4,000 an hour.

But as General Dawes has pointed out, while a spell-binder haranguing in person can rouse a crowd to frenzy, the same speech relayed through loud-speakers to 50,000 people can leave them "silent as death." Theodore Roosevelt's harsh and strident voice was offset by a beaming smile which nothing but television could ever have "put across" in those unscientific days of train and stump oration. And Alfred Smith's Cockney accent over the radio is said to have lost him millions of votes among the better classes.

No survey of the November election can be complete without stressing the part played by the bosses, or America's "King-Makers", as they are called. These are the tacticians who select and boom a potential President, as Mark Hanna did Grover Cleveland, as Colonel House did Wilson and as George

Harvey did Warren Harding in the great ébb-tide from the League in 1920, when the Treaty of Versailles was rejected. Every President has needed a counsellor, both before and after his inauguration. To-day the hidden "gyroscope" of Mr. Hoover's financial plans is Frederick Walcott of Connecticut, a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

On November 6th the American people cast their vote in forty-eight State-groups, but they only succeed in electing the new President's Electors. This complex was added by a Constitutional Amendment of 1804 as a further "check and balance" to a power which might prove harmful to a confederacy of jealous Sovereign States of varying sizes and populations. So that in the last analysis, a President is chosen by the so-called Electoral College. Each State has as many "electoral" votes as it has members in Congress—in all 531, of which 266 constitute a majority. This ultimate Presidential vote is usually cast solid, heedless of any popular minority, however large, which may have been polled within the State. The results of such a system are extraordinary. Thus in 1924, New York polled 950,000 "popular" votes on the Democratic ticket and 1,820,000 for the Republican. But in the Electoral College, the whole of the Empire State's forty-five votes went to Calvin Coolidge, leaving the 950,000 Democrats with no representation at all. So it often happens that both the technical Electors and the President whom they choose are returned, not by the majority but by a minority of the citizens who elected the College. Wilson himself was a "minority" President.

Altogether, it is a preposterous complex of machine-politics which all American thinkers condemn. The tangled election of 1920, which confirmed America's exclusion from the League shows the haphazard method. The Republican primaries brought out three candidates of such strength that in the end they nullified each other. General Leonard Wood entered the nominating Convention with the votes of 287 delegates. Governor Lowden, of Illinois, vied closely with Hiram Johnson of California. And so, *faute de mieux*, the delegates compromised on Senator Harding of Ohio, a gay nonentity

who had failed even to carry his own State in the April primary.

Such are the confused and casual methods of a Presidential Election, as one sees them from Jefferson's own down to Wilson's in 1912. The Preamble to the Constitution of 1787 does indeed invest the "Sovereign People" with ostensible power. But so hedged about is this with cautionary safeguards, that in the last analysis nothing is left but the *fiat* of a soulless machine—to the sorrow of every thinking American of to-day. Even so, the choice of a Chief Executive is subject to emotional stampedes and "professional" bargains. And worst of all, the elected President is not a free agent in concluding Treaties with foreign nations: for he also is "checked and balanced" by a Senate which can repudiate his signature, as it did in Wilson's case with the very gravest consequence to America herself and to the world at large. Here we have "the great practical difficulty" which Lord Phillimore has expounded so lucidly: "The President is not a principal in the sense that our Sovereign, advised by his Ministers, is a principal". He is only "a part of the principal".

This fact and many more in the baffling complex of the United States are but dimly apprehended by our own Press and statesmen when they survey the tumult of Election Year. One recalls the fervid rhapsody of John Bright, who saw "nothing so worthy of reverence and nothing more sacred" than this quadrennial assertion of "the authority of a great and free people." What is certain is that no effective lead or co-operation with Europe can be looked for from Washington until this election is over, and President Hoover confirmed—as he must be—in a second term of office until 1936.

America is to-day in the worst plight she has ever known, bungling with a stupendous Budget deficit, while her lawless War Veterans clamour for cash bonuses to the value of \$2,400,000,000! She is all unsure and full of fears—over the monstrous folly of total Prohibition in a continent of many climates and every race; over her own armaments too, until their political purpose is made clear; over war debts of eleven thousand millions, which are drowning her as illusive

"assets"; over the League of Nations, which she once despised and shrank from—until an aggressive Japan, on the "march of destiny" (like America herself in the expansive era of Polk and Douglas) began to close the "open door" in China by lopping off Manchuria and setting up a Far Eastern Haiti or Cuba, or Panama.

At long last, then, America sees the pitfalls of that complacent "Autarchy" which the eighteenth century Fathers favoured, when the infant Republic was ground between the millstones of British sea-power and Napoleon's retaliation.

Who will be elected President this year? I see none other than Herbert Hoover. For even the bosses are now bewildered. In the Halls of Congress one catches hints of rising anarchy and the sweep of Communistic creeds in the loosest and most lawless of all lands. Has not Al Capone figured as "space-champ" in the year's Press, eclipsing Mr. Hoover himself in the public eye? Did not a citizen-hero like Charles Lindbergh turn in despair to the underworld for aid, well knowing the helplessness of both State and Federal authorities to restore his stolen child, in a case which is commoner in the America of to-day than it ever was in Macedonia or rural Greece?

Hoover has steered his unwieldy ship of State through calm and storm. And now a sorely chastened people remember the Germany who "dropped the pilot" in a crisis and left direction to mindless forces that landed her on the rocks in the awful wreck of 1918. This is no hour for America's amateurs or quack salvers, nor for any untried mediocrity—"a figure among ciphers", in Bacon's phrase. Congress, too, must abandon its mob-rushes to show the discipline of 1862 and 1917, when the President became a Dictator of absolute powers in a time of direst peril. Who would credit the fact that America's defection from the League is due, not to the will of her 120,000,000 people, but to a paltry feud between Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and President Wilson? How they hated each other, those two men! How Lodge and his colleagues gloried in piling up those fifteen "Reservations"—including a stroke at Japan, and a protest against the six League Votes of the British Empire!

"The people of the United States"—the victorious Lodge could exult at last (making them the scapegoat of his own spite) "will *not* accept or enter upon Mr. Wilson's League of Nations, which he brought back from Paris and laid before the Senate. So far as the United States is concerned, *the League is dead!*"

Yet we have seen State Secretary Stimson going on a pious pilgrimage to its "tomb", appealing for aid in that Manchurian *démarche*, which menaces a tenet that ranks with the Monroe Doctrine in the policy of the United States. We shall yet see America in full co-operation with the League, gladly owning that its presumed demise was very like Mark Twain's own—which is to say, "greatly exaggerated"!

In conclusion, I shall here and now predict President Hoover's re-election, as well as the drastic conversion of his people to so full a co-operation in world affairs, as will mark a final break with tradition, and with those outworn counsels of "aloofness" which President Washington urged in his Farewell Address.

America has been slow to learn the most elementary of economic lessons. But those of 1929-32 have been bitten in so corrosively, that she is to-day ready to trade her 400,000 politicians of the old-time "pork barrel" and "pie counter" for a single servant of State who, on taking the Oath, may deserve Queen Elizabeth's tribute to her own Minister: "This judgment I have of you—that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that without respect of any private will, you will give me the counsel you think best!"

THE LONE STAR STATE

BY ALEXANDER JACOB REYNOLDS

I

WHEN America decided to ship her freed slaves back to the land of their fathers and let them try to put into practice the lessons learnt in civilization, she was young among the nations of the earth, and possibly her sense of humour was not as fully developed as it is to-day. President Monroe was destined to lend his name to Monrovia, the capital of the land of Liberty, Liberia.

It must have been a forlorn little party of blacks that landed at the mouth of the unnamed river in 1822. They called the little spit of land on which they camped, Providence Island. The warlike blacks who held the mainland gave them such a reception as warlike blacks have given the adventurers of many lands. The hinterland is still held by fighting tribes, who make the name of Liberia little more than a joke for these freemen.

I first saw the Lone Star banner flying over the Customs at the close of the great war, and the next occasion was in 1929, when I was carrying out a tour of inspection on behalf of the Atlantic Oil Refining Company of Philadelphia. H.M.S. *Delphinium*, sent by the League of Nations, with its Commission on board, was anchored in the roadstead.

The Commission's task was not easy. In a land of paid witnesses truth is a strange lady and hard to know. The Commission's duty was threefold. The first was to investigate the charges brought against President King and his Senate, of dealing in slaves. He was accused of selling about three hundred of his fellow countrymen per month to the Portuguese Islands of San Tomé and Príncipe for about three hundred dollars per head. The second charge had to do with his manipulation of the U.S. loan of close on one million dollars,

based on two counts: *i.e.*, peculation on the payment of Public Works contracts, and withholding soldiers' pay; while the third and last charge had to do with forced labour and the collection of taxes twice over.

In the British House of Lords, in March 1932, Earl Buxton asked the Government to produce the report of the League's Commission under Dr. Christy. Lord Buxton recalled that the affairs of Liberia had been in the hands of the League for two or three years past, and that the Report came as a shock to most people who did not realize that for a long time past the evils of slavery and forced labour had existed unchecked by the Liberian Government.

He went on to say that the black republic was created about one hundred years ago as a refuge for freed slaves. It was believed at that time that those persons, under the auspices under which they went out, would have brought with them the principles of liberty and progress, and would have formed a great centre for advancement amongst the natives of the Hinterland. It was a lamentable thing that those high hopes had not been fulfilled and that the present state of Liberia, as far as the natives were concerned, was as deplorable as it possibly could be. There must be international action, and Great Britain, The United States of America and other countries together must do their best to bring to an end the injuries that were being inflicted on two million natives.

Lord Lugard, a retired Governor of Nigeria, then said that the conception of foreign control was not a new one to Liberia, and it had been accepted on occasion in the past. The Commission of Inquiry under the leadership of Dr. Christy had declared that there existed what was practically an organized slave trade accompanied by murder and outrage. Taxes were being levied twice over, and natives seized and deported against their will. In defence of their rights the people had risen again and again, but they had been suppressed by the well-armed Liberian forces. The Commission had set up a Committee to deal with the matter with power to call witnesses. It now transpired that the unfortunate natives who gave evidence before the Committee had been subjected to reprisals.

The Committee had further declared that it was unable to do anything without the consent of the Liberian Government—that was the very Government whose misrule had given rise to the intervention of the League of Nations.

The spirit of the oldest Parliament in the world is, in my opinion, far too courtly to deal with the affairs of such a country as Liberia as they appear to deserve. The League's Commission found the late President King guilty on the charge of slavery and forced labour. Unfortunately the full text of the report is not yet liberated, and it may therefore prove of interest to peep behind the scenes and take a glimpse at the indictment regarding the expenditure of the American loan.

II

The term "commercial morality" permits of much latitude. It is therefore of interest to construe it to Liberian definitions; for among the sores of Liberia there are none more cankered, more disgusting than the venality, the injustice, the profligate corruption of the Government officials. They openly divide the foreign loans, and defraud not only the poor soldiers of their pay and equipment but the miserable peasants of the hire of their labour, doubling the wretchedness of poverty, and deriding the misery they occasion by pompous declaration of their own virtue.

Part of the million-dollar loan to President King's government was to be utilized in settling bills for public works contracts, and for payment of the troops' overdue wages.

Nearly all the European merchants held bills against the Government which they had almost abandoned hope of ever having paid, so when a proclamation was issued that all bills held by Europeans would be settled at 70 per cent. of their face value, and all *native-held bills at full value, or 100 per cent.*, the joy of all was intense. The Europeans never expected one cent, so that such liberality was like manna to these weary traders. Imagine their joy, however, when one day two very well-dressed negroes canvassed all the European offices with the remarkable offer to purchase

all their 70 per cent. bills for 75 per cent. spot cash. Naturally the Europeans were delighted and only too glad to sell, and as no legal obstacle was raised they received their money in full, and at a shorter date than they might reasonably have expected if they had had to await the pleasure of the Treasury.

Later it transpired that the two very well-dressed Liberians were the emissaries of high personages in the Government and the Senate. All the 70 per cent. bills passed into native hands by this means and thus became redeemable at their full value of 100 per cent. on his own Treasury. These enterprising persons thus cleared 33½ per cent. on their original outlay.

However justified might be their action under that elastic term, quoted a few paragraphs back, it is hard to find justification for the next charge on the sheet.

The wretched soldiers had not received any pay for the year 1928-29, and they had about given up all hopes of ever receiving any when a most welcome notice was promulgated to the effect that full settlement would be made if they assembled outside the Treasury on certain days.

The unfortunate men did as they were bid, but days ran into weeks, and it soon became apparent that they were as far off settlement as ever. Then they began to disperse, but they had hardly become reconciled to their dreadful disappointment when a message of recall assured them that all would yet be well, if they only had the courage to wait with patience. It sounds a bit mixed but is typical pidgin English "Only haf' the courage to await the patience." This message of good cheer was borne by two very well-dressed Liberians who offered to purchase their pay vouchers for five per cent. face value. Every man there was absolutely ignorant of the ratio of percentages to his claims, but the offer of five real dollars for every hundred dollars worth of useless vouchers was not to be refused, and the poor dupes never realized that every pay voucher passed into the hands of their exalted governors, and was redeemed at par on the Treasury.

Thus went the benevolent American loan.

III

It is now fifteen months since the Christy Commission reported. A great deal has been heard of late about the maintenance of the prestige of the League of Nations in connection with events in the Far East. Surely there could be nothing more damaging to its prestige than failure to take effective action in a matter in which it was so deeply involved. Liberia had broken the Covenant and had broken treaties with regard to slavery and forced labour to which she had been a party. The witnesses before the League's own Commission had suffered persecution for their temerity in giving evidence, and two million natives had been brought to misery by about fifteen thousand Americo-Liberians.

In the same debate Lord Snowden explained that it was quite correct to say that the revelations in the report shocked the moral conscience of the whole world. Early in 1931, Liberia asked for the assistance of the League of Nations, more particularly for help of a financial character, and a Committee of the League, which included a representative of the United States of America, which had great responsibilities in the matter, was sent to investigate the financial, sanitary, and economic conditions of the negro republic. Unfortunately the report of that year had not yet been published owing to a request made by a representative of the Liberian Government for delay until May 1932. The Liberian Government asked for time to consider the recommendations of the Report before it became public. This was granted.

One of the immediate results of the Commission of 1930 was the resignation of President King, who had accepted the report, and this was naturally regarded as evidence of his weakness by what had been described as the oligarchy of Liberia. He was succeeded by Mr. Barclay as Acting President; Presidential elections were held in May last year, and they resulted in a victory for the administration of Mr. Barclay and his party. In concert with the U.S.A., the British Government decided to withhold recognition until they had given satisfactory evidence of a desire to act upon the recommendations of the International Commission.

Reports that have been received by the respective Governments tend to confirm the fear that so far there has been very little, if any, improvement in the conditions of government in Liberia. The visit of the League Commission was without doubt followed by a recrudescence of outrage and violence, not only on the habitual victims but on those who gave their evidence against the repression enacted by the Americo-Liberian autocrats against the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil. Information reached the British Government that these operations were continuing, and Government decided, without waiting for the Report of the Liberia Commission of the League, to approach the French and American Governments with proposals that joint representations should be made to the Liberian President. These Governments agreed to co-operate, and the representatives of the three Powers had an interview with the President in the second week of March 1932.

The next day the reply of the Liberian Government was received, and it cannot be regarded as a satisfactory or conciliatory one. It is denied that the action of coercion taken by the Frontier Force merited the condemnation of the Government, and it gave assurance that no action would be taken against tribes so long as they refrained from attacking neighbouring peaceful tribes and threatening foreign interests established under the Liberian Government.

IV

The real cause of all the troubles in Liberia is want of cash. It is a fine example of that old adage, money (or the want of it) is the root of all evil. We might also try and divide the blame between corruption and incompetence. If we weigh all factors equally, incompetence will weigh down the scale. Incompetence to borrow money, and incompetence to administer its expenditure from whatever source derived. The Firestone Rubber Plantations Company has created a big industry in Liberia, and in connection therewith has advanced money to the Liberian Government. The terms of the contract which they have made with the Liberian Government

deprived that Government of any freedom to make a fresh loan. The Firestone Company is quite ready to relax the conditions of their agreement so as to enable money to be raised, and it might be possible to get them to advance a further sum on reasonable terms to start the new administration. Unfortunately Liberians have some quaint ideas about money. They prohibited the Bank of British West Africa from exporting a surplus of £250,000 which was lying unemployed, although cash was required by outside shippers in settlement of Liberian purchases, and documentary credits had been arranged through the bank and only awaited cash for acceptance.

It seems to me that something in the way of a mandate is necessary. When we have to face a condition amounting to an international scandal, with a weak or corrupt Government unable to put things right, and when we have that Government wishing to borrow money, it should be possible to impose certain conditions to establish good government. I think that the British and American Governments should enlist the active support of Spain and Portugal.

Unfortunately the League of Nations cannot, on a question of this kind, begin a policy of compulsion against Liberia. It would be futile in itself and would lead to greater difficulties and more brutal conduct. In order to free Liberia, the tribal areas should, for a time, be placed under a Commissioner appointed by the League. The cost of administration should be borne by the Commission from a small loan raised on the security of the revenues of the hinterland; the loan would preferably be guaranteed by the League of Nations. In any case it would be necessary to obtain not only the consent but the sympathy of the Liberian Government to the appointment of this official, as without both it would be impossible to compel the Liberians forcibly to treat him cordially. If the League tried to impose this official on them against their will they would bring the system to grief.

It might be of interest to have a short walk round the capital, Monrovia, and see the sort of place the Liberians have hewn out of the forest, unaided by the white man.

V

"The Lone Star Banner" was flying high over the Customs as we ran ashore in a surf-boat manned by a crew of Krumen. The Customs shed is the only building of a public nature, except the "palace," that can be dignified by the name of such. When this falls out of sight all traces of civilization is extinct. The constant warfare has so depleted the Treasury that there is nothing left for works of a public nature, such as roads and bridges; as a result the roads of the capital itself are not made but stamped out by the feet of the townspeople. They are wide as a rule, but only a narrow strip in the centre is used, the sides being generally overgrown with weeds, which are in turn bordered by wide gutters, bridged by empty gin cases or other containers. Here and there rocks crop through the soil and no effort is made to remove them. The houses are dingily built along narrow and crowded lanes formed of rubble, or unhewn stone without cement, and from age or badness of material looking as if they can hardly hold together. The leaning walls had lost half their original height; the rotten rafters were evidently misplaced, while in many instances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wind and wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the tops of dunghills than cottages. Before the doors of these dwellings, and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal or vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species and sub-species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through, and thoroughly impregnate, the walls and ground adjoining.

The houses seemed about to tumble into the dreadful streets, while the verandahs were thronged with half-naked people, who struck me as indecent owing to the veneer which partial clothing gives. The naked savage is by contrast a decent fellow owing to his utter unconsciousness of anything wrong, but these Liberians are the last word in salaciousness, as with solitary garment of shirt or chemise, half on and half off, they leer and ogle from the doorways of utter decrepit shanties.

The Liberian is only a travesty of the white man; boastful with nothing in the world to boast about, arrogant without real dignity, he thinks he rules the earth. His daily rule over the few whites who are so unfortunate as to have to make their homes in his country, has caused a distension of his cranium which is apparent from the moment you land to the last you spend in that god-forsaken land. Instead of cherishing the whites he imposes the most absurd restrictions on their comings and goings, and even their judges seem to be entirely devoid of the barest sense of humour when delivering some of their dreadful and fatuous sentences.

In March 1929, a white employee of the Firestone Company, who was a noted boxer, was challenged by an immense Liberian to a bout with the naked fists. The white man was a fine exponent of the noble art and with one blow sent the Liberian asleep for about twenty minutes. Result, arrest of the white-man, who was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude and twenty thousand dollars fine. Needless to say, the American Consul saw nothing but humour in it, and so far his countryman has not seen the inside of the prison, or paid one cent of the preposterous fine. The charge was attempted *murder*.

One of the European employees of Paterson, Zochonis, Monrovia, was arrested and fined \$28.00 for bathing in a two-piece bathing costume. The policeman who took him to the station was so overcome with modesty that he had to hide his face with his hat.

The same man was arrested for exceeding the speed limit. On its being proved that he was only going ten miles per hour, the Liberian judge said, "Yes, that is the trouble with you Europeans. You do not understand the law. The speed limit is fifteen miles per hour, and you expect me to let you off after such a confession that you were only doing the ten. No, sir; twenty dollars fine."

VI

After a hundred years of self-government they are as far away from success as an individual race as were their ancestors who worked in the cotton fields of the Southern States of

America. They are effete, boastful, lazy and emotional, and, what is worse, appallingly ignorant. Yet it would be the work of a fool to try and induce them to see their own shortcomings, since in their own estimation they are the salt of the earth.

There is not such a thing as an artisan or a craftsman among them—neither blacksmith, carpenter nor cook. Fishing and the handling of small boats is their highest aim on earth. They take their names from a number, an undergarment or a utensil, and when all these are monopolized they fall back on such ridiculous examples as “first boy” or “last man”.

They have no railways, tramways, lighting or water systems, no sanitation of any description whatever, and the vilest odours pervade the place from end to end. It seems that the negro's sense of smell is backward in the scheme of evolution as a concession to necessity.

Liberia is a rich country with a soil of unsurpassed fertility; almost anything will grow. That nothing is produced by Liberian management is due to the idleness of these descendants of slaves who rule the land.

About a quarter of the population is employed outside Liberia, as labourers on the trading stations of the whole West African seaboard, and up into the hinterland. They make excellent domestic servants when very young, and are a hard-working people when under white supervision. They can be found working the steamers down the coast as deck-hands, rolling casks, pulling carts like horses in districts where the tsetse-fly forbids the use of animals. They are boatmen, beach-labourers, head-porters, carriers, greasers on the railways, canoemen, sanitary “men”, domestic gardeners, but if you put them to work where they would have to use their brains they will make you wish you were dead.

During my 1919 stay there I lodged with the British Consul. I had brought with me from the Gold Coast a native servant named Moneysweet. Moneysweet was no lover of his own colour: he wisely preferred mine. This was rather politic on his part, and showed that he knew, in common with most of his fellows, on which side “blackman” bread was buttered.

had rather an independent way of treating most blacks,

and I had often in the past caught him administering rough punishment to juveniles, under the protection of my shadow, of course.

He happened to be out purchasing fruit for me, when he encountered a Liberian gentleman, who hustled him away from the stall. This was more than Moneysweet could stand, so he promptly struck the Liberian.

The Liberian immediately pulled out a large notebook and demanded Moneysweet's name.

“Who you?” asked my servant. “I no give nam' to you. You blackman same me. You work for niggas same as you. Me work for whiteman. You come from slave mans. Me always freesmans.”

“Me slave! How so? Come on, I take you court,” rejoined the outraged gentleman.

Moneysweet at once kicked him with all the sturdy vigour of a lusty young native's foot.

I was at dinner at the Consulate when news arrived of my unfortunate “boy's” arrest. I hurried over to the police station and, after about an hour spent in haggling, managed to secure his release on promising to attend court with him the following morning.

The case was called about nine o'clock the next morning, and to my surprise the story told in the court by the Liberian agreed with that told me by Moneysweet. When Moneysweet entered the dock he gave me a cheery smile of greeting.

The judge turned to Moneysweet. “Prisonair, your nam'”—while a court clerk appeared to record the evidence in what looked like a commercial ledger.

“My nam's Moneysweet”, answered he. “I'se boy for my mastah.”

The judge raised disdainful eyebrows. “Moneysweet, Moneysweet. What a nam'! Yet it is such a nam' as you might expect with the uneducated blacks of the English colonies. What, boy; is that nam' the only nam' you possess? Hed you no fat'er, no mot'er to bestow on you the blessing of a dignified family nam', such a one as I get. Me, I am General Joshua Morao Maria van Anna Crisfoer Colombus

Macaulay Lincoln. I am a most extinguished General. While you, you inglorious worm of the dust, you let them call you Moneysweet."

"You don' lak my nam'? Why so?" asked Moneysweet. "Well, sah, I get other fine nam'. Moneysweet be nam' I go for work with, the other nam' I get I use for Sunday and Chrussmas. The nam' they give me when I go church be Tom Jones Elisha Samuel John Turpin Basin. As far as mot'er, fat'er go I get one mot'er, two stepfat'er sides seventeen ants, and ten huncles."

"I am certainly glad to hear you haf refined family nam' such a one as I get. It is most distressing thing to haf unrefined nam'."

By a mighty effort of will I controlled my desire to laugh at Moneysweet's handling of this gold-braided fool. I rose and told the judge to his face what a comparatively honest black servant thought of him.

"Silence, silence!" he bellowed. "Soldiers of the Republic, produce silence in the Halls of the Justice and bring forward the next prisonair."

"What is your decision?" I inquired.

"Adjourned, *sine die*."

"What do you mean?" I asked, when Moneysweet burst in with, "No, sah; no sin to-day."

"The cas' is postponed, and the 'cused can go with his mastah."

I thanked the judge, for it was a better outcome than I expected, as these unbridled gentry can make it pretty hot for anyone who incurs their displeasure.

Later on in the day I had the chance of half an hour's conversation with the judge, who was not so bad as might at first seem. It appeared that nominally he was commander of a few hundred miserable Kru soldiers, for the Senate, with great ingenuity, contrived to have no general when they had an army, and no army when they had a general. After one defeat on the Sierra Leone border a few years previously, he had tried to rally a company of men designed for the protection of Monrovia, which was nowhere near the zone of

hostilities, but the vile conduct of the Senate, joined to the terror of their foes, had completely subdued the soldiery and ruined his private resources. He complained that his men quitted their standard when checked for misconduct. In my opinion, that they should have remained with them is to be admired, for among the sores of Liberia there is none more putrescent than the country's treatment of its soldiers.

To protect itself from the bush tribes the Government has been compelled to recruit its forces from the Mendis on the Sierra Leone border. This has imposed a burden upon them which cuts like a two-edged sword, for if the army of mercenaries is not paid, and they are left in possession of their arms, they descend upon the wretched coast towns where their energies find a misdirected outlet which makes life very uncomfortable for the black-coated, high-collared gentlemen of leisure, whose one desire in life is to enter Government service or preach in one of the many churches with which their emotional towns abound. During these periods of soldierly debauch the Mendis take matters in hand if they have retained their arms, and they usually appear accompanied by some of their wretched captives. I have seen a few of these captives, naked, chained together, with iron collars round their necks, guarded by men in indescribable rags, yet their captors were blatant, self-satisfied and abusive.

The Government kept an old gunboat until the middle of 1909. The gunboat was christened with the name of a frightful disease when it was taken over, a white man officiated at the ceremony, and gave the ship such a low name that it became an object of ridicule along the coast.

One day it signalled a British and African steamship company's vessel to heave-to on the high seas; probably the admiral had been reading a penny dreadful about pirates: if so, he met one when the profane skipper of the merchantman hove-to and lowered a *rope* for the admiral to make his ascent. The old chap had to take off his shoes, sword, and hat, and very nearly his trousers, before he succeeded in reaching the deck. When he got there he did not know what

to do. His act in stopping the ship was just as aimless as a chicken crossing the road.

In 1909 the "——" was wrecked off the coast and the *Krus* came off and looted every stick out of her, but not before the crew had done its worst.

In his annual "message" Mr. President Barclay takes exception to the report on his predecessor, yet he got into power by his promise of reforms. It is rarely that either the President, the Chief of the Customs or the Chief Treasurer stays in power for more than a year. There are eleven of these two latter officials retired, and now living in comfort on the South Coast of France, all married to French women.

As far as one can judge the new president is not likely to be any better than the old one. The House of Lords, at any rate, thinks that a mandate is on the way. But then, the League of Nations has not the machinery for administration of an African mandate. Better hand it over to a Committee of business men, soldiers and trained administrators and let them take the dreadful place in hand. Whatever is done it cannot be worse than what is being daily enacted in the name of civilization.

WALTER DE LA MARE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

IT has not always been sufficiently understood that a critic of poetry should be a poetical critic. Literary history is littered with the disasters of good critics who become bad critics, merely by colliding with good poets. But one of the first facts which a good poetical critic will realize, is one which the poet of necessity realizes: the limitation of language, and especially the poverty and clumsiness of the language of praise. There is hardly any praise of poets that does not sound as if they were all the same sort of poets, and this is true even when the praise is intended to say precisely the opposite. Thus the habit of calling somebody "unique" has become universal, and we may insist that a man is original, and still leave the impression that originality is about as rare as original sin.

But this difficulty applies in a special way to Mr. Walter de la Mare and his poetry, because the common poetical terms of praise for that poetry are also applied to a totally different sort of poetry. He stands very close, in time and place and appearance, to a group of writers, most of them good writers and some of them great writers, from whom he is really quite free and distinct. Only the epithets applied to him are also applied to them. When we say that he is a dreamy and fantastic poet, an interpreter of elfland, a singer of strange rhymes that have a witchery and wild charm for children, and the rest, we are driven to use a number of terms that have now become a little trite, perhaps, as applied to other talented persons who are utterly different. The fountains, the foundations, the primary principles of imagination and the view of life, are really quite different in a man like Mr. de la Mare from all that they are let us say, in a man like Sir James Barrie or a man like Mr. A. A. Milne. This, I need hardly say, has nothing to do with

depreciating these authors, but only with appreciating each author for his own sake. Yet there is a sort of tangle of tradition, and a recognized traffic in certain subjects, which may well confuse a modern reader about all this sort of literature of fancy. For instance; we might start by saying that the tradition of *Treasure Island* and its pirates was continued in *Peter Pan* and its pirates. We might say that the elvish children of *Peter Pan* were continued in the elvish children of *When We Were Very Young*. And then we might imagine vaguely that all this sort of thing, the bottle of rum and the crocodile's dinner and the king's breakfast, were all somehow stuffed or stirred up together in a hotch-potch called *Peacock Pie*. But this is to miss the whole point about the poet, and especially where he is rather more than a poet. It would be easy to link him up with the tradition of *Treasure Island*; for he has himself written a very fascinating fantasia about Desert Islands. But the association would be an error, for he has not really laid up for himself treasure in the same sort of treasure islands. There is really a sort of dynasty, a Scottish dynasty, of Stevenson and Barrie. But it descended on the infantile side to Scots like Kenneth Graham and on the manly, or at least boyish side to Scots like John Buchan. It has nothing to do with Walter de la Mare; because his philosophy is different. One way of putting it would be to say that, poetic as are the fairy-tales of the Scots, they are the fairy-tales of the Sceptics. The fairy-tales of de la Mare are not those of the Sceptic but of the Mystic. Take the primary idea with which all the best work for imaginative infancy, as supplied by Stevenson and Barrie, really began. It began with an idea which is called, "make-believe". That is, strictly speaking, it is written by men who do not believe; and even written for children who do not believe; children who quite logically and legitimately make believe. But de la Mare's world is not merely a world of illusion; it is in quite another sense a world of imagination. It is a real world of which the reality can only be represented to us by images. De la Mare does not, in the material sense, believe that there is an ogre who crawls round houses and is turned back by the

influence of the Holy Child; any more than Barrie believes that there is an immortal little boy who plays physically in Kensington Gardens. But de la Mare does believe that there is a devouring evil that is always warring with innocence and happiness; and Barrie does not believe that innocence and happiness go on having an uninterrupted legal occupation of Kensington Gardens. Stories of the school of *Peter Pan* are radiant and refreshing dreams; but they are dreams. They are the dreams of somebody taking refuge from real life in an inner life of the imagination; but not necessarily of somebody believing that there is also a larger universal life corresponding to that imagination. The first is a fabulist but the second is a symbolist; as if we were to compare the talking animals of La Fontaine with the typical animals of Blake. Blake (though certainly mad in a quiet way) probably did not believe that golden lions and tigers walked about on the hills of Albion; and La Fontaine did not believe that garrulous lions engaged in chatty conversation with foxes. But Blake did believe that certain tremendous truths, only to be shown under the types of golden lions, were really true; and, what is most important of all, were not only within him, but beyond him. So the conversation of Mr. Milne's funny little pigs and bears is as delightful as La Fontaine, and only deceptive in the same sense as La Fontaine. That is to say, it is not false, because it is fictitious; or what was called fabulous. But the rhymes of the Mad Prince, though they would be called fantastic, are not merely fabulous. The Mad Prince, like the Mad Poet, in the person of poor Blake, is, after all, something essentially different from The Mad Hatter. There are hollow undertones in his queer questions, about green grass for graves, which do really re-echo from things deep and secret as the grave.

Many who remember the apparently nonsensical nursery rhymes which figure among Walter de la Mare's verses for children may imagine that I am drawing a fine distinction; but it is not a distinction of degree but of direction. The parrot and the monkey who attended the dwarfs on the Isle of Lone, may seem quite as disconnected from normal natural history as the owl and the pussy-cat who went to sea. But

there remains a real distinction, outside all natural history, between unnatural history and supernatural history. Mr. de la Mare's parrots and monkeys are as symbolical as the strange beasts in the Book of Apocalypse. Only they are symbolical in a sense that means something better than the allegorical. Symbolism is superior to allegory, in so far that the symbol exactly fits ; and there is therefore no superfluous explanation that needs to pass through ordinary language, or need be, or indeed can be, translated into other words. If a parrot only means speech, or a monkey only means mischief (as he generally does) then nothing beyond pictorial elegance is gained by not dealing directly with mischief, or speaking plainly about speech. And the mere allegory never gets beyond a pictorial elegance, adorning what might well be unadorned. But the great mystic can sometimes present to us a purple parrot or a sea-green monkey, in exactly such a manner as to suggest submerged or mysterious ideas, and even truths, that could not possibly be conveyed by any other creature of any other colour. The meaning fits the symbol and the symbol the meaning ; and we cannot separate them from each other, as we can in the analysis of allegory. And there is a side of spiritual life, so to speak, which might well be represented by sea-green monkeys, whose colouring is not merely arbitrary colouring like that of the mysterious monsters in that admirable but purely nonsensical rhyme about the Jumblies, whose heads were green and whose hands were blue. The colour scheme here is pleasing, but it is no disrespect to the great Mr. Lear of the *Nonsense Rhymes*, to say that his cosmic philosophy would not have been convulsed even if their hands had been green and their heads had been blue. Walter de la Mare's nonsense is never nonsensical in that sense. If his monkey is sea-green, it is for some reason as deep and significant as the sea ; even though he cannot express it in any other way except by patient and uncomplaining greenness. And he would never mention even a green weed, a dock or nettle in a ditch, without meaning it to bear the same witness in the same way.

It is the first paradox about him that we can find the evidence

of his faith in his consciousness of evil. It is the second paradox that we can find the spiritual springs of much of his poetry in his prose. If we turn, for instance, to that very powerful and even terrible short story called *Seaton's Aunt*, we find we are dealing directly with the diabolic. It does so in a sense quite impossible in all the merely romantic or merely ironic masters of that nonsense that is admittedly illusion. There was no nonsense about Seaton's Aunt. There was no illusion about her concentrated and paralysing malignity ; but it was a malignity that had an extension beyond this world. She was a witch ; and the realization that witches can occasionally exist is a part of Realism, and a test for anyone claiming a sense of Reality. For we do not especially want them to exist ; but they do. Now the wonderland of the other charmers of childhood consists entirely of things that we want to exist, or they want to exist. Whether they are of the older English or Victorian school of Lewis Carroll and Lear, or of the later Scottish school of Stevenson and Barrie, their whole aim is to create a sort of cosmos within the cosmos, which shall be free from evil ; a crystal sphere in which there shall be no cracks or flaws or clouds of evil. *Peter Pan* is a wonderful evocation of the happy daydreams of childhood. There is plenty of fighting and ferocity ; because fighting and ferocity are among the very happiest dreams of a really innocent and Christian childhood. But Captain Hook the Pirate is not really wicked ; he is only ferocious ; which, after all, it is his simple duty as an honest and industrious pirate to be. But there are rhymes, even nursery rhymes, of Walter de la Mare in which the shiver is a real shiver, not only of the spine but of the spirit. They have an atmosphere which is not merely thrilling, but also chilling. They lay a finger that is not of the flesh on a nerve that is not of the body ; in their special way of suggesting the chill of change or death or antiquity. To do this was against the whole purpose and origin of the fairyland of the later Victorians. Like all literature, it cannot really be understood without reference to history ; and, like all history, it cannot really be understood without reference to religion. As scepticism gradually dried up the conventional

religion of the English, and even of the Scotch, poetic and humane spirits turned more and more to the construction of an inner world of fancy, that should be both a refuge and a substitute. William Morris, one of the most large and humane of these later Victorians, admitted it in acknowledging the purely decorative vision in his own work :

"So with this earthly Paradise it is,
If you will read aright and pardon me
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea."

And it is the irony of the case that these men, who were rationalists and realists about the real world, were for that very reason resolved to be radiant optimists when once they were inside the city of dreams which was their city of refuge. The pessimists insisted on having happy dreams; the sceptics insisted on having omnipotent drugs. But the mystic does not deal in dreams but in visions; that is, in things seen and not seeming. The mystic does not desire drugs but the drinking of that wine that wakes the dead; different in nature from any opiate that soothes the living.

In short, we may say that the early twentieth century presented two movements towards the fanciful or fantastical, and away from the merely rational or material: a centripetal movement and a centrifugal movement. The one spiritual spiral worked inwards, towards the secret subjective dreams of man; the other worked outwards towards the spiritual powers or truths that seemed beyond the reach of man. The new world made by the first was the great, glowing, iridescent bubble of the Barrie daydream; the world revealed by the second was that world of strange skies, at the ends of the earth and the corners of the sea, that appears in the far-off flashes of the de la Mare imagination. We might say shortly that Stevenson and Barrie could produce grisly buccaneers dripping with gore without frightening the children; whereas de la Mare could produce pollarded willows or whitewashed barns with an imminent risk of frightening the children, and even the grown-up people. But it is only fair to say that there is a subtlety only possible to the first method, as well as a subtlety possible

to the second. It is, as has been already suggested, the subtlety of an irony which at once accepts and discounts illusion. It is the whole point of the best work of Barrie, for instance, that somebody is deceiving himself, but also that somebody is looking on at somebody who is deceiving himself; and if they are both deceiving themselves, so much the better for the third person who is looking on from a third angle. Much of this sort of work is like a world of mirrors reflected in mirrors; the reduplication of reflection; the shadow of a shade. To name but one instance: a fairy-tale palace is itself only a fancy; but the court scene in *A Kiss for Cinderella* is not merely the fairy-tale fancy, but a child's fancy about the fancy. This sort of intensive imaginative delicacy is in theory a thing of infinite possibilities; and this does belong to the merely subjective school of symbolism. But what I have called the truly symbolic school of symbolism does still belong altogether to another and, I cannot but think, a larger world. It is all that world of the powers and mysteries beyond mankind, which even the sceptic would consent to cover with the celebrated label: "Important, If True". Perhaps as good an example as can be found is in that truly extraordinary sketch by de la Mare called "The Tree". I can imagine multitudes of quite intelligent people being totally unable to make head or tail of it. It is concerned with a fruit merchant and his brother, who was an artist, and with a Tree, which is talked of in a manner utterly indescribable; as if it were not only more important than anything, but were outside the world. Now Barrie might have dealt admirably with a theme like that; and probably made the human comedy clearer. But the difference is precisely this. Even the reader who cannot understand anything else about de la Mare's story does definitely understand this: that somehow the fruit merchant was wrong, and the artist was right; and, above all, the Tree was right. Now if Barrie had told the tale, he would have taken a gentle pride in leaving us in doubt on that very point; of suggesting that the sceptic might be the sane man, and the Tree might be a delusion. But the Tree is not a delusion.



William Kermode

SLANE ROOF

THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS

BY L. A. G. STRONG

I MUST begin with a confession. I went up to the West Highlands, for the first time, settled and fortified in my double loyalty to the place of my birth and the country of my race, determined not to be impressed. There was a Scots girl with me in the railway carriage, and an elderly Scots gentleman. They held forth to me upon the raptures I was to undergo on the morrow. I fell asleep with one eye metaphorically on Dartmoor and the other on a spot in the Wicklow Mountains above the Annamoe. I woke to find my arm being shaken, and was invited to look down upon Loch Lomond. That night I fell asleep at Morar, in a room overlooking the estuary with the silver sands and the moss-green wall of the mountain. Next day I walked over to Arisaig—and there was no spirit left in me. I had surrendered to the spell of the West Highlands, which will hold its power over me to the last hour of my life.

For me, there is only one way of going north—the way we went last May—the way we have been many summers before, and will, I hope, be going by the time you read this. That is by the 7.30 train from King's Cross. We went last upon a fine, sunny evening, and took our dinner spinning along through the level fields that slowly became darker, and the trees that soon were black against the sky. We talked till we were sleepy, and then went to bed—really to bed, to talk for a little longer, and then, firmly convinced that the noise of the train made sleep impossible, to fall asleep, and wake only twice before we were called.

The first waking, to find the train in a station, took place in the early hours, and we sleepily conjectured the town to be Newcastle. There was no need to speculate where we were

at our second waking. Nowhere else in the world do voices cry out with that barbarous, clipped fecundity, that tirelessness in harangue, which often apparently means little even to a practised ear.

"Hey, therre ! Did ye no gabble gabble gabble . . ."

"Whit ?"

"Did ye no gabble gabble . . ."

"Whit ?"

"Did ye no . . ."

"Oh, for guidness sek . . ."

The train broke up into its component parts at Glasgow, so there was a deal of this sort of thing, shunting, frenzied commentary, bumps, more commentary—terminating in vengeful quest for some unseen miscreant named Ahlec—before we were off again, this time in daylight. From then it seemed only a minute till we were called, sat up, pulled back the curtain, and exclaimed at the splendour of the morning. The mountains, rising from the swoon of night, were mistily streaked and shadowed with pale silver. Below us lay the steep wooded shores of Loch Lomond, still asleep, with wreaths of mist lying along the tops of the trees ; and when presently the train stopped at a little station, and three or four passengers got out and stood, blinking but happy, on the narrow platform, a cuckoo called loudly from the woods above the line, telling us we had caught up on the late northern spring.

By the time we reached the breakfast car we were in sterner country. The mountains, bold and magnificent, were streaked and capped with snow. We ran up the steep valley of Crianlarich, with tiny houses looking babylike and innocent in the morning sun, and were soon climbing the boulder-strewn waste of Rannoch Moor. There is no moor quite like this. It gets its character, not so much from the rich colours of the peat and its wide extent between the mountains, as from the boulders which are thrown about everywhere, almost regularly, as if a number of giants had been playing some huge game of cherry stones. From the train one gets a marvellously intimate view of the moor. An antlered stag sat in a hollow, not two hundred yards from the line. Several times, as we went

across, we saw deer still tame after the winter, with several months yet before them in which to learn the fear of man. I am not sure that the train does not give one as good a view as can be obtained anywhere ; but at least one other fine way in which to see the moor is to motor up from Perth to the top of Loch Rannoch, and, climbing a small hill, to look all across it to the north and west.

A little further on we saw the best sight of the journey. The train ran beside a long, still loch, overhung by a wall of mountain. The mountain, snowcap and all, moved reflected in the loch, magnificently keeping pace with the train. First, the water line, and the small grey cliff ; then the boulders and the huge, green, bulging mass, with little upsidedown trees, looking somehow vaguer and more bewildered in the water than on the mountainside. And, last of all, the final steeps and brilliant snowcap, dazzling in the still, pure blue of the reflected sky. In colour, clearness, and majesty, reflection matched original : only, if one looked close, an infinitesimal agitation and trembling betrayed the fact that the mirror was not constant.

Next came the grey rocks of the Spean River, with its tumbling brown, its enormous falls, and its deep black pools which make one feel giddy even from the train : and in a few minutes, Fort William, all clear and winking by the waterside, under the huge faithful shoulder of Ben Nevis. I have heard people say that they were disappointed by their first sight of Ben Nevis. This I simply cannot understand. His bulk is enormous, and he rises in vast sweeping curves to the peak that even in August has its rifts of snow. It is true that from Fort William one cannot see him properly, both because one is too close underneath, and because of the shoulders of the great peaks close beside him. Many of the lesser mountains in the Highlands look wilder and more remote, but none to me is more satisfactory than that great humped shoulder. For all his magnificent bulk, there is something homely about Ben Nevis, something that inspires affection. Other mountains seem aloof and proud. Ben Nevis is like a great sheepdog watching over the little town at his foot.

At Fort William, where we must wait for a little while before changing into the local train for Mallaig, there is plenty to watch—not least a cross-talk turn between two magnificent beings in bowler hats, who appear to be divided in opinion as to the platform at which the train is to leave. We await their decision ; and soon, having heard it, are settled into the new train, clanking past Banavie, along the peaceful shore of Loch Eil, and looking back upon the noble bulk of Ben Nevis.

Then the train finds a narrow valley between other mountains, and comes to Glenfinnan, with its effigy of Prince Charlie upon the shore of Loch Shiel, an effigy more impressive from a distance than close at hand. Glenfinnan has an unenviable reputation for rain, but last year it was fine and sparkling, and the invitation of Loch Shiel was almost more than we could bear. After Glenfinnan we passed Loch Eilt, studded with miniature islands, each a complete world in itself, with one two, or three fir trees and a tiny strand ; and then the scene opened out to the glories of Loch Ailort and Loch Nan Uamh. The first sight of Loch Nan Uamh, as the train crosses the viaduct and swings round to the loch's northern side, is not likely to be forgotten. The steep range of Roshven overhangs one side of it. A cottage or two nestles on the waterside under the sheer height of the mountain. The narrow waters are bright as silver : and the side upon which we travel is densely wooded, giving us glimpse after glimpse of beauty between the trees.

Then, abruptly, the scene changes again, and we are going through a glen so densely wooded as to seem almost tropical, trees and bush-covered cuttings crowding down about the train, more and more closely, to emphasise the sudden sweep into the open country at Arisaig, and the first sight of the Islands. That first sight is the great moment in the journey. No amount of anticipation can harden one against it, no number of visits can prepare one for the shock of it. Each year, we pray for a clear day for it, and last year we had the best that I remember.

Here, two stations before the end of the line, we got out. It was hot on the little platform above the estuary, but a cool

breeze was blowing in from the sea. The car was ready for us. On the other hand, there was no sign of the milk cart that was to take our luggage. Time is not valuable in the Western Highlands. We met it in the village, and were soon climbing the hill, and watching for the first sight of our summer home. That again is a sight worth watching for. At one stroke, there opens out the widest and most varied panorama I have ever seen. On our right is the precipitous wall of Craig Mhor. Straight in front is a plain of tussocky peat, cut with little rivers, and ending in the hills around Morar. Beyond them are steep fantastic mountains. All the rest of the view is sea—sea and mountain. Eigg is on the left, with its long cliff and its *squair*, a rocky crest, upreared like a coxcomb. Next there is Rum, the stateliest of islands, with the perfect line of its slopes and mountains. Then, stretching north as far as one can see, is the long coast of Skye, and, over it, a far, fairy blue, the jagged saw-tooth line of the Coolins.

Last year they were streaked and topped with snow. We had hardly time for our eyes to become accustomed to the spread of dazzling colour when the four miles of bumpy road were ended and we were driving gingerly down a little drive of bluebells and coming to the cottage where we were to spend the next four months. The windows looked out on a tiny bay one hundred yards across. The sea broke fifty yards from the front door. The headland on the other side of the tiny bay began with grey rocks, rising above the dazzling white sand, and dotted everywhere with clusters of sea-pinks. Then grass, hot clumps of gorse, whitethorn, and a little bluff of pines, leaning crazily this way and that to escape a wind which to-day seemed only a dream. Beyond, the sea, and, eight miles away, the long coast line and the fantastic peaks of Skye.

This is our way of going north ; but there are others. If you go on in the train, past Morar and the amazing colours of its estuary, to Mallaig, set in a bleak, forbidding coast which, just for variety, has been stuck down among such grace and loveliness, you can go on to Skye direct by ferry, or else by steamer, via Kyle of Lochalsh. Another way altogether is to

start from Glasgow by steamer. Leaving overnight, you wake to see in front of you the island of Mull. Mull, less visited than Skye, is as graceful as the song which celebrates its beauty. Oban is your first port of call, and thence the steamer goes to Tobermory, round Ardnamurchan Point, to call in at Eigg, and then go on to Mallaig and Kyle of Lochalsh. After leaving Skye, the voyage goes on up Gairloch and Lochinvar : but, for the moment, we will stay where we are.

Enough has been written about Skye—too much, perhaps. I will not add to it here, except to counsel the longest way across. Mallaig, for all purposes, is the ideal starting place. To take one of the big, comfortable boats that put in there, and go for a two or three days' trip among the outer islands ; to pass the point of Sleat, and, seeing the two great peaks of Uist standing clear on the horizon, gradually to cross the sixty miles of still water that lies between ; to pass from island to island, gliding along as if under a spell in this small enchanted ocean ringed about by mountains : to sit up all one night, talking to the captain on the bridge, refreshing oneself every few hours with a cup of coffee and a fresh herring, seeing the dawn come up before the sunset fires have faded : none of these are things which can be described.

If you prefer rougher conditions, and do not mind sharing your boat with livestock, you may go from one to another of the small islands. You may put in at Barra, or, lured on by the song of the Benbecula Bridal Procession, visit Benbecula itself, and realise that, to make any show, the procession must have gone round and round the island several times in a circle. You may sleep in a crofter's cottage, sitting up half the night long to talk to him and his brother, who has been seventeen times across the Atlantic and has a store of learning which would astonish you, had you not left your power to be astonished behind you on the mainland. You may do a hundred things, and come back, hardly believing that so much can be crammed into three days, or four, or five : and you will be unable to describe these things, as I am unable to describe them now, and I shall always be unable to describe the beauty and variety of the Highlands and Islands.

I cannot describe it, nor can I tell you why you should go there this and other summers. I can only conclude by trying to give you a few pictures.

October.—A row boat is slowly making its way up Loch Nevis under the steep wall of the mountain. Craning sideways, and looking up, one sees the first touch of autumn on the tiny trees that lean close in, almost parallel to the slope from which they grow. Pale as lemon against the dark slope, they are dotted about here and there, like the flames of tiny matches lit on a still evening. One of the people who is staring at them is suddenly brought back to life by a tug upon the line which she is holding. A minute later a five-pound fish is struggling and leaping on the floorboards. It takes some time to release the spinner from his mouth, and, when this is done, the boat has reached a little bay, and those in it gaze upon an apparition the like of which they have never seen before—a boat the size of their own, heaped up like a haystack with rusty bracken. The blades of oars appear pathetically from the mass, and presently, in the middle of the bracken, the figure of the rower is seen, rowing blind, guided by the shouts of a friend upon the shore.

August.—It has been raining, but the rain has lifted, the shoulders of the mountains are still swathed in soft, heavy mist. You are standing on the wooden pier of Dalilea, waiting for the boat that comes up from Acharacle to carry you up Loch Shiel. Presently, you hear a strange disturbance, and the steamer rushes round the corner. Five minutes later, you are sailing on the loch, past the Isle of the Dead, between the tall wooded slopes, from which the warmth of the sun, struggling through the mist, is drawing off the soft filmy coverings. Half an hour later the sun comes out, and the sheer sides of the mountains are uncovered. From then till you reach Glenfinnan you have a time which you will never forget.

October.—You are in a rowing boat, coming through the narrow channels to Arisaig harbour. The day is absolutely still. On your way there has been no sound but the creaking of the rowlocks, and the strange stir of the weed and tangle when the tide began to turn and heaved it up from underneath.

Now, there is no sound but the whispering of the current that is carrying you into the harbour. Suddenly your companion points to the rocks ahead. You turn round, and rub your eyes, for every rock has lost its shape and come out into queer dark blobs and swellings. Suddenly one of the blobs begins to move. It slides across the weed into the water—and you realise what has happened. A flock of forty or fifty seals have come into the harbour, and are lying upon the rocks. Presently, the water behind your boat is dotted with dark, swimming heads, till you come in close to the houses, the head of a strange procession.

August.—You are again in a rowboat, this time a quarter of a mile outside Mallaig, having been lured on by a perfect morning to make the foolhardy journey across to Skye. The motor ferry passes you scornfully, and recedes slowly into the distance, a white diminishing speck against the heavily wooded shores of Armadale. Halfway across, you see the water suddenly broken, three hundred yards away from the boat—and before you can realise what has happened you are in the middle of a school of whales who are busily engaged in chasing mackerel up Loch Nevis. A cry from the man in the bows makes you look over the side of the boat, and there, twenty feet below you, large as a house, a whale passes, to break the surface less than one hundred yards away. You have not got your breath back from the shock when he leaps clear out of the water, falling back upon it with a report like a thunder clap and a white jet of foam. An hour later, none the worse for your adventure, you are sitting in the woods below Ardsvar, right on the water's edge, eating your sandwiches and looking up at the tall stems of the trees above you. Presently you will be strolling in the little village street on the hill, and staring across the water to that magnificent disarray of peaks that rise from the western Mainland.

I could go on fumbling like this for hours, trying to suggest to you what is to be seen in the Western Highlands; but you had far better go and see for yourself.

NEW STEPS IN LAW REFORM

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

IT is reported of Mussolini that, when asked on the celebration of a Dante centenary for a message to the Italian people, he said, "Tell them to read his works". The present year is the centenary of Jeremy Bentham's death, and it is at least fitting that it should be marked by the issue of the latest rules which seek to alleviate the burdens imposed upon the shoulders of the hapless litigant. For fifty years Bentham laboured in the cause of law reform, addressing his invective, in season and out of season, to lawyer and politician alike. In the very year of his death his efforts were rewarded by an Act of Parliament which simplified the complex system of pleading which had developed during the previous century.

The history of the succeeding century, however, showed that it was not possible to pursue the course of reform, whether in law or in politics, upon a system of limited liability. The years between 1832 and 1852 were, ironically enough, the most flourishing period of the pleader's "black-letter art". The Court of Exchequer was dominated by the figure of Baron Parke—Baron Surrebutter—of whom it was said that, with one more volume of his judgments, the English law would have perished from the face of the earth and whose keenest delight was to nonsuit a plaintiff in an undefended cause for some inaccuracy of expression. The Common Law Procedure Act of 1852 was required to neutralize the effects of so persistent a devotion to the letter of the law, and this in turn was replaced by the still more radical clauses of the Judicature Act, 1873. Ten years later new rules were framed by the judges under the powers of this Act by which the intricacies of procedure were in fact codified, and in 1894 the dissatisfaction of business men was temporarily allayed by the creation of a Commercial Court.

This alternation of reform and complacency is not unnatural. It is idle to expect of the law of a civilized state that it shall not be technical. Nor, if it were possible, would it be desirable. The object of the courts is to seek the truth out of a mass of irrelevancies, and the only hope of success lies in the development of a system of rules which will crystallize the issues to be tried and exclude extravagant or inconsistent controversy. It is inevitable, however, that the elaboration of such rules should attract the ingenuity of subtle minds and threaten the balance of form and substance. Thus Serjeant Stephen, who made in 1824 the first attempt to analyse the rules of pleading, confessed that the subject "has always been the highest in professional estimation", while the rules first formulated by the judges in 1883 have since been embodied in an annual "White Book" of some two thousand five hundred pages, at once an awful and mysterious monument to misguided intellect. The expense and delay consequent upon the present procedure have recently elicited so many and so influential protests that Lord Sankey called upon the Rules Committee of the Supreme Court to assist him in a new measure of reform. The rules thus evoked came into force on May 24th, 1932, and deserve examination as the most important contribution towards the simplification of legal procedure since the Judicature Act, 1873.

It is necessary to preface the discussion of these rules with two observations. In the first place, there are certain classes of actions which are definitely excluded from their operation. They are not to apply to libel, slander, malicious prosecution, false imprisonment, seduction or breach of promise of marriage: to no case, in fact, in which what may be called a semi-criminal atmosphere predominates. In the second place, even within the limits in which the rules are applicable, they are not compulsory. They are to be invoked only at the option either of the plaintiff's solicitor or, failing his intervention, of the defendant's solicitor.

Preliminary Proceedings

One of the features which mystifies the layman in the

progress of an important trial is the function of the junior counsel, who sits in apparent but not unlucrative passivity behind his leader and who is occasionally entrusted with the elucidation of the less delicate portions of his client's evidence. The explanation is that, when the case comes on for trial, the major portion of his task is over. Upon him has fallen the responsibility of preparing the case for hearing, an arduous and anxious duty. The normal common law litigation begins with the issue of a writ, to be followed by the pleadings, in which each side elaborates its case and defines the issue to be tried. These pleadings are generally confined to a Statement of Claim, a Statement of Defence and, by no means invariably, a Reply, but it is technically possible for them to be protracted by an appalling array of documents—a Rejoinder, a Surrejoinder, a Rebutter and a Surrebutter—which fortunately are seldom seen in practice. Even when the efforts of counsel are confined to the preparation of Statements of Claim and Defence, the time occupied is by no means negligible. Every student familiar with the inside of common law chambers will recollect the formidable bundle of dusty papers, bound in red tape, upon which counsel is directed to prepare pleadings and which, from a well-merited sense of its revolting contents, is avoided by every inhabitant of the chambers until the patience of the solicitor is exhausted.

The completion of the pleadings, however, is but the first stage in the history of the case. Either side may take out a summons for "Particulars", for "Discovery of Documents", for "Interrogatories", for "Further and Better Interrogatories", each dealt with piecemeal by a series of applications whose intervention serves to protract the interval between the issue of the writ and the hearing of the case and which, indeed, are occasionally designed to that end. An example of the time which may thus be occupied is afforded by the recent case of *Mayhead v. Hydraulic Hoist Co.* On May 6th, 1929, on a summons for directions, an order had been made for the trial of the action in Middlesex with a judge and a common jury. Various interlocutory applications engaged attention until on March 5th, 1930, the Master made an order that the action

should be removed from the common jury list and should be tried by a judge and a special jury. On February 3rd, 1931, the case appeared third in the list of cases to be tried by Mr. Justice Horridge, who ordered it to be transferred to the non-jury list. On March 6th, 1931, an appeal against this order was dismissed by the Court of Appeal, and at long last, nearly two years after the issue of the writ, the case was ripe for trial.

The temptation to procrastination which this procedure affords has been severely curtailed by the New Rules. In the first place, a definite and stringent time-limit has been placed upon the issue of the pleadings. The Statement of Claim is to be delivered within seven days of the writ, the Defence within seven days of the Statement of Claim, and the Reply, if any, within seven days of the Defence. Each document is to be supplied with full particulars so that no further applications may be needed for their elucidation. In the second place, a summons for directions is to be taken out within four days from the close of the pleadings, in which the different preliminary questions, formerly examined *seriatim* on isolated hearings, are debated *en masse* and concluded simultaneously by a comprehensive "order for directions".

Settling the Date of the Trial

The convenience to the litigant of knowing, within reasonable limits, the date at which he must prepare his evidence and assemble his witnesses is obvious. Yet, before the preparation of the new rules, little was done to satisfy this need. At the beginning of each term a list of cases is published, upon which solicitor and client may enter upon such conjectures as to the possible date of hearing as their experience or optimism may suggest. The actual list at the beginning of the current term contained, in the King's Bench Division, the names of 994 cases, of which 279 were to be tried with a special jury, 394 with a common jury and 233 without a jury at all. It is significant that, of the special jury actions, approximately three-quarters were entered before Easter and over 100 as long ago as 1931. This terminal notice is supplemented each

day by a short list of those actions which it is hoped to take in the immediate future. But there is many a slip between a place in the list and a hearing in the courts, and the litigant is fortunate, who, having at considerable expense assembled his witnesses in London, finds their evidence taken on the day appointed.

The New Rules attack the problem by giving the judge power to "fix a day for the trial of any new procedure action" and add, with pious aspiration, that "the action shall, as far as possible, be tried on that day". To give this rule a reasonable chance of success, two judges have been detailed to sit in London continuously for a substantial period and take charge of the new list. If one is detained by an obstinately protracted dispute, the other may find himself released by the premature determination of his list, and it is thus hoped to adhere, with reasonable precision, to the dates fixed upon the summons for directions. This provision, coupled with the power of the judge to order the action to be removed from the new procedure list and sent down for trial at the Assizes or in the County Court, seems to afford some hope of mitigation to the anxious and embarrassed litigant.

The Length of the Proceedings at the Trial

The actual hearing of a case is unduly protracted by two main factors: the presence of the jury and the existing rules of evidence. The jury is by no means an inevitable feature of a modern action, but, as is shown by the statistics already cited, it is used in the King's Bench Division in more than two-thirds of the total number of causes. Trial before a jury inevitably occupies more time than before a judge alone. The evidence needs more careful elaboration, counsel think it necessary to earn or maintain a reputation for eloquence or, at least, upon a singularly low estimate of their auditors' capacity, to reiterate their points *ad nauseam*, the judge has to explain in as simple terms as possible the salient characteristics of a complicated legal issue. The litigant, moreover, even when he has succeeded in eliciting a favourable verdict, has no guarantee of its finality. Despite the specious maxim that "questions

of fact are for the jury and questions of law for the judge ", his rival may appeal to a higher court on the ground that " no reasonable man could possibly have reached the conclusion at which the jury had arrived ". Thus in the recent case of *Tolley v. Fry*, the defendants sought to advertise their chocolate by a caricature of the plaintiff, a well-known amateur golfer, supported by the following effusion :

The caddie to Tolley said, " O, Sir;
Good shot, sir, that ball—see it go, sir;
My word, how it flies,
Like a cartet of Frys—
They're handy, they're good, and priced low, sir."

This advertisement had been printed without the plaintiff's knowledge, and the suggested implication was that he had been paid to permit its publication and that his amateur status was thereby jeopardized. Two witnesses, in fact, lent colour to the suggestion. The jury awarded the plaintiff heavy damages and the defendants appealed. The majority of the court of appeal concluded that the advertisement was not reasonably capable of defamatory construction and set aside the verdict. The House of Lords, by a majority of four to one, restored it, requiring, however, a new trial on the question of damages. So formidable a controversy upon the deductions available to the " reasonable mind ", though gratifying to the legal intellect, cannot but be exasperating to the simple litigant. It may be necessary to control the deliberations of the jury and prevent the adoption of a foolish and perverse verdict, but the process is both costly and dilatory.

The New Rules seek to mitigate the difficulty by authorizing the judge to " order the action to be tried with or without a jury as in his discretion he may think fit ". The discretion, it will be observed, is vested in the judge, not in either of the parties, and prevents a litigant requiring a jury in an unsuitable case simply because he thinks that he may be able to work upon their prejudice or sympathy. A similar procedure was in fact adopted during the war and achieved a very tolerable measure of success.

The English law of evidence has been elaborated in the course

of the last hundred years into an unrivalled institution for the elucidation of truth, but it is not without the defects of its qualities, and the litigant may well be prepared, in return for some economy in time and money, to forgo his share in the search for the eternal and immutable verities. In particular, the rule requiring the actual attendance of witnesses, even when their evidence may as adequately be offered on paper, though not inconvenient in a less complex age, is irritating and unnecessary under modern commercial conditions. It is thus provided by the New Rules that the judge may " order that any particular fact or facts may be proved by affidavit or that the affidavit of any witness may be read at the trial on such conditions as the judge may think reasonable ".

In the same way the " expert " witness, that familiar phenomenon of a pseudo-scientific age, is often no more than a complicating factor in the chain of evidence. It is welcome, therefore, to find the judge now authorized to order that no more than a specified number of experts be called and that technical questions be sent to a special referee for inquiry and report. The referee's findings are not to be binding on the parties, but it is hoped that they may agree to accept the report and thus avoid the necessity of calling further evidence.

The Duplication of Appeals

Under the existing law the disappointed litigant has a double chance of reversing the original decision by appealing both to the Court of Appeal and to the House of Lords. While some tribunal must obviously exist to rectify the slips and blunders of the trial court, finality could surely be reached at an earlier stage. Speaking a few years ago to the Cambridge Law Students, Lord Justice Scrutton referred to a case then before the House of Lords, in which £4,000 worth of damage was involved and the costs of which had already exceeded £150,000. Such a figure is doubtless exceptional, but it is approached in a sufficient number of cases to lend acerbity to the aphorism, attributed to Lord Darling, that " the English law, like the Ritz Hotel, is open to everybody ". The possibility of being dragged to the House of Lords at least suffices to deter the

average individual from fighting the most substantial action and tends to make litigation the virtual monopoly of the corporation. The injustice is perhaps the most marked in income tax cases, when the revenue authorities, though they may admit the doubtful nature of their claim and avow their disinterested zeal for a solution, propose to carry the unfortunate subject to every court and seek a final decision, at his expense, in the House of Lords. The problem is too large to be solved within the scope of the New Rules, but they at least offer the possibility of alleviation by the provision that the judge may "record the consent of the parties either wholly excluding their right of appeal, or limiting it to the Court of Appeal, or limiting it to questions of law only".

It is now possible to attempt some estimate of the success of the New Rules. It must at once be stated, without disrespect to Lord Sankey, whose sympathy and initiative deserve the gratitude of all litigants, that these must form but the first step in law reform. It was doubtless impossible to effect wider innovations without recourse to legislation, always an uncertain factor under modern political conditions. Nor will the litigant reject a half loaf as worse than no loaf at all. But the proposals, taken as a whole, seem to be admittedly experimental. There seems no reason, for example, why the rules should not apply to all classes of actions in the King's Bench Division. Cases of defamation, in particular, are the most notorious offenders in expense and procrastination and afford the most obvious temptation to postpone the final retribution by a prolix series of appeals. Nor is the device of leaving the choice of new or old procedure to the parties' solicitors, though perhaps the only voluntary expedient, without its dangers. In short, one is driven to the inevitable query, Why not Compulsion?

If public opinion is sufficiently stimulated to demand legislation, the tentative proposals contained in the rules can be carried to their logical conclusion. Three drastic steps at least would then be required to be taken. In the first place, there seems no reason why the expert witness should not be entirely excluded and technical questions sent as a matter of

course to a referee who should be an officer of the court, appointed *ad hoc*, and whose finding should be final and binding upon both parties. In the second place, the jury should be abolished in all civil cases. The prolixity of the proceedings before a jury and the innumerable possibilities of appeal against its verdict could be avoided by the simple alternative of leaving questions of fact, as well as of law, to the decision of the judge. Towards this goal public opinion seems, with hesitation, to be moving, and the further retention of the jury is rather a tribute to sentiment and tradition than a deliberately accepted expedient. Criminal trials stand upon a different footing. Not only does the question of guilt or innocence overshadow all other considerations, but the presence of the jury enables the judge to share the heavy burden of responsibility and satisfies public opinion that the scales of justice are kept even. As has often been observed, it is as important that the law should seem to function impartially as that it actually should do so.

In the third place, one or other of the courts of appeal should be abolished. It is interesting to remember that the original intention of the framers of the Judicature Act in 1873 was to remove the appellate powers of the House of Lords and it was only after considerable pressure that these powers were retained and reorganized. If, however, a choice had to be made between the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords, there would be much to be said in favour of the latter. The fact that its members are engaged in other than judicial duties gives them a wider outlook upon the problems which, as jurists, they may be called upon to solve, and they are the better equipped to see these problems in perspective against their social and economic background. Nor are there wanting examples of cases in the reports in which the wider opportunities of the House of Lords have in fact been successfully exploited. Perhaps, however, the choice will be made, as a single factor in a wider issue, when at long last the reform of the House of Lords, as an element in the constitution, is attempted in real earnest.

REFLECTIONS ON THE AGE OF NOISE

BY ADAM GOWANS WHYTE

AT first sight the problem of noise appears to be quite simple. Everybody agrees that there is too much noise in the world and that the nuisance ought to be abated. Such a summary, however, takes us little further than the answer to the question about what kind of noise annoys an oyster. We have still to define noise, and to distinguish it from a musical sound in a manner satisfactory both to the devotee of Bach and to the man who delights in jazz on a cheap gramophone. By what standard, again, can we decide when a noise becomes "too much"? And, having solved these puzzles, we must consider whether to attack the noise at its source or *en route* to the ear—assuming that there is some power on earth able to take effective action.

The deeper we dig into the problem the more difficult and disheartening it becomes. It is a problem that is repeatedly raised and as frequently given up. Every little while some sensitive soul whose nerves have been racked by the roar of traffic relieves his agony in a letter to his favourite newspaper. He has clearly employed his hours of wretched wakefulness in seeking epithets scabrous enough for the offence. Other sufferers follow, each trying to improve upon the invective of his fellows. Then, in a few days, or at most in a few weeks, the chorus of protest dies down, and the rushing, banging, grinding, shrieking, hooting, rattling, and general thundering proceed as usual.

There are times, indeed, when the solution indicated in *The Dumb Wife of Cheapside*, might seem the only one feasible. After an operation had given speech to the afflicted woman, her husband found that a beautiful pool of silence had been transformed into a torrent of words, and the sole remedy he

could conceive was to ask the surgeons to perform the complementary operation of making him stone deaf. The sequel was not disclosed, but it was probably a case of "happily ever after", since nothing could be more idyllic than a mating where the woman was free to talk and the man was free not to listen.

A similar remedy against noise is denied to the race until the science of eugenics has advanced far enough to give us a generation impervious to noise or the effects of noise. Meanwhile we must make the sorrowful admission that, with each step in progress, civilisation has committed the blunder of the well-meaning husband in the play. It has destroyed the silence of nature with some fresh form of clamour; and as soon as the operation has taken place, the results are declared to be intolerable. It prides itself upon its triumphs in science, in engineering, in social organisation, in multiplying the amenities of life; nevertheless it appears to stand helpless before one of the most elementary consequences of its activity—the distracting and destructive influence of ever-rising waves of sound.

It is our way, however, to treat a confession of failure as a step towards success. We have a robust faith in the ability of science to find an antidote for its own poisons—sooner or later. Science, moreover, has begun to take the problem seriously, as a subject for systematic study and research. It recognises, as every layman and in particular every policeman does, that little headway will be made by regulations against excessive noise. A few sporadic nuisances, such as the blowing of cab whistles or the shouting of hawkers, may be suppressed by ordinance, but laws and by-laws against the general tide of sound are useless. The only hope of relief lies in a mass attack by physiologists, psychologists, physicists, engineers and all others concerned with the production, transmission and effects of noise.

One of the most curious phases of the whole business is the helplessness of the human subject in the presence of noise. The eye accommodates itself to variations in light by expanding or contracting the pupil. It also protects itself against excessive light by lowering the eyelids, and we can readily deal with

harmful glare by diffusing or shading the light rays. Similarly, we have our remedies against the discomforts of the senses of touch, smell and taste. The ear, however, lacks any efficient means of escape. Neither plugging nor covering gives us the silence we, at times, desire; and it is only in special circumstances that any such measure, even if it were effective, can be safely taken.

We owe this and many other peculiarities of the sense of hearing to the conditions under which *genus homo*, in common with other animal species, has evolved. The chief function of the ear is to give warning of danger. To perform that function properly, the ear must always remain in action, even when the animal is asleep. It must also be in a measure selective, ignoring noises that signify no danger and responding instantly to all others that indicate the presence of an enemy. Any species which closed its ears as well as its eyes in sleep would be "fair game" for a prowling enemy, guided to its victim by scent.

So effective is the ear as an automatic alarm that, in the attempt to put it out of action, the cat tribe developed the art of stealthy approach. The struggle then lay between animals with an almost silent footfall and others with ears sensitive to the faintest rustle or breath, and alert to slight but significant sounds like the cracking of a twig or the click of a loose stone. Keen hearing was likewise of value to the hunting animal, co-operating with scent and nocturnal sight in helping it to locate its prey.

At the other end of the scale loud noises played their part in the struggle for existence. They inspired fear that tended to paralyse more timid animals. We experience the same effect from the sudden blast of a raucous motor horn, which often defeats its purpose by arresting the movements of the pedestrian.

Man has inherited the animal sensitiveness to a variety of sounds, and in this inheritance we have the key to most of the anomalies of sound effects on our nervous system. Although, when we speak of the problem of noise, we think as a rule of loud, harsh sounds, these are far from being the only kind that exasperate us and murder sleep. If we could devise a scale to

measure the irritating power of noises, the most trifling noises would touch a higher mark than many of considerable intensity. Thus the elimination of all sounds likely to cause nerve strain involves much more than the reduction of our traffic roar and industrial racket.

It involves a close study of a host of apparently freakish psychological reactions. Some of us, for example, can sleep through a thunderstorm; but who among us is not kept awake by the nibbling of a mouse? This tiny sound is precisely the furtive sort of noise that made our ancestors, human and pre-human, prick up their ears. Our knowledge that the noise comes from a timorous wee beastie does not suppress the ancestral response. To our sophisticated minds, also, the scrape-scrape has a special stimulus, because we wait for it to be repeated, hoping that it will not be repeated, thus keeping our attention on the stretch.

Similarly, the intermittent drip-drip of water will, though almost inaudible, spoil a night's sleep, while the steady drumming of rain may act as a soporific. Continuity and rhythm make the influence of many neutral or unfriendly sounds quite pleasant. The rush of wind through trees, the babble of running water, the "huge voice incessant, of the breakers on the shore": these are lullabies. We have a long ancestral knowledge of them as harmless sounds. Even the beat of a propeller or the *da capo* sounds of wheels on rails are soothing after one has become accustomed to them. But it needs only a break in the rhythm to transform the slumber-song into an acute form of torture.

Everyone must be able to recall, from his own experience or from that of others, many instances of the absurd power of minor noises. A business friend of mine, who was also a philosopher of some distinction, found his philosophy helpless before the exhaust of a gas engine. He attempted to carry on a commercial negotiation while the engine was puff-puffing in another part of the building, but, as the engine governor controlled the speed by arranging a misfire at irregular intervals, he found himself unable to think of anything but the moment when the next blank would occur.

In my own case the most distracting of street noises, apart from the machine-gun roar of the motor cycle, is the casual but repeated bell-ringing of the cyclists who sell ices. Here the causes of the abnormal effect from an insignificant cause are complex. The pitch of the bell is high and—as experience with motor horns and sopranos abundantly reminds us—a shrill note is always more distressing than a low one of similar quality but of perhaps greater intensity. The intermittent character of the noise adds its quota; one always hopes that the noise has ceased just a second before it is resumed. Again, the ringing is misapplied, since the function of a bicycle bell is to warn and not to attract. The cumulative effect of these factors is to transform, in my feelings, the familiar legend from “Stop me and buy one” to “Kill me and stop one”.

As a general rule, people will tolerate a necessary noise, while resenting a similar noise which they regard as unnecessary or due to some mechanical defect. To some extent the irritation caused by a creaking door or a rattling window is due to this psychological reaction. The squeaking of car brakes, again, is not in itself a particularly aggressive sound, especially when heard in the flood of street traffic, but it never fails to rouse the wrath of the passers-by. In the report of the New York Commission on City Noise it is noted that “we are apt to be more annoyed . . . by the squeaking brakes of an automobile than by the more intense, but continuous roar of the subway”. The force of this observation will be better appreciated if we bear in mind that the New York Subway is by far the noisiest in the world.

The æsthetic factor also seems to play its part in connection with these trifling noises. Why should a mere sniff, or a faintly audible sign of enjoyment over food or drink, induce a violent frenzy in a rational being? A loud and persistent cough or snore is in a sense more annoying, but it does not possess the subtle irritation of vibrations that offend against an artificial code of manners.

There is, in fact, no single or simple way of gauging the disturbing effect of noise. Sir William Bragg recently stated that he could sleep in a room where the cars are passing to and

fro and never hear them, but at two or three o'clock in the morning, when the night clubs break up and the people say “good-night” to each other, he invariably hears them. “In fact”, he said, “the human voice will wake you almost any time when no other noise will”.

This contrast illustrates the persistence of inherited habits, since the voice belongs to the class of sounds to which sleepers had to respond instantly for their own safety. It is only, however, by its intrusion during sleep that the voice becomes disturbing. Nothing, as every public speaker knows, is more soothing to the mass of people than the steady flow of words. Sir William Bragg's remarks illustrate the important fact that the effect of sound depends largely upon the circumstances, but they also bring out a much more important feature of the problem—the human power of adaptation to noises even of great intensity.

A great deal of a general character has been said about the destructive results of noise on health. Specific evidence, however, is scarce. Assuming that intense noise is a definite cause of nervous disorders, we ought to find marked differences between residents in the main and in the side streets of towns, and between town-dwellers and country-dwellers. I have yet to learn that any medical authority has composed a thesis on “The Incidence of Neurasthenia and kindred disorders in Relation to Circumambient Intensities of Sound.” Setting aside the individuals who share Thomas Carlyle's acute sensitiveness to noise, it seems as if the majority of people who live in noisy thoroughfares reconcile themselves in time to the cataract of sound.

In this connection it is worth noting that intense traffic noises are far from being a novelty. As Dr. Kaye, of the National Physics Laboratory, reminds us, a modern car at moderate speeds is quieter than a horse vehicle on a paved street. While the noise of traffic to-day is certainly not caused by *modern* cars at *moderate* speeds, this comparison emphasises the fact that our forefathers also managed to endure a considerable volume of noise.

In Sir William Bragg's words, “Some people like noise.”

He himself confessed to finding enjoyment in falling behind children marching to tin-can music ; and he spoke of other people who were fond of noise at all times and could not sleep in the country. I came across one authentic case where the lack of the worst of city noises was an infallible cause of insomnia. The man concerned invariably asked for a noisy room when he went to a provincial hotel, and his request (which I regard as superfluous in most cases) was invariably met with a smile and an offer of the quietest room in the house, until he explained that he lived on a main London thoroughfare adorned with tramlines, and could therefore feel quite at home in a boiler shop.

The power of accommodation to noise may be illustrated by another actual case. A foreign couple leased a house overlooking a valley in which there was a large railway depot. Shunting went on all night, and the noise was amplified by the walls of the valley. The first seven nights in their new residence were eternities of sleepless agony, and on the eighth night they resolved that at all costs they would leave the house on the following day. Having reached this conclusion, they fell asleep ; and never afterwards did they take the slightest notice of the once maddening noise.

The difficulty of finding a common denominator for all these reactions is emphasised by the variations in the so-called "silence" of the country. In certain places and at certain times we do get, in the country, the "essential silence" that "cheers and blesses". But to the townsman the effect is to induce discomfort, if not positive fear, akin to the emotion of a hunted animal when the jungle is unusually still. In other cases, however, the country has its sounds which the intending sleeper may find as poignant as the traffic noises of a city. Many an amusing article has been written on the nocturnal procession of country noises—the barking of dogs, the love-music of cats, the hooting of owls, the anachronistic crowing of cocks, and the lowings, cacklings and quackings that herald the dawn. Quite serious articles, too, have been written on the nuisance of the tireless nightingale.

The New York Commission is, so far as I am aware, the only body which has attempted a thorough investigation of the

physiological and psychological effects of noise. It conducted various experiments, including one on patients who had a portion of bone missing on their skulls and could therefore be fitted with apparatus to register changes of blood pressure when paper bags were exploded. The conclusions reached were that constant loud noises impaired hearing ; that noise interfered with the efficiency (attention, concentration, etc.) of workers, with sleep, with the natural development of children ; and that, in attempting to overcome the effect of noise, "great strain is put upon the nervous system, leading to neurasthenic and psychasthenic states, and necessitating frequent recuperation in the country to maintain mental efficiency and alertness."

Without endorsing all these portentous phrases or ignoring the power of accommodation that many individuals seem to possess, we may accept the general statement that the annoyance "almost everyone" feels on account of loud incessant noise is sufficient proof that it is harmful. At any rate there is no doubt that a reduction in city noises would add enormously to the amenities of life ; and the question that most people will consider to be the only really practical one is how far it is possible to bring about this reduction.

As motor vehicles are the chief sinners in the matter of noise, the Ministry of Transport took the initiative a few years ago in tackling the nuisance. With the help of the National Physical Laboratory it investigated the special characteristics of motor horns and made other studies more or less on the lines of the Noise Commission of New York. Elaborate apparatus was used in these experiments, and to the American investigators we owe the creation of the "decibel", that sweet-sounding unit of measurement for the intensity of noise. It is interesting, no doubt, to be able to measure the curse we are proposing to remove—to know, for example, that New York streets are ten decibels louder than similar streets in London and are indeed so noisy that a tiger might roar himself to exhaustion without anybody hearing him. The actual outcome, however, is merely a series of regulations against *excessive* noise. To make such regulations really effective we

would need to establish a permissible standard of decibels and equip our police with instruments for recording the noise of passing vehicles. Even were such a scientific equipment practicable, it would be useless in busy streets, where the noise is the sum of many noises; its records, in these and other thoroughfares, would be vitiated by all sorts of extraneous factors, such as the presence of reflecting walls and bad road surfaces. Without some independent record, nevertheless, effective prosecution would be impossible. Able as our policemen are, they are not possessed of selective audiometric ears, and the utmost they can do is to run in an occasional motor cyclist who has mistaken the highway for a dirt track.

The root of the problem has been indicated by Sir William Bragg, who says that the best remedy for such nuisances is neither prosecution nor cure, but the use of science to prevent them altogether. The ultimate responsibility for traffic noise rests with the designer of motor vehicles. When the motor car was first evolved, a Frenchman summed up its performance in the phrase "*C'est brutale, mais ca marche*"; and, in spite of all that has been done in the way of muffling the exhaust and reducing the noise of gears, the initial reproach remains. No one can listen to a motor car accelerating, or ascending a steep hill, or starting and reversing, without being conscious of a fundamental lack of adjustment. The incompatibility of a high-speed explosion engine with the variable requirements of road locomotion expresses itself in groans, crashes, whines, and a confused percussive roar. It is true that, on the whole, motor cars are not so noisy as they used to be, that the more expensive ones are reasonably quiet, that the worst noises are due to bad driving or the use of vehicles in bad condition. But what the public asks of the motor manufacturer is a mechanism which, in anything from a motor cycle to a heavy lorry, will run quietly throughout its life and with any sort of treatment.

In reply, the manufacturer declares that he has already done his best. He has spent time and money and thought upon the reduction of noise; he has considered numerous plans for silent gears; and, in brief, no radical improvement is possible

without adding enormously to the cost of cars. Doubtless he is sincere in his apology, but it is an open question whether motor-car people, as a race, are desperately concerned about noise. On account of their environment, they are likely to think that the real nuisance is the noise that other folk make about noise. Their main effort has been directed to the attainment of speed, economy in petrol, and cheapness in production. On these aims they have lavished experiment and research for years, and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that if they had been equally active and enterprising in the pursuit of silence, they would have advanced far beyond the present position where their highest claim is the avoidance of "excessive" noise under the most favourable conditions.

The layman will, at any rate, devoutly pray for a departure from the mechanical principles which have remained essentially unchanged since the beginning of motor traction. He will also hope for the application of science to the absorption of the irreducible residue of motor noise. Little seems to have been attempted in the way of preventing resonant effects and of absorbing engine and gear noises. What can be done by resolute action in such matters is illustrated by the Underground Railways of London. Their problem was one of extreme difficulty. Noise appears to be inseparable from the running of high-speed trains, and in the tubes it is multiplied by echo and re-echo from the tunnels. As the cars must carry open ventilators, the obvious way of shutting out the noise is not available.

The company, however, began experiments on their cars with a view to discovering how to avoid the transmission of vibrations through the steel bodies. By inserting wooden strips at certain points a distinct improvement was effected. The next step was to test the efficacy of sound-absorbing linings on the tunnels, and it has been found, on various trial sections, that the spraying-on of a layer of asbestos composition promises to be effective. Another line of attack lies in the use of long-length rails, thus reducing the knocking at rail joints. Eventually, it is hoped, these and other measures will render tube travel as quiet as rail travel in the open.

Noise in buildings presents similar problems. Sound is carried by the structure itself—especially in steel buildings—and through open windows. A good deal can be done, by careful design of the steel members and of walls, to mitigate the structural trouble, and systematic experiment on this phase of the problem will be carried on at the Sound Laboratories in course of erection at the National Physical Laboratory. As for the open window, it is a rather intractable bugbear from the point of view of noise. Even a very slight opening admits a large volume of sound ; and, except in buildings where there is a special system of forced ventilation, the alternative to intolerable stuffiness is a hardly less intolerable noise. A fortune awaits the inventor of an aperture that will freely admit air without its audible vibrations. The latest effort in this direction comes from an Australian engineer, who has designed a window with louvres which can be turned outwards to the angle required to deflect the maximum proportion of street noises. It is noteworthy that the inventor developed this device as part of the arrangements for shielding a broadcasting station from street noises. The investigation of special acoustic problems encountered in broadcasting is likely to have other useful reactions.

Reviewing what has been done, and the great deal more attempted and not done, in the treatment of noise, it is fairly evident that anyone who is contemplating a Crusade of Quietness should rely mainly upon scientific measures. Penal effort is futile except in special cases. As a general influence it is less potent than the educational campaign undertaken in New York by means of radio talks and press publicity ; and that campaign seems to have had no more definite result than our own campaigns against litter on commons and other beauty spots. If, however, the industries that create noise directly or indirectly will cease to be content with merely keeping within the limits of toleration, and will exhaust all the resources of technical knowledge and research in the pursuit of quietness, they will go far towards inducing the sceptic to admit that progress is, on balance, a blessing.

NAVAL TRAINING

The Need for Reform

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B.

TRADITION plays, and is bound to play, a great part in a service like the Navy. The conviction on the part of many officers that a boy must be "caught young", whether he actually goes to sea or joins a training establishment on shore, is due largely to the tradition that British naval officers always have gone to sea young and that it is due to that that those officers, and the Navy which depended upon them, have been efficient in the past.

The age of going to sea towards the end of the seventeenth century, when regulations for entry seem to have made their first appearance, was governed by the principle that an officer should not be made a lieutenant until the age of twenty, and that at least three years' service at sea was necessary to give him the practical experience required in an officer of that rank. Therefore, from 1677 until 1703, the age of entry could not be more than seventeen if the young man was to reach commissioned rank at the lowest permissible age. To enter older would mean that he would be at a disadvantage : but for all that it was not impossible to do so. In 1703 the period of qualifying service at sea was increased to four years, so that if a young man was to be able to reach the lieutenant's rank at twenty he could not go to sea later than sixteen.

The need for some education in navigation and the necessary mathematics was responsible for the founding of a Naval Academy at Portsmouth in 1729 in order that the boy should have some knowledge of the necessary theory before he went to sea. By the regulations then established boys could enter the Academy at any age from thirteen to sixteen, and could

remain at the College either for two or for three years. They could thus go to sea from the College as late as nineteen or as early as fifteen. The preference was for the earlier age ; and the reason for this preference was that the hardship of the life was such that youngsters could not be accustomed to it if they went older. It was not because a boy could not become a seaman, as it is not uncommonly assumed to have been. King George III asked why boys must go to sea young. " All the sea officers I have ever consulted as to the proper age of sending Young People to Sea have concurred in the opinion that fourteen is as late as *so hardy a profession* can be embraced *with the smallest chance of success.*"* That this was the reason, and that it was not the acquisition of the capacities of a seaman, is plainly shown by the facts that many distinguished officers went to sea later, both in our own and in foreign services. The Duke of York (James II) went to sea at sixteen ; George Byng (Lord Torrington) went at fifteen, but for a short period only ; for he soon transferred into the Tangier Garrison and did not go to sea again until he was twenty. Boscawen went at fifteen, Hood at sixteen, Vernon, after being at school at Westminster and at Cambridge, went at over seventeen, Sir John Borlase Warren (Winchester and Emmanuel College) joined his first ship at seventeen and a half, but did not go regularly to sea until he was over eighteen. That great fighter Lord Cochrane was seventeen and a half, and Sir Francis Geary about the same age, when they went to sea. The American Navy of the War of 1812 produced some brilliant officers—Decatur, Bainbridge and Jacob Jones. The first two of these were over nineteen when they went to sea, and Jones was thirty. And if one may break for a moment the narrative and glance at other periods we see those notable soldier-Admirals of the seventeenth century, Monck, Rupert, Blake and Sandwich, who went to sea far later. In our own day we recall Sir George Tryon, one of the most outstanding flag officers in the " modern " navy who did not leave Eton until he was past seventeen ; and that German Admiral who showed ample skill as a seaman and a fighting man at Jutland, Admiral von

* The King to Lord North, May 17th, 1779.

Scheer, who began his naval career at the age of nineteen. So also did Admirals von Spee and Hipper, and Admiral Michelson who commanded the flotillas at Jutland.

The existence of these instances does not gainsay the fact that the majority of British officers went to sea young. What they do gainsay is the assertion that the sea officers were taken young because they could not otherwise become efficient practical seamen and officers. It was purely a question of accustoming boys to a hard life, and toughening—or killing—them. Unless the conditions of the sea life of to-day is correspondingly " hardy " they furnish no foundation for a claim that it is necessary to-day to send boys to sea young. Do they give any reason for the modern interpretation in the need of youthful entry *into a naval college* ? Is the life at sea so hard that they must have a hard apprenticeship ? And is the apprenticeship itself at the College a hard preparation for that life ? To neither of these questions can an affirmative answer be given. Moreover, the fact remains that boys *are* taken at a later age, and, as the system of public school entry has now been in existence for close upon twenty years, it must be assumed that they have not been found unable or unwilling to stand the " hardships " and the " unnatural " life.

The reason, therefore, for taking the majority—let me repeat, not all—of the boys young finds no real foundation in tradition. The conditions which dictated the old custom do not exist to-day. But there may be other new and equally important reasons ; and one of these may be that a naval officer's secondary education—his general education between the primary stage and the preparatory school and the higher, or university, stage—must be of a special character.

If it be a fact that a special secondary education is necessary for those who are to become naval officers we should expect to see all officers receive this same education. But we do not. As I have shown earlier there are no less than three other educational processes—the public school, the merchant navy training ships and Pangbourne, and the lower deck.

On the educational side—using the word in the narrow sense of " instructional "—it is worth while to consider the

origins and object of the first Naval College. Was it for the purpose of imparting some special education to the naval officer, essential to him in his peculiar profession? Or was it for the purpose of general education? To do that we have to go back to the point at which the narrative of the history of the age of entry was dropped, namely, the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars. After those wars, the age of entry which throughout them had been flexible to a degree hardly appreciated to-day, from eleven* to nineteen, the age of entry to the College was definitely established at between thirteen and a half and fourteen. In 1821 it was lowered to between twelve and a half and thirteen and a half. This age continued until 1837 when the College was abolished. The reasons for the abolition of the College are said to have been, first the inconvenience of having several systems of entry (though not so many as we have to-day), the jealousy of the non-Collegians, who were the more numerous, for the Collegians, who were the better educated and proved the better officers, and for the charges that favouritism was shown to the Collegians: in fact the old and permanent jealousy of the less educated majority for the more educated minority which seeks always to equalize by levelling down. Direct entry into ships at sea was made the rule, and the age of twelve was then adopted as the minimum. No maximum age was laid down, but it was generally considered that it should be sixteen.†

After twenty years' experience, this system was abolished in 1857, for a reason we should do well to bear in mind to-day, when we are repeating the process that was then condemned. That reason was that direct entry entailed a continuation of scholastic and professional training; and experience showed that the two were incompatible. The training-ship *Britannia* was, therefore, established with the object of completing the boys' scholastic education before they went to sea. The boys were to join at about thirteen and be "educated" for two years.

* Boys could be entered as "Captains' Servants" at the age of eleven. Direct entry went on side by side with entry through the Naval College.

† In the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1914, an examination of the ages of entry into the Service was presented by the late Admiral W. H. Henderson and the Revd. Dr. H. B. Gray, Headmaster for thirty years of Bradfield College.

The system failed to do what was wanted: for it was manifestly impossible to finish a boy's education by the time he is fifteen. This was quickly realized. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, giving evidence before the Select Committee on the Admiralty in 1861, remarked "If a boy comes, as he ought to do, properly educated, he ought to go to his ship at once. . . *I am looking to your getting educated men for the Service which you really do not do now.*"

In spite of this and other criticisms the system continued until 1888, after which the age of entry began to increase. By 1897 the maximum age had reached fifteen and half, an age *lower*, it will be remarked, than it had been for the 173 years between 1676 and 1849, years which cover the whole period of our great wars.

The question of the age of entry has formed the subject of enquiry by several committees. The first of these sat under Admiral Shadwell in 1870. It expressed the view that all instruction afloat should be given up and naval instructors dispensed with. Twenty years of attempting education at sea had shown that it was impracticable, and the need for the boys' primary and secondary education being completed before going to sea had been proved. "The general incompatibility, on which many of the most experienced witnesses insist, between an officer and a schoolboy, which it is attempted to combine under the present system", was a principal reason for their condemnation of the system. A three years' course in a stationary ship, a summer cruise in training brigs in the last year, and a year in a sea-going training ship, were recommended. An opposite course was adopted. The three years' training were not granted, the year in the sea-going ship was abolished. While the Committee desired four years' training, the Admiralty reduced it to two.

In 1871 Captain James Goodenough read a paper advocating a later age of entry. A distinction, he insisted, should be made between the period of "education" and that of "special training". Education should be completed in the schools of the country, special training should be furnished by the Government. On entering service afloat the midshipman

should at once be considered in some measure a responsible officer. He did not consider the age of seventeen or eighteen too late for a "reasonably educated lad" to accept and attach himself to the Service at sea.

The two years' training proved a failure. In 1875 a Committee under Admiral Rice sat to examine the question. Again the system of half-officer half-schoolboy was condemned. "The midshipman, instead of learning seamanship and the duties of an officer, has to devote his time to elementary studies which ought to have been firmly fixed in his mind years before, and too often acquires a dislike for a profession which appears to him rather that of a schoolboy than of an officer". They recommended the abolition of the *Britannia* and the institution of a shore college on the lines of the best public schools. The age of going to sea would be sixteen, and the boy's secondary education would be completed. None of these proposals was adopted.

Professor Soley, of the United States Navy, who was sent to Europe at this time to report on the various systems of education, could only condemn that of the British Navy. The best he could say was that if good results were attained it was in spite of, and not on account of, the system.

Ten years later, in 1885, another Committee was appointed under Admiral Luard, in consequence of representations of the need for improvement made by the Captain of the *Britannia*. It denounced the system as a cram. Immediate reforms were needed. "In saying that a considerable change in the system is now necessary we mean that the present system fails to secure the best material for officers, and fails to give them that practical and intellectual training which is most calculated to secure their efficiency; and we mean further that no mere alteration of a detail here or there is likely to be effective". These are strong words. The Committee condemned with the utmost emphasis the attempt to study at sea. "It is a system that requires boys to study under every possible disadvantage of circumstance". As to the value of young officers at sea they said, "The duties discharged by young midshipmen at sea are of small value to the Service . . . nor, again does a mid-

shipman on board one of the large ships get much experience of wind and weather and of the art of handling a ship at sea." If this was true in 1885 when battleships were smaller than the cruisers of to-day, it is even more true to-day.

Admiral Luard's Committee's recommendation amounted to a separation between primary, secondary and higher education. Primary education was to be left to the schools of the country up to fifteen, higher education to the Navy after seventeen, and secondary was to be divided between the schools and the *Britannia*. The period in the latter was to be one year, between sixteen and seventeen. Though the Headmasters' Conference agreed generally with the proposals, they proved impracticable, for a boy would have to leave his school at the age at which he was beginning to derive profit from the life and education.

Thus, like their predecessors, this Committee recommended a later age of entry; like them again its recommendations were ignored. The age of entry was very slightly raised and boys left the *Britannia* at the very age at which the Committee recommended they should join her.

The increase in the fleet following the Naval Defence Act imposed a need for more officers. Three methods were proposed—allowing direct entry from the Public Schools up to seventeen; establishing a second *Britannia*; and reducing the time in the *Britannia* to one year. The last was clearly the least desirable, but it was adopted.

In 1896 naval education formed the subject of the Prize Essay of the Royal United Service Institution. The winning essay recommended trial of a later age of entry, principally in order to furnish officers quickly. The second recommended entry from fifteen to seventeen. "A naval training establishment is not for the purpose of teaching those things that are learnt at any Board School, but for imparting a knowledge of advanced subjects, and those directly connected with their particular profession". The essayist, Captain Eardley-Wilmot, spoke of the boy going to sea at sixteen, as "mentally ill-equipped"; and "though stringent regulations have been promulgated that nothing must interfere with the young

gentlemen's school, very little, if any, advance is made " in the next three years. " Stringent regulations "—for what purpose ? To prevent a young officer from taking part in the work of the ship, of obtaining experience of the duties of a seaman and an officer, for which, and for no other reason, he was sent to sea ; and with the empty result that little or no advance was made ! How true that was, those who received that " education " can testify.

It is clear that there must have been some reason of fundamental importance which led to the rejection of these continuously urged recommendations of committees composed of thoughtful and distinguished officers. That reason lay in the importance the Boards of the day attached to going to sea young. That, and that alone, led to the rejection of what had been so consistently recommended with such undeniable good sense. It was firmly believed that an officer could not join a sea-going ship later than sixteen. The habits of discipline, self-reliance, readiness of resource, and the taking up of responsibility, could be acquired in no other way than by going to sea young. The facts that it produced ill-educated officers, that little responsibility or opportunity for developing a resourceful character fell to the midshipman in great ships, that they did not get seamanlike training, that they derived no advantage from what was called " school "—these were all put aside and a system which defeated its own ends was adhered to.

Eventually, in 1902, this system of going to sea young came to an end. A four years' course at a college on shore was instituted, with eight months to follow in a sea-going cruiser. But the claim for youthful entry remained. Instead of *going to sea young* they now must *join the College young*. For the former claim there had been an undoubted justification in the days of masts and sails and hardships. For the latter there was no seamanlike claim whatever. There was no question of their getting hardened to a sea life, of learning the ways of ships and seamen, of obtaining responsibility of command early. Those and those alone were the reasons for early entry in the past. One thing, however, was at last recognized.

The uselessness of combining officer and schoolboy, so much insisted upon by every Committee and by so many officers, was now admitted. " Education " was at last to be completed before going to sea, and the naval instructor was to cease to exist. But old obsessions are hard to get rid of, and it was not many years before " school " was reinstituted at sea and the naval instructor returned. Once more the boy attends " school " and spends his time largely under instruction, half officer, half schoolboy.

That, however, does not end the matter. As we have seen, a new system of entry from the lower deck has recently been established. It can only be imagined that those responsible for it had not studied the reports of their predecessors, for it reproduces, and in an exaggerated form, the pronounced disabilities of the " half-timer " system. The smart lad from the training ship, whose general education has not reached the standard necessary for an " educated man ", is sent to sea at about fifteen, and between the ages of fifteen and twenty is to be trained in the professional work of a " seaman"—so-called—and simultaneously be educated, or, more properly, " instructed ". If it proved impossible for the midshipman with his social antecedents and with such facilities as existed for his " education " to be properly educated at sea, if there was, as so many eminent sea-officers insisted, a " complete incompatibility between the position of an officer and a school-boy ", far more must this be the case with the lad from the lower deck. Unless all of those great officers who have believed that a naval officer must be an educated man were wrong, and unless also they were wrong in their belief that the general education necessary could not be conducted at sea, this system is not going to give us officers of the calibre and attainments that the Service of the State demands. Is it not wise to profit from experience ?

THE DECLINE OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE

BY A. G. BRADLEY

THE season of 1879 is unforgettable by the few concerned with land or farming old enough to recall it. Even the great unconcerned majority, probably the largest in any country, could not have been indifferent to that waterlogged summer. For never before in living memory, nor ever since, has there been such a season. Neither was hay saved nor grain even cut over large districts. Even outdoor pastimes were practically at a standstill. But it is not for the mere memory of this disastrous year that I should venture at this date to discuss it. The effects of the worst season, however fraught with loss and disaster, soon pass away, if the memory as a mere weather record is ineffaceable with the agricultural world, though readily forgotten by those outside it. But, by a curious coincidence, '79 serves to mark more aptly than any neighbouring date the end of the immemorial supremacy of British land and the beginning of its downfall. Its unshakable security, its financial stability, had never before been questioned. It would not, of course, have been touched by merely one disastrous season. But with the 'eighties, like a bolt from the blue, came American competition, and that first serious influx of foodstuffs that spelt catastrophe to our home grain growers.

In face of the present *Débâcle* in landed property, intensified by taxation and the general world chaos, there is a tendency to think that all was well before the War. But the great collapse actually started in the 'eighties. Till then, of all men the British landowner was the most envied. It is difficult for later generations to realise the profound security, almost sanctity, which attached to British land. Agriculture had its fluctuations, of course, and landowners had their

individual difficulties, self created or otherwise. But never in history till the 'eighties were landowners, *qua* such, justifiable objects of compassion.

Those old enough and also concerned enough with these things will have a vivid memory of how strange it seemed for half the landlords in England, outside the grass counties, or depending on rent rolls, to be in Queer Street. For the first time in social history the word "squire" became synonymous with financial stress, and the farmer possessing a long lease wished himself well out of it. Yet to those in touch with world farming conditions it was all so horribly simple, so inevitable. But in those days neither British landlords nor farmers knew much of oversea conditions, particularly in the United States, which was the foremost agent in this cataclysm. Through the 'sixties and 'seventies continuous wars and disturbances, both in Europe and America, staved off the Nemesis that the abolition of the Corn Laws had invited. Wheat merely fluctuated within its normal margins, say from 45/- to 70/- a quarter. 40/- was then usually regarded as the normal limit of profit. By 1880 America, recovering from the Civil War, had seriously entered on the development of the Western States. Railroads and a huge immigration had poured into the virgin prairies. Till then, farming lands in the old States were almost as fixed in value as those in England—less, of course, the social asset. That farmer-owners like those of New England, New York, or Pennsylvania could weather the storm better than English rent-receiving landlords and labour-employing English tenants is true, but quite irrelevant to the matter in hand. By the mid-'seventies the rumblings of the approaching storm were being felt in the Atlantic States.

Being deeply concerned as a landowner myself in one of them, I may write in the plural and with poignant memories. Almost before the end of the decade we knew that we were done. From Maine down to the planting States, grain, chiefly wheat and secondly maize and oats, were the backbone, the cash crop of every farm. These products were now pouring in from the Western prairies at prices hopeless for the Eastern

farmer. What is more, he knew that they would continue to pour in, and either tightened his belt, recast his methods, or sold his farm at half-price and followed the star of progress westwards. But the British landowners as yet knew little or nothing of the West, and even when three or four years later Atlantic transport was organised and prices came tumbling down, he thought the slump was temporary. It was pathetic how little as a whole he realised that these staggering conditions had come to stay; that wheat-growing for profit in Britain, with negligible exceptions, was dead, and the whole time-honoured and comfortable standard of British arable farming, with its pound or two and sometimes more an acre to the landlord, and the same by normal computation to the tenant, had crashed. Through the 'seventies all had been well with rural England—indeed, rather more than well. Only the Atlantic States of America, fellow victims in a less degree, were feeling the first blasts of the storm. But I am not concerned here with America, beyond noting the participation of its old long-settled regions in the Great Slump. For New England, trekking to the West, almost emptied itself of that old farming stock which for nearly three centuries had made a living and bred a strenuous race on its generally poor lands. They were now rapidly abandoning their old homesteads, either at nominal figures to undesirable foreign immigrants, or occasionally even to the forests from which their ancestors had hewn them.

More happily, as time went on, many of these deserted scenes of centuries of toil were reoccupied by wealthy city men as country houses, sporting estates, and the like. Even well-equipped farms in the crack counties of New York and Pennsylvania, of long standardised values from £20 to £40 per acre, dropped 100 per cent., and with shrinking demand even at that, before the glut of cheap Western produce. The higher Southern States, under the experiment of free black labour, were just getting hopeful again when the values of everything, including their super-abundance of land, was suddenly halved. But the Americans understood their position and its causes only too well. Moreover, as farmer-owners, they were in a better position to face it and readjust their

lives. Even a shift to the West, though a considerable wrench in those days, was nothing to the change it implied to an Englishman.

I have said that in the 'seventies things in England were rather more than well. Wheat ran around 60/- and wool touched 2/6 a pound in 1873. Land, as observed, was sacrosanct, and "thirty years purchase" by rental value a fixed axiom. "British land is the one investment that can never fail you" was a belief and the frequent utterance in my hearing of the most distinguished tenant farmer in the Scotland of that day. He backed his opinion upon two estates purchased with the moderate fortune he had secured in farming, and just lived long enough to see them financially dust and ashes. But the incident seems hardly worth quoting, seeing that such faith was practically universal. During the 'eighties cheap Atlantic transport developed apace and wheat rapidly dropped to about 30/-, many shillings under the recognised margin of profit. Subsequently it slumped into the twenties and remained there for years.

It is true that the pastoral districts, nothing like so extensive as now, only felt the collapse in reaction. Frozen meat competition, to be sure, was beginning and adding another terror to the future of British farming. But this is not on all fours with grain competition, and in any case I am not concerned with it here. For grain, up to the 'eighties, was the backbone of British agriculture and the very pillar, one might say, of British society. Probably three-fourths of non-mountainous England was arable, when half-way through the 'eighties wheat-growing for profit finally crashed, and something like a panic set in. The ghost of Cobden, which had been laid for thirty years by the accident of what might be called continuous war prices, arose in all its baleful significance to be cursed of all landed men and farmers in their sorry plight as their fathers had cursed him. With the prospect of it, so long delayed that the danger had almost dropped out of sight, the blow seemed sudden and bewildering. The average wheat yield of England, then as now four quarters per acre, and the highest by the way in the world at, say 25/- (it touched

18/-), spelled ruin with sufficient clarity even to the uninitiated layman, not merely the most numerous but the most ignorant, probably, of farming matters of any similar class in the world. It is bad enough when the staple product of a great Colony, like rubber, becomes suddenly unprofitable; but when the bottom dropped out of tillage farming in Britain it shook the whole structure of rural society, in the main then based on it. It more than half destroyed the old order of things, which the present generation cannot realise, and only get glimpses of if they are shrewd enough—in the pages of Jane Austen, when she assesses a marriageable bachelor by his estate.

Land, in short, suddenly tumbled from a prized and envied possession to an anxious, unprofitable and even expensive one. Landowners dependent on rents presented as a class the hitherto unimaginable spectacle of objects of compassion, and frankly and openly pitied themselves. Farmers went under in all directions. It was almost pathetic to read of well-intentioned remissions of a percentage on the annual rent, as if the trouble were temporary, like a bad season! In Essex, for example, grain land, which had given for all time as sound returns as the Bank of England, became unlettable when vacant, and unsaleable at any price. Since I wrote these words I have encountered a Mark Lane wheat buyer who, in the 'eighties, was operating with his father in the Eastern counties. Knowing Essex at that time, I did not require his prompt reminder that its farms in those years "could neither be let nor sold". As an apt illustration of the state of things, a friend of mine owned by inheritance a small estate in East Essex of some seven middling-sized farms, with a small village in their midst. There was no squire's residence, but my friend, a barrister in London, had been intimate and popular with the tenants from boyhood. In the 'seventies every farm, as in his father's and grandfather's time, was occupied at 30/- to £2 an acre. Before the end of the 'eighties every one was on his hands, and being saved at least from depreciation at a heavy annual loss. What happened on this estate, well known to me, may be quoted as sufficiently typical of the course of these disastrous years on

a larger scale and over larger areas. Gradually through the 'nineties farm by farm in this particular case was re-let at about 10/- an acre, occasionally even rent-free for the first year or so.

But farming was not, nor ever again, entered upon by tenants with the same outlook as in former days. Wheat never rose again worth mentioning till the Great War. With exceptions so rare as merely to prove the rule, it was a dead business, only "grain for straw" as the saying went, while labour went slowly up from about 13/-, including extras in the ill-paid counties, to 17/- in the same counties as officially scheduled in Lloyd George's survey of 1912. The number of fine old farming families that disappeared from the land in the 'eighties or later, not necessarily ruined, but abandoning their hereditary trade as hopeless, was legion. The amount of capital that was sunk by those who could not get out, or were struggling to keep their homes by strange economies which reacted, of course, upon the fertility of the soil, will never be known. Rents, of course, were reduced all round, but rent reductions were but a slight palliative to a ruined branch of business. There were still men who vaguely hoped that America could not carry on this throat-cutting business. Vain hope, of course! For America and other overseas countries joining in the glut kept wheat down till the Great War. The hunting farmer disappeared as a class from the countryside. This is not to say that in later years no farmers were to be found in the hunting-field, but it was a different thing altogether. The great tenant farmers of North Lincolnshire, for example, who followed Lord Yarborough and the Brocklesby in scarlet, in that sense, and many in every sense, disappeared from the scene for ever. In all the chief hunting counties it may be confidently asserted that the hunting farmer vanished. Even in the Shires, though mainly pastoral, this, I think, largely happened, just as the hunting squire gave way so widely to hunting occupants from outside. Of a portion of the Pytchley country, at any rate, I can speak intimately for the best of reasons, and there was not one hunting farmer left and not one local squire in the 'nineties

who could afford the horses up to the Pytchley standard.

But it must be remembered that from the 'eighties onward there was a great change in the personnel of the larger tenantry over much of England. Another class, Cornish, Devon, Welsh, Scotch, were now to be found in every county, attracted by the low rents—frugal, hard-working, close-living folk, with none of the demands of the old class of farmer. And this suggests a protest against the foolish clamour to be heard even now, and common enough in former days with the public, that English farmers had got above their boots, neglected their business, lived as gentlemen, while their wives and daughters "played the piano", as the cant expression ran. Anything more ridiculous and more indicative of the profound ignorance of the British public concerning farming and its conditions could not be imagined. How childish to expect men who embarked five to ten thousand pounds in a business plus their own time and skill, and made, say, £1,000 a year by legitimate profits, to lead the lives of peasants, and their wives, of cooks and dairymaids! Was a maltster, a coal merchant, a big tradesman of similar class and income rated because with far less facilities he hunted and shot, and his daughters went to boarding schools? Of course not! His financial status entitled him to all such amenities. Nobody questioned it. But a thousand fools jibed at the large farmers in precisely the same financial situation, but with better opportunities for indulging in them, and in their ignorance of the elements of agriculture attributed their collapse to their "high living".

Like everybody else, some farmers lived beyond their means and some did not, a matter utterly irrelevant to the crash of the 'eighties, which was an unprecedented and unforeseen stroke of fate, and the heaviest penalty ever paid to "progress" in other spheres of life. Many College bursars were in despair. Scholarship and Fellowship payments had to be in whole or part suspended. I well remember a near relative coming fresh from a College meeting with the unprecedented alternative of selling a good Lincolnshire farm at £8 or £10 an acre, or leaving it unlet. Such figures had never previously been dreamed of. Another relative of my

own, experienced in landed affairs, sold an upland farm in Sussex for £6 an acre as the best of a bad job—the lowest figure, it was said, for similar property touched within living memory. A fine estate in North Lincolnshire, again with which and its owner I was intimately acquainted, had been valued for mortgage purposes in the 'sixties at over £200,000. Sixty thousand pounds had been raised on it for specific purposes. Despite every effort with infinite self-denial to keep it by the family, and later every effort to sell it, the mortgagees had eventually to foreclose at the price of the lien!

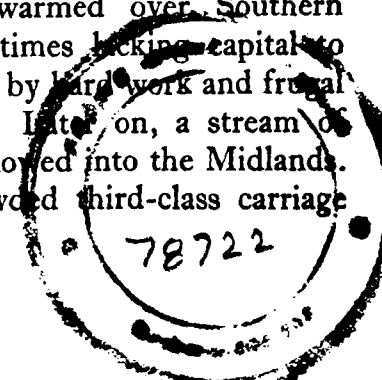
The mere shifting and supercession of a tenantry, however, through the 'eighties and later, regrettable though it seemed at the time, could not of itself have shaken the fabric of rural society. It was the collapse in rents, and consequently in land values, that did this so effectually, and made the eighteen eighties, when overseas competition first seriously struck the unprotected and unsuspecting home market, the most epoch-making date in our later social history. For the chaos of to-day is mainly due to unprecedented world conditions and taxation, the result of the agrarian ignorance and envy of an industrial majority, facilitated by misfortunes of war. It has made generations who did not live through the earlier crisis forget that the land was permanently dethroned from its old pride of place fifty years ago. It is true that the pastoral half of England suffered far less. But so-called pastoral countries, such as Devonshire and Wales, had grown quite enough grain to feel the change acutely. They were mainly occupied, however, by small farmers, who had hitherto employed little outside labour, and at the grain slump dismissed it, withdrew into "family farms", reduced their tillage acreage, and, with their frugal habits and a generally reduced rent, remained much as usual till the late War. I speak from a fairly wide experience of these last-named districts, but I believe that West Yorkshire and similar regions went through precisely the same experience. Nothing worse, perhaps, than a moderately reduced rent roll plus death duties and taxation befell the landlords of districts like these, or of the greater grass regions such as Cheshire or Somerset.

But in the larger arable regions, whether East, South or North, the times were mostly distressing. Mortgagees were driven into a corner, and met their often frightened mortgagors upon terms of tension such as had never been present to these business relationships, except through accident or individual follies. The family solicitor had at last realised that landowners were actually partners with their tenants, not merely capitalists drawing dividends. Everywhere the landowner was pleading poverty, and with reasons that anyone but a fool in such matters understood were justified. When he took a third-class ticket, the local stationmaster quite understood it, though no doubt privately shocked. It was some consolation, of course, when an entire class was in the same boat of at least honourable poverty. Then again, there were those who, reflecting the continued prosperity of the industrial world which Free Trade was only just beginning to injure, had that or similar sources of income, through marriage or personal venture, to mitigate their shrinking rent roll. But these outside assets do not touch the subject of this paper—the dethronement of land from its former high estate and intangible position—though they enabled many landowners outwardly to carry on much as before. The great titled families, too, with estates in many counties, though, of course, heavily hit, were out of reach of the impecuniosity which forced unprecedented economies on the middling and smaller squires, and in hundreds of cases terminated their existence as landowners.

But the Eastern Counties were the low-water mark of collapse, though many other regions were scarcely less affected. To mention, for example, the parlous condition of the big farms in Wiltshire, Hants, or Oxfordshire in the 'eighties, and the embarrassed finance of their landlords, would only tempt me to stray further afield, for which there is neither space nor, in fact, need for illustrating the point in this paper, in its endeavour to recall the first collapse of the landed interest in the 'eighties and 'nineties and its social results. The gradual readjustment of methods in the arable counties to combat untoward conditions, accompanied, of course, with permanently lowered rents, may be fairly described as a con-

tinued endeavour for making both ends meet right up to the Great War. The amount of capital loss to both landlords and tenants in the meantime would total a staggering figure. By the Great War, land had touched on a wide estimate, half its old value, but nobody any longer who knew anything at all regarded landowners as a financially happy class. Those without extraneous means generally asked and received from the knowledgeable whole-hearted sympathy. In the great old days they were content with less than 3 per cent., the extra 1 per cent. being frankly surrendered for the privileges attached.

A great change in thirty years had taken place, too, in the tenantry. The old-style "gentleman farmer" had almost disappeared. He had generally lifted himself, it must be remembered, in or after the Napoleonic Wars from a yeoman status to a higher scale of life. For the simple reason that by enterprise, reasonably good conditions, and outlay of capital he made an income justifying that standard. In regard to what may be called the new tenantry that stepped into the thousands of vacated farms, the Scotsman played a conspicuous part. There were two kinds of emigrant Scotsmen in the 'eighties, the one a manual worker and frugal liver, who took a farm in the Eastern Counties at, say, 10/- an acre from a landlord in no situation to make the usual conditions, and "skinned" it—otherwise, sold everything off it, put nothing back, and cleared out. The other sort of Scotsman was of a higher class, brought in capital, and farmed according to the best Scottish methods, usually with potatoes as a conspicuous staple. He chiefly favoured the Home Counties. During the War, as working for the Board of Agriculture, I saw all these Scots farms in Surrey. I think anyone flying low in an aeroplane over that county could have picked them out at once, they were so well done. Small dairy farmers, too, from Devon and Cornwall swarmed over Southern England, taking farms; and if sometimes lacking capital to keep the lands up to the old standard, by hard work and frugal living they paid the reduced rents. Later on, a stream of South Welsh farmers of similar type flowed into the Midlands. I remember on one occasion a crowded third-class carriage



from Northampton Market, in which every occupant was talking Welsh!

Another asset, if it may thus be called, to fill the breach in declining agriculture has always been the spirit of optimism, perhaps assisted by ignorance, that has proved the immemorial attraction of farming to an outside world. In the old days, when good farms were not easy to come by, partly from hereditary claims of sitting tenants, and partly from the competition of good men with capital in a business that still paid a good interest and gave an attractive life, business men sought them as an opening for their only too willing sons. For those of prosperous tradesmen, a large, well-equipped farm gave even a social lift, besides a convenient country resort for their friends from the City. A first-class bailiff in those easy days gave reasonable protection through the years of the new tenant's novitiate. The great slump, with its lowered rents, did not altogether destroy this and similar demands. For every expert writer on this subject agrees that an incurable optimism exists in the matter of farming, hand in hand with that love of the land inherent in human nature, or supposed to be. This sanguine outlook of the amateur died hard. It cropped up again under the certified conditions following the War. The present abnormal conditions have doubtless killed it. One must admit that a so-called love of the country with a certain class in England means merely a love of sport, that the farms over which as an outsider he rides and shoots mean nothing at all, and any discussion concerning them generally finds him utterly irresponsible. Finally, there have always been rare individuals who under the worst conditions have been able to extract a profit out of farming. That must be admitted. It is some personal gift, some special order of brain, almost a touch of a genius, so rare and elusive as to be useless as an example, though serviceable to the layman in his criticisms on farmers.

THEY ALSO SERVE

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

IT was to some such place, I suppose, that the fast young men—the Johnnies, the mashers, the *jeunesse dorée*—escaped from the sombre mahogany of the parental table. Here, on these red plush settees, they would dally with the fast young women, who, in those days, were no ladies, in spite of their apparently unapproachable clothing. Maybe there are excitements over the peep of an ankle from under those voluminous petticoats that still linger in old memories associated with this very room.

I looked at it carefully, a long room with the red plush settees down either side and red plush chairs, two to a table, facing them. From the ceiling were suspended huge ornate chandeliers now adapted for electric light. The unshaded bulbs hung down from each branch and blazed triumphantly. Above them were the crinkled red glass shades, now gasless, dusty and unlit, but—as some little old maid with her string bag is more proper in the cathedral close than the new Dean's sports Mercedes—they kept their dignity in their surroundings. There were tall mirrors framed in gilt; the rest of the wall was covered with shiny tiles, decorated profusely in bilious yellow and green. The same colours dominated the elaborate transparencies that obscured the windows. Even the coat hangers—three branches between each mirror—writhed with ornament. He nothing common did or mean who decorated this restaurant in the spacious days. Here was gorgeousness to make a worthy setting for the sparkle of champagne and diamond pins, the flash of oiled and scented whiskers.

But now a few most unbrilliant men eat their business lunches there and, no doubt because it was early—I had a

train to catch—the waiters stood about unoccupied and disconsolate. Is there anything, I thought, in the world more disconsolate than a disconsolate waiter? Is it that they look on at the game too much? Indeed to look at human beings feeding is not a pleasant sight, to see them shovelling food into their mouths and chewing and smearing the refuse about their lips.

There they stood by their empty tables, drooping in the clothes whose bagginess at knee and elbow had been shaped by other bones than theirs, whose greenness and grease-spots were other men's remains. Perhaps it is because they do not belong to their clothes that these poor waiters seem to have such odd figures: perhaps it is in sympathy that their flesh also often contradicts their skeletons, bagging loosely about this one and being unkindly stretched over that.

They were all disconsolate, standing about with their trailing wisps of napkin, not very clean or starched: but none perhaps more disconsolate than my waiter who was so anxiously busy, darting forward to forestall my every want, and by his exclusive attention emphasising the general unbusiness. He was very lank and his face hung forward on a long neck that left his coat collar projecting behind. He showed too much white wrist and yet his trousers bulged down over his boots like the feather of a cart-horse. Two ghosts walked with him, their outlines never exactly fitting his, like the X-ray photograph of a portrait that has been painted over two others: one, an exceptionally tall man, belonged to the trousers; the other, a fat man with short arms, to the coat.

Waiters, I thought—this world that moves continually about us and so rarely touches our consciousness with more than a perfunctory flick as of one of their napkins, this world that eats at different times, obscurely, in corners as if there were something indecent about themselves having to perform the ritual whose service is their livelihood: this world that looks on at the game. They paraded before me in that dreary survival of worn plush and faded gilt—a parade of waiters.

Their leaders are the proud head-waiters from the great hotels, who are alike Europe over—and in Abyssinia and

Cathay for all I know—men of slow dignity, well dressed but with the discretion of a personage, men who judge us, our characters, our incomes and our social positions by what and how we order. To outward seeming unperturbed and imperturbable, they move silently over the soft carpets directing their regiments with the movement of a finger or the lift of an eyebrow, proclaiming to the world by little condescending attentions who are the aristocracy among the guests, as some haughty prince-prelate of the Rhine might distinguish with his blessing among the rabble of little nobles at an Imperial Diet.

The captains of their companies come next, the young waiters in what is called immaculate evening-dress, cut with a dash and worn with an air. They move briskly, they are ready to smile with an easy deference, they are accustomed at receptions to being mistaken for the more distinguished guests, they are sharp and authoritative with the scrubbed and nervous youths who, in dinner jackets and aprons, go between them and the mysterious kitchens. These neophytes, hovering between the two regions and getting, I presume, more kicks than halfpence from both, are never more to us of the eating world than scene-shifters, who do some of their business on the stage, are to the audience.

These waiters of the glittering huge hotels have however their rivals in the hierarchy, their superiors indeed gastronomically considered if not financially: I mean the waiters of those little restaurants in the capital cities where there is no dancing nor *table d'hôte* nor ever any paper caps or streamers, where the couples sit beneath their softly shaded lamps and the menu and the wine-list are studied with holy reverence. These waiters are very patient and wise, they bend forward discreetly from the waist like butlers, and care what you eat and drink in a personal way; they are initiates of the gastronomic mysteries. Life indeed takes on its suavest dignity, civilization widens out across the centuries, the spirits of the old gourmets smile approvingly when these great waiters do their service. Yes, these men belong to the high order of established ritual, the antique ceremonious ways that have

their origin in the dimmest remoteness of time. They would as soon think of slicing *pâté de foie gras* with a cold knife as the Holy Roman Emperor of receiving the iron crown of Lombardy in St. Emmanuel's, Tooting Bec. The effect of the news of Austerlitz on Pitt was as nothing compared to that you would observe on the face of such a waiter if you were to ask for a quick snack. Yes, if the waiters from the great hotels lead the parade, that is because society to-day is what it is : but these waiters stand a little aside and are under no such command. A coronet does not hide the head of a vulgarian from the scrutiny of their connoisseurship. Like the old gentlemen of Bourbon creation they admit no honour in the Napoleonic crown except on a bottle of brandy.

There lingers about these waiters a certain faded air of the quizzing glass, the mellowness of rare wines and a half-forgotten nicety. But they are not alone in the shades : they have humble brothers of the city eating-house, comic, red-faced old men who can still serve a kidney-pie and a tankard of ale with a Dickensian relish. Their knowledge is far from exotic, but they know a good piece of steak when they see one, and they know an old customer with his fads and fancies, and who had his chambers before him in the Inns of Court. Their relations with their customers are peculiarly personal and they allow themselves a good measure of familiarity on matters like the weather and the day's news and the other customers. "I didn't think he had been looking at all himself, sir, for some time" they will say when they are discussing one who has fallen out. As waiters they may not be perfect, letting the soup wash over their thumbs and breathing heavily as they plod flat-footed from box to box, but as men they are almost friends. And it is not unknown for them to have something certain for the two-thirty.

And then ? And then the huge rabble of the rank and file, the over-worked, uninterested, disconsolate waiters : these waiters in this restaurant who have started this parade to entertain my early solitary meal, feeding myself merely before I catch a train. But yet, if there were time, I think I could discern individuals among them. Jovial waiters from the grim

commercial hotels of the provinces, who will have their joke with the commercial gentlemen on their recurrent visits : sad but stately waiters from the county hotels who know more about dogs and horses than about food, moving among the plated dish covers that are too vast for modern use and the steel engravings of stags at bay and the masks of foxes that had their runs in the 'sixties, men with an aggrieved sense that things aren't what they were : slyly confidential waiters in Paris who are walking directories of the bawdy-houses : expansive moustachioed waiters in Munich who can carry a litre mug on every finger and join in the songs when their souls move them to it, with what reserves of breath there's no exact knowing : waiters, waiters jostling into memory like the rats of Hamelin into the streets and as various in size and colour ; glimpses of men who have served us all up and down our lives, and been paid and tipped and forgotten.

How many waiters, I wondered, calling for my bill, had played their important and yet oddly unnoticeable parts already in my not very great span of life. How many waiters accompany each of us, unremembered ghosts—poor ghosts, I thought. And then, as my waiter—that X-ray photograph of over-painted portraits—held open the door for me, as I went out of that chance-chosen restaurant whose tarnished splendours had been the stage for the strange parade, it occurred to me, losing myself in the stream of the London street with my little handbag and all my insignificance, that I had already sunk out of that waiter's memory—poor unremembered ghost of a customer who had not even left a noticeable bulge in the red plush seat.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

TWO facts stand out in the present crisis of civilization and it would be hard to say which has the more glaring prominence. One is the disposition of civilized peoples to build up defences of their own industry in hope to secure within this fenced-off boundary a means of livelihood for their own nationals. The barrier is primarily economic, but everywhere the need for a strong military support to it is felt, and answered by heavy unproductive outlay. The second fact is, the interdependence of all civilized communities, and this is driven home by the thwarting of all attempts to achieve either an isolated prosperity or an isolated security. The United States offers the crucial example. They came out of the war enormously aggrandized, having supplied the Allies through its entire course at their own war prices; then they washed their hands of the rest of the world, put up fences about their market, and let the cash come in—and it came. They also, however, felt the need of security, but being well able to pay for it, provided on a scale that no European power could emulate, yet are still astonished at their own moderation in armament. For ten years all went like a fairy tale, and then the diseases of a stricken civilization began to spread in this land of plenty. America took its stand complacently aloof from a disorganized world. Is there a country to-day more dangerously disorganized, or one which seems less able to cope with its own disorganization? It feels indeed no menace from outside, but unless its own organs of publicity mislead the world, it has good reason to fear internal disorder, resulting from the prodigal advertisement of untold wealth, and then

**World
Barriers**

the sudden drying up of all the channels for distribution of these millions. The plain fact is that the United States thought it could do without the rest of civilization; and it cannot; yet it will not readjust itself to this fact.

Conferences are to sit at Lausanne and at Geneva, on reparations and on disarmament: but America will be ostentatiously absent. Later on there is to be a conference on the stabilizing or fixing of prices and values and in this America, it is hoped, will take a part. One must not hope it too loud, for during the present period all else in America will be subordinated to the presidential election; and no American politician during that period dares so much as suggest that America should become an equal partner in the task of straightening up the monstrous disorder in which we are all involved. The Conference on reparations must go on without the assistance of the United States, whose attitude is that of one determined to receive his due, no matter where it comes from. The Conference on disarmament will meet without its including the representative of the most powerful fleet in existence. All decisions must be taken on the basis of guessing what America will do. Observers will indeed be there; but even had they authority there is no administrative organ that can commit the United States to any compact since the Senate may rescind. The result for the United States, as for all Europe, is that the chance of being able to reduce military expenditure is lessened by this abstention; and for Europe that the chance of any reasonable compromise in regard to reparations is lessened also. It complicates, and has always complicated, the whole issue that Germany, the chief loser, has in making payments never been in direct touch with the real chief creditor. Some recognition of the facts was implied last year in the Hoover moratorium: yet it is a singular comment on the whole situation that America announces its intention to begin receiving moneys again exactly at the moment when Germany has made plain to the world not that it cannot, but that it will not, pay another instalment.

**The
Conferences**

Undoubtedly Germany has been hard pressed, though not, I think, so hard as a victorious Germany would have pressed the losers. But every relaxation of pressure has been followed by an increase of menace—not unnaturally. Germany went under finally only when a great unexhausted power threw in its weight. That power helped to lay down the conditions of peace—punitive conditions—but then walked out and left the task of enforcing them to two other powers, both of which had been far spent. As a result the pressure was applied with the nervous grip of fear; whenever it was relaxed, the cause for fear did not lessen. To-day the meeting of the disarmament conference sounds like a grim jest; for events in Germany have put power definitely into militarist hands, and it is not to be expected that France, Poland or Czechoslovakia will ignore the signs; and as for the discussion of reparations, not much can happen except a reaffirming of opposed attitudes. Yet Signor Grandi warned the world the other day in a remarkable speech that we were threatened with a bankruptcy of civilization. Not that the warning was new: but the gravity of tone, coming from Italy's Foreign Minister, was startling.

What then is possible? It is not beyond hope that some agreement may be reached which will reduce the cost of armaments; and even a small relief would be welcome. But that would not bring us nearer to a contented Europe. Some lessening of resentment might be achieved by a definite recognition that reparation payments are done with: but that is not possible without a corresponding reduction in Europe's debt to the United States; and that again cannot even be considered as a matter of agreement until the States elect their new administration. That it will have to be considered sooner or later, is certain; but all the signs point to America's postponing till confronted with the *fait accompli* of repudiation. It is an ugly word, but in 1919 America repudiated obligations graver than those of finance. The point of honour does not bind nations to suicide; and it is still conceivable that France may

The Pressure of Fear

Will Europe Repudiate?

join England in a decision to cancel reparations and if America will not cancel claims to war debts, then to disavow these.

Yet any such decision would lack respectability unless it were part of a considered policy to restore stability to European civilization—to remove some of the discontent which is an evil ferment. There is no use in listening to German assertions that "What was German shall be German"—not even if we shut our minds to the implication as to Alsace Lorraine. The peace of Europe is not to be attained by sacrificing Poland. That country has an historic right to its access to the sea and if the Corridor is sentimentally a wound to East Prussia, to block it would be to cut the life line of Polish trade. France is backing Poland, justly; but everybody in England can see that France could do much to appease Europe by withdrawing her veto on the Ansschluss. Yet the French would answer, with justice, that if sacrifices are to be made, England must take her part. It would be inconvenient for England to restore German East Africa—but not suicidal. To give up this mandated territory would be a real sacrifice in view of the way that it rounds off British possessions; but it would be a sacrifice worth making if by that means France could be induced to content Germany. Some day also France will need to contemplate contenting Italy with the cession of Tunisia; and here also England could help by a corresponding concession.

These of course are the speculations of an amateur. But who can doubt that reparations must cease to be paid, and that then Europe, including Britain, will not indefinitely pay its tribute to America; or that the Ansschluss will take place, or that room must be found in Africa for Italy's expansion? Politicians are still in the stage of denying even that reparation payments are ended; but it is the mark of politicians to go on heaping up obstacles till a door is burst in, and then recognizing the facts—too late. But once in a while a longer view recognizes the current of events and canalizes it to good purpose, generating good will and not embitterment. Foresight was never

The New Militarism

more needed. But for the moment we have even less means of foresight than usual. Italy and England remain as they were. In France M. Tardieu and his followers have refused to vote against the motion of confidence which the new Ministry claimed, so probably there also policy will be continuous. But Germany is bewildering. President Hindenburg has accepted Dr. Brüning's resignation and has consented to a new general election : meanwhile putting in an administration which looks formidably like the old military camarilla, with a not very distinguished soldier, Herr von Papen, at its head, but a general of real ability for its mainstay. It is possible that the elections may give Herr Hitler such a following that he will be imposed as the inevitable head ; and of the two this would be the less disquieting. Europe can deal better with a democratic than a bureaucratic militarism ; and there are notable signs, in Japan and in Chili, of a new militant type, which is fiercely nationalist, yet concerns itself for the people, and not for the state in the abstract. This militarism has its own conception of freedom, just as Fascism has, but it believes in liberty ; and like Fascist Italy it may prove capable of working with the free nations of another type. This at least is true. After this general election we may have a German government which beyond yea or nay expresses the mind of Germany ; and that is what we have not had since Germany became a Republic. It would in a manner be reassuring to know that Germany means what her spokesmen say—however little reassuring may be the utterance.

Such problems as these face the fortunate unhappy who are called to the direction of Great Britain's international policy—and who, meanwhile, have on their hands such small domestic duties as contriving the system by which India is to become self-governing. Lord Lothian's committee has reported for a very wide extension of the franchise, so we are committed, and have committed India, to something like European democracy. Fortunately the absurd belief that men who cannot read are therefore unlikely to have common sense has been thrown out of doors.

Widespread illiteracy makes it hard to ensure secrecy of the ballot, but the technically illiterate is in Ireland often a better educated man than the newspaper reader. Indians have their share of responsibility for this Committee's conclusions ; but the vexed question of deciding how power shall be apportioned between religious communities is left for the British Government to settle—as part of the day's work.

Then there is Ottawa : and at Ottawa Great Britain will have to consider and represent not only the immediate British interest and British possibilities, but those of the Crown Colonies. Still this is a task of reorganization to be carried out within nations that recognize a common bond and common interest. If they can establish for that limited area a more workable economy—if they can even in some measure adapt production to the needs—the example may well affect a wider field. It will be in many ways a disaster—chiefly for Ireland, but not only for Ireland—if, as the result of recent happenings, Ireland is not represented. There is of course deep distrust of England in that section of the Irish people represented by Mr. de Valera ; but it does not extend to the English speaking dominions. Every interest stands to gain by the creation of personal contact between the Irish section now in power, and the representatives of South Africa, Canada, Australia and the rest. Mr. de Valera has expressed in vehement terms his determination that Ireland shall honour its obligations : unhappily, he and his followers persist in claiming the right to define those obligations at their own discretion, and when they are confronted with the fact that other Irishmen take another view, simply retort that these are slaves of England. General Hertzog would, one may be sure, express some surprise at this name for Mr. Cosgrave and his late colleagues. On the question of withholding the land annuities, Australia's representatives are entitled to say that a proud democracy even in great difficulties, repudiates those who counsel repudiation : Mr. Lang's appeal to the electors of New South Wales has brought a resounding answer against him.

Mr. Lang, however, was simpler in his methods than Mr. de Valera ; he proposed repudiation as a matter of convenience.

Ireland Mr. de Valera asserts a legal claim to certain moneys. That in itself ought to imply reference to an impartial tribunal and the British Commonwealth can easily provide it. Ottawa should convince Mr. de Valera's delegates of the possibility of finding one. Yet in view of his mentality, which does not readily admit either integrity or intelligence in those who do not agree with him, it is likely that if he found the other dominions opposed to his interpretation of the treaty, he would insist on looking elsewhere. If so, it would be wisdom to give him recourse to the Hague. In the present state of affairs, it is worth risking more than three millions a year to demonstrate *urbi et orbi* that Great Britain stands for arbitration even beyond the limits of what is reasonable, and has genuine confidence in an international court.

Meanwhile debate both at Dublin and at Westminster is needed to clear up the situation. If the British position is that the interpretation of a treaty cannot be left to one of the contracting parties, then the sooner this is plain the better. But that position implies willingness to submit to arbitration when private negotiation fails. On the other hand, if Mr. MacDonald's government have taken the line of simply insisting that the oath must be maintained, a grave error is being committed. Both nations stand to gain if it is clearly admitted that disputes between them shall in the last resort go to an appropriate tribunal. Both nations stand to lose if the stronger seeks to impose a ceremonial formula on the weaker. Not one speaker in any of the Irish debates expressed a desire to retain the oath for its own sake ; many of those who were against the proposal to remove it frankly said they would sooner see it away. If the issue comes down to this, England will be strengthening the hands of Mr. de Valera, and weakening those who had the courage (it was no small courage) to adopt what is so easily represented as the side of England against the side of Ireland. The strongest course would be to say that the British Crown does not desire enforced expressions

of allegiance and that Ireland is free to choose what representatives she pleases ; but that Ireland's privileged position in the British Commonwealth can only be maintained by keeping faith with the other members of it. That represents the common-sense of the issue within the Commonwealth. But in a wider sense it is even more important that in a world of nations seeking to substitute the rule of law for the rule of force, a great power in dispute with a small sister nation should insist on settlement by law.

Beyond and outside all the European and American civilization in its varying stages lies the huge mass of Russia, where reorganization is certainly at work, but on lines that so far have contributed nothing to the solution of civilization's problems. The most pressing of these consists in an over-supply of products, and in this the United States set the pace. When money poured in on them, they mortgaged the future to set up vast installations of machinery without considering how the resulting goods should be disposed of. This example was imitated wherever the desire to compete existed. Russia has not neglected it, and is flooding the world with goods doubly tainted ; first because the initial outlay for plant was provided by a repudiation of debts ; secondly because the work has been largely done by forced labour, and always under conditions which the English-speaking workman would only accept if starvation were the alternative. I turned with much anticipation to Mr. Maxton's book on Lenin to see what an advanced spokesman of the British Labour party had to say about this portent ; and I must own to disappointment. The volume contains 173 pages, and just twenty of them deal with Lenin's tenure of power. The remaining 153 tell the story of his life, his intellectual evolution, and the methods and chances by which he attained success. All this is interesting, but it tells us only what Mr. F. S. Oliver has put—from a very different standpoint—in his approach to that study of Sir Robert Walpole's life which is called *The Endless Adventure* (still in progress). A long excursus there is devoted to the part

played by politicians in the Russian revolution, and Lenin's gift for leadership is fully admitted. "He was a great craftsman in revolutionary warfare and preparations for warfare". Mr. Maxton's book fills in the details of this preparation; but it emphasizes a curious divagation of this born politician, when Lenin set himself to combat the heresy of "Empirio-criticism", which was a heresy because "it contained all the elements of a religion, a denial of materialism in which his Marxist faith was built and" (here is the politician's justification) "tendencies which would take the minds of socialists away from practical realities into the realm of vague and idealistic aspirations". Perhaps a politician cannot be great unless he is not merely a politician, and this departure from strict business, this "passion for philosophy" (it is Lenin's own phrase and he admitted it as a defect) was the mark of genius. Yet we want to know something more than biography. "The constructive work of a politician must be judged by its stability", says Mr. Oliver, who adds: "So far as we can see, the institutions that Lenin set up usually had a natural tendency to fall down." Here Mr. Maxton presents a diametrically opposite conclusion: "Eight years have elapsed since Lenin's death and no sign of collapse has been apparent in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of Russia. . . . Men and women of thirty years of age now were boys and girls of fifteen when the Revolution took place. To them a Soviet Socialist Republic is as natural a form of government as is a limited monarchy to the population of Great Britain. The conservative element in human nature, which always resents and resists change, is on the side of the continuation of the present order in Russia, while the vitalizing forces that are necessary for progress draw their energy from the knowledge of a task unfinished and from the principles which Lenin taught".

That is eloquent, but is it true? Peasant memory is of a tenacity that this Scotsman (of all people) oddly ignores. Rumours that come through—we have little else—signify that peasant resistance to Lenin's doctrine is by no means at an end, nor likely to be. If indeed the collectivist methods installed alongside of the old peasant life offer a way of existence that in

the end is more acceptable, they may prevail. But it will have to be more acceptable not to the theorist, but to the worker. The general impression left on Mr. Oliver's mind was that during the brief years of Lenin's reign "nobody in Russia was doing an honest day's work cheerfully—the thing of all others most necessary for salvation". Mr. Maxton does not go into that. All that concerns him is to prove that Lenin "had established a machine of government on an entirely new model deriving its motive power solely from the working class". Yet is that true? Lenin was not of "the working class". The motive power in Russia would seem to be supplied in reality by a concentration of machine guns in the hands of theorists.

This month's obituaries hold a name of special interest to me. It is that of Lord Brentford, whose rise in the House of Commons I watched with bewilderment. He came in with a halo of achievement, having defeated Mr. Winston Churchill at a by-election—and we did not then know what is now abundantly apparent, that though scarcely anyone could hold a candle to Mr. Churchill at speaking or writing, he was the easiest of opponents to rout at a poll. Mr. Joynson Hicks was the very man to do this, because his cleverness, his energy, and his ambition were of the most ordinary kind, carried to an unusual degree. In a democracy the exceptional has always been a little exceptionable, and inspires distrust. "Jix" inspired none, and the fact that he early developed a nickname proved that the British public had a liking for him. The House of Commons shared that liking or he would never have got to the Home Secretaryship, passing as he did at least half a dozen men, just as good Tories and good Protestants, and possessing an equipment for the business of parliament far beyond his. He was the most exuberantly English English Philistine that I ever had occasion to observe. But he succeeded not only because he was clever, but because he made himself liked, and no man does that in the House of Commons unless there is sincerity behind his cleverness.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



In view of the gravity of the present economic situation, the outcome of the Ottawa Conference is of vital importance to every member of the British Empire. PROFESSOR COATMAN, who so ably explains the problems that have to be faced, is Professor of Imperial Economic Relations at London University. He is shortly bringing out a book entitled *Years of Destiny*, to be published by Cape, which deals with the last five years of India's economic life.

IGNATIUS PHAYRE is already known to *Fortnightly* readers by his interesting article in the April issue, *Who Rules America?* In the present article he deals with the different figures standing in the limelight of the political arena "all set" for the great fight of the forthcoming presidential elections.

The fortunes of Liberia will shortly be decided by the League of Nations, and MR. A. J. REYNOLDS' article on the shortcomings of the members of her Government will amply confirm the impression left on the world by the recent Fernando Po scandal.

On home affairs, MR. C. H. S. FIFOOT, who is known for his outspoken articles on the anomalies of our legal system, once more returns to the attack. MR. A. G. BRADLEY, who writes on the decline of British Agriculture, has already published several books on kindred subjects.

We are glad to welcome MR. G. K. CHESTERTON once more to our pages. His essay on Walter de la Mare will delight all those who appreciate this poet's delicate charm. Another essayist, who is an old contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, is MR. A. GOWANS WHYTE. His previous essay, *A Study of Studies*, marked him out as a writer of individuality which the present essay amply confirms.

Our travel article this month is contributed by MR. L. A. G. STRONG, who has a very practical knowledge of the Highlands of Scotland. His articles should assist many waverers to decide on the north rather than the south for their summer holiday. MR. ANTHONY BERTRAM'S portrait gallery of London's Waiters has a Dickensian flavour.



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by J. B. S. Haldane. *Longmans, Green.*
7s. 6d.

To the biological layman much the most interesting part of Professor Haldane's book is the final chapter of semi-philosophical speculation. These final chapters in which a scientific author confesses his non-scientific faith are becoming the fashion. Jeans and Eddington speculate on the universe at large in the light of modern physics, Haldane on the cause of evolution and the nature of mind in the light of modern biology. Professor Haldane is also in the fashion in disclaiming any value for these speculations. "Man", he points out, "is a theorising animal. He is continually engaged in veiling the austere beautiful outline of reality under myths and fancies of his own device." By his conviction of the all-pervasive queer-ness of things, a conviction formed as the result of twenty-five years scientific work, Professor Haldane is prepared to stand; for the rest, he would have the reader "remember of this book only so much as I have been able to show you of the real, and forget the framework of speculation, which, like myself, is transitory and ephemeral." Nevertheless the speculation is highly intriguing, although not so clear as could be wished, and I propose to summarise its general trend.

Professor Haldane's view of the cause of evolution is that it comprises two agencies—variations and natural selection—and that variations provide the raw material for selection. The capacity of individual organisms for variation is apparently a basic fact, which we must accept but cannot explain; at any rate all suggested explanations are rejected. The view that variations are due to emergence, which implies that a material system suddenly exhibits qualitatively new properties such as life and mind, is denounced as "particularly hostile to true scientific progress", while the notion that there is a mind behind evolution, controlling and guiding its course, is dismissed for a variety of reasons, but more particularly because of racial senescence. Species, it appears, go on evolving and exhibiting variations, even when the variations are biologically harmful; some animals find increasing difficulty in obtaining food because of the growing weight and complexity of their horns; others lose their faculties; we hear of crustacea which have lost legs, eyes and brains, and become purely parasitic, their chief function being to inflict prolonged and increasing pain upon their unfortunate hosts. These facts, admittedly awkward for the doctrine of Natural Selection, are disastrous for that of intelligent design. For—Professor Haldane stresses the point—

degeneration, not progress, is the outstanding fact in evolution. "Certainly", he says, "the study of evolution does not point to any general tendency of a species to progress. The animal and plant community as a whole does show such a tendency, but this is because every now and then an evolutionary advance is rewarded by a very large increase in numbers, rather than because such advances are common. But if we consider any given evolutionary level we generally find one or two lines leading up to it, and dozens leading down."

Thus "the usual course taken by an evolving line has been one of degeneration".

This view is not optimistic in regard to the future of the human race; for it seems to Professor Haldane "altogether probable that man will degenerate unless he takes conscious control of his evolution within the next few thousand years. It may very well be that mind at our level is not adequate for such a task, probably on account of its emotional rather than intellectual deficiencies." Is such control possible?

It is here that Professor Haldane's position is confused. We have seen that he frowns upon the doctrine of emergence, according to which the capacity for consciousness may have emerged as a new characteristic in a purely material system. Moreover, he regards the phenomenon of what he calls insect aesthetics—that bees seem to be attracted, as we are, by the smells and colours of flowers—and the social instincts of animals as difficult to reconcile with because irrelevant in the view that mind is "simply a product (and a by-product at that) of natural selection acting on random variations". But on the very next page we find him saying, "I do not share the view that mind, as we know

it, cannot be a product of evolution", and proceeding to elaborate a view according to which it appears that mind is the result of a random variation ("Variation . . . follows chemical and biological laws, and only certain combinations will lead to mind"), which because of its very recent appearance on the scene, has played little part in guiding or controlling evolution.

He sees in this hypothesis a sign of hope, since, if evolution had in fact been "guided by mind for a thousand million years" and "only got as far as man, the outlook for the future would not be very bright"; whereas if mind, a new variation of recent origin, were to begin for the first time to take charge, it might evolve a race of controlling supermen, developing more slowly than ourselves, teachable for longer, more intelligent, but distinctly less staid and solemn".

I agree; but only if mind is conceived to be not a chance variation but a principle that informs the whole process, expressing itself in evolution from the first, and seeking through manifestation in living individual organisms to achieve ever higher levels of development. Haldane will have none of this view, which he dismisses rather contemptuously as an outmoded Lamarckianism, partly because he has what he calls a monistic prejudice in favour of the view that the universe is all of one piece (although, since mind certainly exists now it is a little difficult to see how it can be regarded as a product not a *cause* of evolution, if the universe is the same throughout), and partly because the admission of the concept of purpose appears not to square with the facts of senescence and non-utilitarian variations. But why should not life at certain stages discard species and characteristics for which it has no further use, as an adolescent will get

rid of suits which he has outgrown, either because, having served their particular purpose, they can, like the Mesozoic reptiles, be consigned to the evolutionary scrap heap, or because they represent experimental essays in species construction which are being written off as failures?

Failure and experimental methods admittedly are not consonant with the perfect designing of an omnipotent intelligence, but are not evidence against the assumption that life is an evolving activity which, originally a blind unconscious thrust, develops new powers and knowledge as it evolves?

Professor Haldane will forgive me this discussion, if he will take it as evidence of the fact that his book, as always with him in the highest degree stimulating, cannot be read without provoking the reader to discursive comment whose very disagreement is a testimony to the compelling interest of that which provokes it.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE 400—1000 A.D. An Introduction to the History of European Unity, by Christopher Dawson. London, *Sheed and Ward*, 1932. 15s.

THIS is an exceedingly ambitious work. That is not to suggest that Mr. Dawson's ambition has o'erlept itself. On the contrary, it will, I think, be conceded by those best qualified to judge that his ambition has been fully justified by a remarkable achievement. For remarkable this work is. Its subtitle gives, I submit, a much better clue to its contents than the main title.

The foundations on which Mr. Dawson conceives European unity to have been built are three or perhaps four. "If Europe", he writes, "owes its political existence to the Roman Empire and its spiritual unity to the Catholic Church, it is indebted for its intellectual

culture to a third factor—the Classical Tradition—which is also one of the fundamental elements that have gone to the making of the European unity." To each of these elements Mr. Dawson devotes an illuminating chapter. Having analyzed these three "elements", he then proceeds to discover the *material* which these formative influences shared. This he finds in "the obscure chaos of the barbarian world". For it is, he adds, "the barbarians who provided the human material out of which Europe has been fashioned; they are the *gentes* as against the *imperium* and the *ecclesia*—the source of the national element in European life".

Having thus laid his foundations, Mr. Dawson proceeds to the building of the structure. It consists of two wings: the eastern and the western. Particularly interesting is his treatment of the Byzantine Empire and the Eastern Church. Mr. Dawson, though not exactly dogmatic, does not shrink from attacking even lions if they happen to be in the path of his main argument. He does not, for example, spare the great Gibbon himself. "Even the greatest of our historians of the Eastern Empire—Edward Gibbon—shows a complete lack of sympathy for its culture; to him it is simply an appendix to Roman history, while his Victorian successor, Finlay, regards it mainly as an introduction to the history of modern Greece." "In reality", says Mr. Dawson, "the Byzantine culture is not merely a decadent survival from the classical past, it is a new creation which forms the background of the whole development of mediæval culture, and to some extent, even of that of Islam."

More than one point made by Mr. Dawson in this connection seem deserving of emphasis. Thus he attributes immense, though not, I think, exag-

gerated importance to the influence of the Byzantine Civil Service. The Eastern Empire was not, as he points out, ruled (at any rate in the sixth century) either by ecclesiastics or by unlettered soldiers, but "after the manner of the Chinese by an official class of *litterati* who prided themselves on their learning and scholarship". To this highly cultivated bureaucracy we owe not only the preservation of Roman law, but also the completion of its development. "The study of the Roman law", he writes, "was the regular training of civil servants, and it was as a text-book for them that the *Institutes of Justinian* were compiled. It is to the bureaucracy of Theodosius and Justinian that we owe the great Codes through which the inheritance of Roman jurisprudence was handed on to the mediæval and modern worlds."

Another interesting feature of Mr. Dawson's work is the emphasis he lays on the importance of the rise of Islam and the spread of Moslem culture. We are, as he pertinently observes, so accustomed to regard our culture as essentially Western in origin that we find it hard to realise the truth that "there was an age when the most civilized region of Western Europe was the province of an alien culture and when the Mediterranean, the cradle of our civilization, was in danger of becoming an Arabic sea."

The Third Part of this interesting and erudite work brings us back, however, to the West, and we have a series of chapters on the conversion of the Barbarians, on the Restoration of the Western Empire and the Carolingian Renaissance and on the age of the Vikings and the conversion of the north. In connection with the spread of Christianity among the barbarians, Mr. Dawson lays particular emphasis upon the work of St. Boniface, "the Apostle

of Germany, a man who", he declares, "had a deeper influence on the history of Europe than any Englishman who has ever lived." (p. 211). That is a large claim, but those who are disposed to dispute it will do well to read the pages which Mr. Dawson devotes to the substantiation of his statement.

The work concludes with a sketch of the rise of the mediæval unity based, of course, upon the dual ascendancy of the Empire and the Papacy.

The book is profusely and pertinently illustrated; has several maps; and a well classified bibliography.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

HEIRS TO THE HABSBURGS

G. E. R. GEDYE

Foreword by G. P. GOOCH

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WINDS OVER EUROPE

by W. HORSFALL CARTER

EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS, by Count Carlo Sforza. *Allen and Unwin*. 8s. 6d.

HEIRS TO THE HABSBURGS, by G. E. R. Gedye. *Arrowsmith*. 12s. 6d.

THE RUSSIAN FACE OF GERMANY, by Cecil F. Melville. *Wishart*. 6s.

THE DESTINY OF EUROPE, by F. McEachran. *Faber and Faber*. 7s. 6d.

THE barometer of Europe still stands at stormy. There can be no two opinions about that. Where you do get nowadays an honest cleavage of opinion is as to whether the causes are long-range or short-range. There are still observers of European affairs who write down the prevailing nationalist neurasthenia and conspicuous pathological symptoms of *malaise* as no more than the aftermath of the War of 1914-18, and still nourish a pathetic faith in the efforts of statesmen of the generation that made the War to liquidate its consequences. They are suffering under a delusion, one fears, yet it is a very natural one, and, while their analysis certainly does not go deep enough, it comes very near to being the truth. For the affliction which accounts for Europe's disease is certainly war, but it is not the particular war to which we conveniently like to ascribe it. That is why the ulcers and scars on the European body politic which these books reveal are beyond remedy until and unless the all-pervading fear and expectation of war has been removed, until, that is, the life of the respective nations is guaranteed by a robust system of international law and order.

Count Sforza is of those who regard the present gusty winds over Europe as a natural sequel to the hurricane of 1914-18. The former Foreign Minister of Italy and ambassador in Paris, who refused to perform to the crack of Signor Mussolini's whip, is perhaps the most distinguished of that almost extinct species, the European Liberals. He possesses the faculty of appreciating the differences between various countries, arising from widely differing historical and cultural characteristics. Thus, while he has no sympathy for government by martial law, which is the rough translation of "dictatorship", he talks more good sense about political developments in Italy, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Russia, Turkey, and Spain than I have found within the covers of any other book dealing with European affairs. He pays well-deserved tribute to Mustapha Kemal, ascribing his very real success to a capacity for renunciation rare in a dictator.

Count Sforza has wise things to say about Poland, showing Pilsudski to be typical, for all his Socialist label, of the turbulent gentry of old Poland, "impoverished, unpractical, indebted land-owners, sometimes generous, but always undemocratic". On his own country, perhaps naturally, Count Sforza is not quite so good. What he says about the atmosphere in Italy engendered by: "the prostration of the mind before dogmas, beliefs . . ." is true enough, but he scarcely gives the other side of Fascism its due.

There are two points made by Count Sforza which can never be too often

emphasised: (1) That it is wrong to identify parliamentary institutions with democracy—the problem of rationalising Parliament remains, as the best minds in England and France recognize; and (2) that government by experts, which dictatorship is supposed to make possible in the sacred name of efficiency, is a snare and a delusion since the really capable cannot serve on such terms. To say that the only remedy for parliamentary fecklessness is devolution of the complex politico-economic problems of to-day on to local and through professional assemblies, is perfectly true. But wherever the idea of war, of the necessity for a "strong" State persists, this way is blocked. And that is Europe's tragedy.

A perfect example of the ravages not merely of the War but of the war-obsession is Central and South-Eastern Europe, about which Mr. Gedye has given us a stimulating, not to say exciting book. Mr. Gedye is easily the best-informed observer of events in this part of the world. While, like most Englishmen, he blames French policy for the fearful conditions in Austria, in Jugo-Slavia, in Hungary, etc., to-day, he has no particular axe to grind. The aerial and matrimonial escapades of Carol the Sudden, who owes his position to his devoted flying corps; the blazing patriotism of King Zog, the luckless King Alexander, astride of that unhappy country Jugo-Slavia, where East meets West; the welter of secret societies and irregular organizations (the Blood League of the Apostolic Double Cross), controlling Hungary; the trials and tribulations of Austria—all this strange medley of mediæval and modern is presented in its proper setting with just the necessary amount of historical information and a goodly supply of amusing anecdote. Mr. Gedye shatters many of the

illusions which people may have over here about Hungary. Count Bethlen has served his country—and international financiers—well, but he has done nothing to remedy the two great popular grievances, the lack of democratic control, and the terrible land-hunger of the peasantry.

No one should presume to write about Central European problems until he has read and digested Mr. Gedye's analysis of the "patchwork and pillars" of the Hapsburg "family estate". He shows how, as a result of the counter-Reformation, the native feudal nobility was wiped out and replaced by an artificial aristocracy, deliberately denying its racial allegiances out of loyalty to the House of Hapsburg. The exacerbated national consciousness of these peoples to-day is the inevitable result. Federation on regional lines, and with proper minority safeguards must come about one day, but we are a long way away from it at present. Yet with all the inflammable material lying about, one does not feel that the danger of war to-day proceeds from any of the heirs of the Hapsburgs. The great ally of common-sense and peace is the *Föhn*, that soft, warm sirocco-like wind blowing down the Danube from Austria and induces a capacity for compromise and temporisation, which excludes the ruthless solutions propounded in harder climes.

Mr. Melville brings with him, on the other hand, a cruelly biting wind from the East. His subject is the secret military relations between the German Reichswehr Ministry and the Government in Moscow. He gives chapter and verse quoted from the documentation of the German Social-Democratic party to show that ever since General Hoffmann exchanged the plan for smashing the Bolshevik power in the name of Restoration for collusion with

the Bolsheviks to crush the Polish Republic, the old military caste in Germany has been steadily re-establishing the armed might of pre-war days by the simple process of manufacturing war material and carrying out military training in an area where the writ of the League does not run. Mr. Melville is of those who, in the words of that grand old hater, Auguste Gauvain, believe that "only a lunatic can trust the word of Germany". He assures us that Prusso-Germany is out for the political and economic conquest of Europe in the good old style—a venture made possible by the disintegration of the "Peace" settlement and especially Anglo-French disunity. His facts may or may not be right. There is obviously something in them, but if England and France still persist in policies of power backed by arms—which perhaps they must under the existing financial system—one can hardly blame the Germans for doing the same thing. No greater folly was ever committed than that of the politicians who, at Versailles—and again recently—sought to block what Mr. Gedye rightly calls "Germany's expansion and her legitimate and inevitable development in South Eastern Europe, of whom she is the biggest customer and supplier". It is an awful warning that Mr. Melville has for us, but there is no remedy in further repression. A little understanding by responsible British leaders of the vital and forward-looking elements in the new Germany would make all the difference. After all, only the Germans themselves can deal faithfully with their von Seeckts, Schleichers, Nicolais, etc.

If Mr. Melville's book suggests a blustering storm, Mr. McEachran's can only be compared with the gentle zephyr. Soaring into the plane of pure thought, above all political and

ephemeral agitations, he sets out to show that history has ordained for Europe a cultural unity, rooted in the genius for moderation of the Greeks, which still survives and which, if our educational curriculum is suitably revised, will yet save the world in the next generation. The way in which this modern Pangloss bundles together the ideas, good, bad, or indifferent, of "Europe" which are scattered about in recent writings is extraordinary, and the author is, if I may say so, naïf and bookish to an extreme. His *if* is indeed a very big *if*. Nevertheless, some readers will be grateful for a little sweetness and light after the gloom engendered by any picture of the actual situation of Europe.

RECOVERY, by Sir Arthur Salter.
Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d.

THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC CRISIS,
by Sir Arthur Salter, Sir Josiah Stamp,
J. Maynard Keynes, Sir Basil Blackett,
Henry Clay, Sir W. H. Beveridge.
George Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S book has already made its impression upon the world of opinion; phrases and lines of reasoning drawn from it adorn the leading articles of prominent newspapers and, we may hope, will gain the attention of the general public.

Sir Arthur Salter's argument is that, in the *impasse* in which we find ourselves, the way out can be found only in a thoroughgoing reform of the whole system. With his practical experience he is too wise to define exactly what lines the reform must follow, nor does he make his searching analysis the pretext for advocating some favourite nostrum or *panacea*. But in his discussion of various aspects of the problem he lays down quite definitely

possible alternatives and describes their relative advantages. And here and there he speaks out definitely in favour of a particular step, usually long overdue, e.g., "more public representation" in the control of central banks. The studious moderation of the phrase is typical of the whole book, and does not weaken it. It is impossible here to do more than commend for special attention the sections dealing with issuing houses, both for home and foreign investment, and that on the world's monetary system. The foreword outlines fairly simple and practical proposals for dealing with the most alarming features of the crisis which is now working to its climax, the reluctance of the investor to lend, especially abroad, after his experiences of the last few years. These, however, are only the most urgently necessary of many reforms in the organisation of industry and trade which are necessary if our present system is to survive, and not be replaced by some other which is untried and perilous to humanity. Every aspect of them is discussed in this book, in a way which contrives to be at the same time boldly constructive and free from the hollowness of the visionary enthusiast.

In the other book under review a short summary of Sir Arthur Salter's views are placed side by side, as a lecture in the series arranged by the Halley Stewart Foundation in 1931, with those of other eminent economists. Sir Arthur avoids too great a pre-occupation with monetary and financial reform, though he does not deny its urgency. The others are almost all concerned mainly with this theme. Their views cannot be summarised, but we may perhaps quote two sentences from economists so temperamentally dissimilar as Mr. Keynes and Mr. Clay. First Mr. Clay:

"No one doubts that a war would restore trade activity. . . . What the world requires is a substitute for war which has not the unfortunate effects of war."

Then Mr. Keynes' picturesque answer:

"I predict with an assured confidence that the only way out is for us to discover some object which is admitted even by the deadheads to be a legitimate excuse for largely increasing the expenditure of someone on something!"

ALAN M. WELLS.

THE CAPITAL QUESTION OF CHINA,
by Lionel Curtis. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.
CHINA THROUGH THE AGES, by
Mrs. Alfred Wingate. *Crosby Lockwood*.
7s. 6d.

MR. CURTIS has written a most valuable and timely book, which stands the test of comparison with the facts and needs of China at every point. His pages should bring to others his own conviction that "China presents a problem second in importance to no other." Here is nearly a quarter of the world's population rotting in chaos and anarchy while their self-appointed leaders have committed themselves to a system of government which seems expressly designed to deepen confusion. Dr. Sun Yat-sen's political writings, by which the Kuomintang profess to be guided, contain much rubbish. But he knew the importance of provincial prejudice and local autonomy in preparing for his future State. These the Kuomintang conspicuously ignore, proclaim democracy but rigidly exclude the people from all participation in Government, and attempt to bind all China in a cast-iron bureaucracy than which, as Mr. Curtis truly says, "the wit of man has seldom devised a more effective mechanism for fomenting

intrigue, hampering decisions and obscuring responsibility." The result is hatred of the Kuomintang from one end of China to the other, and the picture of utter misery and ruin so vividly presented in Chapter XXIV. The reader may be assured that it is not one whit overdrawn.

But others have described China's misfortunes. The special value of Mr. Curtis's book is his showing of the Powers' responsibility towards them. "Gunboat policy" is gone; but the weak surrender to Nationalist clamour and treaty violation, by way of giving expression to the Washington agreements, is, perhaps, even more harmful. It is the simple truth that our reckless undermining of the control of the Chinese Courts in Shanghai was the direct cause of the recent Japanese incursion, the Municipal Council being utterly unable to get boycotters and anti-Japanese agitators convicted. Mr. Curtis says truly that a treaty or contract represents to the Chinese merely an ideal to be observed as far as circumstances permit, which leads to the just conclusion (diplomats, please observe) that

in our international relations with China, the best service we can do her is to stick courteously and patiently, but persistently to the principle of exactitude in word and deed which lies at the root of all that is best in our own institutions. We inflict the deepest injury on China in making agreements which we know that she cannot discharge and indeed does not intend to discharge.

No better illustration could be found than the lamentable story of the Boxer Indemnity money. Members of Parliament, particularly, should read Mr. Curtis on this subject, to see how their express precautions have been flouted.

The core of trouble is that there is no public opinion about China as there is about Egypt and India. The Minister in China is a mere cog in Foreign

Office machinery: nobody even knows what he really thinks; Chinese questions, except at rare and brief intervals, are left to the bureaucrats of Downing Street, who, after the manner of their kind, follow the line of least resistance in Stygian gloom and dictate the answers given to questions in Parliament by a Secretary of State conventionally too busy with other matters to have time for China. That way lies ruin of our interests and of China's. Mr. Curtis's remedy is to begin by sending to China as Minister a man big enough to defy suppression and compel attention; who, incidentally, shall live at the seat of the Government to which he is accredited and not six hundred miles away from it. Other ideas in plenty will suggest themselves from this most helpful and interesting book.

Mrs. Alfred Wingate's pleasant survey of four thousand years of Chinese history suffers the inevitable faults of compression, particularly in the parts devoted to foreign dealings with China, which simply bristle with inaccuracies. But the book conveys a valuable lesson. Mrs. Wingate is perfectly right in fixing on Confucianism as the basis of all the best in Chinese character. The true revolution in modern China was not Dr. Sun Yat-sen's in 1911, but the abolition of the classics as a passport to official life in 1905, from which has followed that decay of all ethical teaching, propriety and discipline which is the most serious phenomenon in Chinese public life to-day. As Count Keyserling says, "A regeneration of China is conceivable only in the spirit of Confucianism." It is consoling to see in China's long history how often the Confucianists, momentarily eclipsed by rival teachers, have won their way back to favour.

O. M. GREEN.

ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS

by ROGER B. LLOYD

SELF-SELECTED ESSAYS, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann*. 5s.

SIDELIGHTS, Especially on London and New York, by G. K. Chesterton. *Sheed and Ward*. 6s.

UNCONSIDERED TRIPLES, by Compton Mackenzie. *Secker*. 6s.

LEAVES FROM LIFE, by E. J. Dillon. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

"LET us now parade our more respectable vices!" Who was it that suggested this bidding as suitable for the modern essayist? The name of the wit escapes the memory, but it was certainly said, and, in general, not unsuitably, although, of the four authors named above, only Mr. Priestley really answers to the implied description. He goes, for example, to his tailor, exclaiming, with no little relish, "I am the kind of man who can make any suit of clothes look shabby after about a fortnight's wear". Or again: "Only last night, when we were playing bridge at my cousin's, she accused me of being far too pleased with myself". That is the authentic note of the essayists' confessional, but we search for it in vain in the other books, and even Mr. Priestley does not keep it up. For these essays of his represent the winnowed fruit of eleven years, and I seem to remember having read the two from which these sentences are taken towards the beginning of that period. He has dated none of them, but one can watch the scope of his interest shifting through the years

away from himself and towards the teeming mass of characters which distinguish his novels. Very much of the raw material of *Angel Pavement*, for example, will be found in these essays. He writes a short introduction, and says in it, "During most of this time, the short essay was my favourite literary form. It is not my favourite form any longer." The reading of these essays has made at least one reader add the comment, "More's the pity!" For it would be hard indeed to find this sort of thing better done.

The remark about pleasant vices only half fits Mr. Mackenzie. When he is in the mood he can write with great charm and persuasion, as, for example, about his islands. But in other moods, one can only wonder at the things he finds funny. He tells a story of Max Beerbohm, to whom was sent a copy of Herbert Trench's poem *Apollo and the Seaman*. Max showed it to Mr. Mackenzie, who opened it and read:

Never, Sir Traveller, 'ave you seen
A sight the 'alf as fine
As when she 'ove up from the East
On our 'orizon-line.

"Curious", I said; "I never remembered that Trench made the seaman drop all his aspirates." Max smiled.

"I took them all out myself with a penknife very carefully, put in an apostrophe, and sent the book to Trench."

"He must have thought he'd gone mad."

"He was a little offended about it", Max admitted, in that tone whose gentle suavity of utterance no pen can hope to express.

It is one of the less pleasant features of Mr. Mackenzie's book that he really admires this story. He tells it as though it were most comic, whereas in fact another adjective beginning with c would better describe the episode. Mr. Mackenzie, as an essayist, is admirable when purely objective; but when subjectivism creeps in, most readers' admiration will fly out of the window.

Mr. Chesterton is perfectly astonishing. The older he gets, the more he has to say. There was once a time when his essays were pleasant and graceful chats about nothing very much. But nowadays he is like Midas. Everything he touches: Bright Old Things, Gate Crashers, Cocktails, all turn to gold, for on all of them he really has something he is clearly burning to say. The customary compliments one pays to him about glittering paradoxes are really not applicable to this book. Not, of course, that they are absent—but they are so vehement and so plainly true that they cease to appear paradoxical. As the title suggests, the book is concerned with more self-consciously modern moods of London and New York. Most people will enjoy the American part the better, for it better brings out the characteristic style of its author in its changed mood. Let those who charge him with mere verbal cleverness and an empty if dexterous pugnacity read the essays on America. He is a Catholic and a distributist. Every prejudice he possesses must surely be roused by a continent which

denies both the ideals for which those names stand. But it is astonishing to see how much he finds to praise, and how little to blame. In his case, as in most others, to have a definite point of view is an aid and not an obstacle to a clear vision of things as they are, and to charity and not empty pugnacity in judging them. He ends his book with four splendid essays on purely literary subjects, of which one, *The Middleman in Poetry*, is possibly the best appraisal we have yet had of the ultra modern in poetry.

From 1886 to 1914 Dr. Dillon was Russian Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was a graduate of Petrograd University, and then the editor of a Russian paper, and Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Kharkoff. Few living men, then, speak with a greater authority than he on the conditions of Russia during the later years of the Czarist régime. *Leaves from Life* is not so much a formal study of such conditions (Dr. Dillon has already given us that in his *Russia To-day and Yesterday*) as a collection of incidental sketches of events and episodes characteristic of that vanished regime. They are filled with action, and are informed by an unerring flair for the idiosyncracies of character, but they are pretty grim. It is long since the present writer, at any rate, read so horrifying a series of events as are told in the story *A Victim of Fate*. These twenty sketches and stories together constitute a fairly damning accusation against the Russia of that day, and they come with an authority which can hardly be questioned. But their purpose, of course, is not propagandist. They were written to interest the readers of a daily newspaper; and as they are read to-day they have lost none of that interest.

A MODERN ELIZABETHAN

by RICHARD CHURCH

A FREELANCE OF THE UNIVERSE,
My Diaries (1888-1914), by Wilfred
Scawen Blunt. *Secker*. 12s. 6d.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT was one of the last and most picturesque relics of feudal England. He came from an old landed family, owned a large estate, and was wealthy enough to do and say what he liked and let the world go hang. He had no doors closed against him on social grounds. He walked in and out of Downing Street, the Ministries, and all the great country houses. When he travelled abroad he stayed at the Embassies (the Ambassadors usually being relatives), or with royalties and potentates. He was a keen *littérateur*, a subtle and savagely disillusioned observer of the international political game, and an enthusiastic traveller in the deserts of Arabia. In this last he was an expert, and made himself a master of the language, an intimate friend of the tribes, and an authority on Egyptian politics. Add to this that he married Byron's granddaughter, bred Arab horses, and was a distinguished poet, and the picture is almost complete of a great Elizabethan.

Almost! But there is one thing remaining, and that the most characteristic. He was a rebel from within his own caste. A member of the English governing class of the nineteenth century (when democracy was only the hint of a theory in this country), he hated the whole of its political machinery and purpose. These diaries ring with that hatred. They are one long lamentation over the vulgarization (especially by the Liberals) of the English tradition and its sordid inflation into Imperialism. A lover of justice, of fact, of individuals, he fought against any person and institution that threat-

ened the existence of these sacred three. That is where the poet in him cropped out. How he rages against the pompous and hypocritical common-places of Gladstone, the Stock Exchange morality of Rosebery, the imperialist bureaucracy of Cromer! How he castigates the idea of Empire! "The British Empire is the great engine of evil for the weak races now existing in the world. I should be glad to see England stripped of her whole foreign possessions. We were better off and more respected in Queen Elizabeth's time, when we had not a stick of territory outside the British Islands, than now, and infinitely more respectable. The gangrene of colonial rowdiness is infecting us, and the habit of repressing liberty in weak nations is endangering our own. I should be glad to see the end".

How his friends and relatives smacked him. Being one of their sacred set, they could not crush him. They just treated him as the "enfant terrible" of the family, and kept him out of office. He retorted by consorting with artists, making himself one with them, but by some hereditary trait, remaining a detached amateur with perhaps an unconscious contempt for the people who earned their living at the arts. But he was a great figure, a reincarnation of Sir Philip Sidney, born out of his time, and therefore embittered. Here is the flavour of that bitterness, and a sturdy tonic it makes for the reader sickened by the evils of *our* times. These diaries, packed with incident and thought, are too full to be called a book and reviewed as such. One just lives in them, and emerges wiser for the sophistication.

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London: 43 Newgate Street, E.C.1.

BATH, by Edith Sitwell. *Faber & Faber*. 15s. net.

THE Bath upon which Miss Edith Sitwell showers the scented salt of her creative imagination is the Bath of the city's heyday, of the fashionable noise and glitter of the eighteenth century, the Bath, in short, of, "that strange and gallant gambler-adventurer and man of honour", the inimitable Beau Nash himself. The book might conceivably bear his name upon the title-page, rather than that of the town he woke into new life, for its presiding interest is everywhere concentrated upon his personality. Richard Nash was the uncrowned king of Bath, whose white hat commanded more respect than the crown of many monarchs; and, though Miss Sitwell lingers in her prelude to recall other ruling powers whose names brought honour to the city, it is the royal commoner, first and last, who remains the benevolent tyrant of her tale. Bladud peeps through the haze of legend; Elizabeth drives in by one gate and out by another, holding her nose to avoid the city's smell; Anne is almost upset from her coach on Lansdown hill, and waves protesting garters in the air; Nash alone keeps his state unperturbed for over fifty years, sets his realm in order, makes not only its laws but its ballads, appoints its disciplines no less than its pleasures, and so changes "a small, unfashionable (and exceedingly uncomfortable and dirty) city into the most celebrated watering-place in England." Nash, indeed, is a popular hero worthy of any poet's celebration; and Miss Sitwell celebrates him with an enthusiasm touched at every turn by an illuminating wit, and with a picturesque particularity which sets him in the midst of his proper world, a world which helped him as much as he helped it. Seldom was there a completer coincidence

of the hour and the man than was afforded upon that summer evening, in the year 1702, when Richard Nash arrived in Bath on a fortuitous adventure, to remain there until he had built a continuing city, more beautiful perhaps to-day, after two hundred years of mellowing storm and sunshine, than ever it was in the morning of its youth.

Miss Sitwell loves the eighteenth century, and revels in its movement, its colour, its fair symmetry, and formal courtesies. She fills the long vista of Pulteney Street with "the ruffle's flutter and the flash of steel"; she follows the sedan chairs to the open space of Queen's Square, where "the ladies and gentlemen walk upon the parrot green grass with all the appearance of strange great birds"; she peeps over the silken shoulders around the ombre tables at the Assembly Rooms; she grows drowsy under the mild afternoon oratory of the Abbey pulpit. But her method does not stop short of its pictorial gifts; she is an historian and a critic as well. The Bath she pictures is a Bath in process of transition, with Beau Nash as the magician of change. Not since "Ilion like a mist rose into towers" has a city of romance been so miraculously created within the lifetime of a single generation. Nash found Bath squalid, disorderly, overrun with violence and corruption; he left it beautiful, law-abiding, well regulated, a paradise of sentiment and manners. Everything conspired to help him. In the terraced hills around the hollow crater through which the Avon flowed he had an ideal opportunity for an inspired architect; and in the Woods, father and son, he found the perfect artists to give reality to his dream. He had his chance, and he seized it like a genius. For it needs something little less than pure genius

to overcome all the hindrances of modest birth, homely appearance, and lack of pence; and within a few years to establish oneself as the arbiter of elegance to a stiffnecked aristocracy, and the trusted friend of a self-satisfied Court. It needs character, above everything else; and Nash was of keen and vital character all compact. "He was a snob", said Goldsmith; "but always a kindly and an innocent one. His generosity was boundless, because his tenderness and his vanity were in equal proportion." The city of Bath is the living memorial to the dead Beau who first dreamt its stones into their places; and to-day, as it dreams itself, with its stone-grey eyes, of the golden glories of its past, the richest and most grateful of its visions may well be devoted to his memory.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

JOHN CLARE, by J. W. and Anne Tibble. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 21s.

SAY what you will as to the merits or demerits of the Book Society, they have made a decision with which few will quarrel in choosing *John Clare* for their recommendation. Here is a book as worthy in its object as in its execution—one that lovers of literature will rejoice to see published; one, too, of which only the most captious could complain.

A full and exhaustive biography of Clare has long been needed. Considering the wealth of material available, it is rather surprising that no one has taken up the task before. Yet on reflection it is easy enough to understand. Clare hitherto, lacking anything even approaching a definitive edition of his work, has existed mainly for the few. But the fact that the great body of his work is not readily

available is not the only reason for his neglect. Equally disadvantageous to his name has been the popular misconception by which he has been regarded as a "peasant poet" alone; that is as a more or less unlettered poet of nature, perhaps something of a country bumpkin, whose eventual insanity might argue ill for his strength of mind.

If, then, the authors of this first-rate life had done nothing else than dispel the mists that have hid the authentic Clare so long, they would still have a powerful claim on our gratitude. The Clare they here portray for us is anything but a weak simpleton. In allowing him so often to speak for himself by quoting liberally from his autobiographical writings and by printing what others wrote of him at the time, the authors have shown us a greater and a stronger Clare: one whose high intellectual qualities by no means fell short of his gifts as a poet and a born naturalist, one, moreover, whose unassuming gentleness hid, though it never could belie, a tenacity, a spirit of independence, and a force of character peculiarly his own.

Clare, as our authors have understood, must, like all subjects of biography, be viewed in relation not only to that which forms the chief ingredient of his verse, but also to his contemporaries and his times. It is here (not in any congenital weakness) that we must seek for the origins of his affliction; and not only here but in the sorry mess that his friends and well-wishers made of their efforts to assist him. This is now set down in black and white, and, viewing both the circumstances of his struggle and the concatenation of his misfortunes, we cannot wonder that Clare broke under the strain.

But, if broken, he did not go down defeated. Amply documented and

clearly traced, this admirable life does all for him that could be asked of affection and truth, though to the reader, if criticism be permissible, a somewhat clearer definition of Clare's home circle would have been welcome. It is Clare himself, however, that matters most. From these pages Clare the poet stands out, not as before, but greater in stature because seen at one with Clare the man.

JOHN LINNELL.

MARGARET McMILLAN:
PROPHET AND PIONEER, by
Albert Mausbridge. *Dent*. 6s.

THE only drawback to this sympathetic study of a great woman is that those who have never read her own biography of her sister Rachel, will accept Dr. Mansbridge's book as the essential record of their lives and work. But the two memorials cannot be separated, for Margaret ascribed to her sister the initial idea and creation of the movement with which both names must be for ever associated. Her personality, with its innate "Highland tradition of piety, mysticism, scholarship and unrelenting industry", shines forth in her vivid story of their early life; Rachel's vision of childhood redeemed from disease and misery; and their first attempts, made together against tremendous odds, to form a centre of nurture in the slums.

Behind that heroic venture lay Rachel's training and experience as a Health lecturer, and Margaret's nine years of political and social work in Bradford—above all, for the children as a member of the School Board. When she joined Rachel in London (1902), it was not long before they threw themselves into the effort to secure Medical Inspection in schools.

Then they started the first school clinic at Bow, transferring it later (1910) to Deptford. There, in one of the poorest areas of S.E. London, faced with all the physical and moral evils of slum life, they began their campaign for the children's deliverance, by means of Camp and Nursery Schools—fully related in Margaret McMillan's books on these subjects.

Rachel died in 1917, worn out by her devoted service; and Margaret rallied her forces to maintain and develop the cause. She lived to be recognized as one of "the great benefactors of the human race"; and to see the permanence of their joint achievement assured when the Training College for Nursery School teachers was opened by the Queen in May, 1930.

MURIEL KENT.

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SELECTED FICTION

THE INNER JOURNEY, by Kurt Heuser.
Secker. 7s. 6d.

LITTLE RED HORSES, by G. B. Stern.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

PARSON'S NINE, by Noel Streatfeild.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

UNDER a National Government, one feels the pressure of a tariff on foreign novels, but even after 33 per cent. has been reduced from the merit of *The Inner Journey*, it remains so much better than the other two that the reviewer gives up trying to protect the home industry and comes out openly as a blackleg.

The Inner Journey is an original piece of work, which keeps its independence. One thinks of it, less as a novel—which *Little Red Horses* and *Parson's Nine* obviously are—than as a work of the imagination. It moves, surprises, disappoints, delights. The journey described is made into the interior, "darkest Africa" with its simbas, hyenas, undergrowth and livid nights, and at the same time the book represents the recoil of the soul from Europe and four years of war. Africa, however, is not merely the author's symbol of escape from civilization. The book gives a picture exactly opposite to that of the films, and is therefore, presumably, accurate; it succeeds in putting darkest Africa on the map again in spite of the Martin Johnson's and the loves of Tarzan and the humanized apes of the Hollywood forests. Mr. Heuser's jungle is stark, vivid and surprising. Perhaps, like Douanier Rousseau, he has never been there, and this is a work of intuition, an inner journey of the author's own; certainly it carries the conviction which only an adventure of the imagination

will bring. He gives us the fragmentary and powerful impression of a colony where the life of negroes and degenerating whites is subordinated to the climate, the risks of the jungle, the mystery of its unexplored tracts. The "story"—a land surveyor's trek into the interior—is slight and unimportant: the atmosphere is conveyed on every page in the clear and jagged shapes of a tropical brightness.

Two chapters, "Experiences on a Plantation" and "From the Life of a Negro", are masterly in their impact and concision. I do not think that I have ever read passages which convey as these do the *mirage* of tropical life, the white bosses isolated, drinking whiskey and helplessly deteriorating, the black underdogs submissive with their native understanding—the unreal life thrown up by the jungle like a nightmare, vivid and fatal. There is a dominant fatalism about the whole thing which curiously intensifies and belittles each paint-bright corner. A small clearing of the trees reveals a fat old nigger lying on his back smoking, while fowls hop over his belly; the green of the forest and the blue of the sky meet with the sharpness of some tropical fruit cut in half; we move on up to the mountains where there is not even a clearing. So much *fakeabout* the jungle, its mysteriousness, its inviolability, has been written, that *The Inner Journey* which tells more or less the same story with conviction and a sparse unusual beauty, is especially welcome. Mr. Heuser is unknown to me, and the publishers give no information about him, but if he has written other books they should at once be translated into English. He has very great talent and the genuine integrity of an artist.

I admit that *Little Red Horses* and *Parsons Nine* irritated and bored me. The first is whimsical and ironical about child prodigies, but the prodigious length to which these whimsies are extended ruins their effect. There are moments in the life of Miss Stern's child-poetess which are funny and some that are convincing, but the growing pains of this little monster seem to me to belong completely to the world of fiction. As fiction, *Little Red Horses* plays on the gamut of novelist's feelings competently and lightly. *Parson's Nine* describes the effect of the War on the large family of a clergyman; one by one they are killed off, thus saving the author the trouble of filling in their characters, and the last half of the book shows a remaining daughter going gay after the War and then (on the last page) returning to the empty vicarage. This again is competent fiction, mildly attractive, faintly real. It makes no demand on the reader beyond leisure, and that presumably is the one thing inveterate novel-readers are willing to give.

G. W. STONIER.

ETZEL ANDERGAST, by Jacob Wassermann. *George Allen and Unwin*. 10s.

JACOB WASSERMANN, who began writing at the end of the last century, has for many years been recognized in Germany as one of the greatest figures in contemporary literature. Of the half-dozen of Wassermann's books that have been translated into English, I suppose the best known are *Wedlock* and *The Maurizius Case*, of which latter *Etzel Andergast* is the successor, though the connexion does not become apparent until the second half of the book.

Etzel Andergast is a great book, profound and bearing unmistakeably the stamp of universal truth—a book

which, not cribbing and confining the reader in the detailed room of modern realism with its superficial brilliance and intellectual barrenness, conveys him to the wider regions of hard thinking and clear thought. It would be difficult to overemphasise its importance; for, while it is almost impossible to prophesy what books will be the classics of posterity, it is certain that at this moment of time *Etzel Andergast* could not be of greater value and significance.

Wassermann accepts the existence of that eternal conflict between sensuality and spirituality which is inherent in D. H. Lawrence's work, but he treats it with a detachment and comprehension that is a supreme sign of victory. Dr. Kerkhoven, the principal figure in the first part of the book, is a psycho-therapist of genius with a deep understanding of the neuroses affecting post-War civilization; he is a great man in the highest sense—a Master. To quote Wassermann's own words:

It might appear that medical theory and the problems of its practitioners are dealt with in this book as the result of first-hand experience. That is not the case, however... What I have set before me is to record facts, to describe the destinies of men and women, to examine the warp and woof of an epoch. Regarded in this way, everything else is but subterfuge, and I myself can only fathom the meaning of these figures and shadows of figures, the significance of their efforts and their activities, by patiently following them down the tortuous paths of their lives.

The book attains an almost unbearable intensity in the second part, when the passion of Marie, Kerkhoven's wife, for Etzel Andergast, his loving disciple, results in nearly complete disaster. Andergast is, let us hope, to work out his destiny in another volume and to triumph over the forces ranged against him.

HELEN GOSSE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

AUGUST 1, 1932

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

IT would not surprise many people who have both experience and a good memory to guide them if the feeling of confidence that now inspires British financiers proved to be both a symptom of the world's return to prosperity and a factor in producing it. When one looks into the matter, it even ceases to be a paradox that world confidence should be renewed as a result of something like a world-wide default. The important thing is the character of the debts concerned. War debts in the nature of things could not be anything but bad debts in every sense. We have now reached the point where the absurd network of unproductive indebtedness created by the politicians of the Great War is being swept away. The world is thereby enabled to return to serious business. By a familiar trick of life's uncertainty the most recent effects of the world depression have opened a sudden prospect of salutary developments in international finance and international diplomacy: for, in the prevailing conditions of the world, finance and diplomacy are the twin factors in what has become one single sphere of international activity.

The British Government's financial enterprise is not only in itself the most spectacular of those recent events. Its importance cannot be fully appreciated except in the context of the world's general condition and tendency. If the process now begun of the world's adjustment to new values in finance be unpleasant in its immediate effect upon the individual who

CXXXII

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suffers under the shrinkage, the process itself has all the fascination of a great historic event. It is also a probable future source of recompense to the individual aforesaid.

In conformity with one's almost invariable experience of big events, the underlying facts are simple and readily recognisable. As a result of the vast sums of money squandered by governments since 1914—squandered first for the purpose of destroying every material thing that could be destroyed (1914–18), and then of incontinently and incautiously replacing what had been destroyed (1919–28)—the liabilities in money incurred by one body of people to another throughout the world reached dimensions far exceeding the means available to meet them. The inevitable result was a world-wide default of variable degree. Sir Basil Blackett is one of several clear-sighted men who have been uttering public warning of that inevitability during the past few years; but it has fallen to the British Government to establish the classic proof.

The gigantic project of translating the block of debt represented by "War Fives" from a 5 per cent. to a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis is a classic event in more senses than one. The amount of capital involved is so big that the imagination cannot easily visualise it. The figure of 2,000,000,000 is twice the sum of minutes that have passed since the birth of Christ. The amount of capital that went into financing the war expenses of the British Government alone was by far the biggest single transaction known to financial history; but it merely symbolised the general madness that began in 1914.

During the decade preceding the war the level of British governmental credit was fixed by the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consolidated Stock which in those ten years often stood at as much as 113 in the market. The war had the effect of doubling the yield obtainable on a British Government security, for that Government had to offer a rapidly increasing rate of interest to attract the vast sums of money it wanted. It had the incidental effect of halving the capital of those who before the war had invested (as they thought) for "safety first". The converse process has now begun. Those who in the war and post-war years invested on the like principle of "safety first",

but who surveyed the future from the giddy as well as gilded heights of the new 5 per cent. basis of British Government credit, have now lost a third of their income—unless they took the precautionary measures that were open to people of foresight up to June 30th, 1932. No doubt the conversion scheme then launched will prove to have been merely a first step back to the pre-war $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis of first-class credit.

The really important international effect of the British conversion scheme is that it irrevocably launches the world on the downward path back to mundane commonsense. Looked at from another point of view the process is one of cutting out the dead capital of the war and post-war era so that the world can restart its business on businesslike principles.

The deadliest of that dead capital is the large body of international political debt, artificially created by the politicians who led the world its dance for four and a half years, and who no more understood what they did in the financial than in any other sphere. If one is to see the real meaning of what has just been done at the Lausanne Conference and of what remains to be done at the World Financial and Economic Conference projected for the late autumn, it is necessary to be clear about the interrelationship of the European and the American blocks of political debt. Serious people know that old story backwards: but if one is to judge a tree by its fruit, there cannot be many serious people in the world. The Lausanne Conference, however, has now virtually wiped clean the European slate of its bad political debt. There remains the American slate, meet for the like treatment.

Such, however, is the nature of democracy that the diplomatically minded people instinctively refrain from saying what is in their minds if there happens to be an election in near prospect. The good European now goes about saying: "Hush! Not a word about the European debts to the United States until the Presidential election is safely over". Neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Roosevelt finds it expedient in his "platform" to advocate the remission of the European debts to the United States. The highest they have dared is to refrain from committing themselves in the opposite sense.

Yet both of them know that not another penny of European money will cross the Atlantic in discharge of those debts.

Why do so few people in their heart trust democracy? Why did the British election of October 1931 "restore" one's confidence in democracy (as one heard many people say)? Clearly because democracy, in its practice as distinct from its theory, is the method whereby an ignorant mob blindly chooses between one politician and another. In many cases, one must confess, it matters little whether the one politician be chosen or the other; and to that extent the gamble of democracy is as fair a risk as most other fair risks in life. But there do arise occasional crises in the life of nations where the democratic principle, if it produce its habitual result, may do really desperate harm. In such a recent British crisis democracy brilliantly belied its reputation, and produced a good result: but the reason why that achievement is so striking is that it is so rare. Yet the alternative of dictatorship is no better: for the gamble is thereby merely shifted to another sort of risk. Dictatorship under a competent man such as Signor Mussolini is a clearly good thing for Italy. Dictatorship under an absurd man such as Herr Hitler would equally clearly be a bad thing for Germany. There is probably no discoverable political principle that is fool proof.

If Mr. Hoover between now and November were to announce that under no circumstances would he consent to relieve America's debtors of one cent of their obligation to the United States, can anyone doubt that his audience would gleefully applaud and firmly resolve to vote for him, unless indeed Mr. Roosevelt were to go one better and excite still greater glee by suggesting that debtors who betrayed America's trust be boiled in oil? Yet they both know that they can never collect any more revenue from war debts. What they may actually say in the heat of their electoral agony is their business, and no matter; for nobody takes democratic expediency in too highminded a spirit. But is that a reason why those who are neither standing as candidates for the White House, nor are immediately concerned in the precedent electoral manoeuvres, should shy from the subject?

The inter-European debts being now virtually written off, the practical new matter of interest is what is to be done about the other great obstacle to world recovery. The relevant facts about the way in which the European debt to America was incurred, the way in which it was funded and the way in which American policy in finance and economics made it progressively impossible for the debt to be discharged are simply stated.

The world is not what it was when President Harding referred (February 8th, 1923) to the funding of the British debt to America as "in effect a plight against war and war expenditures". The diagnosis would still hold good if the patient, as it were, had not died. There is something equally unreal, even bizarre, when recalled at the present time, in what was said by Mr. Mellon on March 17th, 1927: "The fact is [he said] that all our principal debtors are already receiving from Germany more than enough to pay their debts to the United States; and France and Italy—with the exception of this year in the case of the latter—are receiving from the same source more than enough to pay their debts to Great Britain also". These are echoes from an age that is past.

The simple crude statement of fact about the debts owed to the United States and the warped state of affairs thereby produced is a never-stale story: for it incidentally illustrates certain abiding qualities of American, British and Continental European public life.

Between August 1914 and April 1917 the British Government contrived to spend, without a ripple of discomfort on the purely financial score, the sum of £2,000,000,000 in directly paying for her own part in the war and in helping the European Allies to pay for theirs. In April, 1917, four major events took place at the same time: (1) the United States Government declared war on Germany and became a belligerent; (2) the French and Italian Governments instituted as a policy the principle of not paying any more for their own part in the war and of inviting the United States and/or British Governments to lend them the money instead; (3) the British Government, on taking stock of its financial position,

came to the conclusion that although it could still go on spending £7,000,000 a day to finance its own war expenses, it could not lend any more money to France or Italy; and (4) the United States Government at that precise moment decided that it would be unsound business (as it clearly was) to lend any more money on a large scale to France and Italy, although it felt no qualms about beginning to lend money on any scale to the British Government. (Up to April 1917 the British Government had not borrowed from the United States Government.)

Those four events together logically produced a deadlock. The policy and principles of Washington, Paris and Rome being rigidly fixed, only two alternative solutions of the problem seemed possible: one, that the war should stop; two, that the British Government should borrow from the United States Government and thereby be enabled to lend to the French and Italian Governments. The first alternative was not even considered. The United States was only just plunging into the fight, and not a single American troopship had yet crossed the Atlantic. Who ever heard of a war being stopped in such circumstances? And if Washington was full of fight, so were London, Paris and Rome. Those three war-worn capitals were not so much agreed that the war must go on; rather it did not occur to them that it should ever stop. And, therefore, the British Government really did carry through the big quixotic transaction; a transaction that must surely live in history for its comic value alone.

American citizens have never tired of protesting against the notion that the United States lent money to France and Italy on a British endorsement of the resultant obligation. Mr. Mellon thus protested. Technically the protest is just. But the protest rests upon nothing more substantial than a quibble between the following two formulæ: (1) A lends to B so that B can lend to C, and (2) A lends to B and B lends to C. The precise figures are conclusive. They are thus given in my book, *The Dupe as Hero*, published under my pen-name Logistes in 1930:

The United States loans to the United Kingdom funded as at December 15th, 1922 (including interest to that date) amounted to \$4,600,000,000. Taking the exchange at \$4·8 to the £, that equals £958,330,000. That is the figure on one side of the balance sheet. In the same period, the United Kingdom lent an almost exactly like amount to the Allies. Those loans, made since March 31st, 1917, including accrued and unpaid interest to December 31st, 1922 (excluding the loans to Russia) amounted to £936,255,000. Both sets of figures are facts that cannot be quibbled about. The exact amounts are entered in the books of the British Treasury. It clearly follows that, if it had not been for the supposed necessity for the British Treasury to finance France and Italy, the British Government need not have borrowed at all from the United States; it equally follows that the British Treasury did in fact bear the full burden (1) of British war expenses and British loans to the Allies up to April 1917 and (2) of British war expenses after April 1917. The £1,000,000,000 borrowed by Great Britain from the United States after April 1917 was in effect, and demonstrably, passed on to the Allies, for the amount lent to the Allies was in round figures the same.

When the war did end, there began an international financial muddle of governmental indebtedness so big in its theoretic capital values and so topsy-turvy in its relationship to the war itself that the simple folk who tried to disentangle it in their minds found themselves as bewildered as any politician the world over. It is necessary, however, for an understanding of the financial *dénouement* that will no doubt be forced upon the several governments this autumn to bear in mind the practical achievement (as distinct from the desire and the intention) of those governments between 1919 and 1931.

On June 30th, 1931, the whole system of inter-governmental payment broke down. The interested governments registered that breakdown by the euphemistic device of the so-called "Hoover moratorium". They confirmed it a year later by the Treaty of Lausanne (July 9th, 1932). A summary of the actual cash transactions that preceded the breakdown makes curious reading. The rival statistics of the various governments being hopelessly contradictory, I adopt in all cases the figures of the Reparation Commission. Those figures themselves are no doubt largely misleading, but they are impartially misleading, and they do give a common measure for comparative purposes.

The German Government had by June 30th, 1931, paid an aggregate total of £646,100,000 in reparation. That government itself claims to have paid £2,800,000,000: whence may be judged the material on which the historian has to work. The money was paid to the "victors", but the victors, for that purpose, did not include the United States Government, which made a separate treaty with Germany. The money channels, however, were all mixed up. While Germany was paying money for "reparation" to Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States (the latter on the separate account), Great Britain, France and Italy were themselves paying money to the United States on account of "Allied" war debts, and France and Italy were paying also to Great Britain. The net result works out as follows.

Great Britain paid to the United States a total of £326,200,000; she received from Germany £121,000,000, and a further sum of £200,000 from non-German reparations; she received from her Allied debtors £71,300,000. The net loss to Great Britain (a "victor") was therefore £133,700,000. France received from Germany £273,600,000, and from non-German reparation £700,000; she paid to the United States and to Great Britain together £111,000,000. The net gain to her was £163,300,000. The United States received impartially from defeated and victors (Great Britain, France, Germany, etc.) £451,100,000. Of that total £326,200,000 was paid by Great Britain, £40,833,000 by France, £16,700,000 by Germany and £67,367,000 by other European debtors.

Who, therefore, were the real "victors", judged by the cash transactions, of the Great War? While Germany paid £646,000,000 and Great Britain on balance paid £133,700,000, the United States on balance received £451,100,000 and France £163,300,000. (Can it be a coincidence that these "victors" of the war were the Powers which cornered the world's gold and precipitated the world's financial and economic collapse? Of course not. As will clearly emerge from the further facts given below the one circumstance was the consequence of the other.)

That way of putting the matter is not a mere academic attempt to decide who won the war. Such an attempt would

in any case be futile, because nobody ever wins a war; everybody loses it. The point of practical interest is that the United States and France were the receiver-Powers in the post-war transfers of war tribute, and Germany and Great Britain were the paying-Powers. Even in the best of conditions the transfer of such sums across frontiers by governments would have disorganised international trade. What are here referred to as "the best of conditions" are the conditions in which the tribute-paying Powers would be allowed to pay their tribute in goods. As every baby in economics knows, that is the only practical way in which such payments could be made. But neither the United States nor France would accept the payment in that way. They put up prohibitive tariffs against German and British goods. Therefore the debts had perforce to be discharged in gold.

Hence it was that the world's supply of monetary gold, which ought to have been used for the normal business of the international exchanges, was concentrating and being buried in New York and Paris. Three-quarters of the world's gold was thus removed from circulation. How could Germany pay in gold when the people she had to pay had cornered nearly all the gold? How could Great Britain, the other of the tribute-paying Powers, contrive to work the gold standard when the gold flowed always from London and never to London? In short, Germany was forced to stop paying reparation by gold, being already precluded from paying it by goods; Great Britain in her turn was forced to stop paying what in effect was her share of the liability for "reparation" by gold, and was not allowed to pay it in goods. Now, while Germany was only technically a gold standard country, Great Britain was an effective practitioner of that standard. The inevitable result was that Great Britain was driven off the gold standard, for she no longer had the gold wherewith to operate.

By why, it may fairly be asked, did not so unpractical a state of affairs collapse sooner than 1929? The answer clearly is that up till 1929 the four chief countries playing the game of the international debt payments—the United States, France, Germany and Great Britain—had in some measure

become entangled, and the course of the game was confused. The United States (one of the receiver-Powers) had lent money to Germany (one of the tribute-paying Powers) to enable her to pay. The money, that is the gold, was being thus circulated. That circulation produced a condition of financial inflation. That inflation itself produced the inevitable deflation. The deflation was hastened by the action of the United States, who in 1928 stopped lending money to Germany either for reparation payment or for any other purpose. Thereupon Great Britain (who also, as is her way, had been regularly lending money to Germany to enable Germany to pay tribute to France) became the sole lender to Germany to provide for the continuance of those payments.

It must be borne in mind that the essential situation was that the defeated Germany paid tribute to France and the defeated Britain paid tribute to the United States. (Such is the sum of what the British politicians of the war and post-war period did for the British people.) So far was Great Britain from recognising the general contour of things in 1929 that, in addition to paying her own tribute to the United States, she started providing the sole means whereby Germany paid her tribute to France. In the new situation thus created there developed on the one hand a one-way stream of money passing from Great Britain to the United States, and involving the sale of sterling and the buying of dollars. Hence the enlarged gold flow to New York. In Europe, on the other hand, sterling was being exchanged in large quantities into marks in the process of British lending to Germany, and marks were being changed into francs in the course of the resultant German payment to France. That involved a constant selling of sterling, a self-neutralising buying and selling of marks, and a constant buying of francs. Hence the enlarged gold flow to Paris.

The gold being now "cornered" in New York and in Paris, and there being superimposed upon that situation the general deflationary process that had now started, gold rose disastrously in value, and (which is another way of saying the same thing) goods fell disastrously in value. If the various

international debts were now to be discharged at all, there was no alternative to their discharge in goods. But the fall in prices, that is, in the value of goods sold, automatically increased the debt-liabilities that had to be met, because a larger amount of goods had to be produced and sold to earn the same amount of money. Dr. Schacht, speaking in New York in the early days of the depression, estimated that Germany's liability for political debt had been increased by some 40 per cent. The contrasts were extreme; for the "Young Plan", drawn up in 1929, had been calculated on the boom prices. Germany's liability had been assessed on that basis. Great Britain's foreign liabilities, similarly increased by the fall in prices, were further increased by the depreciation in the exchange value of the pound after the pound had been unhitched from gold. Mr. Mellon courageously made that point to an unsympathetic American public before he came to the London Embassy.

From these simple and commonplace facts there emerges a clear question of ethics, or of commonsense, in the matter of the debts owed to the United States. It was the fiscal policy of the United States that in effect stipulated payment in gold—an unpractical stipulation—and it was her financial policy of first lending and then withdrawing the European credits that played its big part in increasing her debtors' effective liability. So long as "the fountain" was working, all was well; so long, that is, as the money flowed from New York and harmlessly back again. It is one of the cheerful conditions of life that if we want our debtors to pay we must, by one means or another, see that they can pay; and in practice that generally means that, directly or indirectly, the creditor must give to the debtor the very money he receives from the debtor.

What, after all, is a capitalist? Does not every capitalist begin his venture by handing over his money to somebody else with no other object but to make that somebody his debtor? And is it not the first concern of the capitalist—that is, of the creditor—to "nurse" his debtor? The world's chief political creditors of the post-war years, the United States and France, have both worked on the principle that the best thing to do

with a debtor is to bankrupt him. Having bankrupted him, can they fairly complain that he cannot pay? The French delegation at Lausanne did indeed at first complain: but complaint is a hopeless financial principle. No debts are ever paid except by willing, healthy debtors, and no force known to human technique can make a one-sided bargain sound. It is the very basis of capitalist enterprise that the debtor's interest must coincide with the creditor's; that the debtor must also benefit by the debt he owes to his creditor. Otherwise the capitalist loses his money. When debts are artificially created by the politicians of one country who simply demand large payments from the politicians of another country to pay for such trumpery absurdities as wars, of course the thing ends in smoke. Business, not politics, is the only motive that can create the necessary relationship between debtor and creditor.

The surrounding ruins of post-war political finance do not surprise or depress any businesslike person. At Lausanne one of the political war creditors, France, had to accept an obvious truth. At the impending world conference the other political war creditor, the United States, will perforce accept the like truth. It happens that the British Government actually lent more money than any other government to finance the war. By a happy gift of realism the British people never even expected to be repaid. And now, when the British Government leads the world back to sensible ways by lopping off $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the standard rate of gilt-edged yield—in other words, when the safest remaining investment in the world reduces its dividend from 5 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the stock markets, which are concerned with profitable capitalism, start a boom. As we have seen, that is not a paradox: for the foolish, artificial, unproductive, unprofitable debt created by the war politicians had to be cut out before profitable business could restart its work.

THE DECISION ON INDIA

BY LORD MESTON, K.C.S.I.

IN Indian affairs the British Government has been fated, more than once, to take momentous decisions at times of severe general pressure. It was during the most critical period of the Great War that the policy of progressive self-government was conceived and announced. It is at a moment of grave anxiety and stress—with Ottawa, Geneva and unparalleled domestic problems on their shoulders—that the Cabinet are being called to adjudicate on the future of the Indian Mohammedans. And yet on this decision hinges, in no small measure, the success or the failure of the vast constitutional experiment which is now in progress.

To the Western mind this seems a curious exaggeration. Is not the issue merely one of voting methods, of a few seats more or less in the legislative bodies, of an extra Cabinet post here and there, of population ratios and the like? Why all the fuss? why should the Moslems insist on electoral rolls of their own? and, if they do, why should the Hindus object? And why does a stalwart minority clamour for special protection? Cannot it accept the luck of the polls, and learn in defeat how to convert itself into a majority next time? To all of which the ordinary Moslem will only reply that what we take so lightly is to him a matter of life and death. He may be wrong, but he believes it; and the tide of communal rancour which has been sweeping over India is witness to his sincerity.

To some races has been given the gift of forgetting their historic grievances; from others it has been withheld. India is among the latter. The Moslem still in his heart belongs to a tribe of conquerors, and cherishes his imperial traditions. The Hindu, for his part, remembers that he was ruled for

centuries with a heavy hand, and had the faith of Islam pounded into him after the manner of Josiah, King of Judah. The terrors of forcible conversion were revived as recently as the Moplah rising of 1921; and the defences against them which were elaborated by the Brahman priesthood in the ages of repression are still in order. It is not, however, only the memories of past conflict, vivid though they are, which stand between the two communities. There are sharp divergencies in culture and religion. The Moslem of all ranks has a passionate devotion to the doctrine of the Unity of God; and the indiscriminate idolatry of the ordinary Hindu is anathema to him in a much fiercer sense than Papistry to the Protestant or *vice versa*. To the Hindu, on the other side, with his peculiar notions of ceremonial purity, there is much in Moslem life which is unclean and repulsive. Greatest stumbling-block of all is the cow, which the Hindu reverences, but which the Moslem does not hesitate to sacrifice and to eat.

Our Western observer may still be heard protesting. These causes of conflict, he admits, are irksome and provocative; but surely they can be brought to accommodation by common-sense, by give and take, by municipal regulations, by a growing feeling of citizenship? Have we not seen the delegates of both communities in peaceful conference at the Round Table? Do not the Indian students among us, most adaptable of mortals, sink racial prejudice and live together in harmony?

So reasonable are those questions that it seems a little ungracious to qualify the answers; but the facts are obstinate. It is true that, between Hindu and Mohammedan gentlemen of the old school, friendship and even mutual affection were frequent. Among the educated classes, especially those who have travelled to Europe or America, the barriers of social aloofness are largely breaking down, save always in the matter of inter-marriage. It is not, however, of these, but of the vast mass of simple, unlettered people, that India is made up; and among them the traditional rancour is never far from the surface. They have plenty of commonsense, plenty of give and take, in the ordinary business of life; but they have no

instincts of citizenship which are proof against the cry of religion in danger. For fifty-one weeks in the year, Hindu and Moslem will live together in moderate accord in the city lanes; but let a Hindu marriage party, with its drums and shouting, pass a mosque at prayer-time, or let a Moslem butcher parade a cow for slaughter through a Hindu quarter; and all the floodgates of ancient hatreds are immediately opened. Neighbours batter each other to death; rape and arson follow; and another notch is cut on the tally of memories which prevent a lasting peace.

Alongside of those racial and religious conflicts is a starker conflict: the struggle for life. The Moslem is convinced that the Hindu means to eat him up and starve him out. This gloomy foreboding runs through all classes, and the Moslem finds no consolation in reflecting that it is his own fault. In the villages he is invariably and permanently in debt, and his moneylender is a Hindu. In the towns, trade and commerce are largely in Hindu hands. In the professions the best brains and the largest fortunes are Hindu; and in government service the Moslem has only a precarious foothold. In the pursuit of education, the Moslems started a generation later than the Hindus, and seem never likely to catch them up; while the greater subtlety and nimbleness of the Hindu mind secures a wholly disproportionate share of the prizes in life. What the Moslem lacks is application rather than intelligence or initiative; and he is soured by the sense of ineffectiveness, as well as by the bitterness of a lost prestige.

It is the interplay of those forces of tradition, fanaticism and economic pressure which falsifies all attempted analogies to the Hindu-Moslem problem. The "sun-dried bureaucrat", when he insists on the difficulties which he has seen with his own eyes, is accused of exaggerating them, if he has not actually been guilty of fomenting them, out of a bias against India's aspirations. The reverse is the truth. The problem is habitually under-stated; none of the press accounts, for example, in this country gave any adequate picture of the savagery at Cawnpore during the disturbances of March, 1931. Nor is there any colour for the charge that we have deliberately

alarmingly, and the fulfilment of our government's promise to announce a settlement during this summer is impatiently awaited.

Whatever the decision may be, two sequels can confidently be predicted. The first is the obvious consequence that it will please nobody. The Moslem mind, especially in the younger generation, is apt to oscillate between violent enthusiasms. At times it has clung with pathetic faith to the British connection; at others it has given itself up to dreams of a pan-Islamic world dominion: once it threw itself into Mr. Gandhi's arms and offered him its sword. Should the settlement—as it almost certainly must—give the Moslems less than their full demand, a certain section of them may quite conceivably make common cause with the Hindu extremists against us. This reaction, however, can only be short-lived; for the discontent with a settlement is going to be far more acute on the Hindu than on the Moslem side. Ever since self-government became a possibility for India, the old reactionary Brahmanical Hinduism, as personified in Mr. Gandhi's henchman, Pandit M. M. Malaviya, has been seeing visions of the revival of its full pontifical powers. Just as in its day it swallowed up Buddhism, and beat back the onslaught of Mohammedanism, so now would it free itself from the influences of the West and reconstruct the fabric of Indian life by its own standards. The presence of Islam, entrenched in its own privileges, mars the vision and will be fiercely combated.

This leads to the second sequel—as grave as it is obvious—of an imposed settlement: the fact that, if the new constitution does not rest on the people's will, it must rest on some outside authority and there is no true self-government. The position at the moment is artificial. You cannot always ride on the curb, and you cannot permanently govern a country by emergency ordinances. The day must come when Mr. Gandhi will be free, the political *détenus* released, the ban lifted from the activities of the Congress, and normal methods of administration restored. What will then ensue is about as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. The extreme Nationalists will

set to work at once, with all the weapons which they have perfected during these years of disorder, to denounce the settlement and break down the safeguards which it establishes. The special rights and privileges of the Moslem minority will be ruthlessly attacked; and unless there is something more than a paper constitution to defend them, the result may be anything up to civil war.

Against all this, the only real and permanent remedy is the growth of that civic sense which, in our Western experiences, transcends communal prejudices. For the development of that sense there has been little opportunity in India; such is the Nemesis of alien rule, however efficient or benevolent. Its evolution is a matter of education and practice; and it was with a view to providing the practice that Parliament, when framing the Act of 1919, contemplated the approach of self-government by progressive stages. A wave of impatient nationalism has swept away the idea of stages; and the problem facing us is how to give a practical education in citizenship to people who have no time for the slow school where we had to learn it in the West.

The solution—and the only solution now possible—is that which aroused the real or simulated indignation of certain of the delegates at last winter's Round Table.

"Are you going to send us back to our country", [said Sir T. B. Sapru towards the close of that session], "with a promise that you will start us with provincial autonomy, and work up to federation within the next few years? Let me tell you that I stand convinced that your scheme of provincial autonomy is doomed to failure, and that there is no party of any standing which is prepared to work provincial autonomy. I say that, because we do feel that provincial autonomy is not only not going to satisfy the aspirations of any particular party in India, but because I think it will stop our progress for the future for many years".

What the speaker meant was that he would not accept self-government in the provinces while we are working out the problems of federation, because he suspected that we should make this procedure an excuse for indefinitely hanging up the grant of responsibility to the central government. The suspicion is perfectly gratuitous: for there has been no delay in our part in tackling the complexities of Federation. But,

even if Federation is delayed by reason of its unique difficulties, why should the provinces not be used as the training-ground in administration and citizenship which India needs ?

This was the course advised by Sir John Simon's Commission ; the Nationalists professed to deride it, with all the rest of the Commission's advice ; but moderate opinion is now showing a marked reaction. There is almost everything to be said in favour of it. The great provinces of India are formidable units of administration ; the smallest of them is bigger than Greece, the largest bigger than Italy, while three of them have a higher population than France. They offer every conceivable variety of domestic problem, they present an unlimited field for social reform and economic development. There is work enough in them for the whole of the present generation of Indian statesmen.

The argument against starting the new constitution at once in the provincial sphere is partly, as we saw, suspicion and partly sentiment. Its only substance is the fear of accepting the half-loaf when the whole of the bread, it is assumed, is virtually ready : an assumption which is sadly at fault. The grant of responsibility to the central government was to come, as the Conference agreed, with, and in consequence of, the achievement of an All-India Federation. That achievement is not so near as it seemed in the rosy dawn of Round Table enthusiasm. We in the British Commonwealth have some experience of what a federation involves in preparatory labour and diplomacy ; but we have never had to deal with a position so complex and difficult as it is going to be in India. We are hardly across the threshold of the practical questions which must be settled before it becomes a workable scheme ; and meanwhile certain of the Princes are weakening in their adhesion to it. Years may elapse before it gets into operation ; and until then it cannot be seriously suggested that all advance should be suspended.

The Simon Commission foresaw this difficulty so clearly that they wasted no time in arguing it. What they envisaged was provincial autonomy as soon as possible, with a strong, unified government in British hands at Delhi, which would

prepare the way for a great federation of the States and the provinces, while at the same time it would maintain the peace and order necessary to give the new régime in the provinces a fair chance of success. Now that we are at last facing realities, is it not possible to go back to Sir John Simon's programme, if only for the reason that in this way, and in this way alone, can a safe beginning be made with handling the minorities question ?

Whatever may be the British government's decision upon these arguments, it is imperative to get an early pronouncement. The favourable effects of the Round Table are disappearing under the corrosive action of delay. The Hindu Moderates are withdrawing their support of the Government on some technical grounds of trivial importance ; all their traditions, it is true, required them to take this step sooner or later, but it comes awkwardly at the moment. The Moslems are divided and discontented. The country is steeped in terrible economic depression, and urgently needs guidance and encouragement. The three preparatory Committees have done their work, and the Government is in possession of all the facts that it can possibly require. A pronouncement of policy now is a matter of the first urgency if grave developments are to be averted.

Once an announcement is made, the procedure is apparently intended to be similar to that which was followed in preparing the Act of 1919, the Act embodying the present transitional constitution. On that occasion, a Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament sat under the chairmanship of Lord Selborne. They had before them the whole project of reforms, as proposed in the report of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, along with the detailed recommendations of the Government of India upon it. They heard witnesses belonging to that government ; also a large number of witnesses representing all phases of Indian opinion. They submitted a report to Parliament, which still remains one of the most valuable documents in all the Reforms literature. On this report the Bill was drafted ; and it went through Parliament in the ordinary way. It was a short Bill, all questions of franchise, finance, functions and the like being left to bylaws

which came into effect after lying, with no objection taken, for a prescribed period on the table of both Houses.

On the present occasion the situation is different. For oral evidence there will not be the same need, in view of the ample expression given to Indian opinion at the Round Table, and as Indian coadjutors are to work with the committee. Documentary material, on the other hand, will be far more voluminous. The Simon Commission's report, the report of the Indian Committee which sat simultaneously, the proceedings at the Round Table, the views of the Government of India and the Consultative Committee which Lord Willingdon has been keeping busy—all these, read in the light of whatever mandate of general policy the Cabinet may issue, will fill the hands of a Parliamentary Committee. Apart from such differences, however, the procedure of 1919 may with much advantage be followed. It marks the unquestioned authority of the British Parliament to frame the new constitution, and it puts the all-important work of drafting in the hands of as competent and fair-minded a tribunal as can be got together in this rough-and-tumble world.

Since the late Lord Morley first began to trouble the apparently placid surface of Indian politics, this will be the third great measure of reform; each having followed, as an inevitable sequel, the one before. It will not be the last; for India is entering upon a particularly difficult period in its history. The making and mending of constitutions become matters of secondary moment when there is national union; but union is the primary political weapon which India has still to forge. The Hindu-Moslem dissension is only one, though at present the gravest, of the obstacles to it; and a settlement imposed from without can be only, at the best, a makeshift which will give Indian patriots a breathing-space for the discovery of something better. If they devote themselves to that task, there is hope for the future: otherwise, there is no outlook except continued trouble. The Moslems are far too tenacious, and in Northern India far too virile, a minority to be suppressed; and even if the fourteen points of their present demands contain a bargaining margin, there are certain

essentials for which no good Moslem will hesitate to sacrifice his own life or the public peace.

A bridge of lasting understanding between the two great communities must rest on two solid foundations: a reform of Brahmanism and the economic betterment of the country. The former is an immense task, which has hitherto defeated all endeavour, and which the Hindus themselves alone can face. It would be foolish to depreciate the marvellous service which Brahmanism has done for India's culture and for the consolidation of its social life. But, like many another priestly caste, the orthodox Brahman has passed his usefulness unless he can adapt himself to a new world-spirit. The excesses of the Congress party are his latest response to that spirit; and if there were no counter-indications, the prospect indeed would be discouraging. Glimpses of a better hope, however, are visible. Chief among them is the extraordinary rapidity of the movement for the release of women from the seclusion of the zenana system. As a talented authoress, herself for a time an inmate of the zenana, has recently been telling us, the degradation of woman was originally part of the Brahman scheme for dominion over man. Her emancipation will go far to undo that ascendancy. The gigantic electorates proposed by Lord Lothian's Committee may, despite their obvious disadvantages, operate in time in the same direction.

A BANKRUPT MINING POLICY

BY R. C. SMART, M.I.MIN.É.

THE Coal Mines Bill is now on the Statute Book. It has removed for the time being the prospect of another ruinous struggle over hours and wages. But will it do anything for the cure of the deep-seated evils of the whole industry? Will it restore the flourishing conditions of the pre-war days when the export of coal was one of the most important elements in our foreign trade, and also a powerful factor in the prosperity of those other depressed industries, shipping and shipbuilding? It is the purpose of this article to show that much more drastic measures will have to be adopted to re-organise the industry if it is ever to compete again successfully with its more efficient foreign rivals.

Unfortunately, any alternative seems to be preferred by the coal industry to a direct attack on the evil by rational methods. We are in this country traditionally prone to compromise, though in this case "makeshift" is perhaps a better word to apply to the measures embodied in the new Act. About their necessity in existing conditions, however, there can be no doubt. They practically do no more than maintain the *status quo*: but had the legislative conditions under which the industry has been conducted for the past two years been allowed to lapse, it would rapidly have fallen into a state of chaos.

The two main provisions of the new Act are a prolongation for five years of the quota system, and the continuation for five years of the 7½-hour day. The quota system, by which production and price are regulated in different parts of the country, has proved generally satisfactory from the point of view of the industry. It has stabilised inland prices at about the 1930 level, some districts increasing profits as much as 7d. a ton.

The public has had to pay for this; for had there been unrestricted competition the internal price would have fallen to the private consumer 1s. a ton, whilst in the case of utility

undertakings the price of fuel has been increased by 2s. 6d. a ton. Taking the average, Lord Hailsham in the debate on the Bill in the House of Lords estimated that without the quota there would have been a natural fall of 2s. per ton. The coal export trade has suffered, but not owing to the quota. In 1931 the amount exported declined 14 per cent., whereas in Poland there was an increase of 11 per cent., and in Belgium 38 per cent. We are the major coal exporting nation, and the decline in exports is merely a symptom of the decline in world trade concurrent with foreign restrictions on our exports by quotas, tariffs, and other influences such as the lower prices quoted by our competitors.

With regard to the 7½-hour day, the miners made no real fight for the return to seven hours. The continuance of the 7½ hour shift was by general consent inevitable if the industry were not to sink still further into the depths of financial distress, owing to the cut-throat competition which prevails in the world to-day.

This remorseless pressure of foreign competition is due to over-production. Owing to the War the interference with the free movement of coal which then began gave an impetus to all countries to develop their own fuel resources, and also to exploit other sources of power. Thus, there is a wide margin of surplus capacity. This margin was demonstrated during the British coal dispute in 1926, when, despite a loss in British output of 120 million tons, the world output fell by only two million tons. The surplus is probably greater now, with all the advances in technical processes and organisation which have taken place on the Continent.

This surplus production leads to a fierce war for markets, and to protective measures such as subsidies, bounties, preferential railway rates, and price regulation, to which the self-interest of all countries has compelled them to have recourse. If the British coal industry had met this danger by the application of more scientific methods of production and the closing of inefficient mines by agreement it would have gone a long way towards solving its problems, but we shall see later how little has been done in this respect.

On the contrary, the British coal industry, buoyed up for years by an illusory temporary prosperity, preferred to live from hand to mouth. A succession of fortuitous circumstances, such as the commanding industrial position held by this country at the end of the War, the occupation of the Ruhr, and the coal strike in the United States kept at bay that powerful and insistent economic truth, that the successful prosecution of export trade depends upon competitive ability.

The Mines Act of 1930 was designed to secure some measure of industrial organisation by the elimination of weak selling and by facilitating the grouping of interests. It was hoped that the effect of the regulation of production by means of the quota would be indirectly to stimulate the closing of redundant uneconomic mines. On the contrary, it has resulted in their perpetuation. The minimum price enforced under it kept them alive. It has even checked the operation of natural economic tendencies, which had led, up to 1929, to the closing of one-third of the 3,100 mines which were working before the War.

To a mining engineer there is little difficulty in deciding what constitutes an "uneconomic mine" and in indicating the means by which it can eventually be eliminated. But, as a matter of fact, the knowledge is already in the possession of the mine-owners themselves. The valuable report of the Samuel Commission in 1925 directed attention to our failure in adequate research work, the absence of modern methods in selling coal, and the need for improvement in the technology of coal production. It showed also that the depression in the industry was the result of its loosely knit character and its disregard of the importance of industrial co-operation. It therefore advised the grouping and amalgamation of colliery interests.

All these measures the government then in power to a great extent ignored. Some of them have since been very partially adopted, but had they been promptly put into force at the time the mining industry would have been placed on the high road to recovery. Unhappily the question of the mines has always been treated as a political matter. The industry, finding unanimity of action impossible, adopted the line of least

resistance, and while it was taking things much too easily our foreign competitors left us far behind.

The structure of the industry has rendered almost impossible any hope of securing unanimity of action or co-operation of interest in accordance with modern industrial organisation. A multiplicity of units, often family concerns, hopelessly out of date, at present exists, side by side with well-equipped colliery groups operating under a legislative measure which, though giving artificial support to the industry as a whole, scales down the standard of average efficiency to that of the least progressive concerns.

It was the fond hope of the authors of the Act of 1930 that this state of things would be remedied by the amalgamation of collieries through the means of a new body called the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission. It is abundantly evident however, that this Commission is simply marking time. The active hostility of the industry was shown from the beginning, and without its co-operation this machinery is largely valueless. So far only about 14 per cent. of the pits, representing nearly 25 per cent. of the labour force in the industry, have resolved themselves into large-scale amalgamations.

It is clear that compulsory powers will have to be applied to force on amalgamations, or to secure a closer integration of interests, as the chronic individualism of the coal owners forms a bar to any hope of voluntary progress. With the passing into law of the Coal Mines Bill the Commission has now given a clear intimation to the industry that compulsory powers will be sought.

Personally I am in favour of the formation of a central authority by the industry for the establishment of measures, similar to those in the shipbuilding industry, to deal with redundant capacity in each coalfield. If our large and modern collieries were thus able to work nearer to full capacity, the industry, in addition to being placed on a distinctly remunerative basis, would soon regain its competitive ability in overseas markets, which, on an economic basis, it has definitely lost. This loss dates back to the period in 1923-24 when our competitors began the reconstruction of their industries, and were

thus enabled for the first time to surpass us in output per worker employed per working shift.

It cannot be too clearly realised that prior to the War the coal industry held an advantage of about 2s. per ton in the export coal trade, in spite of lower wages and longer hours worked in the mines on the Continent. To-day we no longer hold such an advantage, although hours of work abroad are now, if anything, shorter than in this country. What is the explanation of this remarkable change?

The reason lies in the advance in the standards of productive efficiency on the Continent, leading to reduction of costs. At the same time production has been centralised at the modern mines whilst the less efficient ones have been closed. This is a matter of profound importance.

The vital factor controlling cost of production is the amount of coal hewn or "gotten" per working shift per man employed (i.e., per man-shift). If, by better methods or increased mechanisation or longer hours worked per shift, this figure can be improved, then costs of production per ton of coal will be reduced. Thus, an increase of 4 cwts. per man-shift may mean a reduction of 3s. or 4s. per ton in cost.

This vital economic factor is one that defines the industry's very existence on a healthy basis. So much so that it forms the colliery manager's guide as to the economy of his mine, for other costs of production adjust themselves automatically, under normal conditions, to variations in output per man-shift.

The lack of progress in modern methods in British mines in comparison with those of our continental rivals is indicated by the following table. It shows the output per man-shift in hundredweights in the pre-War year 1913, as compared with the last figures available in the three countries which are principally concerned in the export coal trade.

			1913	1931
Great Britain	..	..	20.3 cwts.	21.60 cwts.
Ruhr	..	..	18.6 "	31 "
Poland	..	..	24 "	32 "

These figures are of deep significance. The British mines have

fallen behind owing to inadequate progress in mechanisation and methods of coal extraction. The output of machine-mined coal in this country to-day, for example, forms only 35 per cent. of the whole. In the Ruhr the percentage is over 90.

If the same skill and care had been shown south of the border as has been exhibited in Scotland in regard to machine mining this important issue would be no longer in doubt, but the attitude of the industry towards mechanisation is the despair of manufacturers and agents handling machine mining and conveying plant. Even Holland to-day has some of the largest and most magnificently equipped collieries in Europe, and has improved her output per man-shift from 16 cwts. in 1913 to over 25 cwts. in 1931, whilst France shows an improvement of 25 per cent. since 1927 in productive efficiency.

It is obvious from the foregoing that we cannot speed up productive efficiency—output per man-shift—except by allocating a greater proportion of quota output to the progressive concerns (not necessarily the largest mines) thus eventually securing the elimination of the uneconomic producers. Further a maximum incentive to improved mining technology would thus be established on a sound basis. Have we the moral courage to insist that this be done? The political "window dressing" of to-day unfortunately becomes the crisis of to-morrow.

Another all-important element in the economic working of the coal industry is marketing. It is now very essential for each district accurately to grade and classify its coals in order that they may be fairly correlated with those of surrounding districts, so that similar qualities may command the same prices in common markets. As the writer has pointed out elsewhere ("Economics of the Coal Industry") the only means of obtaining organised marketing of coal is by syndication on the lines of the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate, prices at which coal shall be sold to the actual consumer being controlled under a central organisation of the industry, with adequate provision for the protection of the consumer. Costs

of distribution of coal in the Ruhr have thus been reduced as much as 30 per cent. by the elimination of a portion of the distributing trade, and by reducing the number of hands through which the coal passes. Again, the cleanliness and character of our export coal and the out of date coal loading equipment at our ports leave a great deal to be desired, as the Mission to Scandinavia so eloquently emphasised in its report.

From every point of view it is clear that the old suicidal policy of free competition can never have full play again. The industry has to remember that coal as a source of energy is losing ground. Let me give some striking facts showing the effects of increased fuel economy in modern industrial processes. In 1908, 18½ lbs. of coal were needed to generate a unit of electricity; to-day about 1½ lbs. are required. The iron and steel industry requires to-day eight million tons less coal than was needed for the manufacture of the same quantity of iron and steel in 1913. The gas industry required 84 tons of coal to make a million cubic feet of gas in 1913, but to-day requires less than 70 tons.

Again, coal is being replaced by other power resources. The advance of oil is illustrated by the fact that in 1930 42 per cent. of the world's shipping had abandoned coal as the motive force and substituted oil. The remarkable development in the harnessing of energy from water power in Europe alone corresponds to a coal consumption of about 40 million tons per annum. All these facts point in one direction. Combined with the greater technical progress and better organisation of our foreign competitors they indicate the imperative necessity of the coal industry bestirring itself.

The revival of the use of a powdered coal and oil mixture, "colloidal fuel," gets prominent attention and big head lines in the press, and prompts questions in Parliament that only reveal the ignorance of the politician. I was in touch with this work during the War, and even if technical difficulties are overcome its maximum assistance to the industry would be in the order of 2 per cent., or some five million tons per annum. The demand for coal will expand with industrial activity,

combined with active research work for greater economy in its use in varied forms as a source of power. Despite the trend of fuel economy the consumption of coal abroad since the War has increased; only in the United Kingdom have we the melancholy fact to record of acute depression and reduced demand.

Unfortunately, the average British coal owner's idea of economic improvement in his industry is confined to wage reductions and increased hours. The industry within is conducted in an atmosphere at once harsh and bitter, and the conditions under which it operates seem to produce an inimical and suspicious spirit. The methods of dealing with its labour force and personnel are primitive and crude, whilst intense hostility is shown to constructive criticism such as is offered in the present article. But for the progressive minority in its midst, one would frankly despair of its future progress. Some of the British mines are among the most efficient in the world, but the leaven is not sufficient to influence the policy of the industry as a whole on national lines.

The miners have perforce accepted the new Act, though their position is undoubtedly distressing. Their real wages are considerably less than those paid before the War. Wages, in fact, have never since 1921 kept pace with the cost of living. The actual earnings in 1930, for example, were 17 per cent. below the cost-of-living index, and the figure is much the same to-day. It may be added also that the miners are under no illusion as to the ultimate adverse effect upon them of the recent change in the country's fiscal policy.

In view of our peculiar dependence upon export trade we shall ultimately be forced to recognise to a much greater extent the value of international co-operation. In September, 1931, a conference between the chief coal producing and consuming countries in Europe was held, but it simply explored the ground over which future discussions might take place. This country had just gone off the gold standard, and, quite frankly, the conference advanced no further because British coal owners felt that now, with a depreciated currency, they would be able to make good their losses in the export trade. The

intention to exploit this situation in preference to joining in international measures of co-operation was made evident at an international conference in January of this year. At that conference, convened for the purpose of considering international commercial agreements for marketing coal, the Mining Association was not even represented.

The advantages of a depreciated currency, however, cannot last, and this year we have seen the adoption of retaliatory measures. There is almost an unconscious touch of humour in the constant reference made to the foreign restrictions on our coal exports. What could we expect while we enjoy such an artificial advantage by going off gold, protect ourselves with a tariff, and at the same time show a complete disregard of the need of international co-operation in commercial affairs?

Again co-operation very definitely will not be considered by our mining industry unless foreign producing countries allocate to us as our share in an international cartel a proportion representing the coal tonnage we have lost in foreign markets since the War! We can hardly imagine such a proposal being treated seriously by Poland, for example, where coal exports form 18 per cent. of that country's foreign trade.

WANDERING JEWS

BY CECIL ROTH

I

IN their Council Chamber in the captured Alhambra, still scented with the perfumes of its former Moorish occupants, the Catholic sovereigns appended their signatures on March 30th, 1492, to the decree expelling the Jews from Spain. Long before the Visigoths arrived the Jews had dwelt in the land and had made notable contributions to its culture and well-being. But with the triumphant close of the final struggle against the Moslems (to which Jewish financiers had liberally contributed) the support of the smaller religious minority had at last become unnecessary.

The Spanish people, affected by the rising tide of nationalism, were irked by this incongruous residue, which refused to assimilate in spite of all the pressure brought to bear against it. Above all, during the past century, the problem of their relations with the New Christians had become more and more acute. The latter, Jews dragged to the baptismal font during and after the great wave of massacres which began at Seville on Ash Wednesday, 1391, were notoriously Christians in name only. In race, in characteristics, and above all in belief, they remained incorrigibly Jewish. The Holy Office of the Inquisition had recently been introduced in order to cope with them, but without any striking success, although the smoke of the *quemaderos* was beginning to pollute the sky in every part of the Peninsula. It was obviously impossible to force this stubborn element to conform whole-heartedly to Christianity while their unconverted brethren remained to teach them, by precept and by example, the tenets of the faith of their common ancestors.

It was this fact which was the justification, if not the actual cause, of the drastic measure of expulsion of 1492: though it is significant of the proportion of sheer fanaticism which entered

into the question that its scope extended to the overseas dependencies of the crown of Aragon, such as Sicily and Sardinia, where the problem of the crypto-Jew was virtually unknown.

The number of exiles (the last of whom left the harbour of Seville almost on the same day that Columbus set sail from the same place to discover a new world beyond the ocean) has been variously estimated, with the cheerful mediæval disregard for exact figures, at anything up to 3,000,000 souls. This was corrected by over-careful nineteenth-century scholars to 100,000, but the figure should probably approximate in fact to something like 250,000. The whole of north-western Europe—England, France, Scandinavia, and most of Germany—was at this time entirely closed to the Jews. The exiles were therefore restricted, in their choice of a new home, to the Mediterranean world, though many of them found a brief though troubled, breathing-space in Portugal until the expulsion from that country in 1497.

Jewish legend and folk-lore have preserved heartrending accounts of the sufferings of the exiles during the course of their wanderings. A few sought refuge in Italy, though the disorders which began there with the descent of Charles VII. of France almost immediately afterwards rendered their life far from secure, and even contemporaries were shocked at the spectacle of zealous friars wandering through the starving groups on the quay-side at Genoa with a crucifix in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. The vast majority, fearing to submit any further to the dubious mercies of Christians directed their steps towards the Moslem world. Thus, along the Mediterranean littoral, from Gibraltar to the Isthmus of Suez, and from the mountains of Abyssinia to the Balkans fresh Jewish communities sprang up, or the old ones were galvanised into a new life. Along the northern coast of Africa, and inland as far as Fez and Mequinez, the refugees settled by tens of thousands, notwithstanding the intolerance of the inhabitants.

More fortunate were those who directed their steps farther afield. "How can you call this Ferdinand wise?" said the

Sultan Bajazet to his courtiers, "he who depopulates his own dominions in order to enrich mine"; and he received the refugees with open arms. They settled in vast numbers throughout the Empire. Brusa, Adrianople, Constantinople, Smyrna, and above all Salonika suddenly grew to be Jewish communities of the first importance. The exiles brought with them the arts and crafts which they had followed in Spain—weaving, glass-blowing, gold and silver working, and even the manufacture of artillery. After population, wealth and learning followed. The centre of gravity of world Jewry was removed from West to East.

II

Notwithstanding the vicissitudes through which they had passed and the complete change in their environment, the exiles, with pathetic fidelity, remained true in their new homes to the traditions of the Spain which had spewed them out. Constantinople and Salonika became islands of Iberian culture in the midst of a strange land. The immigrants preserved its customs, its art, its dishes, and above all its language. Gonzalo de Illescas, a century after the expulsion, recounts how he met in Venice Jewish children from the Levant who spoke better Castilian than he did himself. Such cases were far from exceptional.

This state of affairs, not unnatural in the first couple of generations, continued century after century. Columbus, were he alive to-day, would perhaps find himself more at home in the Jewish quarter of Salonika or of Tetuan than along the quays of Seville. Spanish culture of the fifteenth century, in a semi-fossilized form, continues to be preserved with the utmost fidelity among the descendants of the exiles of four and a half centuries ago. On the Sabbath, they bring out all their ancestral finery, based on the fashions of Toledo or of Cordova before their ancestors were driven forth. In their houses, they cook Spanish dishes which were already old-fashioned in the time of Cervantes.

Above all, they preserve their language. It is written in

Hebrew characters, intermingled with Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, and other elements, and called by them "Ladino". But it remains fundamentally the old Castilian which their fathers spoke—in which the aged Rabbi Isaac Abrabanel pleaded with the Catholic sovereigns for the rescission of the Edict of Expulsion, and in which Torquemada, dramatically throwing down a crucifix on the table, forbade them to accede to this prayer. In this language they carry on their correspondence, print their newspapers, write their love-poems, and deliver their sermons. In it, the mothers sing their children to sleep with old-world lullabies forgotten in the country where they were composed; while even their popular ballads, dealing with the exploits of the Cid Campeador and his knights, recall Spain of the age before Don Quixote.

The number of the Spanish Jews of the Mediterranean world to whom this description applies in a greater or less degree is, even now, very considerable. In Morocco and Northern Africa there are about 150,000. In the Balkans and the former provinces of the Turkish Empire, in Europe and Asia, they number something like 350,000. It should be noticed that they are not all necessarily the descendants of the exiles from Spain, notwithstanding the language which they speak: for they comprise also a goodly number of the semi-aboriginal Jewish inhabitants, established in those parts since classical times, who became assimilated in their own country through the superior numbers and culture of the more recent immigrants. However, the names of the vast majority (frequently deriving from their former residences in the Peninsula, such as Toledo, Carmona, or Cordovero), are incontrovertible proof of their place of origin. They form the principal body of what are known as the *Sephardim*—a term used to differentiate the descendants of the Spanish Jews from the *Ashkenazim* of Northern Europe.*

*Sepharad, for which see Obadiah, verse 20, was the traditional name applied during the Middle Ages to Spain, as Tsarephath was to France, Ashkenaz to Germany, and Canaan (the land of slaves) to the Slavonic countries further East. No similar Biblical term was left for England, which was generally designated as "the Isle of the Sea" or as "the Corner of the Earth"—a literal, if somewhat unscientific, rendering of *Anglo-terro*.

III

It was in the second half of the last century that the Spanish people first became aware of these extraordinary islands of antiquated Spanish culture scattered about the Mediterranean world. In 1883 a certain Spanish scholar and statesman, Angel Pulido Fernández (subsequently Senator), happened to overhear a conversation carried on in archaic Castilian while on a boat going down the Danube. The phenomenon impressed his imagination so greatly that he spent a large part of the remainder of his life travelling about to investigate the life of the *Sefarditas* (as he called them) and endeavouring to recreate both Spanish interest in them and an interest on their part in the land of their fathers. A portly work of six hundred pages, *Españoles sin Patria*, which appeared in 1905, testified to his industry and enthusiasm on the subject. At short intervals, ever since, the pleasing rediscovery has been repeated. Spanish-speaking Levantine Jews, coming to Spain, have been seized upon and exhibited in salons and lecture-halls. Scholars, too, have become aware of their existence and importance. Philologists have eagerly studied their dialect as providing sure guidance to that which was spoken in the great days of Spain; and students of literature avidly collected the Romances or ballads, which were still current in their homes.

Meanwhile, there were political repercussions. After the establishment of the Spanish protectorate, the Ladino-speaking Jews of Morocco were found to be an admirable leaven of Hispanisation, and were hailed as a godsend by successive generations of Governors. To foster their sympathies towards the mother-country was a natural course. In 1910, accordingly, there was established the *Allianza Hispano-Hebrea*, to establish relations with the dispossessed Spanish Jews. In 1912, this was reconstituted under governmental patronage. A Spanish-speaking Professor from the Levant was invited to fill a chair of Jewish studies at Madrid. The Dictator, the Marqués de Estella, was no less eager, going so far as to establish a Council of Cultural Relations, attached to the Foreign Office, to encourage literary and scientific intercourse with the Sephardic world. A Review, *La revista de Raza*, was founded with the

same object. After the declaration of the Republic on April 14th, 1931, all this agitation culminated in a spectacular attempt to reverse the measure of 1492 and to attract the *Sefarditas* back again to their old homes.

The idea was not altogether a new one. The Spanish Ministers Olivares, in the seventeenth century, and Varela, in the eighteenth, had attempted to legalise the residence of the Jews in Spain, in order to revive her flagging industries : though in each case they had been thwarted by clerical intolerance. In 1854, a romantically-minded German Rabbi pleaded before the Cortes for the repeal of the edict of 1492, but without practical result. Fifteen years afterwards, an English Jew, Haim Guedalla, was more fortunate with the Republican leader, General Prim, but naturally this had no constitutional value. Senator Pulido, though he succeeded in arousing great sympathy with his objects, was able to secure no constitutional enactment.

Since the establishment of the Republic, however, the whole question has been revived. The moment for positive action is, of course, propitious. With the disestablishment of the Church, liberty of conscience has been proclaimed as a matter of course. Republican enthusiasts have suggested that the Parliamentary Committee appointed to examine the delinquencies of the former Royal family should push back their inquiries so as to take into consideration the Edict of Expulsion passed by the Catholic sovereigns. The Council of Cultural Relations established by the Marqués de Estella was confirmed in existence by a decree of June 9th, 1931, and is taking its task seriously. The new government, if only as an anti-clerical measure, is manifesting its sympathy practically. In a speech at Bilbao, the Minister of Finance made a sympathetic reference to the question. Don Ernesto Gimenez Caballero, editor of *La Gaceta Literaria*, was sent on an official mission to the Levant to inquire into the whole question. He reported enthusiastically, as was expected of him. Satisfied that the Sephardic Jews are eager for Spanish culture and literature, the government has assisted to establish "houses of Spain" in the towns harbouring the principal communities. Meanwhile,

highly sensational items find their way every now and again into the columns of the Press. An association of Spanish Jews has been formed. An appeal has been launched for funds to construct a synagogue at Barcelona. A Jewish wedding has been held at Madrid—"the first since the Expulsion". A Jewish woman Deputy has a seat on the Cortés. Application has been made to the government to return to the hands of the Jews, for adaptation for their own religious purposes, the beautiful synagogue of El Transito, hard by the house of El Greco at Toledo, which served for centuries as the Church of the Knights of Calatrava. A thousand Spanish Jews from Bulgaria are said to have expressed the desire to return to their fathers' home and to have their former nationality restored to them. All over the world, the situation is being watched closely, by Jews and non-Jews alike, eager to see the climax of this strange movement, unexampled in history.

IV

The situation is ideally romantic : a loving mother, yearning to welcome her children again after centuries of estrangement ; a free people, desirous of righting the great wrong committed by their former tyrants ; a suffering minority, ready to forgive and to forget, and to take up the threads of their former history where it was broken short, long generations ago. There are, however, reasons to doubt whether the endeavour will meet with success ; for, unfortunately, there are a few stubborn facts, to which attention is not generally called, which have a very practical bearing upon the matter.

In the first place, it is utterly wrong to imagine that the exclusion of the Jews from Spain was rigidly enforced until the Revolution. Even in the Inquisitional period, isolated individuals managed to obtain entrance. Afterwards, their numbers grew. The establishment of the Spanish Empire in Morocco, with its ancient Jewish communities, rendered a certain amount of reciprocal intercourse inevitable. During the second half of the nineteenth century Jews established themselves in some numbers in various parts of the country, and in Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville proper communities

were founded. Rabbis were imported, synagogues established, and services held with more or less regularity. Jewish marriages have, as a matter of fact, been celebrated at intervals restricted only by the numbers of the nubile population: and they were admittedly regular, even if not formally authorised. A royal decree of as long ago as 1871 had regularised the position of the Jews and declared them capable of naturalisation; and, in 1904, the Sevillian community went so far as to extend an official welcome to King Alfonso XIII. The new communities were not, indeed, recognised by law, for Roman Catholicism remained the state religion. But professing Jews who were living in the country found themselves submitted to no manner of inconvenience. One of them—the President of the Madrid community—became an Academician; while his son received a commission in the army. It is obvious that even though the Edict of Expulsion was not formally rescinded (just as Edward I's similar measure of 1290 has not been in England) there was nothing whatsoever to prevent the settlement of the Jews in the country excepting their own disinclination. If they were really anxious to return, they need not have awaited the declarations of the Republican government, and the benevolent pronouncements of Señor Alcalá Zamora.

V

The hesitancy of the *Sefarditas* to return to Spain is accentuated by the fact that, during the past couple of decades, their displacement from their century-old homes in the Levant has been proceeding apace. The commercial dislocation brought about by the Balkan wars, the constant political disturbances, and the rising tide of nationalism in Greece and Turkey have combined to bring about an increasing stream of emigration. In 1910, the Jews of Salonika were about 60 per cent. in a total miscellaneous population of 100,000. As a result of recent policy, the proportion is now down to 35 per cent. or even less. Thus the greatest Sephardic centre of the world, where the Spanish-speaking Jews completely predominated until a few years ago, is now in utter decline.

The same has been happening in Turkey, where a veritable campaign against the Jews has been in progress. Recent events have scattered them even more widely than was the case after 1492. Paris is filled with them, as any visitor who studies the restaurant-signs about Montmartre cannot help realising. There are ten thousand of them, at least, in New York, where they have their own Ladino newspapers. Those of them who desire to return to an environment where they will be no longer aliens in language have gone, not to Spain, but to Central and South America. In Mexico, Cuba, Chile, and the Argentine, they are to be found by thousands, by the side of the recently arrived Yiddish-speaking immigrants from Eastern Europe. Indeed, if there is to be a revival of Spanish-speaking Jewry, it is from this direction, rather than from Southern Europe, that it is to be expected. By the side of this large-scale emigration, not deterred by the immensely higher cost of travel, the little trickle which has found its way back to Spain is insignificant.

The conclusions are perfectly plain. The *émigrés*, notwithstanding their sentimental urgings, have simply gone where conditions are best. The present gesture of the Spanish government is based partly on anti-clerical feeling, which impels them to show extravagant favour to all non-Catholics, and partly on a vague hope that Jewish immigration will improve the economic condition of the country. Jewish enterprise needs, however, a favourable field to work on, as well as a favourable atmosphere in which to work. The reasons why the Jews generally, and the *Sefarditas* in particular, have not been going back to Spain in greater numbers during the past half-century was simply that the country did not offer sufficiently attractive prospects. If it had done so they would not have awaited a formal invitation, any more than they awaited one to go to countries further afield, more difficult of access, and of a completely alien tongue. If the economic conditions of Spain improve, it may be taken for granted that Jews will settle there again; otherwise they most assuredly will not. The sentimental attraction of the *Sefarditas* to their former home is indubitable. But, after all, a man must live.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN PERSPECTIVE

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

"A LITTLE figure in a great age." Such was Mr. Goldwin Smith's description of Queen Elizabeth. Critics who share Mr. Smith's sardonic humour have applied the same descriptions to Queen Victoria and to the great period of history which will, to all time, be associated with her name. Grotesquely untrue of Elizabeth, it is no more accurate as a description of the greatest of her successors on the English throne. But the comparison between the two Queens and the two periods is none the less inevitable.

There was in Queen Victoria more than a touch of the Tudor spirit. For example, in March 1900, the Boer Government applied to Germany for "friendly intervention," and the Emperor reported to the Queen rather pompously his "correct" reply. The Queen, while acknowledging his kindness, instructed Sir Frank Lascelles to "convey to the Emperor that my whole nation is with me in a fixed determination to see this war through without intervention. The time for, and the terms of peace, must be left to our decision, and my country . . . will resist all interference." Sir Francis Knollys, in reporting the Prince of Wales's warm approval of the Queen's reply, added his own comment: "the [answer] to Lascelles is worthy of Queen Elizabeth." Similarly Lord Rosebery, writing to the Queen in reference to her drive through the streets of London in the dark days of March 1900, said: "Your Majesty does not much admire Queen Elizabeth, but the visit to London was in the Elizabethan spirit. There was, however, this difference, that with the pride that England felt in Elizabeth there was but little love. Now the nation glows with both."

It was during the same crisis that Mr. Balfour was sent down to Windsor to reassure the Queen in regard to the alarmist

reports then current in London. But, as soon as he began his consolatory words (I quote Lady Gwendolen Cecil's account of the interview) "he was at once cut short with the characteristic, quick little bend of the head in which all royalty seemed concentrated: "Please understand that there is no one depressed in this house;—we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat; they do not exist." Mr. Balfour returned to his uncle, we are told, "enthusiastically appreciative. It had been splendid to pass from the clamorous croakers in clubs and newspapers into the presence of this little old lady, alone among her women at Windsor, and hear her sweep all their vaticinations into nothingness with a nod." And if, as Lord Rosebery once felicitously observed, Lord Salisbury was a public servant of the Elizabethan type, the latter could hardly have failed to note a similar resemblance in his mistress. Lord Burleigh was sometimes too frankly Protestant for this "adiaphorist" Queen, and on one occasion she upbraided him thus: "Mr. Secretary, I mean to have done with this business. I am not going to be tied any longer to you and your brethren in Christ." Lord Salisbury's "brethren" were of an opposite school, but when he pressed on his Queen the claims of Dr. Liddon to the Bishopric of Oxford her retort was couched in language strangely reminiscent of her predecessor: "She [the Queen] is greatly opposed to Canon Liddon being made a Bishop, but Bishop of Oxford he must never be. He might ruin and taint all the young men as Pusey and others did before him."

And if the temptation to compare the two Queens is irresistible, equally tempting is it to compare the two periods. Dean Inge has not hesitated to declare his conviction that "the Elizabethan and the Victorian ages will appear to the historian of the future as the twin peaks in which English civilisation culminated." In that judgment I respectfully concur; nor can I doubt, despite all that Mr. Lytton Strachey has said to the contrary, that of the Victorian era, in its greatness, and also it may be, in its limitations, the Queen herself was entirely representative.

On this point we can speak confidently. Almost all the

evidence is now available to the historian. The Victorian era can now be viewed in accurate perspective ; while as for the personality and character of the Sovereign, we surely possess in the *Leaves and More Leaves From the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*, from the selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between 1832 and 1840 contained in *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria* ; above all, in the nine volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, the most complete revelation of the heart and mind of a great ruler ever given to the world.*

It is just a quarter of a century since, in the columns of this *Review*, it was my privilege to comment on the first three volumes of this truly monumental work. Both the accomplished editors of that instalment of the work, Mr. A. C. Benson, and Viscount Esher, have passed away. Fortunately, a not less accomplished editor, Dr. G. E. Buckle, was found to complete it. The original publisher has also died, but *uno avulso non deficit alter* : in the great house of Albemarle Street Amurath to Amurath has succeeded. This *Review* itself has undergone changes of proprietorship and editorship. The reviewer remains ; and it is no small gratification to him to have been permitted to see the successful completion of a work, the initiation of which he was among the first to welcome.

We can now view the life and reign of Queen Victoria as a whole. And a wonderful prospect it affords. The Queen's own life and character exhibit a singular consistency. It casts indeed, no reflection upon the strictly political significance of the *Letters*, upon their value to historians as an original authority, to say that the primary interest of these nine volumes is the revelation of the development of the Queen's own personality. Nothing could better Mr. Arthur Benson's analysis: " We see one of highly vigorous and active temperament, of strong affection, and with a deep sense of responsibility, placed at an early age and after a quiet girlhood, in a position the greatness of which it is impossible to exaggerate. We see her character expand and deepen, schooled by mighty experience

* *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. A Selection from Her Majesty's *Correspondence and Journals*, 9 Volumes. John Murray. 1907-1932.

into patience, sagacity and wisdom, and yet never losing a particle of the strength, the decision and the devotion with which she had been originally endowed." Development and expansion of character, widening of experience, a firmer and firmer grip upon affairs of State—that was in the natural course of things. Nevertheless, the young Queen began, as she meant to go on, and as she ended. The following extract from the Queen's *Journal*, written on the day of her accession to the throne, would suffice to prove it :—

At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room and of course quite alone, as I shall always do all my Ministers. He kissed my hand and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs. . . . He is a very straightforward, honest, clever and good man.

And this from a girl of eighteen who had been for less than twenty-four hours upon the throne !

" Quite alone, as I shall always do." Her resolution had been taken, her plans made, and she adhered to the one and fulfilled the others with remarkable tenacity and consistency.

The Queen's youthful judgment on Lord Melbourne was not seriously at fault. Her confidence in, and growing affection for him was justified. In " educating " the Queen in the duties which came to her he did a memorable work. He was admirably seconded by " Uncle Leopold," King of the Belgians, and by Baron Stockmar, whose position was misunderstood, and whose services were gravely underrated. After her marriage the Queen desired no other mentor than her husband.

The early years of the reign were, however, full of difficulties which might easily have deepened into dangers. The throne itself was not too secure. During the long reign of George III the Monarchy was for the most part popular but not respected ; under George IV it was neither ; William IV " restored its popularity but not its dignity." The Queen's first task was to evoke the respect and affection of her subjects and to win the support of the middle classes, who had recently superseded the aristocracy as the dominant element in the State. Fortunately no one ever understood the middle class point of view better than Queen Victoria. But, even so, the first of the

Queen's tasks was only gradually achieved. You have only to look through the volumes of *Punch*—an original "authority" for this period of incomparable value—to see how slowly the Queen won her way to the hearts of the people. It had not been fully won when the Prince Consort died in 1861. Several years later, Walter Bagehot, in the pages of this *Review*, wrote about "the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth." No man had a more profound sense of the importance of the Monarchy than Bagehot; but the half-contemptuous tone in which he writes of the Sovereign and the Heir-apparent strikes harshly upon the ears of a generation which has witnessed the growing affection and respect evoked by three successive Sovereigns. For a short time after the Prince Consort's death the sympathy of the whole nation went out to the widowed Queen. But in September 1865, *Punch* had a cartoon which, as always, reflecting the feeling of the nation at large, represented the Queen as Hermione, and Britannia as Paulina unveiling her statue, and quoting the line from *Winter's Tale*: "'Tis Time; descend; be stone no more."

Not long after this Mr. Gladstone deemed it his duty respectfully to warn the Queen that her continued retirement might involve serious consequences for the nation and for the Monarchy. He was perfectly right. There was clear evidence of the formation of a party, led by "republican Dilke," ready to dispense with the Monarchy as a useless and expensive appendage. The Queen, however, could not be persuaded to emerge from retirement. She laboured ceaselessly at the routine work of the Crown, and pleaded that her strength was unequal to the double burden of close attention to the business of the State and public ceremonial. It was not, indeed, until the Jubilee of 1887 that the Queen became, for the first time, a really popular figure among her people. Thenceforward, quickened by the more frequent appearances of the Queen in her capital, and enhanced by the increasing significance of the Crown as a symbol of Empire, the loyal sentiments of her subjects at home and beyond the seas waxed with ever accumulating rapidity. The movement reached its zenith in the

Imperial Jubilee of 1897. With no less precision than picturesqueness of phrase Mr. Strachey wrote:

The final years were years of apotheosis. In the dazzled imagination of her subjects Victoria soared aloft towards the regions of divinity through a nimbus of purest glory". . . .

From the personality of the Queen, we may turn to the significance of her reign.

Between 1837 and 1897 there was an amazing contrast in the posture of affairs. It is worth while to note one or two illustrations of the change. In 1837 both Canadas, English and French, were in open rebellion, and so low had the Imperial temperature fallen, that hardly anyone at home was very seriously concerned about it. It was generally assumed that sooner or later the two Canadas would go the way of the United States, and it mattered little how soon. The Manchester School was dominant both in philosophy and politics. *Laissez faire, laissez passer* summarized the fashionable creed. The politicians of that school regarded the colonies less as an asset than as an expensive encumbrance. The West Indies had, indeed, been valuable possessions as long as slave labour could, with an easy conscience, be employed to cultivate the sugar plantations. But slavery had been abolished four years before the Queen came to the throne, and the abolition of Colonial preferences in the British market was destined before long to complete the discomfiture of the planters. As for Australia, a start had lately been made with free immigration, but down to the thirties New South Wales, the parent colony, had been utilized mainly as a convict settlement. Cape Colony was as yet almost exclusively Dutch. The idea of Empire was dead, or rather had not yet been born. But the anticipated separation of the colonies did not happen. Thanks mainly to Lord Durham and Lord John Russell a new policy was evolved. Canada was endowed with "responsible Government." The Governor became a Constitutional Sovereign. The spell worked. Between 1840 and 1897 most of the greater colonies—all those in which men of British blood predominated—were advanced to the status of self-governing Dominions.

Meanwhile, opinion at home had undergone a profound modification. It was not noticeable until the seventies. So late as 1872 *The Times* had advised the Canadians to "take up their freedom, as the days of their apprenticeship were over." Tennyson, indeed, repudiated the suggestion as "a strain to shame us"; but in 1872 Tennyson's was a voice crying in the wilderness. There then came, however, a rapid change of sentiment. It was not confined to England. The newly consolidated nations of Europe were awakening to the connection between politics and economics, between empire and trade. The industrialisation of the continental countries—long delayed—emphasized the importance of tropical possessions. Large-scale production necessitated a constant supply of the raw materials which only tropical lands could yield; it also demanded wider markets than Europe could furnish. Hence the scramble, in the eighties, for Africa.

Other causes contributed to awaken in stay-at-home Englishmen a consciousness of the value and meaning of Empire. Lord Beaconsfield, repudiating his youthful heresies about colonial "millstones", taught the Tory party to "think imperially". He bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal; he conferred upon his Mistress the Imperial Crown of India; he demonstrated to the world the fact that the military resources of the British Empire were not confined to the "third-rate isle half lost among her seas." He was the first of British statesmen to perceive that in world-politics new forces were operating with momentous results. "You have," he said, "a new world, new influences at work, new and unknown objects and dangers with which to cope."

The Jubilee Celebrations of 1887 synchronized significantly with the meeting of the first Colonial Conference. The children were growing up; the time had evidently come for admitting them to partnership. The next decade witnessed rapid developments. The "Imperial" Jubilee of 1897 marked, perhaps, their climax. The celebrations of that auspicious year marked the flood-time of two commingling streams of sentiment:

"The loyal to their Crown
Are loyal to their own far sons who love
Our ocean Empire, with her boundless home
For ever broadening England, and her throne
In one vast orient . . ."

The obverse is equally true. The loyalty of the overseas Dominions is evoked not by an institution, but by a person; not by a Parliament, no longer "Imperial" even in style, but by a King-Emperor. As General Smuts said, many years later: "There are two potent factors that you must rely upon for the future. The first is your hereditary kingship. . . . The theory of the Constitution is that the King is not your King, but the King of all of us, ruling over every part of the whole Commonwealth of nations." How strange would that language have sounded in the ears of the small but vociferous republican group who in 1872 moved for a parliamentary inquiry into the expenditure of the Crown!

Not only, however, in the affairs of Empire was there an amazing contrast between the opening and the closing years of the Victorian era. At the moment when the Queen came to the throne the Chartist movement reached its climax. The six points of *The People's Charter* were, indeed, political, and with one exception—annual Parliaments—they have all been conceded. But although the Chartists looked to political reform to achieve their objects, it was social and economic discontent that gave substance to their agitation. The diagnosis of the social disease contained in *Sybil*, in *Yeast*, and *Alton Locke*, and in Carlyle's famous Essay on *Chartism*, was perfectly accurate. Provoked by the terms of the Reform Act of 1832 which enfranchised not the artisan but his "master", deeply incensed by the dogmas of "Finality Jack", the wage-earners might cry out for manhood suffrage, vote by ballot and the like, but the root of the discontent was economic; the essential problem was "how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided". The social legislation of Queen Victoria's reign went far to solve that problem.

Yet, unless I am mistaken, the historian of the future will delve deep into the *Letters*, mainly for the light they throw upon the mysteries of the English Constitution. The heart

of the mystery is, of course, the relation between the formal or legal executive and the working or political executive—in a word, between the Crown and the Cabinet.

The relation can never be precisely defined ; it is perpetually changing because it depends on circumstances and on personalities. Nevertheless, for the period under review, the *Letters* furnish a *locus classicus* of incomparable value. Grossly distorted as Mr. Strachey's picture of the reign is, in many respects, he was never more mistaken than when he wrote : " The complex and delicate principles of the Constitution cannot be said to have come within the compass of her mental faculties." How anyone with any pretensions to historical accuracy could have penned that sentence has always seemed to me inexplicable. That the Queen was tenacious of the prerogative of the Crown is true ; but has the prerogative no place in the Constitution ? The answer to that question is to be found not merely in the black-letter treatises, in the Cokes and Blackstones, nor in such brilliant commentaries as those of Bagehot and Sidney Low, but in the first-hand revelations of the men who have held the highest office under the Crown. Setting aside the rest I cite only Mr. Gladstone, who wrote of the Queen as " the one permanent and ever faithful guardian of the fundamental conditions of the Constitutions."

Even Mr. Strachey admits that Queen Victoria had immensely increased the prestige of the Sovereign, though he maintains that " at the end of her reign the Crown was weaker than at any other time in English history ". Those who know best think otherwise : but the point must not be laboured. Most of the secrets have now surely been revealed ; the darkest recesses of the constitutional structure have been illuminated not merely by the Queen's *Letters and Journals*, but by the multitude of memoirs, reminiscences and biographies of all who served her in the great offices of Church and State. Their testimony is convergent in a remarkable degree. Unless they testify falsely Victoria will stand forth to all time as an example not merely of a good woman but of a great Queen.

NAVAL TRAINING

The Training of Officers

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B.

THE preceding papers * have shown that a mass of evidence exists in proof of the assertion that a good general education is necessary for our naval officers. It shows no less the impossibility of conducting this education at sea. It is also a commonly accepted fact that the general education of a boy who is to play any great part in life cannot be completed before the age of about seventeen or eighteen. The conclusion from those facts is that those officers who have so strongly supported the later age of joining the Navy, at about seventeen or eighteen, were right.

This may seem to be of no particular interest to the ordinary citizen. It may appear to be a mere matter of naval technicality. It is, however, of a very direct interest. The ordinary citizen may care nothing about the efficiency of the Navy. He may say that in the matter of efficiency he can be no judge between the two schools of naval thought on this question of the age of entry. But he is definitely concerned in the cost ; for it is he who pays. The decision which has to be made is, whether this essential general education, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, shall be at the cost of the State, in an expensive naval establishment, or in the civil schools of the country.

In the educational sense there are two reasons only for a special naval college at the cost of the State, one is that the naval officer's general education must be on particular lines, concerned with subjects not taught, or insufficiently taught, at the civil schools. The other is that there are habits to be

* *Fortnightly Review*, June and July, 1932.

cultivated, an outlook upon life to be instilled, which are peculiar to a naval officer, and can be produced only in surroundings of a naval character and type.

So far as the former of these is concerned there is in reality nothing special in the Navy which demands a naval college. There is a very common impression that the secondary, or general, education must be mainly mathematical and "scientific." This is not borne out by experience. Scientific attainments are necessary for the manufacture of weapons, but the business of a naval officer, as many a naval writer has pointed out, is not to make weapons but to use them. The result of canalizing naval education into a mathematical stream, excluding many other matters, has had unfortunate results. The most able officers have turned their attention to matters of technique and have become specialists in some technical branch, not fighting-sea-officers. It is a mere commonplace, familiar to everyone, that specialism is a narrowing process. It "habituates the mind to minute objects and diverts it from principles," as Mr. Gladstone said many years ago. So it has proved in the Navy.

Lord Brassey, in 1887, remarked anxiously upon the ultra-mathematical trend of naval education. He expressed a doubt as to whether mathematics were not engrossing too great a share in our naval education. The result, he truly remarked, was that many officers who had no taste for mathematics obtained a very slender knowledge of them, and this was combined with "absolute ignorance" in other matters which would be of equal value in a naval career. "In the average naval officer, practical navigation and pilotage, practical gunnery, nerve in handling ships, tact in dealing with men and general culture, including the ability to write a good and clear report, are the qualities required." It would be hard to improve upon that picture of the needs of the fighting sea-officer.

The War showed, with an unmistakable clearness, that high mathematical attainments neither were necessary for high command, nor produced the qualities needed in high command. It showed on the other hand that powers of

thought of a very different order were needed; powers which our system of naval education does little to produce and, in some respects, much to repress. Only those whose minds are cast in the mould of that of Dr. Pangloss can pretend to be satisfied with the results of the education when it was subjected to the test of its fitness to produce officers who could conduct war; and although many improvements have been made since 1918, much remains to be done, particularly in regard to not laying the foundations almost exclusively with the bricks of mathematics and natural science.

Even, however, if there are some posts in which scientific knowledge is needed, the required foundations in mathematics and other matters can be laid at any public school. A naval college is not needed. Nor is it needed for the teaching of history—an essential part of a general education; nor for foreign languages. These are as well—or as badly—taught at the civil schools as at Dartmouth: both are necessary.

In common with those many great flag officers who gave evidence before the various Committees to which I referred in an earlier paper, I deem it a complete mistake to suppose that a naval officer's education up to the age of eighteen must or should be specialized, and that it is entirely wrong to devote public money to that end. It would be tedious to recall the mass of evidence from every source in civil life which condemns early specialisation, every part of which is equally applicable to the Navy.* It is true of all professions in all countries.

If, then, it is not necessary to expend public money in order to teach boys something which they can learn without that expenditure (and let me repeat that boys are taken at this very moment who do not pass through the naval college), is it necessary for the other reason? Are there some characteristics which can only be developed in a specifically naval institution? If so, certainly, the cost may be justified.

* Herr Ballin (one example among many): "If I had two candidates for a post in the Hamburg-Amerika Company, and one could read Homer and Vergil in the original and the other knew all the intricacies of double book-keeping and was experienced in stock business as in exchange discounting, I would prefer the former." (*Bülow. Memoirs I, 102.*)

Experience gives no reason to suppose that it is essential. There is no advantage to the State or the Service that a boy shall be put into a matrix at an early age and be cast in common form. It tends to produce an uniformity of outlook and a blind unthinking adherence to dogma. Unlike the boy at a public school, who subsequently goes into the world and mixes with men of many different professions, the officer in the Navy will spend his life among men of the same upbringing as himself. The herd instinct is the commonest in mankind. It is very difficult for many men to escape from the herd, and it becomes particularly difficult when a boy enters, at a very early age, a herd from which he will never fully escape. So long ago as 1871 Captain Goodenough wrote: "I regret the loss of individuality which is inevitable when all young gentlemen are passed through the same course from the age of twelve years", and he quoted another great officer, Captain Sherard Osborn, who strongly advocated that early education should be kept apart from special training, and deprecated the loss of individuality resulting from "continued running in the same groove." Many officers have noticed that loss of individuality to-day, and that sameness of type which it appears to be one of the objects of naval training to attain. But sameness of type is not a strength. It is a weakness.

Sir Charles Lucas has remarked* that the great vitality of the British Empire comes from its different types. What is true of the Empire would be true of the Navy. The naval officer of our great past was not subject to this circumscribing process. The boys who went to sea young passed through widely differing experiences. One might serve in a frigate in the Mediterranean, another in a sloop in the Channel, another in a "74" in the Indies. The result was men of a thoroughly marked individualism, men capable of thinking for themselves. It is not a "wearisome iteration of type" that we require in the Navy but the freshness of outlook which results from the association of men with widely varied and differently acquired experience; men whose minds are free from the clogging influences of living from their early youth within a ring fence. Orthodoxy has its

* *Greater Rome and Greater Britain*, p. 19.

merits, but blind orthodoxy such as is liable to result from cramped early association, which accepts without question certain traditions, sayings, customs or dogmas, is one of the most dangerous of all conditions in a fighting service.*

It has not been the Lestocks of the Navy who regarded the line of battle as sacred formula, strictly to be observed, nor the Byngs who studied how to observe the regulations for fighting, who have won us victories at sea; but the Nelsons who disregarded "the line" and heretically introduced new methods into tactics, the Hawkes and Boscawens who would not be bound by the letter of the law and of current convention. I am convinced that the wider the scope of the officer's education, and the longer he can be kept, at an impressionable age, away from the necessarily narrowing influences of specialism and surroundings, the less shall we expose ourselves to the danger of an officialdom which places men who think for themselves in the categories of heretics: as Calder would have placed Nelson for his breach of the instructions in hauling out of the line at the battle of St. Vincent.

Notwithstanding the evil influence upon character which results, in the average man, from early herding, there are those who believe that early entry is necessary in order that "the traditions of the Service" shall be observed, the "Service outlook" acquired, and the habits of obedience to discipline on the one hand, and of command on the other, cultivated. Yet early entry is not found necessary in the army, nor in foreign navies or armies; and no one can say that there is lack of obedience, powers of command, or respect for tradition in any of them. Nor did naval officers who entered late show want of these qualities, though possibly some of them showed great independence of character. Some may deprecate this independence—Lord Charles Beresford said that the naval reformer's lot was like that of the early Christian, and he was not far wrong. But without independence of character there will never be any changes. A system which tends to repress

* The old Austrian Army was an outstanding example of this: the boys entered a very early age.

individual thought and its expression is not one which will furnish the State with Nelsons, Hoods or Ansons, though it may produce Macks and Byngs in plenty.

The method of selection for entry is an element in the problem and is a matter of as much public interest as the abolition of purchase in the Army and the institution of competitive entry into the Civil Service were in their day. Both of those measures aimed at throwing open those services to the youth of the country. To what extent does this find an echo in the entry into the Navy and the age of selection?

If the general education of the naval officer is to be conducted at the cost of the State, the boy must enter at thirteen. How is he to be chosen? It was ruled, in 1902 (whether rightly I do not discuss, though I doubt the correctness of the ruling) that entry by competition at that age was wrong.* It injured the boy, produced a crammed individual. Hence, it was laid down, the boy must be selected by personal interview at that age. At a later age of about eighteen, entry by competition is possible. Which is the better? Which is probably the more free from those influences which produce jobbery?

I gravely doubt whether it is, in reality, possible to make a correct decision as to whether one small boy of thirteen will make a good naval officer, after a ten minutes talk with him, or to say that another will not. Even parents are not infallible, and they have a better opportunity of judging, in their estimates of their offspring, making as Disraeli said "the genius count as a dunce because he is pensive, while a rattling urchin is invested with almost superhuman qualities because his animal spirits make him impudent and flippant." So the mother of the Duke of Wellington did not know what she should do with her "awkward son, Arthur." Yet in ten minutes or so a committee of gentlemen, of no particular training in the matter, decide the fate of a small boy. The "rattling urchin" has the best chance of success. The undersized little wretch, with a provincial—say, a Norfolk—accent stands a good chance of rejection. A Nelson, a Wolfe

* Competitive examination at the age of thirteen was said to be injurious to the boys. Yet scholarships at the Public Schools are still competed for in that manner, at that age.

or an Ovicula Fabius would not improbably be lost because of their appearance or manner of speech.

Interview and examination are both, in reality, arbitrary methods. The nimble-minded "examination wallah" comes out best in one, the sharp, impudent lad in the other. An equal amount of good material is probably taken and refused in both systems.

There is, however, another consideration. If it be accepted that, as a matter of national policy, service in the Navy as an officer shall be open to the whole youth of the country without distinction of birth or wealth, then the test by which selection is made must be one which affords equal chances to all boys of the age determined upon, and does not preclude the chance of rejection on the score of social position. We may all have our own opinions as to whether the qualities which make an officer are more commonly found, or more highly developed, in one stratum or in another of "society." The highest positions in other professions—the law, the Church, commerce and manufacture—are reached by men of humble parentage. Roman Emperors like Diocletian, Presidents and Marshals of France, Cardinals in the Church of all countries and ages, Chief Justices and Prime Ministers have sprung from the cottage. If the same latitude of choice which gave the world these men is to be extended to the Navy the method of selection must be one which does not debar the youthful Murat or Wolsey, Charles Russell or Strathcona. On the other hand, it must not be open to the possibility that boys will be chosen according to the political complexion of the Government in power at the time. Nor is any system of "quotas" from the private, public or secondary schools in any way a proper method of selection. Admittedly, competitive examination affords no means of judging whether a boy will make a good officer. The biographer of Sir Henry Lawrence* remarked of that great man that his name would never have occurred to any of the Addiscombe professors as one likely to succeed in after life and that he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetship in the Indian Army, "a fate

* Sir Herbert Edwardes, I. 27.

which under like circumstances must have befallen Nelson himself and about three-fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory." Nevertheless, it is free from this taint of political or social jobbery. But if it be held, as it now is, that competitive examination is harmful to boys at thirteen, and if also some boys at that age, being more favourably circumstanced than others, are more advanced, we must either run the risk of jobbery, and enter at thirteen, or postpone entry until eighteen.

Summing up the advantages and disadvantages of the two ages, the balance of advantage falls unmistakably, in my opinion, upon entry at the later age. The State is saved much expense, we get a greater variety of knowledge, we avoid specialization in any form, we get greater individuality and a broader outlook. The circle of acquaintance is widened. The boy knows his own mind, and is not attracted merely by the buttons and the dirk, or the reading of stories of adventure. We throw open the door to all boys of ability, none are favoured, no jobbery, either political or of any other kind can play its harmful part. We ensure that all reach a required standard in essential general education. We avoid repeating the error of attempting to conduct education in a ship at sea.

If, however, there should be boys on the lower deck who are so exceptionally industrious and able as to fit themselves to compete in the examination, there is nothing to prevent them from doing so. This, however, must clearly not be misinterpreted as "promotion from the lower deck." It is not promotion. It is merely a method of entry which opens the rank of officer to young men at the age of eighteen, whatever their position, provided they possess the education which is necessary for an officer. It eliminates that inequality which, under present conditions, obliges one boy to show proficiency in a variety of subjects while permitting another to enter on a lower scale of education.

The question then arises as to what experience has shown as to how the boys who enter late compare with those who entered early through the Naval College. It is not easy to obtain a conclusive reply to this, for two reasons. Officers vary in their

opinions, for one thing; and for another the training of those who enter late leaves a great deal to be desired. If a personal experience is worth giving, my own was that the public school boy was both the keener to learn and the quicker in learning, and had the greater individuality; in fact, that he promised to become the better officer. That was my definite experience of the boys of the two types whom I had under my command. The Admiralty, on the other hand, at the time of the Geddes Committee expressed their view that the Dartmouth trained Cadet was superior: but as everyone who is acquainted with the way in which such replies are made knows well, such an answer may be no more than an expression of the personal opinion of the Second Lord or his immediate advisers. I believe Service opinion to-day is about equally divided.

Finally, there is the question of whether a sufficient supply would be obtained from the public schools. The view of the Admiralty has been that it would be quite impossible. This view is based on the theory—for it is theory only—that by the age of 17½ to 18½ the youthful aspiration for a sea life has evaporated, and the senior boys at a good school, holding high positions in work and games, will not join the Navy where they must undergo what is supposed to be severe training under uncomfortable circumstances. This view appears to me to be no more or less than a libel on the British schoolboy, unsubstantiated and not only incapable of proof but also directly contradicted in some respects. It may be that the youthful enthusiasm, stimulated by brass buttons, has evaporated. But the choice is made on more solid grounds than the glamour of uniform, by a boy old enough to think for himself and not so likely to be disillusioned later as one who joins with visions of a merry life derived from novels and romances. The idea that British boys are averse from undergoing a "severe training" is answered by the fact that they are elsewhere freely submitting to training and conditions of life as severe as, and even more severe than, that which they would undergo in the Navy. The training at Sandhurst is as hard as that in Naval establishments, or at sea, but boys are not deterred thereby.

Why should it be supposed that the British boy of eighteen will not go to sea when it is a known fact that the boys of other countries will do so? American, French, German, Italian boys of this age are not reluctant to abandon the pleasure of the shore for the supposed hardship of the sea. One of the most common themes of publicists is the "sea-sense" which is supposed to permeate the Englishman. Yet this is so weak a growth that any inclination to go to sea is dispelled by the age of eighteen! Assuredly, a more ridiculous reason for accounting for an imaginary attitude has never been put forward.

If difficulty has been experienced in getting sufficient candidates the reason has not been this supposed softness of the British public school boy but the facts that there has never been any promise of permanency in the system, that the number of entrants has been rigidly kept down, that the official attitude has been to look upon this method of entry as a backdoor and, possibly, to the ridiculous and contemptible treatment of some of these elder boys when they entered gun-rooms. The primary reason for not obtaining candidates is that no real attempt has ever been made to get them, and that definite obstacles have been put in their way. The present writer, when Director of Training (1918), had many conversations with, and made many enquiries from, head masters, and from all he received the same replies. The boys would come if the system existed as a regular system; if there were encouragement instead of discouragement, permanency instead of uncertainty; if the method were the regular one instead of being treated as a backdoor method of entry.

From whatever angle, therefore, the question of the age and the method of entry is approached, the evidence in favour of entry at the age of about eighteen is overwhelming. The objections to it, when analysed, are found to be based upon an incorrect interpretation of tradition and a want of acquaintance with the reasons for past custom on which the tradition was founded, upon prejudice and on unsubstantiated assertions of impossibility. It gives the boy longer to know what he really wants. It gives the schoolmaster longer to find out which

boys promise best and to express a well-founded opinion. It spreads the choice of candidates. It widens the scope of secondary knowledge. It diversifies the type. It gives the Navy the benefit of the education which the schools of the country furnish. It surmounts the difficulty of entry from the secondary schools. It prevents favouritism and political or social jobbery. The examination system can be eased of its rigours by the system, used in the Army, of recommendation by head masters.

Finally, in an age when economy is a great national need, it eases the burden on the State; and at the same time provides a system which, in time of stress, admits of rapid expansion—the precise opposite to the present system.

WIVES IN EVERY PORT

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

THEY were our superiors in social station, and they made us aware of our joint responsibilities to posterity. Their passion was to make gentlemen of us, so that we might leave the sea and get positions on shore. They were, in their own way, artists in life, seeking to mould our crude conceptions of behaviour to finer shape, but they found us stubborn material. We are speaking now of a past age.

In a ship, which as a rule was exclusively masculine in atmosphere, and favourable for what might be described as recuperative celibacy, the woman each man left at home, wife, sweetheart or mother, was a shadow. She was taken for granted. The only concrete evidence of her existence was to be found in the ship's articles, where as next-of-kin her name and address were solemnly set down by the shipping commissioners according to law. Strange and unexpected beauties in baptismal names were to be found thus, and a newly signed fireman, far from sober and very vile as he leaned against the shipping office counter, startled us when he said his wife's name was Philomela.

Photographs, of course, abounded, in cabins, but experience revealed to us that these were not always authentic. A curious desire to impress the unwary shipmate, and possibly a craving for the more conventional kinds of female loveliness, would inspire a harmless species of deception among young seamen, so that the face gazing down from the bulkhead might be neither maid, wife nor widow. Daring blades, junior mates and engineers, would sport snapshots of themselves embracing delightful creatures in short skirts, in front of a photographer's backcloth showing a sea-shore with nymphs at play near a pagan portico. Some even had garters nailed, like scalps, over their cabin doors, hilarious mementos of bygone adventures

in Mediterranean harbours. Incongruously enough those same cabins often contained photographs of young ladies, respectable beyond all cavil, with fair hair and candid eyes, and frilly goffered stuff about the throat, for whom their labouring swains brought home the lace of Malta, silken blouses of Japan, and ivory trinkets from Hong Kong.

Following this clue, we are on the track of those true sea-wives, the ladies who accepted the rôle of Penelope to the successors of Ulysses. In these modern days of swift transport men and ships are not away from home very long. We are apt to forget the problems which confronted the steadfast wife and mother whose man was often gone for years at a stretch, who lived among her own kind, and whose neighbours saw all her goings out and comings in. Streets in Penarth, in South Wales, in the suburbs of Liverpool, in the dock-side parishes of East London, and in North Sea towns like Shields, Sunderland, and Hartlepool, might have a man or more away at sea from every house. Children in those regions grew up without seeing much of their fathers. Family life was arranged upon a curious plan. Thrifty wives lived on what was called "half-pay." The owners compelled a seaman to wait until the end of the voyage for the balance of his wages. Store keepers were to be found who, for a suitable commission, carried the family until father was paid off.

This may seem a trivial accommodation nowadays; but in the years before the war the British tramp was the most ubiquitous craft which had ever sailed the seas. This is said without derogation of the New England sailing ships of Salem and New Bedford. Those ships always loaded for home. The tramp was very much what her name implies. She went out and earned her living. Because she could be built for about six pounds sterling per ton; because the illimitable supplies of cheap steam coal in South Wales, North-Eastern England and Southern Scotland gave her cut-rate fuel, and because the low cost of living had brought wages below those of all other nations save Chinamen, the British tramp got charters all over the world. She would go away for years, on "time charter", carrying coke from Norfolk, Va., to

Havana, and bringing back sugar to New York. She would engage in the melancholy pastime of carrying coal from Calcutta to Bombay, or case-oil from Philadelphia to Hong Kong. She would fetch Argentine cattle to Genoa and take copper ore from Huelva in Spain to Elizabeth, N.J. She kept her flag and her British crew, and their wives kept house at home year after year with a loyalty and a spirit which is the heritage of no particular race or class, but shines most brilliantly in the annals of the shipping parishes of the maritime nations.

They were, as has been said, our social arbiters, but that had not been always the case. Our order had been in flux since the Navy had become almost as much a preserve of the upper classes as the Army, the Church and the Bar. We in the Merchant Service took our places below the salt, as it were. We were rated very much in the same way as attorneys (who were also commissioners for oaths), master-builders and nonconformist ministers with Oxford degrees. We were, fantastic as this may sound to the dwellers in a modern democracy, quite sharply defined between doctors and dental surgeons. The doctor was above a ship-master, but the ship-master, so long as his wife didn't keep lodgers, rated above a dentist.

The young men of the previous generation, lusty and ambitious, had married the daughters of their landladies in port. What more natural? Nothing, perhaps, than marrying the barmaid of the Three Crowns just off Water Street. You couldn't find better blood in England, for that matter; but blood and the social graces have often been at odds since Arkwright and Jamie Watt instituted the industrial age. D'Urbervilles had become Durbeyfields, working in public houses and shops, while Smiths, Joneses, and Robinsons were owners of great factories and sitting in Parliament. Then, with steamships coming in, a kind of gawky democracy spread among us in the merchant ships. We found ourselves so far below the genteel classes that competition with them was a joke; but we were masters of a trade, fireman, able-seaman, engineer or navigator, and we achieved a certain pride in our "cloth", as we called it.

This was a very different matter from the spirited criticism we discovered in our own generation of women. They had divined, with feminine genius, that the captain and his officers were the leaders of our world, which was only right and proper. Young ladies looked down on engineers, who (shocking to relate) earned much higher wages than the deck. "Do you think I'd marry a greasy engineer?" asked a high-school miss indignantly of her family. "My child, their money is not greasy," said her mother, who had some knowledge of grim economic laws.

The fact is, many young ladies, as the steamers increased in size and numbers, did marry into the engine-room; but they took charge of their graceless males and set their faces towards some sort of social climbing, for the sake of the children. Young men, who would have been happy enough to stick to their old familiar tramp steamers, were harassed into seeking positions in liner companies where handsome uniforms and slow promotion went hand in hand. "My Jim is in the Blue Star Line now," his wife could tell the neighbours along Colenso Drive or Trafalgar Road. Jim might be only Junior Seventh engineer at nine pounds a month, but it was a start, and if he kept his watch and took an interest in his work he would be senior second in a few years, on turn for relieving chief engineer in one of the intermediate ships.

Such as it was, her ambition led to a step up the social ladder, and she would see that the children were fitted for a more genteel career. It was a paradox of those days that sailors' wives saw much further into the future than their husbands. The matron whose early wifehood had been dedicated to making ends meet on a chief mate's eleven pounds a month had the sagacity to welcome a son-in-law who was rising to be chief engineer at twice that salary, to say nothing of his coal bonuses.

Her daughter had more pride. "Our Tom shall be a gentleman," said Tom Brown's father; and as the years went by, Jim having reached his chief's job on a Blue Star mail-boat by seniority, Jim's wife wanted her boys to have positions where they could keep their hands and faces clean at least.

She wanted them on land passionately because the suffering of those who keep house at home is cumulative, and very keen in retrospect. She was not confident that the modern girls would be able to stand it. She had had her way, too, because sea life released the man from many responsibilities. He went upon his lawful occasions, living a full and absorbing life of his own, while the mechanism of his domesticity ran under his wife's eye. His paternity, indeed, was often compulsorily modelled upon that of the lower male animals who roamed the world unimpeded by family cares. Happy for him if the partner of his choice was a woman of character, thrifty and vigilant, who looked after her job as he looked after his, and who brought up the children a credit to the cloth.

Not all, alas, had this good fortune, and some no fortune at all. Disaster wrecks firesides as well as ships, and one of the penalties of command is the responsibility for foundering and collisions. Perhaps the most heroic of all were the women who, having seen their men to the top of the tree, experienced the agony of degradation to a lower rank. Character emerges in splendour against dark clouds of misfortune. Sometimes the blow would fall upon a wife with such suddenness and force that a hurried retirement to some other neighbourhood was the only resource. With her husband under fire in a lawsuit for the loss of the ship, followed by the cancellation or suspension of his certificate, concealment would be out of the question. The building-and-loan association which held the mortgage on the house, the principal of the private school where the girls were being finished in style, the shop-keepers who carried her monthly accounts, and the ladies of the church circle, all would know every last detail of her husband's unfortunate accident.

The only thing to do, supposing he managed to get his certificate back in time, was to get a chief mate's job. The house might have to be given up and the girls would seek positions, in which case everybody's feelings were saved by moving quietly to another suburb. In a very real sense it meant beginning life all over again. Standing rigging, we used to say, makes poor running gear, which expresses with

force and precision the problem confronting the master mariner who takes a step down and is to be seen on the fore-castle head when his new ship goes to sea, looking after the anchors once more. The commander has need of all his tact when he gets an ex-captain for mate. And the ex-captain's wife at home is feeling the bitterness too. Especially hard to bear is the sympathy of other sea-wives.

Some men and their wives have their own sources of spiritual strength. There was, for example, Captain Truro and his wife, who made maritime history by wrecking the old *Cuckfield*, of our line of tramps, on the Isle of Man. He had obtained permission to take his wife for the voyage to the Mediterranean. They were a childless couple, and although Mrs. Truro, who lived in Middlesbrough, had an unconventional reputation, they were fiercely devoted when the captain was at home. They shared, moreover, what can only be called a faintly aristocratic alcoholism. Captain Truro always carried several cases of tawny port wine. On this occasion they sailed from Glasgow with a cargo of stores for Egypt, including the fore-hold loaded with barrels of ale for the Army canteens. It was bad winter weather waiting for them below Ailsa Craig, and the captain kept the bridge until she was through the North Channel. Rumour had it that he and his wife opened a bottle or two that night, and early next morning, when the chief mate stamped solemnly on the bridge deck over their heads, they slept on.

The mate wanted his commander because the fog was so thick that he could not see the fore-castle. He had slowed the engines to half speed and had the whistle going. He sent a message to the captain's door with orders to knock until he got an answer. The door was opened suddenly by Mrs. Truro, the magnificent wreck of a fine woman, in a long white night-gown, with a high frilled neckband, which made her seem "seven feet high, so help me," as the sailor reported. He thought she was a ghost, not knowing the old man had his wife aboard, and he stood there with his lower jaw moving and his wits out of kilter. He watched her hang a card on the outer door-knob, one of those supplied by hotels to guests

who do not wish to be disturbed. She then closed the door in his face.

The effect of this story on the mate, when he heard it, was electrical. He set the engine-room telegraph dead slow, and calling the second mate to keep the bridge, darted downstairs. He launched a tremendous attack with his fist and toe on the captain's door. He proclaimed in stentorian tones that if the door wasn't opened at once he would be through it with the fire hatchet which hung on the companion bulkhead. Captain Truro, one hand holding up his trousers and looking somewhat haggard, opened the door. He was informed that the mate had a certificate to lose as well as himself and he'd better come up and take command.

It must be remembered that Captain Truro flourished before wireless position-finders were carried on tramp steamers. In a narrow strait like North Channel the tides and currents made the patent log reading of very small value. The fog was so thick that sounds spread like ink on blotting paper. The *Cuckfield's* own whistle seemed to be coming from another world. The look-out men on the forecastle were invisible on the bridge. Captain Truro, who had had a long and blameless record, stood on his bridge with an enormous Scotch ulster over his nightshirt, and came to the conclusion that the sooner he got out of the fog the better. He ordered the engines half ahead, the course due south. The fog cleared a little and he put the engines to three-quarters. He remembered Mrs. Truro down below with affection and decided to reassure her. He was very thirsty. He had no sooner reached his spouse, who was also thirsty, than the mate's feet stamped furiously overhead. Men shouted far away, and the mate could be heard dragging the telegraph to full astern. As Captain Truro reached the bridge the *Cuckfield* struck the reefs below a cliff on the southwest corner of the Isle of Man, tearing the entire bottom of her forward holds clean out and becoming suddenly so utterly still and solid that men were afraid to speak for a moment. Only the mate, in a brief spasm of articulation, burst out: "Well, Skipper, here's where our pay stops! She's ashore all right."

She was so much ashore that a ladder from the forecastle had reached the foot of the cliff. The inhabitants of a nearby farm were startled at four in the morning by a stranger, with a wine-drenched moustache, attired in an ulster over a nightgown and a woollen nightcap on his head, asking if they had a private room for a lady. "Shipwreck de luxe" the mate called it, striking across a potato field with his sea bag on his shoulders. Captain Truro had sent him forward to inform the authorities of Castletown of the wreck. And in due time the Inquiry in London reduced the captain's certificate to chief mate for twelve months, in view of the extenuating circumstances of dense fog and the conflicting evidence of the crew. The case evoked considerable hilarity among ourselves on account of the captain's rebuttal of the charge that he had been drinking, because he and Mrs. Truro had to cling uncertainly to the ladder on descending to the beach. The surf foaming among the rocks at that moment, he said, was more than half beer. The barrels in the forehold, Worthington and Younger's XXX, were stove in and the malt liquor sprayed over them. It affected him and his wife because they never drank beer, he declared.

A few months later a grateful company sent him to us on the *Chatfield* as chief officer. Mrs. Truro, from force of habit, came down to stay with her husband while the vessel was in harbour. As the wife of a man who had put some thirty-five thousand pounds insurance money into the coffers of his employers in exchange for a worn-out steamer, Mrs. Truro was almost condescending towards our captain's wife, when they met at the cabin table. She was a magnificent woman still in physical presence, though somewhat ravaged as to complexion, and Mrs. Lloyd was no match for her.

The trouble with Mrs. Truro was that though she had no sense of the social importance of a captain's wife, she had an immense personality of her own. In some vague fashion she was a great lady who by a fluke had fallen in love and married Captain Truro. The way she told the assembled cabin table of their adventures in London during the inquiry and the

nefarious cross-examination of her husband by legal counsel was staggering. She even laughed at her Jack's confusion when he was asked how, if he were only going six knots after passing Belfast Lough, he managed to be fifty miles south of that five hours later. Captain and Mrs. Lloyd sat in pained silence. They resented the loss of an opportunity to be tolerant and sympathetic towards an unfortunate brother captain. They felt in their hearts that a mate's wife's place was in the home. But Mrs. Truro asked Captain Lloyd quite coolly if he had any objection to her going round to the north-east coast in the ship.

"I'll be no trouble," she said in her rich husky warble, "I never am. Ask Jack. Sick as a dog at sea I am, so it won't cost a penny for victualling. And when she's in dry dock you and Mrs. Lloyd must come over to Middlesbrough to dinner. Jack says I make amazin' good pea soup. He says it's such a change from what he gets on ships. And I'll tell you why. I wash the peas!"

As I have said, Mrs. Lloyd was no match for her. She was in Mrs. Lloyd's confidence before the *Chatfield* was past Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. And when the empty steamer, flying light, began to roll like a drunken fish-wife in the cross seas off Land's End, it was Mrs. Truro who was taking care of the wan Mrs. Lloyd. Here again an intricate psychological situation oppressed Mrs. Lloyd, even in her *mal-de-mer*. According to her ethics and social code, the wife of a ship captain who had lost his certificate, and who had eaten humble pie by coming to sea as mate, would be much too sensitive and humiliated to do anything in the faintest degree "menial" for the wife of her husband's commander. Mrs. Lloyd herself would have kept away from ships altogether had she experienced Mrs. Truro's ill fortune. But Mrs. Truro not only behaved in a most affectionate and solicitous manner, even apologising when she had to retire for a few minutes to "make a contribution" as she called it, but seemed entirely unaware of anything unusual. Anyone less like a penitent could not be imagined. To see her returning to the prostrate Mrs. Lloyd, who was as pale as death, holding to the reeling

bulkhead with one hand and waving a bottle of port in the other, was most invigorating.

"This is what you need, my dear, with an egg beaten up in it. Bet you what you like this will stay on your stomach. Gives you strength too. I only use this when I'm ill."

What she used when she was well was obvious in her richly damasked complexion and the fruity huskiness of her voice. Soon she learned of Mrs. Lloyd's house, which had a mortgage, her two children, getting on nicely at a good school, and the servants' registry office she and her unmarried sister managed out at Shepherd's Bush. Exclusive West-End connection. "*Lloyd's Registry!*" Mrs. Truro afterwards exploded into her husband's ear when he came off watch, and his guffaw synchronized with the popping of the cork he was drawing from a bottle of Burgundy.

Captain Lloyd was very embarrassed on that coast-wise voyage to the dry dock in the Tyne. His knowledge of groundings, wrecks, total losses and suspended certificates was entirely theoretical. He was willing to overlook a lot in a brother shipmaster into whose professional soul the iron had entered. Truro had no reluctance to do all the work of a chief-officer, however. He cheerfully undertook everything. He even offered to take a chipping hammer and scale the charthouse bulkheads! The trouble was, he was still subconsciously a commander. Having agreed or offered to do various things, he apparently took for granted it was done, and retired to his cabin to take wine with his wife.

It was a relief to Captain Lloyd and his wife when they docked at Gateshead. Mrs. Truro's enormous trunks were got up on deck with the assistance of the bo'sun, carpenter, and two able seamen, and got down on the quay, and finally got up again on top of the four-wheeler. "You'd a thought she was goin' to Australia to settle for the rest of her life," said the bo'sun. Very ceremonially Mrs. Truro kissed Mrs. Lloyd good-bye. "Take care of yourself, my dear," she said in her winey contralto. "Think of your husband!" Down on the dock her own husband, holding a heavy Gladstone bag, awaited her slow descent of the ladder. "Dropping the

Pilot ! " she suddenly exploded, thinking of Tenniel's immortal cartoon. Captain Lloyd, who knew nothing of Tenniel, leaning his arms on the rail above and looking down at them, was mystified to see the mate and his lady cling to each other in helpless laughter. The ship's rail was lined from stem to stern with curious faces. Mrs. Truro kissed her husband with ardent affection, and was the recipient of a passionate embrace. At last she entered the four-wheeler and was shut in. Once more they embraced through the window. A ribald whoop from the fore-castle was stifled at birth. The cab rolled off down the dock, a black-gloved hand waving regally.

When the mate of the *Chatfield* reached the poop he clapped Captain Lloyd on the shoulder. Mrs. Lloyd was about to make a suitably genteel remark.

" Cap'en," said the mate, " When you've got a wife like that, you don't care whether you've lost your ticket or not."

Captain Lloyd's unuttered remark was, " You're right, I wouldn't. I'd probably have a breath like yours." But he only said that the ship would enter the graving dock at five next morning, and Mister Truro had better be on deck.

* * * *

Other women there are who have a more austere destiny. There was Mrs. Hogan, wife of the mate of the *Sandfield*. Mr. Hogan has been master in sail for years and had even got command of a steamer, an eight-knot coal tramp with a compound engine, called *The Corsican Rover*, of which we used to hear great tales. The Hogans lived in a neat little house in Penarth called " Brunhilda ", that being the name of Captain Hogan's first command, a neat little barquentine. Now he was the permanent mate of our old *Sandfield*, and Mrs. Hogan had become reconciled to the fact that owing to Joe's unfortunate tendency to take a drop too much in harbour he would never again be Captain Hogan. He knew it, and to do him justice, he did not complain. It was just something you had to allow for, like losing your sight or your hearing. " I'm too good where I am," he would say, as he put the bottle carefully out of sight under the washstand. " I'll never

be fired, because I know too much, and I'll never get a command because I drink too much. Well, here's to poor old Joe."

But he was the best chief officer in the company, and when Mrs. Hogan came down to the ship while we were discharging in Swansea, the captain could take the London train home on a Friday night, confident everything would be taken care of over the week-end. " My wife, she takes command," Mr. Hogan would say proudly. " When I had *The Corsican Rover* she'd work out the ship's position better'n I could meself. She's got education, my wife has. She's as far above old Joe as the stars in heaven ! She's coming down by the seven-forty train to-night, so let's have another before I start to sweeten me breath. No sir, she wouldn't say a word if she did smell anything. She's a lady, my wife is. But she'd know, and I'd cut me heart out before I insulted her with a drunkard's breath. Just keep that bottle in your cabin, Mister, over the week-end. What the eye don't see the heart won't grieve over."

He would fish out a starched shirt and a suit of broadcloth with white lining in the trousers, so that they almost stood up alone. He would produce an antique bowler hat and a walking stick whose handle was a greyhound's head carved in bone. And he would come back with Mrs. Hogan on his arm, very solemn and respectable.

She was not so terrible as his description implied. One might suspect that he had deliberately built up in his mind a figure whom he hoped would hold him on his course. He became more cheerful as the Sunday drew to a close, full of triumph at having achieved a sober week-end, and also full of anticipation. On Monday morning his stentorian voice would be heard in the engineers' mess asking for coffee, and then he would suddenly appear at the cabin door in his old blue reefer with a grey muffler round his neck and pulling at his short grey beard.

" Are ye wakin', Mister ? " he would say in a hoarse whisper. " Ye haven't that bottle handy, I suppose ? Ye have ? Well, here's to Mrs. Hogan, God bless her. She was up like a lark this mornin' to catch the six-fifteen to Cardiff. She has

to get the children to school, ye see. The steward took her to the station. Ah! I needed that one!"

Less easy to fathom, and only known to us at second or third hand, were those wives who were uncontrollably alcoholic themselves, who appeared at the agent's office with a tale of domestic woe. Consummate actresses these, dressing for the part, with wan faces and dreadful old garments borrowed apparently from indigent charwomen. Some even borrowed extremely young infants to carry in as evidence that surely they might have an advance over the half-pay note already cashed. How despair would settle upon their crushed forms as it was explained that the money was not legally due! It was also problematical what money the husbands were drawing in foreign ports—for dissipation no doubt; but they had that right. Sometimes the embarrassed agent would take a chance, and present a five-pound note to the lady with the baby, or the lady who was apparently going to have a baby, in exchange for her signature on a receipt.

Great joys to us were those strong-minded females who were paragons of virtue, of course, but who carried fidelity to the extreme of meeting the ship as she came into dock and accompanying their husbands to the shipping-office. They would wait outside among the less respectable creatures who were frankly buccaneers, and who were hoping to scuttle and sink some poor Jack after getting his pay. Strange that we who were able to escape both the three-deckers and the pirate craft had more tolerance for the latter! There was something that conflicted with our conception of sportsmanship, in the inflexible vigilance of a woman—usually the second mate's wife—who led her man away firmly by the arm and relieved him of every penny, so that he was reduced to borrowing from us to get a cigarette and a drink before going back to the ship.

It was said—probably by the chief engineer, who lived on the same street—that if she didn't do it she'd never see any money at all. They had three children, and what was nine pounds a month with all those mouths to feed and shoes to buy? You could see for yourself she didn't do what some

women did—spend the money to prink herself up to attract other men.

We had to dry up because the chief's logic, sometimes backed up by the chief's wife, was unanswerable. Yet we didn't like the action one bit better. There was something cowed and defeated about a man who would so submit. Perhaps the measure of our romantic feeling may be found in the way we behaved when that second mate bought a ten-lire lottery ticket in Genoa one day and won a thousand lire. In those days that was nearly forty pounds sterling, over four months pay for him. He sewed a five-pound note of it into his shore-going suit and told us he was going to blow the rest. We prevailed upon him to deposit half of it with the old man. "If you don't, I'll tell your wife and she'll never stop talking to you about it," said the chief engineer. We were very triumphant.

We looked forward to helping him spend the balance in the Orpheum or the Verdi bars. We had a great many drinks on the Saturday night, and in the crowds we lost sight of our benefactor. He was a smallish man with a drooping sandy moustache and a red, wind-scoured face, dressed in a suit that hung on him, as the chief said "like a bosun's shirt on a capstan-bar." And he vanished. We did not see him again until we were getting ready to go to sea on the Sunday morning, just when the sun was rising behind the Ligurian hills. We saw him on the poop, looking after his mooring-ropes. When we spoke to him he gave a great laugh. He smote his chest, flexed his biceps, and squatted on his heels for one incredible instant. "Ha!" he said vigorously, "Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?" When we asked him what he'd been up to, he tipped us a tremendous wink. "When you've been married as long as I have, my boy," he said, "you'll know all about it. Ax me no questions, I'll tell 'ee no lies." And he did a solemn double shuffle on the poop, right alongside the cabin-scuttle, where the captain might have seen him.



William Kermode

THE ROAD TO KILLORGLIN

THE KINGDOM OF KERRY

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

TO the average tourist County Kerry is that part of Ireland where the lakes of Killarney are situated. It is here that the charabancs and excursion trains and rich Americans come to a halt and hardly any traveller goes farther, except the secretive anglers, an odd scholar and an occasional adventurous party flying at a great pace through "difficult country" in a touring car.

And what a country lies beyond! Mountains, lakes, cliffs, islands, thrown together with such profusion and producing such startling contrasts at almost every step of the road, that one is inclined to believe that nature, having finished Europe, emptied her treasure of beauty pell-mell on to its western edge; like a sower who drops what remains in his dish when he reaches the end of the field. It is no wonder that this country is known in Ireland as The Kingdom.

In order to see this district thoroughly and to greatest advantage the best way to travel is on foot, on a bicycle, or in a car that can only go at ten miles an hour. Speed is what is to be avoided; what is to be cultivated is the attitude of mind of the civilised eighteenth-century traveller who had no Automobile Association handbook or any such guide, but took pot-luck for his comfort and enjoyment.

The traveller, on leaving Killarney, should take the road to Kenmare. On the way he will meet scenery of the most delightful sort, woodland and mountain. Not, perhaps, in its material essence, anything more captivating than the best scenery in the north of England, for instance, but possessing a spiritual quality that is incomparable. The air is as deliciously insinuating as the sudden appearance of a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed and well mannered, in a drawing-

room which until then has been occupied by dull and dowdy females. Furthermore, there is a marked absence of human beings, which, at the best, have a tendency to make vulgar the most delightful place.

On reaching the town of Kenmare the traveller should pass quickly through, as, if he is a foreigner unused to Ireland, he will not yet have become acclimatised to the horror of our provincial small towns. But if he is overcome by the sudden sordid appearance of the place, after the immaculate beauty of the countryside, he may halt for a drink at one of the public houses, of which there are a great number. He must choose the public bar, where he is certain to find jovial company at any hour of the day. And what company! Among the people he finds there, he will quickly forget the sordidness of the town, and he is truly an unsociable fellow if he is able to get away before he is properly merry. Indeed, he might very well spend the night in the place and to great advantage.

For sheer filth the public houses of Kerry are in no way inferior to public houses in the rest of Ireland, and for the interesting company that can be met within them they can hardly have any equal. There is something distinctly Mediterranean in the character of the people, possibly a strong Spanish strain; or else the langour produced by the restful climate encourages taking things easy. In any case, the traveller will find that his appearance in the public bar of a country public house is certain to attract a number of people who have time on their hands. He will immediately get into conversation with them, and he will find that their conversation is exciting and witty. Very soon he and they will exchange songs. Then a melodeon or a violin is produced and there is music. If the traveller has a little money to spend a merry dance will follow. The traveller in the meantime is admitted to the bosoms of the people in the most courteous manner possible, and when he goes on his way he has the feeling of having had a most delightful adventure. There is nothing like it. Golf, tennis, band music on promenades, roulette, cabaret shows—they offer nothing in comparison. Nor even those personally conducted tours!

However, the traveller may be a sour or secretive sort of man; a timid fellow who is tired of human beings. In that case, he will have wolfed his lunch or swallowed his drink and gone on without delay once more into the country. There he will find scenery more gorgeous even than he has met already, on the road to Parknasilla; and if he is a snob who likes things served to him in the grand manner, he may stay at a first-class hotel in the latter place. There he will find all the standard pleasures among natural surroundings that cannot be surpassed; and very probably that sort of person will go no farther. But personally I am not interested in him, as he is merely a solitude-loving example of the herd-tourist.

The merry tourist after my own heart, having had a taste of the people of Kerry at Kenmare, will wish to see more of them and of their country as quickly as possible, and therefore he will pass through Parknasilla after having feasted his eyes on it. Along the edge of a beautiful bay, the road takes him through splendid rocky country to the Gaelic-speaking district of Cahir Daniel. There the land is poor and naked of trees, but saved from the appearance of being too grim and desolate by the beauty of the sea shores and of the sky overhead; and also by the delightful character of the people with whom he may converse along the route. At any point of this road, he may pitch his tent in many little sandy coves and stay for a few weeks, dreaming, fishing and swimming in perfect peace. At Derrynane, a mile or two to the east of the hamlet of Cahir Daniel, there is a delightful strand, which will sorely tempt a person inclined towards such dallying. But my particular type of man will be determined to go on past Cahir Daniel towards Waterville, along a mountainous road that introduces him to the real wild beauty of the Kerry scene.

No traveller will forget for a very long time his first view of the Waterville country, as he rounds the steep mountain that stands midway between Cahir Daniel and Waterville. There he comes in sight of the little town itself, the paradise of anglers, sitting at the bottom of a bay which is like a skipping rope, with its lakes behind it, while to the west stretches the

great south-western promontory of Kerry, skirted with islands ; especially the Skellig rocks, standing like strange icebergs off the rocky coast. The angler, of course, makes a halt at Waterville. He will find himself in such excellent company that it will be difficult for him to get away ; and, indeed, anglers are such charming and delicious company, so different from the maniacs of any other sport, that I can quite understand him, though I am no angler myself. Wherever the angler goes he spreads a little oasis of civilisation and culture and comfort, and Waterville is a proof of this. Added to the anglers, there is in this town a definite atmosphere of the deep-sea sailor, caused by the presence of the cable station, and in the bar or billiards room of the principal hotel my traveller, besides hearing lies about enormous fish, may be coaxed to sample a strange mixture that saved somebody's life after a tough time in the town of Antofagasta or Bangkok. I have met at this hotel a gentleman who came to spend a few days and stayed for years ; and I dare say he'll never leave it.

However, it's best to go on, having dropped our anglers. From Waterville cut across the mountains to Killorglin by the pass called Bealach Oisín. This road is very bad, but very beautiful. To do it on foot one needs to be a good walker. To do it on a bicycle is still more difficult, as one has to walk most of the way. By motor car, therefore, is the best method, and a good, stout, slow car is required. This journey, in my opinion, gives a view of the most beautiful mountain scenery in Ireland. After turning to the right east of Waterville, the road goes along a river, through bogland, which is interlaced with rocks, over which tiny waterfalls come leaping with a merry music. In the sunlight these silver tongues of water, popping up on all sides in the brown bog, which is dappled with bog cotton, makes an extraordinary picture ; and up above there is a choir of larks carolling.

The road winds up the mountain, higher and higher to a dizzy height. Now and again one halts to look behind and to absorb the magic of the scene. In the great bowl of this wild valley one sees an odd house here and there in the pockets of the mountain sides ; and also many ruins of little hovels that

were wiped out by the great famine or by subsequent emigration to America. Among the gorse one sees the walls of what once were fields, swallowed up by the mountains after the people had gone away ; and it seems to me that it is better so ; that this scene should be left inviolate, free from the disturbance of even peasant life. A sanctuary where majestic nature dreams in silence, lulled to deep thought by the singing larks and by the sweet murmur of the downland rills.

Over the pass we go, and lo ! another great bowl appears, spreading out towards Glencar, dotted with lakes and fringed with other mountains, that beckon to us from afar, flaunting the fairy colours that the sun and mists have painted on the peaks. In this bowl, I have no doubt that further travellers will come to a halt, for there is a hotel at Glencar, situated at the bottom of this bowl, in the middle of a wild and exciting country. From Glencar, one can either go straight to Killorglin, or keep to the left towards Caragh Lake, where there is a fishing hotel and more anglers. There is no particular reason for going to Killorglin, unless it be the time of the Puck Fair in August, I believe on the eleventh. That is a sight well worth seeing. Except for that affair the traveller will not gain very much by visiting Killorglin. He will therefore go through Caragh Lake, where he may stay if he wishes, in comfort, on the edge of that fine lake, rowing, fishing, swimming, loafing, or drinking the draught bass, which I found excellent. A rare thing in these parts, to get good English draught beer.

The next objective is the town of Cahirciveen. To reach it, one goes along the shore of the Dingle Bay, which must rank in beauty with any bay in the world on a clear day. At least half of the road is cut into the sides of the sheer, green mountains that dip into the sea, with tall ferns growing right down to the water's edge, giving one a strange feeling of voluptuous fecundity. The air is sometimes so clear that, looking down from the height, one can see the bottom of the sea quite half a mile out from the shore, the sand turned blue, the seagrass of many different colours. Then on the far shore of the bay, there are the long ranges of the Dingle mountains, stretching out from Tralee to the beautiful Sleah Head and Brandon

mountain, with the Blasket islands rising from the sea beyond in solemn majesty.

At Kells, about ten miles from Cahirciveen, one should turn aside, attracted by a pretty strand that lies steeply below the road. Having had a swim and some lunch on this strand, one should go westwards along the shore road towards Rhodes, perhaps the most remote place in south Kerry, and certainly one of the most interesting. This mountain road is very rough and wild. The houses are exceedingly primitive, but the scenery is really magnificent—more, however, owing to the atmosphere than to the actual conformation of the earth. One feels completely cut off from the world and all effort becomes meaningless.

At the town of Cahirciveen one comes into quite a different world. This, in my opinion, is the most interesting country town in Ireland. Although it looks quite as sordid as the rest, the traveller will find that, once he has spent a few hours there and come under the spell of the population, he will find it extremely difficult to tear himself away. Their charm and hospitality is extraordinary, and the manner in which they give a stranger the impression that he has been living in the town for twenty years would do credit to any diplomat of renown. The wise traveller, therefore, desiring to amuse himself in south Kerry, or to examine the life of the country, will make Cahirciveen his headquarters. He is in a good central position to make daily excursions to places of interest on all sides along the coast by motor boat, to the Blaskets, Dingle, Valencia, the Skellig rocks and the beauty spots among the mountains. If he is lazy or sleepy nobody will dream of disturbing him. If he is gay he will find all manner of company to treat him to every conceivable kind of "devilment". And as for amusing conversation, which I regard as the greatest delight of the intelligent traveller, he can find it in abundance.

In Cahirciveen, therefore, I bring my traveller to a halt and leave him to his own devices, and if he is still unsatisfied after having followed my instructions, the devil himself wouldn't please him.

MOODY AND SANKEY *À LA NORMANDE*

BY LADY ADAMS

SOME years before the end of last century, my professor-husband and I rented a house in Normandy for the summer. He had a book to write, I wanted to try housekeeping in France for a change. The house was hardly a house; not even a cottage; it was something like a gardener's disreputable lodge, at the end of the approach to the big house; visitors' bell to be answered by the occupant of the lodge, though as the gates were always left open, the bell was never rung.

The big house belonged to an old friend of my father's, who, on our asking if there was a house to be let in his village for the summer, replied that he had never heard of such a thing; there was not even an hotel in the village; nothing but his house, and the Curé's—and the village. On consideration, however, he remembered his own lodge and offered it to us, rent free. That did not suit us at all, so we arranged that £1 weekly would be the rent, which was to include everything. It did; bed and table linen, vegetables, fruit, flowers, constant bottles of wine, and invitations to dine with M. de Pons every time Annette, his housekeeper, made something extra special *à la normande*. Annette found a servant for us; Rosine, a handsome girl, who, having been engaged as *bonne à tout faire* for Monsieur and Madame, took her duties seriously and worked like a horse, knitting socks for Monsieur when there was absolutely nothing else to be done. Every Sunday evening she went, chaperoned by her mother, to the village ball, leaving a cold supper for us in the garden. She slept at her parents' house on Sunday nights, and next morning as she brought us our coffee out of doors, there was always the same conversation:

"Eh bien, Rosine, vous êtes vous bien amusée hier au soir?"

"Oh, oui, Madame; j'y étais la plus belle," and off she would go, to do our washing.

But after a fortnight, I discovered that there was absolutely nothing for the village people to do on Sunday nights, except to go to the ball. One poor café near the village hall was the only distraction, and both it and the ball cost money. It was brought to my notice very markedly, in the week before an execution was to take place in Rouen. The whole village wanted to go—just to hang about the town, to be near the place. One of the villagers replied when I asked why they wanted to take that tiresome journey for an affair like that—"Mon Dieu, Madame, il faut avoir des émotions," and because of that answer I evolved what was quite unknown then: community singing for the village.

I took my trouble to M. de Pons, who heard me with amazement. He had earmarked our weekly £1 for the poor of the village, and what more could anybody want or do, he asked plaintively. To sing together, but to arrange for the village to meet to *SING*—I remember the frightened look he gave me, and I know that he felt troubles were descending on his gray head, through this rash daughter of his old and venerated friend, this young wife of the staid gentleman who at that moment was sitting in the secluded summer-house that had been built expressly for him, peacefully writing. Objections flowed: where was this singing to take place; how often; when; above all, why?

The answers came diffidently. I had thought we might sing in the garden; every evening; just after dinner; I added that the piano in his drawing-room could easily be pulled to the sill of the French windows, that we would ask everybody to bring his or her own chair along, and a mug, to drink from the garden tap.

I own it did not sound an inviting way for French villagers to spend their evenings; still—it was better than going by cart or bicycle to hang round an execution. I explained this and much more to him, but as he turned away, he muttered, quite clearly: "Mais—elle est folle, cette petite."

He had literary tastes, and was in touch with a bookseller in Paris; so I persuaded him to write and ask them to send me a hundred and fifty collections of songs, suitable for a village to sing. Remember that this was in France, during the sober nineties.

A week later, the parcel arrived at the station, and the old gentleman and I drove over to get it. I tore it open; what would be there for the village to sing? One hundred and fifty copies of Moody and Sankey's Hymns!

I was absolutely daunted: protestant revival hymns in a Roman Catholic Norman village, church and curé all complete—was that the best Paris could produce?

M. de Pons saw my dismay and told me to cheer up. The Curé, he said, was a good fellow, who did not trouble too much about souls; Rosine's aunt was his servant; M. de Pons himself did not attend regularly—so much to be done in the garden, on Sundays, but he and I would go and call on the Curé and lay our case before him. When I heard the word "our" I cheered up.

The Curé was amazingly amenable. He thought it quite a good idea. He, too, imagined the village must be dull; there was nothing one could do, of course; still, if Madame would give herself the trouble of going round and inviting the village to come to sing, to bring their cups and their chairs—here, both the old gentlemen laughed—I was at liberty to do so.

"Have no fear, Madame," said he; "I'll see you don't go too far."

There were only one hundred and fifty adults in the village, so there was a hymn book for everybody. But it *had* to be made fashionable, and only the butcher and his wife could do that. And the butcher could sing; I had heard him as he sawed off our legs of lamb.

It took a long time to make him understand what I meant. Looking back, I do not wonder. Anything less democratic than a French village I have yet to find. I rapidly told him that the Curé approved, but, from his face I soon saw that if he, the butcher, approved, the singing would come into being.

He was terribly taken aback when he learned that I meant to invite everyone in the village—"mais, voyons, Madame, pas *tout le monde*?" giving his reasons for omitting several people. But I was firm, yes, yes, everybody was to be asked, but, of course, people knew their places and would not presume to sit beside M. et Madame Duval; so, finally, after a long talk with Madame Duval, who knew a good customer when she saw one, and liked the idea of a front seat, I set off to invite the village.

I gave them three days to talk it over, to get used to the idea, to let them discuss *la petite Anglaise* to their hearts' content; and during these three days the Duvals—for Madame could sing too: so she said—and a boy whom I had caught stealing cherries from a tree that we had bought, in fruit, in a neighbouring garden, and who had a clear soprano voice, practised the hymns with me. M. de Pons went about murmuring: "Mais c'est incroyable," as indeed it was, with the butcher and his wife in his little-used drawing-room, cheek-by-jowl with the cherry-snatcher and me.

And then came the evening of the first sing-song. We dined early. Rosine got her mother to come and help her clear and wash up—"Maman est très docile,"—and went across the street to her own home to put on her Sunday clothes; whatever anybody else wore, she, Rosine, was going to continue to be the "plus belle," in looks and clothes. Besides, she had given orders for all her suitors to round up, including the game-keeper at the castle, a castle so far away that by no possibility could it be included in my invitation.

It was an amazing sight. Everybody came; *everybody*. Though I had said that Sunday clothes were not wanted, the women appeared in their decent black, and the men shaved and in their church coats, each person dragging a chair and a cup. No man carried any woman's chair the first time; it was all too odd and too unusual, and besides, chairs are not heavy.

The butcher and I had made out a programme, and we began by singing the first hymn in the book; for two reasons; easy to find, and a rousing catching tune; "Hold the Fort." My staid husband, who always declared that his absence

from the sing-song was due to the fact that nobody had invited him, heard, from his remote summer-house, the first verse in sheer amazement. The Duvals, the cherry-snatcher and I, with my accompaniment.

"*Voyez l'étendard céleste, qui s'agite au vent;*

C'est un secours manifeste, frères, en avant."

We sang that verse once, and the chorus twice; then we began the refrain again, and the whole village, in that dusky garden, grouped round the house near the French windows, suddenly sang:

"*'Tenez ferme, car j'avance.' Amis, répondons,*

O, Jésus, notre espérance, par toi, nous vaincrons."

Over and over we sang the refrain, and then settled down to the business of singing the next verses.

But it was dark, and I had not thought of that. Shawls I had advised, and wraps for the children, for of course every child was there, most of them with their own little stools. The grocer made a fine move then. Quietly he slipped away, returning with every candle in his shop, and matches for everybody.

They loved it from the word go. It was so novel, so friendly; it gave them "quelqu'chose à faire," and to think of later. That night we began "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." That, too, was a great success. Of course they did not learn the words very well, some of them never learnt them at all, but they adored the tunes.

"*Quel est ce passant, dites-moi, qui cause aujourd'hui tant d'émoi,*

Que veut cette foule empressée, attentive, jamais lassée?"

One of their favourites was "Knocking." They used to drag it out;

"*On frappe, on frappe, entends-tu? Passant, qui donc cherches-tu?*

Pourquoi, voyageur étrange, à ma porte es-tu venu?

N'es-tu pas quelque saint ange, sur la terre descendu?"

Then there was "Come to the Saviour." The village nearly went mad over it.

"*Venez au Sauveur qui vous aime, venez, il a brisé vos fers;*

Il veut vous recevoir lui-même, ses bras vous sont ouverts."

There was only one rift in the lute that summer ; it was about the hymn, "There were Ninety and Nine." The butcher insisted on singing it as a solo, refrain and all. The village, after having been taught the tune as usual, by us four, began to sing the hymn. Suddenly, I smelt trouble. The butcher rose, held up his hand, begged for silence ; accorded. Then he explained that he had come to the singings at considerable personal inconvenience, to teach his *concitoyons* how to sing, but that this hymn, this Number 16 in their book, in his, and in that of Madame, he would like to sing, always, always, as a solo. He asked the village, firmly, and not too kindly, to keep silent, now and always, when it was a question of hymn Number 16.

So he sang it as a solo, and he was well on with the third verse before I discovered why "*ce cantique est à moi, Madame, à moi, qui vous parle.*" There was no shepherd in the place, as the village inclined to crops rather than to animals ; still, naturally, there were some sheep, and lambs, too ; and well—there you are. The *cantique* about the lost lamb belonged to him, M. Duval, whose profession I have already mentioned.

*"L'heureux troupeau reposait sù—rre—ment, dans un gras
pâ—tu—ra—ge,
Une brre-bis seule err—rrait fol-le-ment, dans la nuit, dans
l'orage."*

On and on he went, while the village listened, rather awe-struck, not at all realising why it was to be henceforth and for evermore *his* hymn.

*"Pourquoi ce sang, dont je vois des chemins les pierr—rres
arr—ro—sé—es,*

all about "*ma brebis qui s'éloigne de moi,*" until the last verse, with its glad : "*Ma brebis est trr—ou—vée.*"

Of course there were favourites ; the baker's mother insisted on "Rock of Ages," but, with a cold glance at the butcher, she said, "All together, and with lots of noise," So at the top of our lungs we shouted. The words were terribly difficult, all about "*un roc séculaire,*" and none of us ever learnt them, but the refrain was jolly.

*"Mon rocher, ma forteresse, mon asile protecteur,
Mon recours dans la détresse, c'est Jésus le Rédempteur."*

After a few weeks an old woman grew ill ; the kind of illness which has just one end. The butcher came to see me.

"Madame," he said, "old Mother Voirin is ill ; but seriously ill ; indeed, Madame——" his shrug and bow told me the rest.

"You mean, that M. le Curé is going to her ?"

"Exactly, Madame."

"In that case, I think that we had better not have our singing—for a little while ?"

"Madame, I have made enquiries. For a *very* little while."

Just for a week—and then, the whole village went to the funeral, and somehow or other, I found myself in the village procession, quite near to M. le Curé. And again, my professor-husband said that nobody had invited him.

Many British friends came to stay with us ; we never explained ; it all seemed too difficult. We just said after dinner that the village was coming to the garden to sing songs ; and watched what, to-day, we would call their reaction. It was one of complete bewilderment. Moody and Sankey in France—the thing was unbelievable—but there it was.

What pleased us most was, when we were driving through the countryside behind Bijou, the fat pony, which was thrown in with the rent, we heard the men in the fields singing our songs. "*A moi les cœurs braves ;*" "*Sur Toi je me repose ;*" "*Avançons nous, toujours joyeux.*" It gave them something to think about, and I am sure that nobody in the village correlated the words with religion. Did not M. le Curé approve ? Had he not come down, several times, and listened outside the big gates, and had he not nodded his head ? Had not Madame refrained from inviting the village while Mère Voirin was ill ? Did not Madame have a place of honour quite near M. le Curé at her funeral ? Well, then, what fly is stinging you ?

At last, we had to go. The village had an early dinner, washed up with celerity, and arrived, with chairs and mugs half an hour too soon. We began at "Hold the Fort," and we

seemed to go through the whole book; M. de Pons had arranged a real fête; a glass of wine for everybody, and biscuits by the basketful; sweets for *la jeunesse*; what more could one wish?

And the cantique which the village chose for our "Au Revoir" was:

"Avançons nous, joyeux, toujours joyeux, vers le pays des esprits heureux.

Vers la demeure où Jésus pour nous prie, marchons joyeux, c'est là notre patrie."

SONNET

Master, unseen, unknown, to you I call,
 Because, perhaps, to call is to be heard.
 They say you're watching tree and grass and bird,
 That even the merest sparrow may not fall.
 They say your eyes are overlooking all,
 That mountains tremble at your whispered word,
 And at your touch the slumbering seeds are stirred
 To answer springtime's sun-glad madrigal.

Master, if this is so, I, too, would plead
 For pity, I who know not where to lift
 My voice to praise, my eyes to seek, your face. . . .

Grant through old age your gentle hands will lead
 Me quietly; and let the end be swift,
 With long forgetfulness in some green place.

A. R. UBSDELL.

CRABTREE'S

BY L. A. G. STRONG

CRABTREE'S? Well, it's a matter of taste, of course: but I wouldn't fancy the site. There isn't much of the old place left, I grant you. Still—

A queer career of it that place has had, ever since it was put up. It was a naval man first contracted for it, close on thirty year ago, and there was trouble right away from the very start. Old Seth Peskett told me a score of times, if he told me once, how he'd wished he'd never taken on that contract. First of all, it being a bungalow, they didn't reckon to dig very deep. It's a good soil hereabouts, for building, and this hillside has always been reckoned about the best. That's why there's so few houses on it: everyone took a good parcel of land, so as to keep others off. But, as I was saying, what should Peskett do but hit on the one patch of loose, faulty soil for miles around. Like sea shingle, he said it was. Just like sea shingle. How it come there, Lord only knows. Old Peskett asked the Vicar that then was, he being the only knowledgeable man living in these parts.

"Oh," says the Vicar, "that's a secret of geology."

"Is it?" says Seth. "Well, the good Lord preserve me from any knowledge of geology, then. I've had enough of it to last me my lifetime."

Nine months late they were, on that contract, and old Commander Crabtree raging disappointed at them. Said he'd never employ another local contractor as long as he lived. Said that in temper, mind you: for it wasn't Peskett's fault, as he came to see, when he calmed down a bit. Even when the house was ready, they had trouble over the well. Couldn't get it to run properly. Old Crabtree thought he wouldn't ever get into the place. Used to come over with Mrs. Crabtree

most every day, to look and see how the work was getting forward.

Well, by the time it was all ready, and the pair of 'en moved in, Peskett was a couple of hundred pounds to the bad. The pride in the man kept him to his figure: besides, he knew the Crabtrees had only a certain amount to lay out, and there it was. My dear man—the two Crabtrees were hardly settled into the place, just had time to reckon how much they were going to enjoy themselves there together, in their home county, and settle down to a calm and lengthy evening of their days, when the first misfortune of that house was played. Mrs. Crabtree fell on the threshold one day, hurt her leg nothing much, you might say: but it set up blood-poisoning *that* set up pneumonia, and in a week the poor woman was dead.

Old Crabtree was a man stricken. He could hardly walk down the churchyard at her funeral, and afterwards, as soon as he could muster himself, he got together his goods and crept off like a hurt beast that only wants to get away out of the sight of man. Made no arrangement for letting his house or selling it, or anything. Wouldn't reply to a letter. The Vicar found out where he was, and went to reason with him but 'twas a broken old man, and the Vicar came back helpless. A conference was held in the village, about what should be done. Crabtree wouldn't come back, that was certain. He seemed to have some little means left, but the place was his property, and, after all, he might come to want; so it seemed best to us to form a little committee of trust, so to speak, and administer the property for him. Some of the furniture was sold, that he'd never be likely to want, for the place was overstocked with it. We kept enough to furnish the place out for a tenant, and Jago the landlord stored it up at the back of his barn, a dry, good place: and we appointed a woman to go in and keep the house in order, from time to time. Hard enough job she had, too, for the house took very wicked, in winter time, and went damp. Before a year was out, it had caused the committee more trouble than the management of their own affairs. I know. I was one of 'em.

Eleven years, that house stood vacant, and then a man and his wife applied to rent it. Oddly enough he was a Captain too, but from the army this time. A red faced fellow, bald, with a little moustache, and a hard voice: forty-fiveish or so: I didn't fancy his looks, much. But his wife—Mrs. Hawks—she was as pretty a little thing as you could wish to see. Looked up at us so shy out from under her eyelashes. He didn't like it—you could see that. Looked at her sideways once or twice, then a sort of a bark came into his voice, and she shrank all into herself, so to speak. Well, as I say, we none of us liked his looks, but the house had been a bit of a charge on us all—Eh? No. Old Crabtree was still alive, but in failing powers. Matter of fact, he was in a Home, and his means had come to an end. . . . Yes, well, between us all, naturally, we were ready to let the place. Oh, nonsense. We couldn't but be sorry for the old chap.

Anyhow, we let the place to Captain and Mrs. Hawks. It had been on its best behaviour, after a dry winter, and really, what with the old chap's furniture, and a few sticks of the Hawkses, and the pretty coloured chintzes that Mrs. Hawks put over everything, the place looked a treat. Quite habitable and homely. She seemed so happy about it all, and Hawks as genial as he knew how to be. Coming away, we put most things down to his manner, and reckoned we'd been a bit hasty in summing up the man.

But no one was to have peace and enjoyment at Crabtree's. The Hawkses came in at Lady-Day, and the place was vacant again by the end of August. Mind you, I don't know the rights of it all, and at this distance I've no business to express a judgment. All I know is this. Captain Hawks was very clearly a jealous man, a very jealous man. With what cause, I can't say. But—a young fellow, good looking and well spoken, used to ride over sometimes on a bicycle, and generally when the Captain was away. He used to ride up fast, jump off his machine, lean it against the hedge just inside the garden, and hurry up the path. A chap who'd just been leaving groceries bumped into him once, coming away from the back door. He hurried on round, and the chap heard Mrs. Hawks cry

out, "Oh, Leslie!" in such a voice as, meaning to say, I'm so glad to see you. Nobody made much of it. We all liked Mrs. Hawks. Our sympathies were with her, so to speak. After all, the young man might be her brother, for all we knew, or her cousin, or anything like that.

A few nights afterwards, the same chap from the grocer's went spying where he shouldn't. He looked in the bedroom window, and there he saw a woman—he couldn't see her face, but who else could it have been—stripped naked, kneeling on a chair, bent over the end of the bed, with her arms out in front of her, as if they were tied together: and Captain Hawks, in his shirt, lashing her over the hinder parts with a pair of braces.

Two days later, they were gone, without a trace. I suppose he carried her off, to be out of reach of the Leslie chap. I don't know. God help her, anyway, right or wrong, was what I said: and though some murmured a bit, Dick Jago came in with me. "Amen," he said, very deep and fierce, and none of them liked to go against him. Besides, he was the landlord, and a good many present owed him money.

So there we were, the committee, with Crabtrees vacant on our hands again. We had no complaint, officially, for the Hawkses had paid up in advance; but we couldn't let the place again. Everyone hereabouts took a dislike to it, and, during the War, there were no visitors who wouldn't know everything about its history. Matters were in that situation when one January old Crabtree died. We did all we could to find his next of kin, but, so far as our investigations could make out, he hadn't any. So there we were, with a house that didn't belong to anybody. We had no title to it: and you can't hold a trust to administer a property that has no owner.

It went down, of course; and stayed empty a matter of three years. Then the Corders came.

A funny, queer trio they were: a brother, and sister, with their old mother. Where they came from, I couldn't tell you. Meek, frightened, like two sheep that have got separated from the others on a road, and stand close together in a corner, moving their heads this way and that—the two younger

ones came up to Jago, to inquire about Crabtree's. They wanted to settle in the village. They were poor. Couldn't afford much. Every time either one spoke, brother or sister, he or she looked at the other, who nodded, and then they both nodded. Much of an age, he made 'em out to be, and nearer forty than thirty. They'd asked about Crabtree's, as the only vacant dwelling in the neighbourhood, and been referred to Dick Jago.

Well, Dick didn't know what to say. He called in me, and the other remaining members of the committee, and we sat on the matter. We took a look at the two Corders. Poor, decent, harmless folk they seemed to be, and quite frank, so far as we could judge, showing us what money they had: more like two children. When they'd gone out, to await our decision—'twas in the private bar of Jago's inn we met—we took the law into our own hands, and let 'em have the place, for a nominal rent of thirty shillings a year, to be paid into the poor-box. Because, you see, we had no right to charge 'em anything, not owning the house, nor knowing who did own it.

Very thankful they were. Pitiful it was, to see them. Paid over the thirty shillings at once: just like children. They'd have given us their boots, or anything else we'd a mind to ask. So they took over Crabtree's, and there they lived. The old lady kept her bed most of the time, though now and then you'd see her going with a stick close under the windows, if the weather was fine, an old white shawl over her shoulders. The other two were hardly ever seen save in company. They'd go together and do their shopping; they'd go together and gather firing: and, once a year, they'd go together to Whelp Hill Fair, and buy any clothes they needed from the cheap-jack-man. You'd see her push him forward, nudging him, so to speak, when the time came to make his offer. Other times, the cheap-jack-man would argue with him, banter him; holding out the three-vests-for-half-a-crown, or whatever it was. He'd say nothing, but turn around, and draw her aside, and they confer together in whispers. Then, maybe, he'd come forward, quite silent, hold out his half-crown, like a child, and take the vests; whereupon they'd both retire away

quickly to some corner, and go over them together, like monkeys, examining to see if they'd been had. Same with her: only then 'twas his turn to stand in the background, and nudge, and be consulted. In the end, we all got to like them, and many's the kindness they received where another wouldn't. As for taking advantage of them, it was a thing the hardest might be ashamed to do.

But people like that are born to be taken advantage of, and, sooner or later, they meet their deceiver. The Corders had been here a matter of three years when suddenly their old mother fell ill. The district nurse was away, or engaged, or something, I can't remember what: but anyway, they couldn't have her services, so in an evil hour they sent into Threadbury and got out a nursing woman by the name of Betsy Veal. A big, unscrupulous woman she was, still in her prime of life, with a bit of a moustache coming at the sides of her lip: and she summed up the two poor Corders at one glance. In a day, she was mistress of the household, and they were doing her bidding, running about, obedient as could be.

"What shall we do now, please, Mrs. Veal?"

She boasted of it afterwards, in her drink, how she'd badgered them about. A hard, bad, wilful woman, and terribly strong.

After Betsy Veal had been there about ten days, making the Corders feed her on the fat of the land, the poor old mother died. Then Betsy did a thing you'd hardly credit. She presented those two poor grief-stricken, frightened little creatures with a bill for twenty-five pounds. Twenty-five pounds! they hadn't such a sum in the world. I can see them, mum, looking at her, and looking at the bill, and at each other, with no expression on their faces. At last the brother nods his head, and takes the bill: and the two go away out of sight somewhere. That was in the evening. Next morning, when Betsy woke up, she found no Corders. They had made off in the night, leaving her in sole possession—unless you count the poor old woman stiff on her bed.

This, it seems, was just what Betsy wanted, and had played for. She sat herself tight down, refused to move, and declared that until her bill was paid she would hold possession of the

house and the few sticks of furniture. *We* had to bury poor old Mrs. Corder—though, I must say, the new Vicar came in very handsome over that. It was a strange situation, as you must allow. There was Betsy Veal, with no right to be there: and there were we, with no right to put her out. Everyone told her pretty well what they thought of her, but she didn't care. She was a tough, strong woman, and she told them all to go to hell, with a good deal else about what they were to do when they got there. She had money, it seems. Anyhow, she stayed.

Well, a woman of her type wasn't going to stop there long alone. She looks round for some weak, foolish young man, gets a hold of him: and then, God help him! Betsy's man, when she did get him, wasn't so very young, nor, on the previous evidence of it, so weak either: but he was younger than she was, and weak enough to stay under her dominion, off and on, for a space of two years and a half. Fred Coppin, his name was, and he was a gamekeeper over on the Threadbury Hall estate. I don't know how Betsy first got hold of him. The first thing we heard, he was seen going into Crabtree's of an afternoon. Before anyone had taken time to make much of that, the man was openly living there.

Coppin was an easy-going sort of chap, but he had a rough side to him, and when folk began to remonstrate with him for his association with such a woman, he showed it.

"You mind your own business," he said, first of all, when Dick Jago brought it home to him in the inn one evening. "You mind your own business. I've a right to do as I like. She isn't half a bad sort when you come to know her," and he tried to pass it off good-humouredly.

"She is a bad sort," said Dick Jago, leaning over the bar. "She's a real bad sort, and God forbid I should ever come to know her."

"That's all right, then, Jago," said Fred Coppin. "You keep away. Then we'll all be satisfied."

"Aye, but we're not satisfied," said Dick, putting down the flat of his big hand on the counter. "We're far from satisfied. This village has had a good name, till that woman came in

here from Threadbury : and, if that wasn't enough, you go and aid and abet her, and live with her in open sin—Why, 'tis a scandal, man, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ought I," said Fred, and a nasty look came over his face. "Well, I'm not. What's more, it's the first time I've heard an innkeeper set up as a lawgiver. Leave it to the parson, Jago. He doesn't stand to make money out of the place."

Dick Jago turned a deep, slow purple.

"You take that back," he said. "You take that back."

Everyone started to shout out at once.

"For shame, Coppin."

"You ought to know better than say a thing like that."

"Take it back, Coppin. Come on : you know it's a lie. Take it back."

Coppin tried to bluster at them.

"Well, hasn't he been acting as if he owned the place, all these years. Who else —"

"Never mind him, Dick."

"Come on, Coppin. Take it back"

They all pressed over him, giving him no support. Old Dick Jago stood, not to be turned aside by any man's word, looking dumb and angry at Fred Coppin, like an old bull.

Then Fred Coppin lost his temper.

"All right," he cried out, jumping up and oversetting his glass. "Let him take back what he said about my Betsy."

There was a sort of horror in the room, to hear him "my" such a creature. So it's as bad as that, is it, everyone thought.

"The two things aren't to be compared, Coppin," says someone at last. "You have insulted the reputation of a just and generous man—knowing as well as we do that he's been pounds out of pocket over that house ; and Jago has but spoken what's in all our minds about a shameless, grabbing trollop."

"Here, by God, I'll —"

Coppin picked up the glass, to heave it at the man's head, but he was caught and held fast.

"Put that man out," said Dick Jago. "I won't have him across my door again."

"You won't, eh, you pot-bellied, pompous old . . ."

"There, that's enough, then."

And Coppin disappeared in a scuffle, kicking and calling out bad names.

A few days after that, the Vicar's wife stopped him in the road, and he told her to go to hell. A man lost to all decency, as you see.

He didn't seem to care. He and Betsy were outlaws, and self-sufficient. He counted the village well lost for her, as you might say : but, my saints above, he paid for it. Betsy held him hard, and kept him under. She—well, she was what you might call exacting : she had the blazes of a temper, and she drank. Coppin drank too. It wasn't long before they were having rows, and soon you could hear them a quarter of a mile away. Hear Betsy, that is. I never encountered in all my days such a screech as that woman set up when she was in drink. The climax came when she put Coppin out one night in the rain and flung all his belongings after him. But, of course, she wasn't going to let him go. I mean. . . .

It was a funny thing. Coppin being a weak, easy-going sort of a chap, you'd have thought she'd have sucked all the character out of him, and left him a weed. But it didn't work that way. The man went about looking ten years aged, but Betsy's wickedness hardened him up, and he began to hand her back pretty near as good as she gave him. They were up before the bench once, for fighting in the public highway, coming back from market : and on that occasion he'd knocked Betsy pretty well silly with his fist. All the same, violence (what she wanted, by the way, when the mood was on her) violence didn't come natural to Coppin. He had to be exasperated beyond all bounds, driven close on madness to do it ; and because Betsy knew that, knew that he wasn't really her brutal sort, she despised him. I've heard her goading him on, taunting the man in a fashion I don't like to report, even man to man. It was all one thing to her.

Betsy owned a little shop over in Threadbury, it turned out, and about once a fortnight she'd go over and take the accounts from the woman who looked after it for her. Fred Coppin knew that Crabtree's didn't belong to her ; and, one

day, after she'd put him out for the fourth time or so, she came back from Threadbury to find all her belongings out on the grass, and the door bolted against her. He left her out there half the night, before he let her in: and God only knows what happened then.

After that, it grew to be a common sight, either Fred's belongings or Betsy's lying out on the grass. The thing became a public scandal of the biggest order, offensive to morals and good taste. There, too, was a decent enough young fellow, going to the devil before our eyes. I tell you, the change in that man's appearance was shocking. Inside of two years odd—well, you could recognise who it was, and that was about all. What was worse, his spirit began to go. He couldn't stand the pace. My wife met him alone one night in the road, down there below the bridge. He didn't seem to see her, or be conscious of anything much. He was stumbling along by the side of the road, in among all the brambles, wringing his hands, and crying over to himself, "She despises me. She despises me." Horrible to hear, my wife said it was. She couldn't get it out of her head for weeks.

Such things could not be suffered to continue. We had just appointed a parish meeting, to consider what should be done to end the scandal, when it ended itself. People brought in news one night of a quarrel worse than usual, screaming that could be heard a mile off: and the next thing was, a man ran in with his eyes big in his head, calling out that Crabtree's was afire.

We turned out quick enough then, and ran to the place. I can remember noticing that it had come on to mist, a thing which surprised me, for it had been clear weather an hour before. There wasn't much we could do: that damned well jibbed again; but between us all, we managed to stay the fire on one side, and volunteers, breaking in, brought out Betsy Veal, burned beyond hope.

They rushed her into the Doctor's house, and he did what he could, which was little enough. The woman was half conscious, and moaning. When she'd wake up, she'd swear quite loud, in a strong voice, and then go off again.

Meantime, others had been searching for Coppin, and presently word came that they had him.

"I've killed her, I've killed her," he kept saying. "She goaded me on, till I struck her down."

Never will I forget the scene, nor the look of that crying, trembling ghost of a man, when they brought him in to the foot of Betsy's bed, for her to give her dying deposition of the truth. For some moments she was away in her mind, and didn't seem to realise what was happening. Then, at last, she rallied to herself, and her voice came out strong in a curse. They questioned her quickly, for 'twas near the end. She shut her eyes, and said nothing, and they feared it was all over. Then, all of a sudden, she opened 'em again, and looked full at Coppin, who was hardly able to stand, held up between the constable and another man at the end of the bed. He stared back at her, mournful, lost, despairing.

"Did he do it?" she repeated. "What! That—?—Likely, isn't it! Take more than *him* to do it."

She choked, and went on in a whisper.

"... Accident. I was tight. I fell, and upset ... lamp ..."

She wandered off a minute. Then she gave the awful husk of a laugh.

"~~His~~ Take a man, not him, to ..."

Half a minute later, the doctor was closing her eyes, and folding over the bandaged hands on her breast.

Was it love, or contempt, that led her to exculpate the man? I couldn't say. Anyway, we let Fred Coppin go. We thought, all things considered, 'twas the right thing. How was it worked? Well, when a magistrate and a coroner and a coroner's jury feel one way about a matter. ... He went out to Canada, and from all accounts he's doing well. Married and happy.

Of course, as I said, there's little of the old Crabtree's left. It'll all have to be rebuilt. Still, it isn't a site I should fancy, myself.

THEBAN TOYS

By DOROTHY JOHNSON

ALEXANDER, not yet the Great, of Macedon, was pleased to be exceedingly displeased with the stubborn citizens of Thebes. For one thing, they had supposed him to be dead; and a man dislikes to have been so mis-judged, perhaps from a not unreasonable suspicion that the wish has been father to the thought. Alexander was by no means dead; it was Thebes that had to die. Her walls were laid level with the ground, her inhabitants sold into slavery. So Thebes perished out of Greece. And Alexander marched away.

He had, indeed, no leisure to dally on the spot where Thebes had been. Already he was twenty years old, and much more than half of his life was over. He had only a dozen years or so in which to accomplish his destiny, to mount from victory to victory, to become Alexander the Great, to sink at last in so glorious a sunset that it dazzles us even now. We cannot see the sun for his splendour, the mortal man for his incredible achievements. But mortal he was, after all; and those addlepated, ill-starred men of Thebes were only half mistaken. Anyone may go wrong over a date, set an event thirteen years too soon. Anyone—and so much more a poor Theban. For the Thebans were Bœotians; and no Bœotian, as all good Athenians knew, had anything better in his brain-pan than the mud of his native marshes. Alexander took the whole world for his plaything, but he had to let it fall. He died, and was seen no more among men; whereupon Thebes, which he had blasted for ever, crept back into existence.

But the splendour of Alexander's last years still hung, still hangs, aloft. Its amazing, many-coloured radiance shines down the path of his life, magnifies and glorifies all that befell

him, makes a wonder of him in his cradle. Did not Diana of the Ephesians attend upon his birth, with the result that her unguarded temple went up that night in flames? The temple was certainly burnt; the rest of the tale may be—poetry; but the things recorded in plain prose of this hero tower almost as impossibly tall. He never can have been an ordinary boy; never fell and grazed dirty knees; never played with toys, including dolls, which small boys, who were afterwards mighty warriors, have been known to favour on the sly. This royal lad tamed a man-eating horse, which had horns or something of the sort; I do not know whether this is prose or poetry, but it is in the full-blown legend. At school he learnt more "in four or five years than some could do in seventy winters"; that, indeed, he might do; but the narrator means it for a marvel. This child had the wisest man on earth—"and would have no other"—for his teacher; and one of his princely eyes was coal-black, the other yellow as gold. The East poured all its imagination into the Alexandrian romance; the Greeks did their best, but they were never very fanciful; then came the Middle Ages, and filled the pool to the brim. It was they, I suppose, who lent horns to Bucephalus, and played such queer tricks with his master's eyes. Sultan Iskander sits on his throne, with beard and turban and scimitar. Sir Alexander rides abroad in plumed casque and complete steel. Under the glittering robes, the rich armour, is there any kindly flesh and blood?

It may be said that we do know at least what Alexander looked like. The casque and scimitar need not trouble us. A young, smooth face, a heavy, curling mane hanging in disorder over the broad brow, full, eager lips, deep-set, upward-gazing eyes, and a turn of the strong neck towards the left shoulder—these are the marks of Alexander, and we should recognise him anywhere. Yes—and then a doubt arises. I have read of another world-conqueror, whom also the man in the street believes that he would recognise anywhere—I have read, in short, of Napoleon Bonaparte that he fell in appearance a long way below the popular conception. The fine Napoleonic type was perfected by his artists, Napoleon

supplying, as it were, only the raw material. Did Lysippus evolve our Alexander, not Greek, but more beautiful than Greeks, eternally beardless like the young Apollo, with a force and fire that Apollo had not, out of a rather ordinary-looking youth with untidy hair and a wry neck? Alexander is drowned in his own vast legend; the normal man seeks him from depth to depth, till, finding no trace of a being like himself, he declares at last in his fatigue that there never was an Alexander. Has not Napoleon been shown convincingly to be a solar myth?

But some tiny tokens of the real Alexander have come to light quite recently. And the place of their discovery was Thebes. Alexander no doubt regarded that city as abolished in sum and in detail, with the one or two exceptions deliberately made by himself. The house of Pindar the poet, for instance, was to stand among its prostrate neighbours. Indiscriminate destruction is rather coarse; to destroy all save one, to keep that one intact amid a general catastrophe, is to act like a god from his judgment-seat instead of a bull in a china-shop. But Alexander was not Jove, after all. The house of Pindar got his leave to endure; and where is it to-day? The poor little dolls had no such permission; but there they are, safe and pretty and smiling, after more than twenty-two centuries.

They were unearthed the other day, lying in what had been a nursery, just as the child who played there had left them when dragged away to be a slave. The newspaper notice of this discovery is brief and rather bald. There is so much contemporary misery for the newspapers to chronicle—there are the Test Matches, winter and summer now, and the Parliamentary debates—that no great space can be allotted to sorrows healed these two thousand years. The toys, then, are not described minutely, but there is mention of some “charming dolls, like the terra-cottas from Tanagra.” Tanagra, of course, was Bœotian too. That rumour of Bœotian stupidity was itself a stupid joke. No clumsy wits and fingers produced the Tanagra terra-cottas; the shawled ladies of ineffable grace and *bonhomie*, the cheery little boys in cape

and cap, the Madonna-like seated mothers with babes, the old nurses less lovely but not less lovable. And these dolls of Thebes are as pretty as that. I suppose that their owner wept for them, as Persephone, snatched away into the darkness, wept for the flowers that fell from her apron.

Here, at any rate, we stumble on something that is solid (if not large) amid the mists of legend. Or rather, we see a vast lake drain off, and, lying at the bottom, these. If they give us an emotional lump in the throat, we can urge in defence of our unmanly weakness that they would have done as much and more for Alexander himself. Had these toys and their possessor chanced to come before him in the moment of decision, it may well be that the conqueror, the genius, the angry child of a larger growth, would have burst into tears and pardoned Thebes. But the only Thebans in sight just then were sullen-browed adults; and they had presumed to believe him dead, and some, perhaps, to call him a boy. If they did so, they were supremely right; for he, who became a god of sorts in several religions, never quite became a man. He earned his title of the Great, yet did it within the charmed circle of a boy's magnificent egoism, never taking that step across the rim which is, in fact, growing up. And therefore it is most subtly fitting that the freshest memorials of his career are playthings which once a child had to drop unwillingly. He laughs best who laughs last. The laugh, in this case a faint mischievous smile—I can see it, knowing the Tanagra figures—haunts the tiny faces of the Theban dolls, victors over time and Alexander the Great.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT looks as if statesmen had begun to realise that they must force their democracies to recognise facts. Beyond expectation, agreement has been reached at Lausanne. Mr. MacDonald achieves great credit as undoubtedly the deciding agent in this result. In one sense **Mr. MacDonald and Lausanne** the applause has been excessive, for what he has done is exactly that which is accomplished a hundred times in every Irish fair when a would-be buyer and a would-be seller—held apart by obstinacy and by considerations of prestige—cannot come to a deal. To them approaches a vehement person, who seizes their hands, forces them together, and says with all the power of his lungs, “You won’t break my word now ; you’ll split the differ.” The art of this intervention lies in knowing the psychological moment when each can be induced to make the final concession, apparently as a matter of neighbourly courtesy and social goodwill. Needless to say, the intervention is only possible because forces beyond the control of either buyer or seller have settled that on such a day, at such a place, the price of a bullock shall not vary beyond a pound or so either way. None the less, without the go-between these sales would not be made ; and though he is never paid except in goodwill, he acquires that, and not only from the chaffers, for the public knows its advantage to lie in maintaining a free flow of commerce.

It is a bad day for the countryside when there is a fair with few sales ; and the English recognise that in a larger field.

The Terms and their Meaning If they are at present by far the most internationally minded power in Europe, the reason is that they have the best commercial intelligence. They are optimists ; and optimism is a better foundation than pessimism on which to build up credit. They have great courage and they believe that if world business is moving freely they will get their share of it. In the particular instance, what needed to be done was to liberate Germany from the theoretical burden of a debt which Germany had declared to be practically irrecoverable. France feared—not without reason—that a Germany so liberated would be a formidable competitor in the economic field. This did not weigh with England, who realised that no solid advantage was to be hoped from persisting in the claims on Germany, and that taking all the imponderables into account, the best course was that which removed most impediments to the free course of business. If Germany could not pay any more, then, from England’s point of view, the sooner Germany developed to the utmost its power of buying and selling, the better for Europe, which would also gain if a less unfriendly feeling governed relations between the two powers chiefly concerned. On the other hand, France stood out for a final payment, and Germany was pledged to pay no more.

By an ingenious solution, France was persuaded to accept cheques for a hundred and fifty million, payable in instalments, and post-dated by three years ; all being further governed by the condition that payments should be made only if the debtor were prosperous, and that no payments should be made after fifteen years. This looks like a complicated way of saying that Germany will pay no more. But Herr von Papen was committed to a simple way of saying it ; so it was arranged that if these payments were ever made, they should not be counted as an extra payment from now on, but as what was due last year when Mr. Hoover proposed a general moratorium.

Nobody is going to be any the richer or the poorer ; for the financial result would have been the same if everybody had

returned to the Young Plan, or the Dawes Plan, or any other hypothetical arrangement. Germany would not have paid. But a danger to Europe existed in Germany's apprehension of military measures adopted to force her into paying what she would not pay—and possibly could not pay. That particular pressure on all Germans to prepare for self-defence by all means is removed; though whether its removal will weaken or strengthen the militant party in Germany remains to be seen. At all events, it would be a very sanguine person who hoped that Germans would hate the French less by reason of what was done at Lausanne this July. But it may be less easy to carry on the process of hypnotising Germany into a hysterical belief that in 1914 a peaceful German nation was treacherously beset by an armed coalition, and forced in self-defence to repel the Belgian menace.

There is this also to be said. One agreement leads to others, and this agreement was all the harder to make because it was not about realities. When the Conference on disarmament takes place realities will be inescapably felt; for the world at large stands to effect serious economies, and so to make life less intolerably difficult. Here President Hoover has suddenly altered the whole character of preliminary discussion by a proposal to reduce military outlay by one-third, and to forswear certain forms of warfare. There is always a natural tendency to resent these violent irruptions into international affairs from a nation that prefers to segregate itself from the general comity of civilisation. They certainly have a dictatorial tone. But, fundamentally, America is in a better position to have common sense than the rest, because it has nothing to fear. Its huge outlay on armament has no meaning except to ensure that in any future war between other nations it shall be able to decide whether it will supply munitions to both sets of combatants or to one, secure in either case that this commerce shall not be interfered with. France lives under apprehension, and nothing is happening that seems likely to reduce that strain. Great Britain, which from the nature of its possessions needs

**The Hoover
Plan—**

a larger and more varied armament than America has any understanding of, has already cut down its effectives with almost reckless optimism.

But unquestionably, given an all-round agreement, the cost of war machinery could be greatly reduced; and Mr. Baldwin in a perfectly admirable statement to the House of Commons has signified full assent in principle to Mr. Hoover's proposal, while at the same time pointing out how it must be modified to meet the needs of an armament that is a worldwide police force. It will be observed that the campaign which Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond has been carrying on singlehanded has begun to produce its effect; for Mr. Baldwin freely admits that while the number of naval units cannot be reduced beyond the point to which drastic cutting has brought it, much smaller and very much less expensive ships could do the necessary work as well. America has proposed to reduce number: Mr. Baldwin suggests instead a reduction of gun calibre, and consequently of the size of the floating gun platforms: fixing a maximum of 22,000 tons (instead of 35,000) for capital ships, and 7,000 instead of 10,000 for cruisers. Submarines he would like to abolish, but is prepared to agree to a limitation to 250 tons—which would rule out the ocean-going submarine and limit this arm to coast defence.

In regard to the land forces, he will not agree to the total abolition of tanks which Mr. Hoover proposes, but is ready to limit them to twenty tons, and the reason is interesting. Mr. Hoover's general principle is to do away with those forms of armament which increase the power of the offensive. The British hold that, against the organized defences of a civilized nation, only heavy tanks will be of service. On the other hand, the small tanks constitute an equivalent for lessening of man-power, and Great Britain prefers to contemplate the use of machinery rather than of unprotected infantry for an advance against rifles and machine guns—which her small army may have to meet in any clime. This is a logical development of the police force theory and deserves every respect.

**—And the
British**

In short, great retrenchments are possible by agreement, but not by so simple a formula as the Americans propose—not unnaturally, for armament to them means simply and solely the big stick. They have not had occasion to realize that it must be something more supple and adaptable, and indeed, as the French, no less than the British, have shown (Marshal Lyautey's work is a classic example, and his writings are textbooks on this theme), may be an instrument for fertilising and humanising regions that had before only known savage violence.

But behind all this lies another question. America wishes to rule out chemical and bacterial warfare, and the modern brutality of attack directed against the civilian population. Great Britain assents cordially. Yet how on earth are these restrictions to be made good? Only by the certainty that the nation which infringes this rule will at once bring in against it the whole power of civilization. Russia is outside all these covenants, and is certainly preparing for the use of chemical measures—nor is she alone in this. So far as we know anything of the existing rule in Russia, we know that pledges given to the bourgeois governments—if they were given—would not be held binding beyond the point which self-interest dictated. And apart from Russia, which Power would trust any other Power not to do what Germany did in 1915 when she first used gas? Had America come into the war in protest against that breach of solemn obligations, we might have had a somewhat different world. But as things stand, no negative compact of renunciation would have value without a positive compact of all to attack the state which used the means that were renounced. The French thesis is not merely logical in a formal sense: it answers to the truth of facts.

It would seem that one may reasonably hope for some scaling down in the cost of huge and rapidly obsolescent machinery—especially in the naval field, where America holds the key. But for anything to render war, if it comes, less brutal and terrible, we must wait for the spread of international

good feeling—or, to use a language still international, of *sensus communis*, which, after all, means no more than glorified commonsense.

This same quality has been sadly to seek in the affairs of my own country, which are much before the public eye at present. In the last days of June Dublin was the centre of a Catholic celebration into which the population threw itself wholeheartedly and was joined by huge contingents from overseas. Nothing was neglected that could unite all those myriads in one solemn act of devotion, and the high altar was erected where just outside the city the Phoenix Park spreads its miles of greensward, with the range of purple mountain slopes rising to the south-east of the great fertile grassy plain. The worshippers actually kneeling in sight of the altar were at the least half a million—more probably two or three hundred thousand more; but modern science, most skilfully exploited, brought the whole metropolis into the area of worship, and when traffic was checked in the streets, loud-speakers transmitted the responses to every thoroughfare, and down the miles of the quay the prayers were heard and the responses given. All Dublin, it was said to me, was a church.

Nor, indeed, was that all. In far-off villages by the cliffs that face the Atlantic, altars were erected in the streets and worship was held, repeating from moment to moment the solemn words. The old iron bell which tradition regards as that which St. Patrick carried fifteen hundred years ago was heard announcing the elevation of the Host, directly by the ear of all in the Phoenix Park and by wireless transmission over all Ireland and across far seas. Weather was indulgent and shed over the whole the magic that an Irish sky can make out of cloud and sunshine. All Dublin was beflagged, and indeed not Dublin only, but house and village all over the land. And by consent of at least friendly critics, the conduct and marshalling of the whole was a triumph of organization and goodwill. Protestants, standing outside the religious ceremony, took their full part as citizens proud of their city, and if the Irish people

An Irish Contrast

could have been left to express their own nature, which is hospitable, courteous and devout, there would today have been no limitation to our pride. It would not have been much hurt by some indecent incidents in the north, where trains carrying pilgrims were stoned from railway embankments—though indeed this happened at too many points and happened on the coming and the return. But there was prompt disavowal and denunciation from the heads of the Orange Order and from the Northern Government, and on July 10th when, according to custom, the Orangemen in full regalia attended service in Enniskillen Cathedral, the Bishop of Clogher, himself an Orangeman, spoke fiercely against those “who had attacked some of their own fellow-countrymen while on their way to what was to them a most solemn Service and the most glorious function they had ever the privilege of taking part in.” In short, if there were acts of ignorant bigotry, they were condemned by all responsible persons : and public authority did not repudiate the *sensus communis*.

That, however, is just what happened in the Irish Free State. Since, to say nothing of other visitors, the English

The Land Annuities

Cardinal was among the invited, Union Jacks were among the bunting originally put up. Some gentlemen, however, conceived this unlikeable and went round ordering in the name of the Irish Republican Army that they should be removed. For the sake of peace this was done, except, I believe, in one instance, where the insult was pressed too close home and was met by a challenge of consequences which the gentlemen did not care to face. All this was matter of indignant comment, yet Mr. de Valera's Government neither attempted to prevent this action nor condemned it. But that was not surprising since, in the general invitations sent out to a State reception at Dublin Castle, the Governor-General was not included ; and when the Lord Mayor held his reception at the Mansion House, to which both Governor-General and President were invited, the services of the Army band were refused. Since then, the Governor-General has made public the corre-

spondence which passed between him and Mr. de Valera concerning these proceedings—which indeed began informally in April when, on the Governor-General's appearance at a reception given by the French Minister, two of Mr. de Valera's colleagues, one being the Vice-President, walked out, thus contriving to extend the offence to the foreign power most united to Ireland by traditional sympathy. The publication of this correspondence was made by Mr. McNeill against the “advice and direction” of Mr. de Valera's government, and conveys a challenge to them to undertake his removal. Mr. de Valera, to accomplish this, is entitled, it appears, to approach the King directly ; it would be interesting to see how the complaint should be formulated. His paper, the *Irish Press*, explains that the Governor-General's presence at public functions was not invited because, if he were coming, the “common people of Ireland” would have stayed away. This view is hard to reconcile with the enormous throng at the Lord Mayor's reception, and the still odder fact that when the Army band was withheld, Mr. James Larkin came forward with an offer of the Transport Workers' band—which was cordially accepted.

If anybody can make commonsense out of all this, he must be a conjurer, and meanwhile the Free State's delegates are on their way to Ottawa, where they will meet representatives of five nations, who in Mr. de Valera's published opinion cannot among them provide a fair set of judges to arbitrate on the question of land annuities. I have said before here that for reasons of general policy Great Britain would have been wise, in my judgment, to have let the matter go to the Hague. I still think so, in spite of the difficulties arising from lack of a common language and familiarity with the history. But when Mr. de Valera approached the subject by saying plump and plain that at any court within the Empire “the dice would be loaded against Ireland”, it was difficult to give in. *Communi sensu plane caret* ; in other words, he thinks nobody has feelings but himself ; and there is no sillier way of going about any business. Later developments only confirm the impression

—and even suggest that he has made the British lose their temper.

The huge conversion of War Loan has proceeded smoothly, and individuals who suffer are surprisingly acquiescent. The like could hardly have been done in France without vociferous anger. Here people realise that the last aftermath of wartime prosperity has ended; for certainly the drawer of dividends has been lucky to get five per cent. with complete security. None the less it cuts down the standard of living for the "new poor"—whose poverty, indeed, has lost whatever gloss was on its newness, this many a long day. One result is to drive more than ever into the sad ranks of seekers for employment. I think perhaps the greatest change of my lifetime has been the growing unwillingness to face the condition of earning no wage. We were all very happy once when gilt-edged securities only brought in three and a half per cent., and we all knew scores of ladies and gentlemen, who were ladies and gentlemen and had no other profession, but followed it contentedly on the most limited means. Whether we were better off then or now, I cannot attempt to say; but the question is raised for all of us by the "composite picture" of "Fifty Years" resulting from the twenty-seven contributions to *The Times*, now published with a Foreword by Mr. George Trevelyan.

Reading this volume, and very readable it is—at least for those whose memories go back well into the Victorian period—I find it hard to believe that the age was so very golden. No doubt for the gilded youth which Sir Ian Malcolm describes it was grand; but probably it is grand for the equally gilded of this moment, and though there is less parade of elegance, we can see money being pretty freely spent. Amusement was more stationary: we did not whirl about so much; and though most of the writers think that the old times were better times, it is undisputed that all classes jump at the chance of whirling when it comes their way. Intellectually, I doubt whether there has

**The End of
Five per cent.**

**The Victorian
Age**

been much change among young men; they educate themselves and amuse themselves substantially in very much the same ways. Socially the change is undeniable and it arises from the fact that all are now tacitly expected to fend for themselves—women not excepted. The result has been a profound alteration in the quality of companionship between the sexes. Since a great part of the fun of life grows from this companionship, manifestly this change is important, and possibly the young of today amuse themselves more, as certainly they have fewer restrictions. But it is certainly true also that the rules of the game were better understood and observed fifty years ago, and that new conventions will have to impose themselves, conforming to the facts of life. Social facts could be altered and were altered by the war; but vital facts can at most be a little modified even by birth control.

Among small changes, I see one greatly for the better, and that is a result of military training suddenly imposed on an unmilitary people: the young learnt the use and the convenience of the word "sir", which has abolished much awkwardness and consequently shyness between generations. A young man finds it much easier to talk to an old man if he knows what to call him—as my generation did not. The world has been put at its ease by this simple innovation. The other concerns appearance, and is part of the general effect after absolute uniformity. But certainly the world was more picturesque when men accepted the facial distinctions and decorations with which nature endowed them. What old man, and, for that matter, what young one can compete in picturesqueness with Sir Oliver Lodge or Mr. Cunninghame Graham? A glance over the admirable collection of photographs which adorn the *Times* volume recalls how impressive were such figures as Earl Spencer, Lord Salisbury—or, for that matter, Mr. Keir Hardie or old "Mabon", the Welsh miner and bard. Among my own people Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, Healy and O'Brien were all notably bearded: but today a beard in the Dáil is as rare as in the House of Commons. I like not a shorn generation.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



International relations since the War have increasingly become an affair of the financier as well as of the diplomatist. MR. GEORGE GLASGOW, as the author of standard works on investment trusts and a prolific writer on diplomatics, is quite peculiarly qualified to discuss the bearing of the great conversion scheme and the debts problem after Lausanne on the early return of prosperity, in which he is a firmer believer than ever.

LORD MESTON, who writes in anticipation of the Government's decision on the Indian Communal question, expected early this month, draws on a long Indian experience of this secular racial trouble. He was formerly a provincial governor, and in 1919 sat on the Viceroy's Council as Finance Member.

Coal being unfortunately a political question, the public's knowledge of the economics of the industry is usually obtained from sources which are hardly impartial; for which reason the frank analysis of the present ills of the industry made by MR. R. CECIL SMART, a mining engineer in the Midland area, is worth close attention. MR. CECIL ROTH, whose approaching *History of the Marranos* extends his field from Italy to Spain, is the author of many books, especially on aspects of the history of the Jewish race.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, who has before found a congenial subject in the constitutional aspect of Queen Victoria's work, now makes the appearance of the last volume of her *Letters* the occasion of a broad survey of the Queen's reign. ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, concluding his series on naval training, marshals the arguments for reform in the education of officers, with its important bearing upon the public purse.

The sketches of sea life which MR. WILLIAM MCFEE has frequently contributed to this review have never revealed a truer touch than in the picture of the sailor's wife which appears this month. LADY ADAMS is a newcomer to the pages of the *Fortnightly*. Her efforts in the cause of community singing in a French village entitle her to the praise of her fellow enthusiasts in this country.

MR. L. A. G. STRONG's new volume of short stories, to be published next month, will include *Crabtree's*, a typical example of this author's art. MISS DOROTHY JOHNSON's essays are a familiar feature of these pages.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A GREAT ADVOCATE

by LORD DARLING

THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON, by Edward Marjoribanks. Vol. I. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Viscount Hailsham, D.C.L., LL.D. *Gollancz* 15s.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum—This must be the painful, if too trite, reflexion of whoever shall read the preface of Lord Hailsham to this *Life of Lord Carson* by the late Mr. Edward Marjoribanks. It sadly resembles the broken column so often used to mark the graves of those whose work is done, although still unfinished—

We learn from the Preface that "some two and a half years ago, Edward Marjoribanks received an invitation to write the story of Lord Carson's life. He seized the opportunity with enthusiasm; and, in spite of the preoccupations of Parliament and of the Bar, he devoted all his energies to the production of a biography which should do justice to the character and career of one of the great figures of the last half century. When he died, in April last, he had completed the composition and revision of the first half of the book, and he had accumulated a mass of material in the shape of Press cuttings, correspondence, notes of interviews, and the like, for the second half. It so happens that the point reached is one which may well be regarded as a turning point in Lord Carson's career, his acceptance of the invitation to become the Leader of

Ulster in the year 1910: what had been written, therefore, could stand as a volume complete in itself."

Mr. Marjoribanks—evidently with the intimate assistance of Lord Carson himself—has given a fascinating and comprehensive view of the career of the remarkable man who, after many dangers passed and triumphs obtained, is still living amongst us.

Descended from the Italian Carsoni, who, from Italy, came in the eighteenth century by way of Dumfriesshire to Dublin, descended also from the Cromwellian stock with whom they allied themselves, Edward Carson, by his resemblance in face to Dante and in character to Cromwell's steadfast men, displays little or nothing in common with the wayward Celtic people among whom he was born. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, with many others who have taken a share in the legal and legislative life of their country, he showed no precocious talent before being called to the Bar in Ireland. There he gradually acquired experience, as others do, until at an early age he became engaged in the cases arising from the agrarian crimes so common in Ireland during the latter part of the nineteenth century. From the year 1886, when the Attorney General for Ireland nominated him as one of the Crown Counsel, he became conspicuous

as a most capable and conscientious advocate. At the age of 32 he made the acquaintance of the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose intimate and trusted friend and supporter he was soon to become, in spite of the little liking for lawyers with which Mr. Balfour was generally credited. Somewhat later this relevant conversation occurred between them, as given by Mr. Marjoribanks: "You know, you're not a bit like a lawyer, Carson", Balfour once said to his friend. "That's not a compliment", was Carson's curt reply. Yet Balfour himself was far from ignorant of legal lore and subtleties; his fine intelligence had mastered the complicated land legislation pertaining to Ireland as comprehensively as had the mind of any professional lawyer; and, when Balfour would rail at the legal mind and its arid power of abstraction and preoccupation with detail, Carson would reply, "You know, A. J. B., you're the very best lawyer I ever came across."

In Ireland Carson had acquired a great reputation. His knowledge of the Home Rulers and Land Leaguers was already, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London, "intimate and peculiar." He had become convinced that it was essential for the good of Ireland alone that the legislative union with Great Britain should be preserved, and this, as later appears, was his only reason for taking part in the politics of the time. At the General Election of 1892 Carson, who had already served as Solicitor General for Ireland, was returned with Mr. David Plunket, Q.C., as Member for Dublin University. He came to London and was persuaded, though with little anticipation of success there, to undertake practice at the English Bar, where, as is well-known, he at once obtained a commanding

position. As Mr. Marjoribanks writes: "Irish advocates had, of course, appeared on special occasions, and in the House of Lords, and on the whole they had not made a good impression. The violent personalities of the Four Courts were not understood; the Irishmen were considered to be bullies in cross-examination, and their oratory, even on points of law, was thought irrelevant and diffuse. In Carson the Englishmen recognised qualities very different from those of the familiar Irish advocate. The soul of courtesy in Court, both to counsel and witnesses, he led both on by his very politeness to their destruction; his speeches were an epitome of brevity; he made one sentence do the work of two."

Almost immediately he was engaged in a case which made his name as a cross-examiner of unusual power and resource. In 1893 he appeared for the *Evening News* against the well-known trade unionist, Havelock Wilson, Secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, who had brought an action for libel against that newspaper. By his conduct of this case alone Carson's pre-eminence as an advocate was at once established. We are given several examples of this; of which one of the most interesting is his successful defence of Lord Queensberry on his indictment for criminal libel at the instance of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mr. Marjoribanks sets out a tolerably full, and in many places verbatim, account of the proceedings at the trial of this case, which brought Carson a letter from the Judge, Mr. Justice Henn-Collins, one of the most scholarly and accomplished men then on the Bench, saying: "I never heard a more powerful speech, or a more searching cross-examination." At this point Mr. Marjoribanks writes: "But his career was only beginning, and the future lay before him; for him was

waiting a great cause, the love of a whole people, fame, and, despite bitter political disappointment and private griefs, as much personal happiness as falls to the lot of most mortals."

It is impossible here, and unnecessary, to recapitulate others of the cases in which Carson was engaged. Several will be found in this volume, together with many examples of the readiness in retort and the wit of Edward Carson—not that kind of wit which plays harmlessly about the Court like summer lightning, but rather resembling the thunderbolt which leaves confusion behind it.

In Parliament Carson's activities from this time on filled more and more of his time, and brought hardly less fame to him as a politician than he had acquired as an advocate. It has been said already that the whole of his interest in politics was centred in the preservation of the Union; and this must be borne in mind in considering the line taken by him on the occasions when he differed, as he sometimes did, from the official policy of the party which he supported. To most party men the division between the tolerable and intolerable is definite, and a hard straight line serves to divide them. With Carson this line was often such as heralds describe as "engrailed" or "invected"; and so would include amongst what he would fight for some things not then desired by his political associates. Of this striking examples are easily discovered. Ever interested only in the concrete, caring little or nothing for the abstract, nor apt in the nice distinctions so dear to many lawyers and law-givers, Edward Carson owed much of his success to that directness in thought and in action which always made the chief appeal to himself.

This volume tells a good deal as to the earlier part of Carson's subsequent

career; and it is fortunate that the author has left material for a continuation of his work. Much, therefore, of Lord Carson's legal, and more of his political life, remains to be written and given to the world. His valiant fight for Ulster, his resistance to the division of Ireland into two separate and not too friendly States, the part that he played as a Minister of Great Britain during the late war, all this remains to be told. We can only hope that it will be done with the intimate knowledge and skilful presentation of the facts which distinguish this volume that we owe to Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, whose loss to law, to Parliament, and to letters must be long and deeply deplored.

THE BRITISH WAY IN WARFARE,
by Liddell Hart. *Faber & Faber.*
12s. 6d.

THE title of this important book will arouse curiosity in those who had forgotten, like the leading statesmen and soldiers in 1914, that there is a British way in warfare, inherent in the very nature of the growth and geographical situation of the Empire. "The historic British practice", says the author, in his Foreword, "was based, above all, on mobility and surprise—apt to Britain's natural conditions and aptly used to enhance her relative strength while exploiting her opponent's weaknesses." Its basis was economic pressure exerted through sea-power. "Roman statesmen", he tells us, "understood war as well as politics". Did the statesmen responsible for the policy leading up to our part in the Great War understand

the British way of warfare, with the exception of Mr. Churchill, who continued historic British practice with the fleet and in the diversion to Antwerp and the conception (however faulty the execution) of the Dardenelles enterprise?

While these episodes illustrate the British way, pre-war policy in the rejection by our government and people of Lord Roberts' conscription ideas pointed in the same direction. It was plain that we would prepare no great armies for continental warfare, itself a departure from the historic practice which has been "proved by three centuries of success". The seas had always been our element, the command of which had enabled us to take as much or as little of war as we willed. We gave up the advantages of liberty, mobility, and surprise in allowing ourselves to be tacked on to that fallacious French strategy on which Captain Hart has written an illuminating chapter. He traces the course of error "through Sir Henry Wilson's pre-war affiliations, Lord Kitchener's summons to arms, the General Staff's haste to reach France and General Joffre's haste to reach Germany, to its ultimate destination in the swamps of Passchendaele", where we spent the strength of England, pouring it out on the soil of our allies.

There is no need to labour the point. It is clear as daylight after the event, when it is easy to be wise: what we want is wisdom before the event, based, not at second hand on the turgid theories of Clausewitz, but on the facts of historical experience. The author shows that the French themselves did not profit by this abandonment of the British way of warfare, for the projected co-operation of British armies encouraged them to undertake a disastrous offensive, where the great

power of modern arms favoured the defensive. Economic pressure, exercised by the navy, rather than defeat in the field led to the German collapse. In fact, Colonel Repington was right when he said in 1913 that our navy was worth 500,000 bayonets to the French at the decisive point; although our political General, Sir Henry Wilson, replied that it was not worth 500 bayonets!

Captain Hart directs special attention to his fifth chapter, "Strategy Re-framed", which "meant hard writing; every sentence was gauged with extra care"; and he warns the reader that "it means effort in the reading". The reviewer found it no effort, so clearly and logically developed are the author's ideas. Both statesmen and soldiers should ponder over this exposition of pure strategy, and even if they do not "break down the distinction between policy and strategy", they will realise the limitation on the strategical aims of the commander imposed by the war policy of the government.

But the author has not confined his attention to the past, although he no doubt recognises the truth of Thucydides' observations on the repetitions of history. He considers the future of armaments, the armies of the world, the weapons of land warfare, and the strength and weakness of the modern territorial army. These things are especially important in view of the Geneva proposals for the reduction of offensive as opposed to defensive armaments. The last chapter, "The Concentrated Essence of War", presents us with maxims as old as Sun-tzu's *Chinese Book of War* of 2,500 years ago, and expressed by Machiavelli, by Frederick the Great, and by Napoleon.

R. G. BURTON.

THE NATURE OF MAN

by GERALD BULLETT

MENCIUS ON THE MIND. By I. A. Richards. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

MENCIUS. Translated by Leonard A. Lyall. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE BUDDHA. By René Grousset. *Routledge.* 15s.

IN *Mencius on the Mind* Dr. I. A. Richards contributes a highly original and important book to the valuable International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method, of which Mr. C. K. Ogden, his collaborator in *The Meaning of Meaning*, is general editor. Its purpose appears to be threefold: to call attention to a fascinating field for inquiry, Chinese modes of meaning; to demonstrate the difficulty and complexity, for Western minds, of the task of interpretation; and to suggest, by what the author terms "experiments in multiple definition", a systematic technique for these comparative studies. It is unnecessary to describe this experimental technique here beyond saying that it involves making for every key-word in the original an elaborate table showing every conceivable shade of meaning that might be attached to it. A perhaps subsidiary (but not less important) aim of the book is to present us with an exposition (tentative, as all such expositions must be) of Mencius's view of Man and his Nature (or Mind). Dr. Richards is careful to disclaim any special competence in the field of

Chinese studies; he takes Mencius, and a particular passage from Mencius, as an illustration of the general problem of meaning, showing that we cannot hope to understand the discourse of a mind so alien to our own as the Chinese, unless we are ready to concede that our Western logical or rational way of thinking has no absolute validity, and that a mind not subject to this tradition may be, for that very reason, the better worth our while to explore.

Mencius, like Confucius before him, taught that the Nature of Man is good.

But the actual world [writes Dr. Richards in an expository passage] is: fact in hideous confusion. . . . These evils are a gigantic reflection of a frustration in the mind of man. The mind righting itself, recovering the true path of its own development, all things would return to their proper courses. Thus the problem of the realisation, the fulfilment once more, of the mind's true nature has an urgency for Mencius that we must stretch our modern seriousness to grasp. . . .

Man, indeed, he sees very clearly is not as he should be, but about his nature—that which makes him distinctively human—he has no doubt and could have none. For, "all men like the excellent virtues," and this liking goes with these first stirrings of the buds (beginnings) of the virtues in all men which are the evidence

and the constitutive elements of their humanity. We can say, if we like, that he chose, as distinctly *human*, just those traits which made him admire other men and those traits only. But, for him, inside the magical frame, the distinction between what must be and what must be desired (in matters of human nature) had no force. And we, outside the frame, must admit that the prestige of the sages and the constancy of the Chinese ideal of humanity are facts with some bearing upon human nature.

By a coincidence which is not without irony, the publication of this book synchronises with that of Mr. Leonard Lyall's new translation of Mencius. Mr. Lyall, who is a translator also of *The Sayings of Confucius* and *The Chung-Yung*, writes a clear and attractive English; he provides an interesting introduction, adequate notes, and a full index. Moreover, his book is handsomely produced. The original appears to be the work not of Mencius himself but of a disciple. It is divided into fourteen parts and contains something over two hundred brief chapters. The utterances of the Sage are related each to its particular occasion, his interlocutor being generally a King or a Duke, but sometimes a disciple. No time is wasted in the description of these encounters. The opening of the first chapter is typical in its admirable terseness:

Mencius saw King Hui of Liang.

The King said, Since a thousand miles was not too far for you to come, father, is my land going to gain by your coming too?

Mencius answered, Why must you speak of gain, King? There is love too and right, and they are everything. . .

At the core of Mencius's philosophy

is a profound and simple truth which generations of priests have laboured (all too successfully) to obscure: namely, that "love and right" are the effect, not of a miracle, not of the conquest of "original sin", but of the realization of the human norm. The fury with which this idea is resisted suggests that there is more pleasure than meets the eye in fancying oneself to be a miserable sinner. Not everything in Mencius presents, at first sight, a crystal-clear meaning; much has an odd and even naïve air; but the central illumination is visible and sublime beyond question. And with Dr. Richard's warnings in mind the reader will know better than to assume that what seems merely odd, or even childishly simple, might not yield subtle treasure to a mind trained in comparative studies and disciplined to intellectual humility.

From Mencius to Hsüan-tsang, the chief personage in M. Grousset's *In the Footsteps of the Buddha*, is a long step indeed. The philosophy of Mencius is purely ethical; whereas this learned Buddhist monk, "the Master of the Law", was concerned much, if not primarily, with the niceties of metaphysical speculation, in particular with a peculiarly abstruse theory of transcendental idealism. Already in young manhood the most erudite Chinese Buddhist of his time, he was impelled by his zeal for truth to make a long pilgrimage in search of masters who should instruct him further. This pilgrimage provides the main thread of M. Grousset's narrative, but much else is discussed by the way: notably the artistic and religious culture of the East in the seventh century—the high summer of its development. The book is illustrated by photographs of Buddhist sculpture and paintings, and a map is provided showing Hsüan-tsang's itinerary.

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND,
by Denis Gwynn. *Harrop*. 25s.

To anyone who desires fully to understand the course of public affairs in these islands during the fifty years immediately preceding the Treaty of Versailles Mr. Denis Gwynn's *Life of John Redmond* will henceforth prove indispensable. For in these years the Irish Question, notwithstanding its partial eclipse in the Parnell split, was coming more and more to dominate domestic, and to influence foreign, politics; and nowhere else has this question been displayed in its true proportions, or its influence upon the fortunes of all concerned so clearly set forth. To the biographers of British statesmen, as to those statesmen themselves, it has too often appeared a tiresome and barely intelligible distraction from worthier things—an unwelcome guest, not to be wholly ignored but to be done with and forgotten as soon as might be. What fatal consequences followed from this impatience no one now needs to be told; for the story of Anglo-Irish relations from the Legislative Union to the Treaty of 1921 is the story of the Sibylline books. Yet, though the reminder be unpleasant, it is well that there should be put on record, as is here done with the assistance of exceptionally full contemporary documents, an exact record of those transactions through which a movement having for its end the reconciliation of Irish with British loyalties was, when success seemed already certain, defeated and destroyed.

Nor is Mr. Gwynn's book of less significance in respect of a still greater issue, to wit: the Sovereignty of Parliaments based upon a democratic franchise, as conceived and practised by nineteenth century Liberals. For John Redmond was not more remarkable as a leader of Irish Constitutional

Nationalists than as a Parliament Man. Although often at odds with a majority of its members—he made his maiden speech, was suspended and expelled within twenty-four hours of taking his seat for the first time—he had a profound respect and an affectionate regard for the House of Commons; and, though never courting popularity, he, long before the end of his thirty-seven years of service, won the respect and affection of the House.

"The House of Commons," he once told an American audience, "is a body where sooner or later every man finds his proper level, where mediocrity and insincerity never permanently succeed, and where ability and honesty of purpose will never permanently fail."

It was at once his strength and his weakness that more than most men he had faith in Reason. Throughout his long political life he strove continually to teach Irishmen in Ireland, in Great Britain and Overseas to put their trust in Constitutional action. If, as is certainly true, he underrated both the armed militancy in North-East Ulster and the growing strength of Sinn Féin (to which latter movement the triumph of the first so powerfully contributed) it was because he was unable to believe that the will of the People, lawfully declared by Act of Parliament, would or could be made of no effect by violence whether on the right hand or on the left. We are wiser to-day, having seen the Liberal theory of government overthrown in one country after another. But if, as seems likely enough, free and sovereign Parliaments become merely a memory even in France and England, the career of John Redmond will still be worthy of study, though it be only as that of one of the last and most tragic champions of a lost cause.

HUGH A. LAW.

THE DOOM OF YOUTH, by Wyndham Lewis. *Chatto and Windus*. 10s. 6d.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is concerned to show here that the so-called Age-War, the cult of youth which has grown up in industrial society, is part of a deep-laid plot. According to him it is a logical sequel to the feminist movement, by which "Big Business" tapped the cheap female labour market and thus depressed the male standard of wages. Its object is to exploit the energy of extreme youth, the only valued quality in labour in a machine age, and enable the older workman to be depressed, and finally scrapped at forty, when he begins rapidly to lose efficiency.

Unhappily Mr. Lewis is inconsequent. He continually asserts that he is just going to prove something and then proceeds to talk, with splendid wit and discernment, about something quite different. In particular the proof that Big Business is pursuing a definite policy in this matter is so often and invariably thus postponed as to be entirely omitted from the book.

If we treat his book, however, as a description of certain social changes and their consequences, as exemplified in literature and the Press, and omit his interpretation of their causes, he becomes at once illuminating and valuable.

From this point of view, the principal conclusion which emerges from his clever selection and pointed criticism of modern articles and literary tendencies, is the logical connection between industrialism, feminism, degeneracy of the male, and the youth movement. Industrialism frees women from domestic subjection, if only to enslave them to itself. This freedom then makes domestic life too much of a strain for many males, who become either hen-pecked degenerates or homo-

sexuals. The increase of homosexuality leads to the cult of youth (assisted by war-weariness, etc.), and to the War of Age and Youth foolishly, or as Mr. Lewis thinks deliberately, encouraged by the Press. The Age-War increases domestic strain (and leads also to the destruction of real youth by its enrolment in movements, and premature admission to responsibility. This is what is referred to in the title). The process is cumulative. The Doom of Youth is the doom of our civilization.

It would be interesting to challenge some of Mr. Lewis's assumptions. For instance, is the family really an expensive institution? It might be argued, indeed I fancy I have seen it argued, that it enables the employer to get several employees for a wage about sufficient for one. But there is no space to do this here. It must suffice to say that it is impossible to read Mr. Lewis without thinking, and that the questions which he discusses certainly need thought. In opening such a frank discussion, with such wit, Mr. Lewis is a pioneer, and to be thanked.

ALAN M. WELLS.

THE UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by H. C. Wyld. *Routledge*. 42s. (45s. thumb-indexed.)

THE lure of words has always been considerable, as the great popularity of the books by Trench, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, and Professor Ernest Weekley has strikingly proved. Primarily words are the instrument of thought, the means of self-expression, and as such they interest philosophers and stylists, but also they represent vignettes of history and humanity; they even have an irresistible intrinsic fascination.

In the three writers just mentioned, etymology and sense-development provide the main theme: in lexicography also they are extremely important—a fact to which Professor Henry Cecil Wyld, of Oxford, is very much alive. Apart from the Bible and Shakespeare, dictionaries are our best sellers because etymology appeals to many, because sense-development concerns the student and because definitions are necessary to every reader, though not everyone will admit that often he reads without being sure of the precise meaning of many words: the dictionary habit, if universalised, would lead to a wonderful advance in the standard of exactitude and in the scope of vocabulary. The lexicographer, then, merits our respect, and if, like Mr. Wyld, he is a very good one, he merits our admiration. The witty Mr. Osbert Burdett has said that "a maker of dictionaries is an active, laborious creature, the navvy of scholarship, carrying his hod backward and forward from one learned library to another," but another friend of mine—Mr. Corrie Denison—has more truly declared that "there is more of imagination and enthusiasm in the making of a good dictionary than in the average novel."

The publishers' blurb to the *Universal Dictionary* is instructive and surprisingly modest, but they err in stating that this is "the only important English dictionary to be produced and published in Great Britain since the war": they forget that in 1921 Professor Weekley issued his valuable and delightful *Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*. Both publishers and editor have aimed to produce a rival to the slightly larger American compilations, *Webster* and *Funk & Wagnalls*: for British readers and for students of English on the Continent they have succeeded. They have designed also

to provide a dictionary intermediate between the large American *Century* and the English desk-dictionaries, the *Concise Oxford* and *Chambers's*; here, too, they have succeeded. The *Universal* may rank for the twentieth century as *Webster* did for the nineteenth and *Johnson* for the eighteenth. It is no drawback that the *Universal* lacks the personality of *Johnson*, the encyclopædic qualities of *Webster*, the felicity of the *Concise Oxford*, for no one man is likely to combine all those qualities. Mr. Wyld has given us a dictionary treating of nearly 200,000 words and phrases, very clearly set forth and defined; with two methods of pronunciation (the phonetic and the equivalent); with full etymologies; with sense-developments admirably arranged and full.

In short, scholar and scientist, student and professional man, technician and teacher, cultured reader and the man in the street—all are thoughtfully and most competently supplied with just what they need.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS, by P. Geyl. *Williams and Norgate*. 12s. 6d. net.

IT is not very often that we, Europeans, go to America for histories of ourselves; but John Lothrop Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* was a shining exception. It enjoyed a European popularity only equalled by the superhuman achievements of the almost blind historian, W. H. Prescott, who, after losing his sight in boyhood and being compelled to work by memory and dictation, yet gave us the story of the Spanish Conquests in Mexico and Peru. Not unnaturally, however, a Dutchman born felt urged to tell over again from the standpoint of a native that famous

episode in his country's history. The result is the book before us by the Professor of Dutch History and Institutions in the University of London.

Dr. Geyl is at pains to show that the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain was a long and complicated process. To Motley, the New Englander and the Puritan, it resolved itself almost into a personal conflict between William the Silent and Philip, champions, the one of Protestantism, Liberty, and Light, the other of Catholicism, and all the Powers of Darkness. But Motley's picture, vivid as it is, is in one important respect contrary to fact. Protestants were no more numerous in the victorious Northern provinces than they were in the South, where the rebellion failed. Racial factors, factors of language and above all of geography played major parts; the defence of Holland and Zeeland succeeded just because Nature had made them so defensible. And William the Silent became the national hero, less because of his Protestantism than because he had the wit to make the most of his dykes and his rivers, and because he had the statesman's power of handling, and enlisting the help of, groups of his fellow citizens.

It was no light task, even for a dykesman born, to overcome so courageous an enemy as the forces led by Mondragon, the Spanish commander, who in the chills of October could drive their way straight over the Scheldt at low tide, marching for five hours through water that sometimes rose as high as the men's lips. It was a fight of heroes against heroes, and no wonder that Motley's story has in it something of an epic strain.

Dr. Geyl avoids assiduously any tendency to heroics. He leaves facts to speak for themselves. Even the death of William the Silent receives

but a sentence or two. It is followed, however, by a masterly analysis of the work he had achieved and the impetus given by his example to a rebellion which had its own life. To Dr. Geyl peoples are more than princes and the real ruler of men is the man who teaches his fellows how to rule.

To English readers, and especially to those who fought in Flanders but fourteen years ago, the purely Dutch nomenclature of this book may prove a little puzzling. Termonde we know, and Courtrai, and the Menin Road, who can forget them? But Dendermonde, Kortryk, Meenen?—they will take some learning. And when Boisle-Duc turns up as Den Bosch or as Herrogenbosch—well, frankly we are lost. But a Dutchman has a right to his own place-names, and who are we that we should dispute it?

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE TRUE WOMAN, by C. K. Munro. *Gerald Howe*. 6s.

It is a surprising thing when an artist takes to generalization, for by instinct and by training his whole mind should tend towards selection and particularity. So much so, indeed, that when he turns philosopher, he may always be suspected of having a passionate interest in his evidence and examples, and only a perfunctory faith in his deductions.

Mr. Munro is an artist, and though his reputation has been made largely by his dramatization of ethics and politics, yet we may guess that, even with such a training, when he comes to the subject of woman the artist in him will triumph over the philosopher. Inevitably he was bound to select, under the impulse either of attraction or repulsion; and from the pages of this

brilliant summing-up on the strange, terrible, lovely, sordid, divine, beastly creature who bears the human race, there emerges a portrait of *one* woman. It is, I submit, a dim portrait, as though the author had made a composite of several or all the women of his acquaintance. But it is certainly not Woman. Still less is it that impossible chimera, the True Woman.

It is, however, the result of a great deal of common-sense thinking and compassionate interest that has fought hard to divest itself of sex-fantasy, that insidious element which colours the conclusions even of anthropologists, and even influences philatelists when handling a stamp bearing a young queen's head. It is, perhaps, Mr. Munro's detachment which will most infuriate the "true woman". We always regard members of the opposite sex who seem cold to our magnetism as being monstrous. But Mr. Munro foresees that, and warns his readers of it.

Mr. Munro's main thesis is that woman is neither superior nor inferior to, nor the same as man. "The beginning of all wisdom is to understand that she is *different*. Incredible though it may appear to him at first sight, a man does *not* possess a monopoly of scales of values in the universe."

He discovers the difference to be this: that man is rational, and therefore argumentative and moral, while woman is purposive, and therefore discreet, indifferent, and amoral. I can agree about women, but not about men. Isn't it true that both men and women alike are purposive, self-interested, and that all their talk is *only talk*, while they fight like tigers, or gods, for the consummation of their desires? Do we not see great churchmen rapacious for advancement? Is the picture of Schopenhauer sulking

because the critics attacked his book glorifying indifference to criticism, the picture of a man in any way abnormal? Mr. Munro argues that a woman does not listen to reason. But she does if it suits her purpose. And man is the same. Mr. Munro says that man cannot conceive a person who is not open to rational argument, "and he approaches the woman accordingly. It never occurs to him that she is simply not interested in the matter, because she has instantly made up her mind what she's going to do about it, and there's an end. For some time she will humour him in his eager arguments—she looks upon it as a boring amusement of his. But when he shows no sign of stopping—indeed, is apparently getting eager to the point of irritation—she begins to get bored." But nearly a century ago we are shown Mr. and Mrs. Caudle with the position reversed! Who is right, Mr. Munro or Douglas Jerrold? Who is right in any argument, and who is convinced by any argument? Only a few poor creatures crushed by the responsibility of some office; judges, administrative officers, statesmen. We know, for instance, how Cabinet Ministers rise to a superb rationalism, weighing pros and cons, without any bias of prejudice or personal desire; and how by these means they steer the peoples of the world from precedent to precedent, back into the fog and darkness! But ordinary men and women are alike in their uncertainties, in their inability to think consecutively for more than five minutes at a time, and in their mean or magnificent greeds. But in spite of this commonalty of both sexes, Mr. Munro is quite right. Men and women *are* different. But God knows how and where, and in what way. And thank God they are!

RICHARD CHURCH.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

IN SEARCH OF WALES, by H. V. Morton. *Meithuen*. 7s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, by Kathleen Conyngham Greene. *Nicholson and Watson*. 12s. 6d.

THE VILLAGES OF ENGLAND, by A. K. Wickham. *Batsford*. 12s. 6d.

MR. H. V. MORTON would be the last person to countenance the drawing of any comparison between Wales and the rural England with which Miss Greene's and Mr. Wickham's books deal. He is very definite about regarding Wales as a "tribal territory", and the Welsh as an alien people not easily to be understood. For he found that, just as the majority of Welshmen were bi-lingual, so they also had two personalities, of which he could not fathom the native one, for one thing, because of his ignorance of the language. His book brings out his difficulty strongly. By recounting items of Welsh history, Mr. Morton emphasizes the fact that the Welsh are the last, and the true Britons. By attending an Eisteddfod and services in a Welsh chapel, he succeeds in approaching as closely as any Englishman to the native Wales.

In making his tour of the Principality, Mr. Morton followed the well-beaten tourist route through Snowdonia and the North, and down the coast to Pembrokeshire. From this point, where most Welsh itinerants stop, he turned towards the industrialized South, a part of Wales as important, if not so romantically attractive, as the North. He descended a coal-mine, visited steel-foundries and docks, and his pen, as he describes them, seems to acquire a new vividness, strangely different from the ready intimacy which makes the earlier chapters so companionable.

Miss Greene has performed a labour of love. Her book is an anthology of English landscape description, in poetry and prose, with Richard Jefferies and Miss V. Sackville-West refreshingly prominent. While there is nothing outstanding in the choice of pleasant texts, the photographs which have been excellently reproduced as illustrations are certainly examples of the high level of artistry to which the camera has risen.

There are some good illustrations, too, in Mr. Wickham's *The Villages of England*; but the text is heavy-going. The author has attempted a thesis on the reflection of geological situation in early village architecture, when local style echoed local stone. I feel, however, that Mr. Wickham has not given himself elbow-room enough, thoroughly to develop his theme. He has compressed so much into so small a space that, having omitted a number of essential explanations and embellishments, he leaves an air about the book that he is not quite sure of himself and that he has passed facts on to the reader without digesting them first.

A. WILLIAM ELLIS.

PURELY FOR PLEASURE, by Elinor Mordaunt. *Secker*. 8s. 6d.

SEÑOR BUM IN THE JUNGLE, by Algo Sand. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

MRS. MORDAUNT, in the Foreword to her book, frankly admits that she has written it primarily to please herself, but in doing so she has given a great deal of pleasure to at least one reader who normally approaches travel books written by women with extreme

reserve. One of her happiest attributes is, for me at any rate, her lack of self-consciousness. She makes no effort to charm her readers (the fatal methods of so many women writers) but charm us she does not only by her art as a writer but by her courage, her honesty and, above all, by her discrimination.

We are not swept along by the author in a grim itinerary of dates and time sheets, nor are we told of the instant subjugation of Arab chiefs or stern military authorities (although the author does relate with modest pride the wholesale bullying of the Chief of Police at the frontier of Salvador, with threats of international complications, bolstered up by fake telegrams to the Secretary of War). Rather are we treated as privileged friends listening to the desultory recollections of one who lingers over pleasant memories.

It seems to me [she says] that travel is not so much a matter of the body as of the mind. The actual movement from place to place is, often enough, a fatigue, a weariness and humiliation. It is remembering that matters.

Mrs. Mordaunt tells us of her journeys through Central America, Africa and the little known territory of Indo-China. Rarely do her wanderings lead her more than five degrees north or south of the equator, except on one occasion when she joined a travelling circus in the United States. Yet her adventures are so varied, the pattern of her experience so deftly woven together, that we are left with nothing but gratitude for being allowed to linger over what the author calls her "arras of memory".

It comes rather as a shock to turn from Mrs. Mordaunt's intimate journal to the adventures of Mr. Algo Sand (Señor Bum) in the wilds of Venezuela

and it would be unfair to compare them. Frankly, the author's experiences rival those of Deadwood Dick. Murder and sudden death stalk his every step, nor is the author above showing his resourceful nature by using the dead body of his travelling companion as a raft on which to send down the river a message for help. Those who like their travel books highly coloured will enjoy Señor Bum's adventures; others, like myself, may feel a certain scepticism. Murder will out, but surely not *quite* so many as occurred under the very nose of Señor Bum.

MARY MACKEAN.

PISTOL VERSUS POLEAXE, by Lettice MacNaghten. *Chapman & Hall*. 21s.

THE cause of humane slaughter has lately been ably presented and has made considerable, though not yet sufficient, progress. This book is designed to serve as a work of reference for all who are interested. It serves that purpose admirably, for in addition to particulars of both old and many humane methods, and photographs which will render the meaning of the descriptions sufficiently vivid even to the obtuse, Miss MacNaghten has provided a summary of the Acts and Byelaws relating to the slaughter of animals in Great Britain.

As Lord Lee of Fareham admits in his restrained, but admirable preface, the book is somewhat repetitive. This does, as Miss MacNaghten claims, help to show the volume of opinion on the subject, and may perhaps therefore be useful in a first edition. It is to be hoped, however, that any further issue will be in a somewhat less unwieldy form.

A. W.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN ENGLAND, by W. K. Jordan. *Allen & Unwin*, 21s.

THE historian of religious toleration must plainly begin, as Dr. Jordan does, by a careful definition of terms. Toleration which arises from a want of conviction is irreligious. For religious conviction, being passionate or nothing, must of necessity contain the seeds of intolerance. Toleration by the religious is therefore always an achievement, and has a value which toleration by the irreligious has not. Thus in the story of the winning of a toleration which is really religious there are potentially all the qualities of an epic.

Dr. Jordan's book deserves most of the adjectives one could shower upon it; but it has no affinities with an epic. It is heavy and solid; and at times the prose is distressingly ugly, nor does it ever rise above the most pedestrian levels. But the reader who refuses to allow himself to be put off by these defects of style will soon come to see what a great achievement Dr. Jordan's is. He has traced the growth of the idea of toleration under the régime of the Tudors—a most intricate and tangled period—when it was the burning question of the day; and he has done it in the best possible way, by reference throughout to original books and pamphlets. In this case, the best way was easily the most laborious. Dr. Jordan closely examines scores of pamphleteers and authors. His mere bibliography runs to fifty-six pages. Relying as he does chiefly upon the evidence afforded by the times themselves, rather than upon the verdicts of later writers, he has made his long book historically most impressive, and discharged his task in a manner which suggests that about this book there is a certain finality.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

SELECTED FICTION

THE LADY OF THE BOAT, by Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. *Allen and Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

THE great books make one free of time, they have a climate of their own, their seasons and ceremonies are those of the spirit. To this enfranchised order belongs the Tale of Genji, now in its fifth volume, and although a thousand years have passed since it was written, they are in these pages like an evening gone. The reflection Lady Murasaki arouses is not so much that she is as modern as Proust, as some have said, but that to-day should be a thousand years ago and the heart unchanged. Let those who have not read the earlier four volumes not be deterred on that account from reading this one for its story is complete. Let them buy it at once. They will inevitably buy the others. They will not, in case this is the fear, be taken into some archaic past. There is no studied simplicity, no epical pretension, no bowing and scraping word ceremony; and no artificially devout state of mind is demanded of the reader. I cannot read Japanese, but it is clear from the whole easy feel of the translation that it is beautifully and naturally in tune with its original, scholarship and limpidity perfectly married.

With the death of Genji magnificence has gone and a listless and distracted melancholy remains like an old perfume in his court. There is some rivalry among the women whom he had loved, written as a sort of privileged gossip. But soon the tale moves, by one of those changes of scene which genius alone can rightly make and time,

to a wild mountain retreat where a disgraced Prince has retired with his two daughters from the world. To him comes Kaoru, with thoughts of monastic retirement but withheld from the step because, not knowing who his father is, he has perforce committed the sin of not praying for his father's spirit. He having died in love—as it eventually appears—particularly needs these prayers for he must undoubtedly be in hell! Kaoru at the Prince's death, vows to protect the two daughters. And then the comedy and exquisite agony of love begins, as Kaoru loves Agemaki, the elder, but is prevented from obtaining his desire because he feels responsible for marrying off Kozeri, the younger. Niou, the emperor's son, is brought in as her lover. But Agemaki is cold—a charming modern neurotic—and the exquisite doubt arises, which of the two daughters does Kaoru really love? It is a comitragedy of sensibility and charming self-deception. Such is the marvellous delicacy, humour and perspicacity of the writer, with her lovely feminine worldliness, that every hesitation of Kaoru, every coldness of the mysteriously fading Agemaki arouses the utmost refinement of excitement and apprehension in us. Naive simplicity in the portrayal of character we have always associated with ancient writers, but these civilized Orientals are as complex in heart and mind, as we feel we alone can be now. The exposition of Kaoru's egoism, of Niou's good intentions, of Kozeri's longings, and Agemaki's weird devotion to the memory of her father, has the intricacy of trees in blossom. And as

blossoms fall, a lovely mortality is in the air. These are not the cold figures on the Grecian Urn, but creatures tender, warm, ceremonious and alive. Humours the irony of the heart, give blood to these people and it is *their* blood and not the author's we are aware of. Kaoru writes:

"On such a night as this when tears trickle from the flowers and the young deer cry in the cold, how fares it with you, tell me—at autumn, in your mountain home? Such was his poem (for it was a rainy night) and in the letter that accompanied it: 'Surely on such an evening it would be harsh indeed once more to deny me all recognition of my solicitude? Must I gaze across these sodden fields with no hope of a word to arouse me from my despondence?' 'It does indeed seem very rude to let him go on writing like this,' said Agemaki to her sister. 'I think you had better make an effort to reply.'"

Of another poem the sisters "felt this to be very commonplace, but hoped he would realise that it had been written in a moment of hurry and distraction."

And again of poems that were freely written and quoted at a drunken feast:

"But parties of this kind . . . do not produce poetical masterpieces, and on going through these pieces I cannot find one that is really worth preserving."

By innumerable strokes of such amusing and civilized discrimination—to which quotation can do but poor justice—each nuance in the tale takes its natural perspective. There is pattern, but it is not flat, and the writer moves with marvellous skill from one plane to another so that the relief is perfect. The tale is as varied as a growing tree. There is only one fault to find and it seems ungrateful to mention it. Mr. Waley's footnotes, valuable at first, tend in some cases, by repetition to underline a meaning which is quite clear to the reader who has surrendered himself completely to Lady Murasaki's spell.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

FARAWAY, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.

SKERRETT, by Liam O'Flaherty. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

CHERIE, by Jacques Deval. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.

MR. PRIESTLEY has made an enviable position for himself. After an apprenticeship of essay-writing—similar to the Latin taught to our colonial administrators—he has settled down to a life of popular novels, a big income, and newspaper fame. He lives in Coleridge's old house at Highgate; he carries on Bennett's old job on the *Standard*. As a critic he has made a corner in English humour, and after training with the Book Society has become the public spokesman on novels for a big reading public. He has written one play, and will probably write more. All this is obviously so much more interesting than any of his novels, that one wonders whether he ought not, in the interests of literature, to retire to Coleridge's house in Highgate and write his autobiography.

The success of *Faraway* with the reviewers struck me as being a little flat, rather prolonged, like the weary clapping at the end of an afternoon of school sports. "He's done it again," said one, who could not refrain from bringing in a sentence about "another good companion for our shelves." "He is better, he is expanding," Mr. J. C. Squire exclaimed in the *Sunday Times*, and pointed to the book's unhappy ending. From being the modern Dickens I can foresee that Mr. Priestley will soon become the Ibsen of our times, and perhaps in a carefully-nursed humorous pessimism he has a great future. I cannot imagine that if he goes on writing *Faraways* he will last much longer than Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Faraway is a long novel, amiable, rather monotonous, unexciting (though the theme is adventure), but written with the confidence which comes from previous success. Its competence does not suggest that Mr. Priestley has bothered to extend himself. The book contains half a dozen characters, who are well assorted but not otherwise conspicuous, and the story is a tame *Treasure Island* adventure which never comes off and never looks like coming off. The only thing about Mr. Priestley that is Dickensian is the habit of labelling his characters with tricks of speech or gesture and repeating these as often as possible. As there are only half a dozen characters in the book worth mentioning, the method wears rather thin. With the help of dialect (one character is American, another comes from Lancashire) he manages to differentiate them sufficiently, and by shifting the background from England to America, Tahiti, and the *Treasure Island*, these characters are kept on the move and given something to talk about. But what wisps they are! "So-and-so's a queer chap", one says to another; but when the reader meets So-and-so he is the most ordinary person imaginable. The one positive quality of the book is its amiability; the cardboard talkers go jogging on on their cardboard ocean, and it is only the goodwill of their author that keeps the reader from slipping over the horizon. "Mr. Priestley now has the whole world on his canvas", as one reviewer said. What will he have next?

Mr. O'Flaherty's *Skerrett* is an act, one feels, of piety, a return to the native. It is the picture of a school-master on an isle off West Ireland, who fights against the tyranny of the priest and ends, like his predecessor, with drink and madness. In parts the book has the old impact and excitement of

The Informer, but though the writing is good (the opening splendid), I was depressed by a rather weary nagging spirit which took hold of the book as it advanced. Still, it is a pleasure to read any novel written by Mr. O'Flaherty: the humour of the old men at the Confirmation knocks Mr. Priestley's amiability flying.

Cherie is an extremely vivid, compact study of a young French girl marooned as a prostitute in a tropical American town. Her one desire is to get back to France, and she saves her earnings to pay the passage home. The author has managed to make her a sympathetic character—in spite of all the other good whores of fiction—without sentimentalizing her or pointing a social moral or losing the cheap tropical brightness of her surroundings. Her death, on the eve of her departure for France—she gets mixed up with a Japanese spy and is shot by police—is artistically right, though done with a shade less skill than the rest of the book. I recommend *Cherie* as an original unpretentious little story.

G. W. STONIER.

ROYAL FLUSH. THE STORY OF MINETTE. by Margaret Irwin. *Chatto and Windus*. 8s. 6d.

FORGET-ME-NOT, by Joseph Shearing. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

BARBALOOT, by Daphne Muir. *Chatto and Windus*. 7s. 6d.

TORRYZANY, by Wallace B. Nichols. *Ward, Lock*. 7s. 6d.

DURING the last twenty years the historical novel has almost entirely emerged from the theatrical atmosphere of tushery that enveloped it in the first decade of the century. I suspect that the influence of J. A. Cramb, whose

Schönbrunn did at least eschew the attributes of melodrama, had a great deal to do with this beneficial change. It may not be irrelevant to note at this point that the passing of sword-and-cloak historical plays has taken place during the same period. In the early nineteen-hundreds every historical novel was fair game for the dramatizing activities of those who worked for Herbert Tree, Lewis Waller, and Mr. Fred Terry, and excellent material for theatrical entertainment was provided, but it had nothing whatever to do with the sad fustian of history. In fact an odd change has taken place. The historians are, nowadays, inclined to write like novelists, and the novelists are often grimly and painstakingly accurate.

Miss Margaret Irwin's publishers are careful to inform readers of *Royal Flush* that it is "not an historical novel in the ordinary sense". It is, rather, a reconstruction of the life story of "Minette", sister of Charles II of England, who married the eccentric Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV of France. In reading this book I felt that the author had been working under an appreciable handicap. The snippets of fact which she had collected in her considerable researches sometimes give an appearance of having been included for their own sake and not for the contribution they make towards one's knowledge of the personages in the story or towards its necessary progress. To balance this distortion there is good writing and convincing characterization, and there is no doubt that Miss Irwin has an admirable sense of dramatic values. *Royal Flush* contains a fascinating gallery of royal portraits. There is beauty and incident and great history in *Royal Flush*. I have little doubt that if it had been written straightforwardly, as fiction, it

would be a better book. As it stands, it is a noteworthy achievement, and it is not altogether the author's fault that one closes it with a faint feeling of dissatisfaction. A little less history and a little more fiction would have made a more memorable thing of it.

Mr. Joseph Shearing's *Forget-Me-Not* is also founded upon fact—upon a scandal of nearly a hundred years ago. It is the story of Mademoiselle Debellyme, governess to the Duchesse du Boccage. Lucille Debellyme was a calculating, ambitious young woman, very well equipped to take care of herself, and, apparently, regardless of the consequences to other people. Madame du Boccage was clumsy and handicapped by a true devotion to her husband. She had the mortification of seeing her husband's affection alienated from her. She saw the control of her household pass into her governess's keeping, and, all the time, Mademoiselle Debellyme behaved with exemplary courtesy and deportment. Mr. Shearing has written a remarkable study of a most unpleasant young woman. The only weak part of the book seems to me to be that which describes the events following the murder of the Duchesse. *Forget-Me-Not* is altogether readable and compelling, and I wonder whether it is merely chance that the writing in it reminds one sometimes of the work of Miss Mary Borden.

Mrs. Muir's *Barbaloot* is a story of a Dutch pirate who lived in the seventeenth century. It is emphatically not a "rousing yarn", but a serious study in characterization, founded on the life-story of an eccentric sea-captain. Mrs. Muir's *Barbaloot* passes from success to degradation and drunken madness. I read this carefully written and colourful novel with interest, but I was conscious that it lacked the power to compel me to read. *Barbaloot* is an

impressive personality but he never enlisted my sympathies, and there were times when I found it difficult to believe in him at all.

In *Torryzany*, Mr. Wallace B. Nichols has told the story of Torrigiano, the sculptor who designed the tomb of Henry VII and his Queen in Westminster Abbey. His was an adventurous life, crammed full of incident and excitement, and Mr. Nichols has done well with it. Mr. Nichols has not retained the exclusively modern idiom neither has he relapsed into the language of the theatre. *Torryzany* is a piece of sound historical fiction.

ERIC GILLET.

BEFORE THE FACT, by Francis Iles.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

HAVE HIS CARCASE, by Dorothy L. Sayers.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MURDER, by R. C. Woodthorpe. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.

In the past nearly all thrillers have been written upon an unspoken understanding between author and reader that the characters shall be subservient to the plot. Francis Iles does not accept this convention for an instant; his characters are more real than those in many a novel of psychological pretensions—murderers, lovers, victims or passers-by, all are drawn to their inevitable destinies through the qualities that are inherent in their personalities.

Francis Iles, whose style reminds me irresistibly of Miss E. M. Delafield's, set himself no easy task when he started out to write *Before the Fact*, for he had to render convincing the character of a woman who allows her-

self to be murdered. It is remarkably well done. We see the quiet everyday details of Lina's life, and her gradual but never complete disillusionment about her charming but fundamentally rotten husband. She makes an effort to live her own life, but her love proves too strong and she returns to her doom. We see her husband Johnnie with her own doting gaze, and only occasionally realise the hopelessness of her efforts to reform him, and know (as she knows, but will not admit) that the fatal ending cannot be averted. The atmosphere of the whole book is so intimate that it moves the reader deeply and its effect lasts long after it is closed and put away. Whoever the pseudonymous Francis Iles may be, there is no doubt that he (or more probably she) is a novelist of no mean order and a writer of crime stories second to none.

Miss Sayers in her new book continues the adventures of those somewhat hard-boiled individuals, Miss Harriet Vane and Lord Peter Wimsey, and presents us with another first-class detective problem. The whole book is in the nature of a sophisticated acrostic. A body is discovered on a rock. It is apparently a case of suicide, but gradually an accumulation of small details appears to support Miss Vane's intuition that it is murder. Various suspicious characters are tracked down and questioned, but each one has a more perfect alibi than the last. A piece of paper written in cypher comes into play, and is explained and elucidated for the reader in twenty bewildering and ingenious diagrams. The story takes innumerable twists and turns, presenting the problem in an astonishing variety of shapes. Miss Sayers's many admirers will not be disappointed with *Have His Carcase*, which is well up to her usual high

standard; but, if I may make what is probably a purely personal criticism, it is that I wish Lord Peter would desist from proposing to Harriet Vane with such sickening regularity.

The Public School Murder is an estimable and amusing mixture of a school novel and a murder story. Mr. Woodthorpe writes with irony and a quick perception of the conventions which bind the minds of a community of school-masters. When the head-master is found murdered in his study, the first concern of all the older men is the good name of the school and the avoidance of scandal and publicity. The story is admirably told. The characters are clearly defined and the reader is kept in a proper state of suspense until the moment of illumination has arrived, though the murderer himself is hardly a convincing person.

HELEN GOSSE.

TWELVE SHORT PLAYS, by Clifford Bax. Gollancz. 5s.

It was a happy idea to publish in one small book five serious and seven comic plays by Mr. Bax, whose dramatic work is always well worth reading. He is certainly the most elegant of contemporary satirists and there is grace and shapeliness in every one of these little plays. Some of them are strongly entrenched in popular favour and one imagines that *The Poetasters of Ispahan* has been performed by almost every amateur dramatic society of note in the country.

As a popular playwright, Mr. Bax is at last entering into his own without lowering his standard in any way, but even those who have enjoyed and criticized his work for years will be amazed at the high endeavour and happy accomplishment to be found in the *Twelve Short Plays*.

E. G.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

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| GOLDEN HORN, by F. Yeats-Brown. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) | TWO LIVING AND ONE DEAD, by Sigurd Christiansen. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) |
| IRELAND, DUPE OR HEROINE, by The Earl of Midleton. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) | WANDERERS IN THE MIST, by Heinz Liepmann. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) |
| THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES, by Ortega Y. Gasset. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.) | THE CHERRY TREE, by Adrian Bell. (Cobden Sanderson. 7s. 6d.) |
| AN IDEALIST VIEW OF LIFE, by S. Radhakrishnan. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.) | THE COLOURED DOME, by Francis Stuart. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) |
| INTIMATE LETTERS FROM TONQUIN, by Marshal Lyautey. (The Bodley Head.) | BALLERINA, by Lady Eleanor Smith. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) |
| AUSTRIA OF TO-DAY, by V. W. Germaines. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) | COUNTRY PLACES, by Lady Longford. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) |
| CHANGES IN FAMILY LIFE, by Sir William Beveridge. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.) | BOMBAY RIOTS, by C. Dennis Pegge. (Secker. 5s.) |
| THE EVOLUTION OF SEX, by Dr. Gregorio Marañón. (Allen & Unwin. 15s.) | YE DRUNKEN DAMOZEL, by Simon Jesty. (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.) |

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

 SEPTEMBER 1, 1932

PRELUDE TO THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

WHEN Baron von der Gayl read the funeral service of the German Republic, as established in 1919, on its thirteenth anniversary, there were few mourners. Born in defeat, cradled in chaos and afflicted with nervous ailments such as must have wrecked the constitution of the most seasoned body politic, this wretched infant will take its place in history simply as a laboratory experiment, or rather as the supreme example of the inefficacy of laboratory experiments in the sphere of politics.

The Weimar Constitution indeed suffered from an organic disease. It was a flat denial of the psychology of the German nation, and a travesty of the physiology of the German Reich. Slowly but inexorably, the course of historical events is teaching us that there is no talisman for political or economic progress. To imagine that parliamentary government, or "democracy" is a precept of health and probity which holds good at all times and in all places is an intellectualist delusion from which the rationalist generation, still dominant in England and France especially, has yet to shake itself free. The political bases of a nation are rooted in its history and in its distinctive national psychology. Sooner or later, foreign bodies are bound to be expelled by an awakening of the national consciousness, conceivably in evolutionary form, but more often than not through revolution.

CXXXII

N.S.

L

The Government of National Concentration, over which Herr von Papen presides, evidently hopes to avert the dangers of internal combustion by modifications here and there in the Weimar structure. His deliberate call for cheers for the German Reich instead of the Republic (on August 11th) was a concession to national sentiment, which, however, in no way presages a restoration of Monarchy, for the word *Reich* does not connote any particular form of government, it only marks the divergence of the German political organism from the Nation-State predicated by French thought. Herr von Papen cites specifically electoral reform, abolishing the academic tool of proportional representation in favour of a more personal relationship between the Reichstag deputies and their constituents, comparable with the English system. He looks to the establishment of a second chamber and to early measures of *Reichsreform* calculated to replace the present mechanical centralised unity by a Reich organism reflecting the federalist traditions, *but also* the Prussian hegemony of the old Bismarckian State. Since, however, under the constitution, the Cabinet requires a two-thirds majority in the Reichstag for any such changes, it is difficult to see how it can proceed on constitutional lines. For the net effect of the general elections of July 31st has been to disclose the very same deadlock in terms of party voting in respect of the Reichstag as was revealed by the Prussian Landtag elections in April. In each case the Communist party holds the balance, and, since the German Communist party is manipulated from Moscow, it will undoubtedly maintain the troubled waters in which the German State threatens to sink altogether, rather than do anything which would help the Cabinet of Junkers to steer their ship into calmer seas.

In order to appreciate the problems confronting the present masters of Germany, it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the significant events of the last few months. The second ballot of the Presidential Election showed that the National Socialist tide was still flowing strongly, so that it was possible for some 13,700,000 Germans to vote for an unprincipled demagogue like Adolf Hitler, not, indeed, because they were

personally attracted to him or recognized in him any qualities of statesmanship, but because of what he represented in the national life. Field-Marshal von Hindenburg was re-elected by the efforts of those very parties which opposed him in 1925, because he provided an element of stability and continuity—perhaps the only one in the prevailing confusion. A decisive rôle was played in the rejection of Hitler by the German trade unions, grouping some 6,000,000 persons who, despite the ravages of the economic crisis, remained loyal to the Weimar Constitution, under which indeed they have still in the *Tarifrecht* a guaranteed wage-system. The Prussian elections, then, gave the expected result, a huge increase in the Nazi representation (from 7 to 162 seats); insufficient, however, to provide a Nazi-Nationalist majority. For several weeks, Prussia remained without any Government other than the defeated Ministry of the Social-Democrat Otto Braun, which carried on current affairs until the Reich Government, on a flimsy pretext, took over the reins, appointing a Reichskommissar.

Any hopes that the National Socialist party would be content to share power with the other “national” parties for the purpose of “delivering Prussia from the baneful influence of Marxism” were dashed to the ground by the programme-speech of Herr Gregor Strasser, the Nazis’ second-in-command, in the Reichstag on May 10th. It was a sharp reminder—to those who had been innocently or conveniently forgetting—that National Socialism is not simply a bogey to intimidate the French, but that it represents a serious policy of economic regeneration which has nothing in common with the simple faith of the representatives of “big business” and finance in the traditional economic system. The latter were suitably shocked, and hastened to secure the ear of the President to warn him against any undue indulgence towards the National Socialist party. A feature of Herr Strasser’s speech, by the way, was also the new note of friendliness towards Dr. Brüning. When therefore the Chancellor (Dr. Brüning) himself brought forward, at the end of May, a further batch of emergency decrees to meet the continued economic stress, which included

provision for expropriation of certain bankrupt estates in East Prussia (with 60 per cent. compensation of the nominal value), to be used for the settlement of a number of unemployed, it was easy enough for the President's advisers to convince him that Dr. Brüning's "agrarian Bolshevism" was almost as dangerous and wrong-headed as the Socialist tendencies revealed by the Nazi leader. Actually this was perhaps the first timid attempt on the part of Dr. Brüning to do something constructive, whereas his rôle for two years had been to liquidate, much against the grain, a capitalist economic system which no longer corresponded to realities.

Herr Strasser had spoken nothing but the truth when he evoked the "great anti-capitalistic longing" which was sweeping through the nation. It had been already underlined by the figures of the Prussian Landtag elections, which revealed an "anti-capitalist" vote of more than two-thirds of the electorate (National-Socialists, Social-Democrats and Communists).

Dr. Brüning was certainly unlucky. The Zentrum (Centre Party) missed its chance last December of harnessing the National-Socialist force to some kind of constructive policy, mainly for reasons of personal incompatibility, and now Chancellor Brüning was to incur the displeasure of the President for proposing a measure which all Germany, except naturally the Junkers themselves, deemed necessary, and indeed overdue. Disgusted with the intrigues around him, and worn out by his unremitting efforts to keep a balance between rabid nationalism and the moderation demanded by Germany's international situation, Dr. Brüning handed in the resignation of his whole Cabinet. President von Hindenburg let him go, after having tried in vain to persuade him to be Foreign Minister in a new combination. The disappearance of Brüning ushered in a new period in German politics, in which the real forces are coming into the open, while at the same time the true meaning of National Socialism can no longer be concealed by interested propaganda.

The von Papen Government was formed with the definite object of keeping the Nazis out of power while preserving

outwardly good relations with them. The idea was, no doubt, that the rank and file, when it came to recognize Hitler's incapacity for serious political work, would be prepared to transfer their volatile aspirations to experienced leaders of the old Germany, provided that they were above party. There could hardly have been a graver miscalculation, as I shall endeavour to show. But it was a natural assumption on the part of these men of pre-war Germany, who seem to have remained entirely oblivious of the prodigious changes in the *Weltanschauung* of Germans in the mass, which the war and post-war events have occasioned. It is a complete misrepresentation to say, as the latest biographer of Hitler, Dr. Emil Lengyel does, that "the majority of Hitler's followers are men and women who have lost their spiritual anchorage." If National Socialism were all sound and fury it would never have captured as it has—in addition to the small shopkeepers, *Spiessbürger* and riff-raff—the most vital and forward-looking elements in the country. It is a dynamic amalgam which leaves the Italian Fascist phenomenon a long way behind.

German traditions are essentially autocratic and military. This applies particularly, of course, to Prussia, but, as we know, owing to the methods by which Bismarck welded German national unity, the same craving for authority is deeply embedded in the national consciousness. With it is bound up also a definite trend towards "Socialism," in the sense that Germans naturally expect the State to play a bigger part in their economic and cultural life than would ever be tolerated, for instance, in this country. These are, so to speak, the constants in the German problem. The variables, which in an age of transition like the present, play a vastly more important part, have, as it happens, worked in the very same direction. National-Socialism, in its peculiar emotion-laden form, could only have arisen in Germany. But its immense importance derives from the fact that an integration of the National idea and the Social idea is the characteristic post-war development in Europe. Instead of shadow-fighting about a meaningless internationalism which, politically, is non-existent, let us face the fact that a new nationalism has sprung up which is

essentially intensive, not imperialistic, and which embraces the economic no less than the other strands of the national life, since its task is precisely to relieve the social tension (by a more equitable distribution of worldly goods) left by the Liberal individualistic age of economics.

How did it come about, then, that in 1919, Germany donned a democratic dress cut to the pattern of the individualist West? The answer is, of course, that it was forced upon her. Out of far distant America came the voice of President Wilson, saying that the Allies would treat only with a democratic German republic. No such impulse—democratic in the Anglo-Saxon or French sense—existed in the national consciousness. It was in fact, General Ludendorff, the real dictator of Germany from 1916 to 1918, who compelled the convocation of the Reichstag. He realized that, while a victory in the field was no longer possible, an early armistice might yet avert disintegration at home. The obvious channels for a pseudo-democratic movement to please the Allies was the Social-Democratic party. Together with the leaders of that party, who at last saw their chance of real power, it was natural enough that there should be an admixture of *bourgeois* Liberals (National Liberal Party, *Volkspartei*) whose label, it was thought, would be sure to commend itself to the “enemy”, and also a handful of leaders from the Catholic Centre party, who could perhaps count on some support from Catholics in the outside world.

I am not suggesting that the military caste deliberately contrived a simulacrum of democracy for the benefit of the panjandrum in Paris—a weak inorganic structure which at the appropriate moment they could pull down again. What I am anxious to emphasize is that there was no such thing as a German revolution. When members of the royal houses had either fled or been bundled out, there was, as it were, a void, a vacuum. And what came to fill that vacuum was not any new content such as is the substance of any genuine revolution, but simply a coalition of political and social forces pertaining to the Opposition of the old régime.

What could they do to make a new Germany? Had the

Social-Democratic party been less of a class organism—had it enjoyed more freedom in the Bismarckian State, it might indeed have produced something substantial and new. But what happened? The Socialist leaders, old, narrow-minded and embittered for the most part, thought only of making the most of their possession of power to obtain “cash benefits” for the so-called working classes. By its capitulation to the vested interests of organized capital the German Social-Democratic Party in 1918-1919, and indeed since, has forfeited the goodwill and support of a large majority of the politically-minded.

In a word, the fathers of the “democratic” Republic in Germany put up no new social ideal in the place of the old. Republican forms simply clothed the old plutocratic positions of power. Industrial and financial magnates, with the assistance of a considerable influx of Jews from Eastern Europe, proceeded to build up again the fabric of “prosperity” as if the war and its prodigious consequences in the sphere of international economic relations had never been. We see the result to-day, a tiny moneyed class and a huge proletariat whose living conditions are steadily worsening under the pressure of “deflation”.

There was, however, another generation of the German middle class which already, before the war, through phenomena like the *Jugendbewegung*, had manifested a typically “Romantic” revolt against the materialism and quantitative *bourgeois* values which ruled at that time. They were imbued with a conviction that their Fatherland had something better to contribute to civilisation than an imitation of Anglo-Saxon plutocracy, or even the hoary fallacy of military power. Their experience in the trenches only went to confirm this nascent idealism. These recruits from the professional and middle classes, just as in our own Army, enjoyed a comradeship with the “workers” which could never have been possible in ordinary civil life, particularly in class-divided Germany, and they were filled with contempt for the “old men” who had allowed their country to drift into war. After the war, here was the nucleus of a humanist movement which

was in line with old German traditions, and which yet was passionately determined to build up a better Germany. National-Socialism, *as a movement*, was born in the trenches.

Afterwards came the inflation, whose ravages on the German temperament only those, perhaps, like myself, who were living in Germany at the time, can fully appreciate. The effect on the sensitive was bound to be to destroy any faith in the traditional values, monetary but also moral, which we take as a matter of course. There is no more important fact about post-war Germany than that the professional classes, those middle strata of the population which are normally the bedrock of the "capitalist" order, were reduced, economically speaking, to the ranks of the proletariat.

When therefore the Social Freedom Party, which became later the National-Socialist Party, developed as a revolt against the corruption and materialism of the established order, it was natural that some of the men of the war-generation should once more emerge to crystallise their aspirations and intelligent observation of the trend of events into a definite body of political doctrine which should be the staple of the German revolution.

Outside observers who go only by the tissue of half-baked ideas contained in the programme of the official Hitlerite Party (N.S.D.A.P.) are incapable of understanding what lies behind. The *party* which has now achieved its purpose of mobilising the national consciousness is one thing; the *movement* represents something far more significant and fundamental. Thus, in view of actual happenings in regard to international trade and finance—as distinct from what ought to be, according to sound orthodox doctrine—it is no longer possible to dismiss the groups of Germans looking towards a new economic order based on "National freedom and social justice" as "the crank brigade". Since last October, Germany has been the chief sufferer in the trade war which is decimating the import and export trade of every country. She is being thrown back more and more on her own resources. Barriers against German goods are being piled up ever higher. And while her statesmen have now

undertaken that Germany shall pay a lump sum of three milliards in bonds by way of Reparations, apart from the gradual repayment of credits, she seems further than ever from being able to transfer any export surplus which, by "coolie labour", she could produce.

Thanks to the stream of money from America—the banks thus being able, until 1929, to keep up the grossly inflated credit structure—Germany came to occupy a key-position in the post-war capitalist system. Hence the tenacious efforts of international finance to overcome political obstacles so as to keep Germany linked to the mechanism of the gold standard. Nevertheless, partly as a result of deliberate policy, but chiefly under pressure of circumstances, Germany has travelled a very long way on the road to "autarchy" or self-sufficiency. Baron von Braun, the Food Minister, made no bones about telling the world a few weeks ago how Germany is now able to produce herself all necessary articles of food, fats, etc., and so "cannot be starved as she was by the blockade in the war." No doubt this boast is not strictly true, for Germany is still dependent to a large extent on an exchange of goods with other countries; only by her excellent trading relations with Soviet Russia and her grandiose plans for meeting the needs of Central and South-Eastern Europe, she could at a pinch cut herself off entirely from trade relations with the West. This is not the place for a discussion of likely events in Central Europe within the next few months—the default of Austria and other States on their foreign debts are the straws which show the way the wind is blowing. But no one who considers actual facts, and politico-economic realities, can continue to pour ridicule on the idea of autarchy, i.e., a planned national economy insulated from the intolerable pulls and strains to which Germany's economic structure has been exposed these last few years.

When one considers the vistas opened out by those who profess to speak for the new Germany, one can understand why there is no love lost between the Hugenberg Nationalists, for instance, and the Nazis; why, indeed, President Hindenburg, advised by the leading men of the old order, is resolutely

determined to keep the National-Socialist Party out of real power. Not that it is probable that Hitler himself would attempt to institute any revolutionary changes. He is too heavily committed—financially and otherwise—to the big industrialists, most of whom are still thinking in terms of an export surplus and a resurrection of the Germany of 1925-29, flowing with loan-money and credit. But Hitler himself is shrewd enough to know that when it comes to constructive work, other members of the party—and indeed still more, “new men” who are not members of any party—will be called upon.

The whole question is whether Hitler has still enough ascendancy over the Brown Army, Storm Detachments, S.S. men, etc., to keep them in check (recent outbreaks of terrorism suggest that this is doubtful) until such time as they may be wanted for police purposes in “the Third Reich.” Events are moving swiftly. But it is clear that the men at the head of affairs now represent reaction in every sense. They have already, by their decree on June 14th, made a further drastic cut in unemployment benefit, and their profession of faith in individual enterprise is an affront to the collectivist philosophy of life, with which large sections of the community are now, through their own acute storm and stress, imbued. The dynamo of a new social conscience is indeed the one real benefit which has emerged from Germany’s years of travail. If this process of applying the thumbscrew of deflation goes on, you will get a state of affairs in Germany which even the patient, disciplined German citizen will find intolerable. When 96 per cent. of the community are property-less,—when wealth, that is, is concentrated in the hands of a privileged class representing 4 per cent. of the nation—and plutocratic rather than aristocratic at that—the stage is set for a revolution.

It seems madness at the moment to suggest that a united anti-capitalist front can be formed. The Social-Democrats and the Communists are still at daggers drawn, and both have nothing but contempt for what they declare to be the pseudo-Socialism of the Nazis—a contempt which is, of course, reciprocated. Nevertheless, more unlikely things have happened, under the spur of necessity. For some such “Socialist”

regeneration is the one hope of putting new life into the German body politic. The difficulties are enormous, and not least is that of vocabulary, for no two persons mean the same thing when they talk of Marxism, proletariat, *Liberalismus*, and so on.

But there is an uncanny resemblance between the present resurrection of men of the discredited old régime in the Cabinet of national concentration and the Cabinet of old politicians of all parties which came together to try and save King Alfonso in Spain, or, indeed, men of the period immediately before the French Revolution. All the necessary conditions for a German revolution are extant. The only question is, whether there is enough spirit left in a population which has undergone such terrible hardships to impose its leaders, at present anonymous, on the bureaucracy. My own impression is that it will come. But there is no need to expect bloodshed and a prolonged civil war. The Reichswehr, which is the effective power in Germany, has consistently held aloof from party questions. It has not even taken sides between “Capitalism” and the new National Socialism adumbrated here. I can very well conceive a state of affairs where General von Schleicher or some other military leader would offer the services of his force for the preservation of law and order in a new State, much as the heads of the Army and Civil Guard in Spain gave allegiance to the Republic when they realised the immensity and intensity of popular feeling in favour of the new régime. It is some such revolution in Germany that I envisage. Bureaucratic stalwarts of the old pre-War Germany cannot much longer stand up against the tidal wave of social nationalism of which Adolf Hitler—who is certainly no Mussolini—has been a convenient symbol. “Public sentiment”, said Abraham Lincoln, “is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail. Without it, nothing can succeed.”

" THE BOOK OF GOSSE "

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

WHEN the library of Edmund Gosse was scattered " beyond the reach of call ", realising from its sale a small fortune undreamt of by its collector, there were a few books from which the family was unwilling to be parted, books of long and intimate association, books that had meant much in the home, but might mean little in the auction-room ; and among them there was none of pleasanter or more various memories than a certain faded volume which lies before me as I write. The family remembered it as long as they remembered anything ; indeed, it had reposed in their father's bureau drawer before the eldest of them was born. Sunday after Sunday, when the last of their parents' guests had been cheerily waved away at the front-door, they had heard their father come bounding up the staircase, still apparently unexhausted by the voluble hospitality of a crowded afternoon and a confidential supper-table. Then he would seat himself at his desk, open this manuscript volume, and command the attention of his tired listeners. " Come now," he would say, " who came first ? Now, Tessa, rouse yourself. How many can *you* remember ? " And his gleaming glasses were bent over the page, as he entered up the list of the day's visitors, interrupting his task every now and then with some witty, critical comment or kindly word of praise, which had a way of fixing the occasion in the memory of his hearers for many a day to come.

For this was the Gosses' guest-book, kept by the host all through the years with that indomitable regularity which

ruled his life, until he sent in his last sheet of manuscript to the *Sunday Times* from the nursing-home which was to prove his death-bed. " The Book of Gosse ", he called it : the name is inscribed in careful script upon the cover. It is a long, narrow, oblong volume, measuring thirty-two by four inches, containing three hundred and fifty-four pages, and bound in what was once an ivory-white parchment, now transmuted by time into a tinge like gun-metal. Every page is filled with Edmund Gosse's beautiful handwriting, which changed so astonishingly little during the forty-five years whose hospitalities the book records. Here and there is an entry by Mrs. Gosse, and once the list is made out in the large, clear handwriting of his daughter, Tessa. These, no doubt, were upon the evenings, of which I myself recall one or two, when he would throw himself on a sofa, after the last guest had departed, and exclaim, " Oh, how tired I am ! Seven hours' talking, without a break." Then one of the family would fill up the list, while he aroused himself to fresh effort to recall another and yet another name. It meant some strain upon the memory, for counting over the muster-roll I find one Sunday when there were eighty-seven visitors, another of eighty-two, and many of over sixty.

The record is not quite complete. My own memory of these gatherings goes back to May, 1890, and there are a few dates, which meant much to me, but little, perhaps, to anyone else, against which no list of visitors appears. But the record, extending over so many years, is wonderfully alive, and fills the visionary room with crowd after crowd of eager, interested faces and the echo of many wise and witty tongues. When my cousin, Philip Gosse, invited me to make some public tribute to the interest of " The Book of Gosse ", I gratefully seized the opportunity. I cannot hope to convey to those who were not there any adequate sense of the charm and excitement which, as a young man, strange and raw to London, I, like so many others, found in those gay and controversial gatherings. But at least my memory of them is alert ; and, with assistance of " The Book of Gosse ", I will try to do my best.

II

When Sir Evan Charteris was writing his sympathetic and revealing "Life" of Edmund Gosse, he had this guest-book at his disposal; and anyone who is at the pains to compare its pages with the excellent chapters in which Gosse's gift of hospitality is discussed will realise that his biographer made good use of its information. But for Sir Evan, apparently, the actual volume, as it lay in his hand, had less of sentimental attraction than it possesses for Gosse's children and for others of his family connections. That, no doubt, is inevitable. The "clan" sentiment is a thing of its own kind. "Nothing," writes Sir Evan, "could look more arid than this ledger, with its names and records of social occasions." I cannot agree. There is much virtue in a list of names. An old school-roll will suddenly fill the memory with a panorama of figures, stories, and adventures of the past, while the Index to a biography is often the best prelude to the book itself.

As it happens, "The Book of Gosse", both in the manner of its telling and in the tales it has to tell, reveals and emphasizes two of its writer's most characteristic qualities, the mainspring, it might almost be said, of his success in life and of his zest in living it. For it offers an abiding tribute to the regularity and method of his habits, and to his intense and questing interest in the men and women whom he met. To the regularity of his life he owed the excellent health which he enjoyed for nearly eighty years; while his quick sympathy with every new acquaintance kept his mind fresh and vigorous to the end. All his days he lived by habit and by rule. Just as he kept the weekly record of his hospitalities, prompt and punctual, so was he punctual and prompt in every social and professional relationship. If he demanded precision and punctuality from his correspondents and friends, he demanded what he himself gave in double measure. No luncheon party was ever kept waiting for his arrival; no editor ever had to inquire anxiously for a promised manuscript. He did everything upon the stroke of time, and he was as assiduous in the pursuit of a new acquaintance as in the performance of a familiar duty.

In this way one quality fostered the other, and prevented him from growing tired and listless, as so many hard-worked men are apt to do, before they round the mark of three-score-years-and-ten. If Edmund Gosse remained young all his days, it was to these two qualities that he owed the secret of perpetual youth.

Mr. Harold Nicolson once wrote that "life was always more entrancing to Gosse than literature," and at first sight this might seem a disputable judgment. When one recalls his passion for an exquisite phrase, his immediate and glowing response to a fresh image, his life-long pleasure in the art of writing, it appears more than disputable—even easily disproven. But memory and reflection confirm its truth. Gosse did certainly value the thing said, first and foremost, for the light it cast on the character, the temperament, the controlling impulse of the man who said it. His correspondence is full of witness to this fact. When he had finished his "Gray" for the English Men-of-Letters series, he wrote, "I fear I have said too much about the man and not enough about the works. I like the man best." He generally did; and Stevenson, after reading a volume of his literary portraits, put his finger upon Gosse's distinguishing talent when he urged him to cultivate that gift to the full. "See as many people as you can, and make a book of them before you die. That will be a living book, upon my word." In the sense implied by Stevenson that book was never written; but its material lies richly embedded in all the best of the "Literary Kit-Kats" and of Gosse's other reminiscent essays. And the story of how that material accrued can be traced implicitly in the pages of "The Book of Gosse".

III

Edmund Gosse and Nellie Epps were married on the 13th of August, 1875, and in the spring of the following year settled down in the house at 29, Delamere Terrace, Westbourne Square, which was to remain their home for six-and-twenty years. They married on a very slender income. It was only

a few days before their wedding that he was able to exchange a rather exacting and ill-paid post at the British Museum for the position of official translator to the Board of Trade, with a salary of £400 a year, a small but secluded room to himself in that rabbit-warren of offices, overlooking Scotland Yard, long since swept away, with a "supply of stationery enough of all sorts, for my private use, to satisfy a popular M.P.," and sufficient leisure, during the prescribed hours of work, to do a good deal of reading and reviewing. But at that time his writing was not bringing him in much money. In the year before his marriage, he made, on Sir Evan Charteris's evidence, no more than £112 by his pen, and three more years were to elapse before his annual literary earnings amounted to £200. He was contributing to at least half-a-dozen reviews and periodicals, but the rate of pay was modest, and the work exacting. He began, as he continued, industriously and methodically. He breakfasted early, and, if possible, answered every morning's letters before he started for the office. He returned home by six o'clock, and dined punctually at that hour, or not more than thirty minutes later. After dinner he settled down again to write or read till within an hour or so of bedtime. This rigid routine left little time for entertainment during the week; so the young couple made Sunday afternoon the opportunity for welcoming their friends. For the first twenty or twenty-five years of their married life these Sunday afternoon parties remained the focus of their hospitality.

The first entry in "The Book of Gosse" is a list of callers at a wedding reception, which must have been held at the Tademas' home, Townshend House, overlooking Regent's Park, which the Gosses were occupying for their first winter together. There are forty-eight names in the list, and at some later date (possibly on his golden wedding day) Gosse seems to have looked over those names, and written a capital "D" against those who had died in the interval. By that time there were only six survivors, and at least three of them have since followed the others to the grave. There was Mr. Norman MacColl, editor of *The Athenæum*, for which Gosse

was often writing at the time, Mr. and Mrs. Justin MacCarthy, the Misses Thornycroft, Miss Anna Swanwick, Frank and Theo. Marzials, Theodore Watts (Dunton), Miss Mathilde Blind, John Arthur Blaikie, a life-long friend, with whom Gosse collaborated in the first volume of poetry to bear his name upon the title-page, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Cecil Lawson, the artist, Dr. and Mrs. Hueffer, and Mrs. William Bell Scott. Among many other persons in the list, an air of fragrant interest attaches to the rather incongruous name of Doctor Fog, a savant of Copenhagen, who had shown his young host much kindness during his Scandinavian travels, and had introduced him to many leading figures of local distinction, whom Gosse in his turn was to introduce to English readers. Nor must one miss the name of Mrs. Austin Dobson, who by her presence set the seal of wifely approval upon a friendship with her husband, which was to prove perhaps the most enduring and intimate of all Gosse's associations. It was an interesting company, but the real attraction of the "ledger" begins with April, 1876, when the Gosses were established in their own home, and held the first of those many Sunday receptions in which their remarkable gifts as host and hostess were to find their most characteristic and most gratefully remembered scope.

The early companies are scattered now, but there must be many old friends still left to recall those pleasant rooms of so many gatherings. Delamere Terrace overlooked the Regent's Canal, and the young poets, who looked out of its windows through a screen of poplars to the glittering water, often plagiarised one another in likening it to Venice. Certainly it had a Venetian atmosphere by night, when the moon was up, and the twinkling lights across the canal seemed far-away and mysterious. But there were other aspects less romantic. The neighbourhood was backed by a labyrinth of mean streets, and on Sunday afternoons the slum children were turned out to play. Immediately opposite the Gosses' windows there was a long, low railing, which invited these urchins to practise gymnastic exercises, and the extent of the performers' garments left something to be desired. One

Monday morning the local police station was surprised to receive a letter, requesting that the young ladies who executed somersaults on the railing opposite Delamere Terrace might be instructed by the constabulary to wear drawers. A sense of humour is not essential to promotion in the police force, and the dignified sergeant, who called next evening, bearing Gosse's letter stamped and docketed, received with imperturbable dignity the assurance that his correspondent was in the habit of entertaining young poets, whose attention was disconcertingly diverted by the spectacle afforded on Sunday afternoons. He promised that something should be done, and something was done. If that railing is now protected by spikes or some other obstacle, the present inhabitants of No. 29 owe their Sabbath immunity to Edmund Gosse's zest for pulling the leg of Dogberry and Verges.

Perhaps there are two other survivals of his tenancy, the meaning of which has long since been forgotten. On the cornice which divided the front drawing-room from the back portion, where Gosse had his desk cosily shut in by bookshelves, an artist friend had illuminated the Latin line, "*Pieridas, pueri, doctos et amate poetas,*" while the front door was pierced by a letter-box of gigantic proportions, furnished with brazen lips. This provision was made to save endless ascents and descents from the kitchen and the drawing-room, while impatient postmen waited at the door, to deliver bulky bundles of proofs and still bulkier books for review. Who lives at 29, Delamere Terrace to-day, I wonder, and has he ever questioned why his front door is decorated by a livery more guarded than his fellows'?

Through that pleasant entry there was soon pouring a weekly flood of visitors, for whom the ritual of entertainment was almost invariably the same. It was understood among all the more intimate friends of the house that the Gosses were always at home on Sunday afternoons, whenever they were in London; and, when some special guest of importance had come up from the country, a written invitation would stimulate the most welcome. The party would begin between four and five o'clock; the relays of tea and cakes were

continuous; the room hummed and bubbled with conversation. To the newcomer, who might perhaps know hardly anyone present, the first impression was apt to be overpowering. Where in all this crowd were his host and hostess? He stood irresolute at the door, and the maid's announcement of his name was audible only to those in her immediate neighbourhood. But out of the corner of his eye his host had marked the latest entry, and bore down upon him with outstretched hands. In a moment he was whisked away and presented to his hostess, presiding over the tea-cups, and then carried off to be introduced to some other guest, with whom he had to find a topic of conversation without delay. By the time he had got well embarked upon a mutual interest, he was probably transferred to someone else, for the host had a chronic suspicion that his guests might get bored with one another. The flying ball of conversation passed from side to side; the stream of visitors came and went; towards seven o'clock it thinned out, and perhaps a dozen or so were left. These were the afternoon's chosen few, to whom Gosse had whispered, during his flittings to and fro, an invitation to stay to supper. When the number was made up, he would disappear to the dining-room below, to make sure that enough places were laid, and to bring up the wine from the cellar. He had settled in his quiet way where everyone was to sit, and he slid into his place at the head of the table, and set the talk going afresh with renewed and undiminished energy. He was now at his best, and the little party circled round his personality. He picked up stray remarks and turned them into entertaining channels; he told anecdotes, and evoked others; he was as good a listener as a talker, and he inspired the company by his example.

I read in a recent volume of reminiscences that the invitation to make one of this intimate circle was reserved by the host for the more distinguished of the afternoon's guests, and that it was to be regarded as something of a snub if one were allowed to go away with the early crowd. Nothing could be further from the truth. My own memory of the Gosses' Sundays goes back for much more than forty years, and began when

I was myself the shyest and most provincial of intruders. But I was nearly always of the supper company ; and among those I met there were many who, like myself, were living in lonely and rather shabby London lodgings, and looked forward to these entertainments for the best meal and the happiest evening in the week. Gosse loved to be a patron of the young, and he was a patron who did not patronise. It is true that he always liked to be the first to acclaim a new talent. If some other voice had been the first raised, he was disposed to challenge it. "Who is this new poet", he would exclaim, "that the *Chronicle* compares with Keats and Heine? Why not with Goethe and Shakespeare, while they are about it?" But the mood soon passed. After a day or two he had possessed himself of the new poet's book ; and, if he found it good, he forgot all his doubts and hesitations. Next Sunday the young poet was of the company ; and, as likely as not, remained to supper. "The Book of Gosse" bears constant witness to the rapidity of these personal conquests ; and his capacity for new enthusiasms was never really abated. "The younger bards bore me to extinction," he wrote towards the end of his life. "It is purely age—the cataract in the appreciative eye." But here he misjudged himself. He never lost his relish for "new arts, new raptures, new desires," nor failed to realise his own aspiration :

"So, to my days' extremity,
May I, in patience infinite,
Attend the beauty that must be,
And, though it slay me, welcome it."

IV

But we must not linger all the evening with our host. There is the company awaiting us—or rather a long succession of companies—and to anyone, except to Gosse himself, the difficulty of dealing with them is considerable. Lists of names are undoubtedly "arid" things ; perhaps we can do best by sampling the record here and there, and noting its characteristic medley of permanence and change. For that also is of the essence of its story. Very sociable, fired by

intense devotion to his friends, a chivalrous champion in the hour of ordeal, Gosse was yet liable to take sudden, and often unreasonable offence, to flare up in a moment, and to continue smouldering long after the excuse for irritation had evaporated. There are signs of these interrupted relationships in the pages of "The Book of Gosse". Names that have appeared with persistent regularity drop out of the record. Sometimes they creep back again—at less frequent intervals perhaps, yet steadily and surely. Sometimes they never re-appear. In those cases the breach was irremediable and final.

But let us turn over the ledger together, and begin with what I take to have been the first of all the parties at Delamere Terrace, on April 19th, 1876. Here, for once, we will take the entire muster-roll of the guests, for it is typical of so many. Here it stands in Gosse's delicate script :

Mr. Blaikie, Miss Blind, Mr. Ralston, Mr. John Brett, Mr. Dobson, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins, Mr. Malcolm Lawson, Miss Lawson, Miss Marzials, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scott, Miss Boyd, Mrs. Toynbee, Mr. Hamo and Miss Theresa Thornycroft, Mr. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Wedmore, the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, Mr. Trübner, Emily, Tim, Charles, Amy.

In this first list there will be found representatives of all classes of the Gosses' early friendships. There are poets, critics, artists, editors, publishers, and family relatives, and among them some with whom his understanding was never overclouded for a day. There is John Arthur Blaikie, the amiable poet, whose days were martyred by asthma, who collaborated with Gosse in their first volume of "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets", published by Longman in 1870, and now a bibliographical rarity. He was a fireside friend and confidant for something like fifty years. Then there is Hamo Thornycroft, "more than a brother", as Gosse described him in one of those revealing letters with which he was wont to delight his intimates. All through his life Thornycroft had a way of arousing in his friend that boyish love of laughter and of the open air, which they had fostered in those early days when the young sculptor, with the figure of a Greek god, would carry off his companion to row and camp upon the river, or climb the hills with the breeze buffeting what Sargent

described as "Gosse's lilac locks." And in sober contrast there was one of the most enigmatic characters in the Delamere portrait gallery, John Leicester Warren, afterwards Lord de Tabley, whose coming and going upon the stage of literature were fitful, feverish, and for the most part sad.

Gosse has recorded that he first met De Tabley in 1875, when he had sunk into a state of melancholy, which had become chronic. He was disappointed about the reception of his poetry, distressed by the death of beloved members of his family, and by the comparative difficulties of his family estate. He succeeded to the title in 1887, but had by then practically disappeared from London literary circles until the year after Tennyson's death. Then in the revived interest in poetry he issued a volume of poems which was widely acclaimed. He came back to town, sought the companionship of the younger men, John Davidson, Le Gallienne, and Arthur Symonds; gave elaborate lunches at the Café Royal, dinners at the Athenæum Club, and enjoyed a brief St. Martin's summer of popularity and fame. He was only sixty when he died, in November 1895, but, recalling him as he sat at the head of his table, courteous, gentle, and far-away, I seem to see the figure and features of one at least fifteen years older than his years. As Gosse said of him, "his adventures were almost wholly those of the soul".

Of the rest of the company, two others may detain us for a moment. Austin Dobson was, as all the world knows, the most faithful of all Gosse's friends, but it was only in the first years of his married life that he came often to Delamere Terrace. Sunday was a serious day in the Dobson household; gadding about was not encouraged on the Sabbath; and the two associates of the Board of Trade had soon daily opportunities of meeting at the National Club, of which there will be something more to say anon. The other familiar name is that of "Mr. Watts," to be better known thereafter as Theodore Watts-Dunton, at that time the principal critic on *The Athenæum*, and a frequent visitor at these Sunday parties. But this was one of the friendships fated not to endure. As early as 1879 an undercurrent of misunderstanding began to

trouble their correspondence; and after Swinburne had gone to live at the Pines, and dropped out of the Gosse circle, a spirit of armed neutrality was established between the two households. The removal of Swinburne from London had indeed deprived Delamere Terrace of one of its most cherished visitants. In the back drawing-room flanking the host's desk, there was a high bookshelf, with wooden cupboards below, upon whose doors Gosse used to protest that he could still trace the dents made by Swinburne's heels, as he sat upon the ledge, and swung his short legs backwards and forwards in excitement. Faith may have helped the sight, perhaps; but we all agreed that we also could see the marks quite clearly.

In the ledger, Swinburne's name appears for the first time on June 10th, 1877, with "Mr. Watts" once more of the company. It was a rather special occasion, and there were several poets to meet him. John Leicester Warren was there, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy; criticism was represented by William Minto, of the *Examiner*, and William Michael Rossetti, the "younger generation" found a representative in Justin Huntly McCarthy, and the list of guests closes with the characteristic entry, "Atossa (first appearance)", which is balanced a few months later by "Baby (first appearance)", when the Gosses' eldest daughter, Tessa, then a few months old, was brought down from the nursery to receive the blessing of Swinburne, Walter Pater, Churton Collins, Andrew Lang, Robert Bridges, George Saintsbury, Théophile Marzials, and Alma Tadema—a sufficiently various assemblage of sponsors. In years to come the Gosses' guests were to find much pleasure in Tessa's share of her parents' hospitality; but Atossa? Who was Atossa? Atossa was a cat, of whom a pencil-portrait by Tadema is reproduced in the "Life"; and no picture of these Sunday gatherings would be complete without a vision of the long array of feline pets, whom the host would cuddle to his waistcoat, turn round and about, and stroke with long and lingering fingers. Mother of Millions, Charles Nathaniel, Caruso, and Buchanan—as the years went by their privileges became more and more imperial, until the last representative, who still survives his master, would sit up to table, and eat

from his own dish, with the perfect dignity of a well-trained aristocrat.

Poets, critics, artists—all the world of taste was there—but not actors, or at any rate, not often. Gosse was interested in the theatre, and in later years a frequent playgoer, but I doubt if he cared much for the actual environment of the stage, or for the professional actor's particular form of vanity. He used to tell one story (in the years when I first knew him it was his "Grouse in the gunroom") which reflected pretty clearly his sentiment towards "mimes". He had been present at a luncheon party, which included Wilson Barrett and W. S. Gilbert, at the time when Barrett was drawing large audiences to the Princess's Theatre with a classical melodrama called "Claudian." The actor had got the ear of his neighbours at the table, and was explaining, in a loud voice, what wonderful letters he got about the play, from correspondents of all ages—even from little children. A day or two before he had received a letter in a very childish hand—"Such a pathetic letter!" "Dear Mr. Wilson Barrett" (it ran, or words to that effect), "Daddy took me to see your play. It is the loveliest play in the world. Daddy says I may ask you to tea. Dear Mr. Wilson Barrett, will you come to tea on Wednesday? We have jam for tea on Wednesdays." The actor looked round to see the effect upon an embarrassed and shame-faced audience; when the silence was broken, from the other end of the room, by W. S. Gilbert's hard, cold accents: "I say, Barrett," he remarked; "I'm sorry; but, as a matter of fact, I wrote that letter." The relish with which Gosse used to tell that rather cruel anecdote always seemed to me to epitomise his dislike of theatrical rhodomontade.

V

But to return to the "ledger". The first appearance of Robert Browning's name must be chronicled; it occurs on July 10, 1881, and the company to meet him included Brander Matthews, the American critic, Miss A. F. Mary Robinson (Madame Duclaux) and her sister, Mabel, the Michael Rossettis, Miss Violet Paget, E. A. Abbey, and the Tademas. A year

later there are two parties in honour of W. D. Howells, who was then at the height of his reputation, both in America and England, and had just been published in a neat edition by Douglas of Edinburgh, which was finding a large public. The Andrew Langs were there, Theodore Watts, Luke Fildes, Alfred Parsons, and Onslow Ford, together with Kegan Paul, at that time Gosse's favourite publisher, but shortly to be eclipsed by the mercurial William Heinemann, who found his way into the Gosse circle almost as soon as he started business in 1890, and brought with him his "star" author, Hall Caine, whom I recall in a brown velvet coat with a loose tie, sitting in a corner with the most patient of all earth's gentle hostesses, pouring out the statistics of his latest and greatest triumph. There was a time when Gosse was very appreciative over Caine's successes; but he never really cared much for the company of what are now known as "best-sellers," although he was often one of the first critics to press a novelist's claim upon public attention.

His article on Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the *Century Magazine* was pioneer criticism, and in those early days he never tired of quoting Kipling to his friends. On January 22, 1892, there appears a memorable entry: "Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling (recited B.R. Ballads.)" I have never forgotten the eagerness with which Gosse reported this occasion next day. Among the poems Mr. Kipling recited was the as-yet-unpublished "Envoi," with its long, yearning refrain, "the long trail, the out trail", which Gosse chanted from memory, as he had once (so he told me) chanted Swinburne's "Dolores", as he walked to work at the British Museum. Indeed, no one was keener than Gosse to welcome a new talent; but extreme popularity seemed to repel his sympathy, especially if it was unaccompanied by a sense of humour. Delicate artists like Henry Harland and Maarten Maartens (who had the additional charm of being one of the courtliest and gentlest spirits that ever lived) were always welcomed to his confidence, but he grew suspicious of the clanging triumphs of the marketplace. "Conrad ought never to have been popular," he wrote; "popularity rubbed all the gold powder off his wings." The

criticism was hardly fair. Success spoiled Conrad as little as it did Hardy, and Thomas Hardy remained Gosse's close friend for nearly fifty years. But Hardy was not often at Delamere Terrace. His home was in Dorsetshire; he and Gosse found their particular opportunities for friendship in country walks along the Wessex lanes, or in exploring the little towns and villages of the Hardy novels, with occasional amusing misadventures like the one recorded of Bridport in the quite inimitable dedication to "Critical Kit-Kats." When Hardy was in London, he and Gosse would meet at the Savile Club, or at one of those lively luncheon-parties at the National, of which it is high time to make mention before this wandering chronicle draws to an end.

Edmund Gosse joined the National Club in 1889. He was already a member of the Savile, and made a habit of lunching there every Saturday, where a special table by the fireplace was reserved for him, Walter Besant, the Rev. W. J. Loftie and one or two others. But the Savile was a long way from Whitehall, and Gosse felt the need of some place close at hand, where he could drop in for lunch, a cigarette, and a change of scene and company in the middle of the day. The National, which was lodged in a charming old house in Whitehall Gardens, provided him with exactly what he wanted, and he soon made his presence felt there. It was rather a strange institution for a man of his tastes, for it had been originally formed as a Protestant outpost against the Anglo-Catholic movement; and, when the May meetings were forward, it was filled with moustached and whiskered parsons from the country, who stared disapprovingly at the jesting company in Gosse's "Corner", where A. E. Bateman, the eminent statistician, presided over a privileged group of civil servants, authors, and other cheerful spirits, to whom the Protestantism of the Protestant religion was probably of as little importance as the Dissidence of Dissent. Bateman presided, in so far as sitting at the head of the table was concerned; but Gosse was really the centre of the group. He welcomed each new arrival, waved him to his place, and generally directed the current of the conversation. That was always Gosse's way

Wherever he found himself, he turned the company into a salon, and himself into the leader; and all with such an easy charm that nobody had anything to resent.

In the early 'nineties his income from writing, editing, and advising publishers had greatly increased; these outside avocations demanded closer and more intimate conferences than were possible in the crowded gatherings on Sunday afternoons, and from this time forward "The Book of Gosse" is spangled with more and more frequent allusions to dinners or luncheons at the National Club. The first of them (a dinner) is entered under the date December 12, 1890, and the company, of whom not one now survives, was interesting. The list, in Gosse's order and style, runs: "Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Pater, Mr. H. James, Mr. Bateman, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. F. Dicksee, Mr. Austin Dobson." A little later there are two lunches within a week or so of one another, with Hall Caine and his American publisher, W. W. Appleton, H. D. Traill, Henry Craik, Sidney Low, Maarten Maartens, Sidney Lee, Archibald Grove, and Oswald Crawford at the one, and an equally various company, including Leslie Stephen, Robbie Ross, Professor Knight, Henry Harland, and Professor Saintsbury at the other. I fancy that it was in replying to this invitation that Professor Saintsbury turned the evangelical reputation of the Club into a neat parody of Herrick:

" Bid me to lunch, and I will lunch
Thy Protestant to be."

Those luncheon-parties, soon increasing in frequency, were a cause of great bustle and perturbation among the Club servants. The dining-room was L-shaped, and the part reserved for visitors was remote from the corner where Gosse was accustomed to sit. The steward, Mr. Johnson, a punctilious, rather fussy little man, made it his duty to take the members' orders for what he would have called "liquid refreshment", and on the days of a luncheon party he found his divided duty a little too much for him. "Ah, well!" Bateman would say, sitting back in his chair, "I see that Gosse is giving a lunch to-day. We shall get nothing to drink!" And then a little later, as smoking was prohibited in the prin-

cial drawing-room of a Protestant Club, the sound of Gosse's guests would be heard on the staircase leading to the billiard-room in the basement; and for the next half-hour, if there were any billiard players round the table, they would hear such talk as seldom penetrated into that kingdom of green baize and silk pockets, talk that continually put them off their stroke, as some sally of host or guest was followed by an explosion of laughter.

As the years went on, and particularly after the Gosses moved, in the first year of the new century, into the sunny and spacious house in Hanover Terrace, where they remained for the rest of their lives, luncheon and dinner parties began gradually to take the place of the old Sunday reunions. The honoured custom was still kept up, together with a general and festive gathering of friends that began, in the middle 'nineties, on New Year's Eve, or Twelfth Night, where the old brigade of the faithful were sure of meeting one another once more, and the Rev. William Hunt, crowned with a paper hat, smiling rapturously under his beard, discharged a volley of paper pellets in the direction of Mr. Max Beerbohm, while Mr. George Street, at the other side of the table, was discussing the art of the Academy with Andrew Gow, and Professor Ray Lankester and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell exchanged confidences which were not confined to the customs of lepidoptera or the Pickwickian theory of tittlebats. New names flock to the list from year to year, but there are many which never drop out. Sidney Colvin, Mrs. Sitwell, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Miss Bertha Newcombe, Mr. Harold Cox, the Rider Haggards, Mr. Maurice Baring, Maarten Maartens, Mr. George Moore, the Walter Leafs, Mr. Eddie Marsh, the Thornycrofts, the William Hunts—and among old Cambridge pupils, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Arthur B. Cane, and Sir Harry Wilson—these and many other names run through the record of the years, and survive all the busy competition of chance and change.

For chance brought many changes, when at the beginning of 1904 Edmund Gosse at last broke free from his little cramped office in the Board of Trade, and was transferred to the Library

of the House of Lords, with a salary of £1,000 a year, work and surroundings after his own heart, and the hourly company of just the kind of men with whom he loved to confer and confide. Here once more he speedily made a place for himself, and in his firmly courteous fashion rendered it clear that within the walls of the Library the Librarian was host. Queen Mary herself, when he showed her round the books, was reported to be listening to him with the rapt attention of a disciple. "Luncheon party at the House of Lords" becomes a more and more frequent entry in "The Book of Gosse"; and now for the first time his correspondence becomes irradiated, in the proper time and place, with the political interests from which he had hitherto kept discreetly clear. When the Great War breaks out, he discusses with apparent familiarity the competence of generals abroad, and the stability and judgment of politicians at home. And his hospitalities become more and more concentrated upon small and intimate gatherings, in which, while old friends like Mr. George Moore, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Robbie Ross, and Mr. Richard Sickert continually reappear, the names of Lord Haldane, Lady Newton, Mr. Asquith, Lord Charnwood, Lord Ribblesdale, and the younger writers, Rupert Brooke, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Walter de la Mare, the Sitwells, Mr. Robert Nichols, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, and Miss Mary Somerville are yet more frequent still. In these years he received many week-end invitations into the country; the Sunday At Homes became fewer and fewer; but these *tête-à-tête* gatherings over the lunch or dinner-table gave him closer and still closer opportunity of sharing in the interests of the younger men, and in proving by continual example that his own intellect and sympathy were as young and fresh as any in the room.

The last phase of Edmund Gosse's life was indeed the crown of his career. Few men in any generation have had a happier old age. It is the fate of most writers to fall out of the vogue, to see the fashion of the world go by, and to end their lives in the twilight of neglect. To this common experience Gosse was the happiest possible exception. At last his quick and

solicitous sympathy was rewarded by a mellow harvest. The few men who had envied and disparaged him were dead. Literature, in all forms but the scientific and academical, was no longer subjected to the rigid test of accurate and meticulous scholarship. The young men were quick to appreciate the humanity and the interpretative intuition which had always been the mainsprings of his work. They flocked around, paid him the respect and admiration due to his unabated vigour and zest, and under their encouragement he flowered into a second blooming which kept alive the colours and the ardours of his youth.

The last time I ever dined at his table was on the evening of his golden wedding day, August 13th, 1925; and the memory of that little gathering is full of the quiet and comfort of the aftermath of work. It had been a busy, exciting day, starting with a sheaf of references in the Press; every post bringing more and more letters of congratulation; the door-knocker re-echoing to the arrival of telegrams; and all through the afternoon a stream of relatives and friends with gifts, and flowers, and fond, affectionate messages. Now it was all over; and the mellow, golden light of the August sunset filled the room. The table gleamed with golden presents; the wineglasses cast golden reflections all around; there was a pensive, peaceful atmosphere over everything. The little party was a purely family gathering—the bride and bridegroom of fifty years ago, their children and grand-daughter, their niece, Miss Anna Alma Tadema, my wife and myself. Our host looked a little tired and meditative, but completely happy. A sentence from a popular play of our time kept recurring to my mind: "When I think of all this room has seen"—this room, and other rooms, all warm with the glow of hospitality. There may be many weary milestones on the way; but when the road ends like this, I thought, the travellers are to be envied indeed.

REALITIES IN THE FAR EAST

BY O. M. GREEN

THE Lytton Commission's report on the Sino-Japanese conflict is due in Geneva some time this month. As the first really authoritative and impartial survey of questions hitherto much distorted by prejudice, it should be most valuable. Unfortunately neither what the Commission may write nor the League of Nations recommend will move Japan from her ever clearly pronounced determination to settle the question of Manchuria on her own terms. The past twelve months have stiffened rather than modified that determination, and, to be quite frank, Geneva will have to walk warily if it is not to make matters worse.

When the Lytton Commission went to Tokyo early in July they found themselves against a stone wall—and no one can be quite so courteously impermeable as Count Uchida, the Japanese Foreign Minister. He made it clear to the Commission that Japan's policy was anchored to the fact of the independence of Manchukuo; and a very few days later he announced publicly that Japan had decided to recognize the new State, only the date of recognition being left undisclosed.

It seems probable that the Japanese Government has been driven further in Manchuria than it ever contemplated last autumn. There was more spontaneity about the declaration of Manchukuo's independence than is commonly allowed. Nanking and the Kuomintang have always been anathema to northern Chinese, and the ex-Governor Chang Hsueh-liang's alliance with Nanking would have earned his expulsion sooner or later, even if there had been no Japanese crisis. The Government of Manchukuo contains some of the ablest and most respected men in China, particularly the Prime Minister, Chêng Hsiao-hsü, a noble scholar of unblemished integrity,

whom the Nationalists have repeatedly but vainly tried to attract to their cause. Certainly, as one looks back on those early days last March, Manchukuo seems to have started life with enthusiasm and ideas.

It is conceivable that the new Government was framed with the deliberate idea of keeping Manchuria Chinese until such time as China should have put her affairs in more acceptable state. Such undoubtedly was the idea of the Chinese Committee of management which took charge in Mukden after the Japanese *coup* a year ago. But it has never had a chance of showing what it could do. Nanking, naturally, had no idea of leaving it in peace, and has neglected no opportunity of harrying it. The attempt to harness General Ma Chan-shan, Japan's most inveterate foe, to the new Government as its Minister of War and Governor of Heilungkiang, failed; his guerrilla raids along the Chinese Eastern Railway have been as wasting and elusive as those of De Wet in South Africa; and although this plucky little fighter, hero from one end of China to the other, was slain in July, the guerrillas are very far from being quenched. Indeed according to Japanese experts, a full two years will be needed for complete pacification. In so vast a country, two-thirds of which is wild, or covered with dense forests, the advantage is all on the raiders' side.

The armistice at Shanghai, by the terms of which the Great Powers allowed themselves to be made responsible for seeing that order was preserved and Chinese troops kept their prescribed distance from the city, set Japan free to concentrate all her efforts upon the raiders in Manchuria. Success depends supremely on her producing greater peace and prosperity than the old Government could show, and that is precisely what she cannot do. Manchurian troops whom she has equipped and trained to help her against the raiders commonly refuse to fight. And although she has, as one Japanese writer puts it, inserted a "steel frame" into the Government of Manchukuo—in other words, filled every department with Japanese controllers, the only effect is to justify Nanking's rasping cry of "puppet Government" and destroy the nominal rulers' prestige in their countrymen's eyes.

These are the facts which have intensified the desire of Japanese in Manchuria and of a very large section of the public in Japan for recognition of the new State. Once that step were taken, Japan would automatically be freed from all further concern about negotiations with China, or about what the League of Nations may prescribe, if indeed she cares very much about that. Only the Government in Tokyo still hangs back from the final step, either from some susceptibility to world opinion, to which its agents in Manchuria are supremely indifferent; or in the hope that the threat of recognition may bring China to terms; or from consideration for Japan's other vast interests in China proper, where the boycott is said to have been reviving to an alarming extent, not noisily but with deadly effect.

Meanwhile Japan is at work organizing Manchukuo with all her usual thoroughness and eye for detail. A new capital is being laid out at Changchun, where the South Manchuria Railway meets the Chinese Eastern; finances have been rigidly pruned; the pleasing privilege of Chinese officials to fill their yamêns with a host of unnecessary friends and relations has been ruthlessly curtailed; in every activity of Government it is with a Japanese "adviser" that Chinese and foreigners alike have in fact, if not in person, to deal.

Most important of all, perhaps, Japan has now got the entire railway system. She can thus complete the line that runs eastwards from Kirin in Central Manchuria to Kanei (or Hueining) on the Korean border, thereby obtaining another avenue through which she can pour troops into Manchuria: this step she would defend as merely the fulfilment of an old agreement which the Chinese had refused to carry out. She has also taken over the important line that starts at Ssupingkai on the South Manchurian Railway and goes northward by Taonan and Anganchi to cut the Chinese Eastern Railway at Tsitsihar. This railway was built for China with a Japanese loan, and Count Uchida justifies its annexation on the ground that China has neither paid interest nor amortization on the loan. But the strategic importance of the railway is very great, as, if Russia, who controls the Chinese-Eastern, tried

to take action against Japan, the latter could immediately bar the advance of fresh Russian troops at Tsitsihar, and cut off those already in Manchuria.

If we take a comprehensive view of Far Eastern history during the past few decades, two chief factors stand out conspicuously, the burning patriotism and all-exclusive insularity of Japan and the decay of organized government in China, beginning even under the great Empress-Dowager Tzu Hsi, and aggravated in recent years by wave after wave of conflicting theories borrowed from abroad and leading to continually new and always disastrous experiments.

Self-preservation, the first law for all nations, is, for the Japanese, almost a religion, centring about the divine person of the Emperor descended through 3,000 years of unbroken ancestry from the Sun Goddess, and representing to the Japanese the sanctity of their country and race. It is a small but significant fact that a foreigner can hardly commit a more heinous offence in Japan than to strike a Japanese. To the West Japan feels that she owes less than nothing. She has vivid memories of how the Powers took advantage of her ignorance in the treaties of 1858 to bind her in the shackles of extra-territoriality and Customs restrictions, and even to-day she sees her people shut out as inferiors from all the British Dominions and the United States. She was a loyal ally to Great Britain, but was deeply offended when she renounced the Anglo-Japanese Alliance for the Fata Morgana palaces of international concord conjured up by the Washington Conference. To-day she frankly holds Great Britain's policy of indiscriminating conciliation in China responsible for the arrogance and treaty-violations of the Kuomintang.

There is no doubt that the Japanese have been profoundly disturbed by the increasing chaos in China. It is an article of faith with the Chinese that Japan has continually been an *agent provocateur* in their midst to keep China weak and divided. It would, perhaps, be more in accordance with the facts of Japan's never-resting desire for security to say that her principal aim was to catch at such bits of stability in a dissolving world as she could find.

In recent years two new factors have added to Japan's uneasiness, the alarming growth of Communism in China and the apparent determination of Great Britain and America, not merely to overlook any wrong-doing, any insult and violation of treaty at the hands of the Kuomintang, but to give way to all their demands, to throw away just rights and all-important safeguards in the name of conciliation, regardless of the patent fact that such complaisance could do nothing but harm to the very people it was meant to benefit.

It is no exaggeration to say that the power of the Communists in South and Central China to-day is a serious menace to the peace and welfare of the world. No doubt, at the lower end, there is no distinction between the Communists and bandits, who, in China, are merely hungry peasants, driven to desperation by misgovernment, civil war, rapacious taxation and, for a climax, the appalling floods of 1931. But at the head is a genuine Communist organization, equipped with all the ideology of Moscow, with a Youth Movement, a Women's Corps, with branches and sub-centres extending to most of the principal towns of China, even with its own paper money and postage stamps. From the original headquarters in Kiangsi, whither the remnants of the Red Government, formed at Hankow by Borodin in 1926-27, fled when the Nationalist moderates under General Chiang Kai-shek turned upon Moscow's agents, the movement has spread eastwards and westwards and in the past few months has gained a strong foothold north of the Yangtze in Hupeh, Anhwei and Honan. Four big expeditions have been sent against the Communists since 1928: at the present moment General Chiang Kai-shek is in the field against them with 600,000 men. But they are an elusive foe, their chief leaders, Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung, are past masters in guerrilla warfare, and too often the ill-paid apathetic troops of Nanking simply desert *en masse* to the Red banner. If the Communists could capture a big seaport, like Amoy or Swatow, through which Russia could send them munitions, they might yet overturn Nanking.

There is nothing the Japanese fear more than "dangerous thoughts", the polite name for Communist propaganda. An

important factor in all the events of the past year is the deep social unrest and economic distress in Japan—a peasant population on the verge of starvation and seething with hatred for absentee landlords; hundreds of students who can find no employment to pay their families for the cost of their degrees; the breakdown of the old ties of family and religion due to life in the factory; the widespread anger aroused by the ineptitude and corruption of politicians—of which an ominous symptom was the recent assassinations of Hamaguchi, Inouye, Inukai and Baron Dan, murdered not so much for their own misdoings as “to encourage the others”. Looking back on Japanese newspapers and magazines of the summer of 1931, when popular feeling was rising hotly against the Kuomintang (and it is to be remembered that Japan had very real grounds of complaint against the Nationalists and of fear for her vast property in Manchuria) it is interesting to note how, side by side with declarations that China must sooner or later be taught a lesson, were laments over the decline of the national spirit and affirmations that the purge of some great trial was needed to revive the ancient temper of Japan.

When the Lytton Commission were interviewing Count Uchida in July, General Araki, Minister of War, read them a lecture on the theme of what would now be the position if Manchuria were in Russia's possession, and on its functions as a buffer State against Communism. The same subject was dwelt upon only a few weeks ago by Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, prospective delegate to the League of Nations, depicting Japan as a bulwark against the Soviet's advance in Eastern Asia and general chaos. That there is reason in this view cannot be denied. The Novosibirsk-Tashkent Railway, when completed, will bring Sovietism down through Chinese Turkestan, whence it may readily seep through northern China. Conditions in Central China have already been described. Add to this that since 1925 the vast spaces of Mongolia have become, in fact, a Russian province, and that all Northern Manchuria above and including the Chinese Eastern Railway is under Russian influence, and it must be confessed that Japan has cause for uneasiness.

What she will actually do with Manchuria it is doubtful whether even with her long thoughts she as yet clearly knows. The late Premier Inukai, last December, scouted the idea of annexation: Manchuria, he declared, would be altogether too costly a possession, Japan would not have it as a gift: observance of treaty rights, peace and economic opportunity were all she craved. Undoubtedly this view is shared by the wisest Japanese. At the other end is that very interesting organization, as yet little recognized in the West, the Youth Movement, which dreams of a really independent State in Manchuria, of introducing thousands of Japanese farmers and setting them up on Manchuria's virgin plains on condition that they look no more to Japan as their home but combine with the native population to form a new country and almost a new race, whose members shall dwell in peace, every man under his own vine and fig-tree, and where the oppression of capitalism shall be no more. Many of these young men have thrown up positions in Japan to lend their fervent services to Manchukuo, not as masters masquerading as advisers, but as friends and coadjutors.

Yet a third view is voiced by Mr. Hanzawa, the powerful editor of the *Gaiko Jiho* (“*Diplomatic Review*”), which has repeatedly shown an uncanny ability to forecast events and certainly represents the opinions of some exalted persons. Writing two months ago on the chaotic state of China, Mr. Hanzawa preached Japan's destiny to guide her out of her troubles into an ordered state of political amity and economic wealth; and he particularly emphasized that the West had no real place in China nor duty to perform by her.

This is no new vision, but its reappearance at the present moment is not without interest. The objection to it is that in no conceivable circumstances can one imagine the Chinese submitting themselves to Japanese instruction. Racial feeling is far too bitter and national pride too strong. China may have suffered repeated defeats at Japanese hands—even the Armada sent by the mighty Kublai Khan to subdue the contumacious islanders was vanquished by them—but she is still the nation which, in the eighth century, was teaching Japan all her arts,

literature, handicrafts and religion, still immeasurably superior in all essentials to the "dwarf peoples."

The West, too, will scarcely agree to remove itself from the East at Japanese dictation. Here we touch on practical issues of immediate and pressing concern. Three times last autumn, twice at Geneva, once in Tokyo, through the mouth of her late Premier Mr. Inukai, Japan pledged herself in the most solemn terms to the "open door" in Manchuria and equal opportunity for all. Yet the door shows signs of closing with alarming rapidity. Writing on June 26th, the *North China Daily News* Harbin correspondent reported some notable cases of discrimination: all Manchukuo official buildings must henceforth be insured only in Japan; a monopoly of the right bank of the Sungari has been given to a Japanese transport firm which notoriously gives preferential rates to Chinese: and the reports of Chinese merchants being warned to place their orders for whatever goods Japan can manufacture only with her, are too numerous and well backed to be rejected, nor indeed are they unlikely to be true.

The trade of other countries with Manchuria is small compared with Japan's, but it is quite big enough—apart from abstract considerations of justice—for its owners to object strongly to being henceforward excluded. In recent years British woollens have been gaining steady popularity in Manchuria, and it is a surprising but none the less true fact that in certain other lines, such as iron goods, chemicals, dyes, tobacco, cigarettes, and building materials, British exports to Manchuria exceed Japan's.

Of vital importance too is the question of Customs unity. The issue briefly is this. In recent years the practice has grown up of individual provinces, sometimes in revolt from Nanking, sometimes with her consent, paying over only their quota to the service of loans secured on the Customs and keeping the surplus for themselves. Manchukuo proposed the same arrangement, but Nanking would not hear of it. Thereupon Manchukuo, with the undisguised assistance of Japanese officials, seized the Customs revenue in all her ports, turned out the foreign Commissioners, and threatens to establish her

own Customs service. It was positively affirmed in Manchuria and Shanghai that a Japanese Inspector-General was about to be appointed, but the protests made in Tokyo against a breach in the unity of the Customs caused this scheme to be dropped, at any rate for the time being. The general issue, however, is still being fought bitterly as between Nanking and Manchuria, with the control of the posts also included, to the vast inconvenience of all who send letters by Siberia.

Not only is the loss of revenue very grievous to China, since Manchuria's foreign trade by the latest available figures was 22 per cent. of all China's, but the Customs is the backbone of Chinese finance, the one institution which has remained firm amid the crash of all other national institutions. If Manchukuo broke away, it could scarcely be more than a matter of time before other recalcitrants followed suit, the North for example, which has never until 1928 submitted to Southern domination and is not likely to endure it much longer, or Canton, always an Ishmael to the rest of China, and now more and more at "outs" with Nanking. The latter would have been wiser to submit to what she cannot alter and accept the compromise offered by Manchukuo. Japan, with her great interests in China, must be as averse as anyone from wishing to see the Customs split, and in this respect at any rate Tokyo has shown itself amenable to reason. There is no lack of Liberals in Japan's counsels, and their restraining influence on the jingoes is not negligible, provided it is not stultified by threats and abuse from abroad.

In all the circumstances it cannot but be regretted that Mr. Stimson has chosen this particular moment, on the eve of the Lytton report's appearance, to deliver an official pronouncement on America's interpretation of the Kellogg Pact, including a very obvious hit at Japan. It should be apparent by now that the Japanese are not to be stirred from their own view of the case, which is that they have acted throughout only in self-defence, for the fulfilment of treaty rights which the Chinese had openly violated or obstinately refused to accomplish and, incidentally, as the champion of world interests. It is in no sense holding Japan blameless to say that she can put up a

strong case for every one of these claims. The League of Nations is as a red rag to all Japanese. America, who shuts her doors with unendurable discrimination against the islanders of the Rising Sun, is certainly in no good position to preach at them. The United States, as Mr. Stimson wrote on January 7th, may refuse to recognize any situation brought about by methods contrary in her opinion to the Pact. But will that prevent American merchants from trading with Manchukuo, any more than similar non-recognition of the Soviet has stayed them from doing big business in Russia? Will America, or will any Power, go to war with Japan to turn her out of Manchuria? There can be but one answer. Even Russia, whose interests in Manchuria are more directly affected by the Japanese invasion than those of any other Power, has remained quiescent throughout, and appears likely to continue so.

Is the situation then, hopeless? Must the world resign itself to seeing the countless fertile acres of Manchuria absorbed into the Japanese Empire as much in fact as if they had been formally annexed? Economically, the fact has to be accepted that Japan is the senior partner in Manchuria, and means to retain the lion's share of its fat things for herself. She says plainly that Manchuria means life or death to her—not so much as an outlet for her surplus population (for comparatively few Japanese go there) as a market and source of raw materials. But, politically, other factors are to be considered, which allow a gleam of hope.

So long as Japan does not formally recognize the independence of Manchukuo—and many observers believe that she is using recognition merely as a threat—the breach with China is not irreparable. Manchukuo is, only a little more conspicuously, in the same position towards Nanking as any other recalcitrant part of China in recent years, the Northern Coalition in 1930, Canton last year, or even Szechuan and Yunnan to-day, which are, for all practical purposes, entirely independent States. The way would still be open for some face-saving agreement, and there are Chinese on both sides who would take it, though, like the Liberals in Japan, they are

sadly handicapped by the noisiness of the jingoes and the heat of public temper.

In the second place, Manchuria is always, at heart, and as to the overwhelming bulk of her people, Chinese. She detests the Kuomintang, as indeed the whole of China does. But if some system of government more in keeping with Chinese traditions were established, and some semblance of order restored in the Eighteen Provinces, Manchuria would probably come back into the fold and Japan could not prevent her; for the Manchurians are not a weak, isolated people like the Koreans, nor primitive, scattered people like the Mongols whom Soviet Russia has swallowed. In the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the day will come when Manchuria will desire to rejoin China, and on China depends the date of that day. In the long run the solution of the Manchurian question is to be sought in the internal condition of China, and nowhere else.

To some it will seem that that is putting off the desired solution beyond the limits of human sight, that China is farther to-day from unity, peace and concord than ever she was, that there is, as always, much semblance of movement but no effect, much "going up and down in the same place," but no progress. Yet with all the bitter disappointments that have occurred to warn us against hopefulness, there are certain indications of wiser influences at work which, properly used, may have great results.

The two most fertile causes of recent strife have been the bureaucratic monopoly of all power by the Kuomintang, and the senseless attempts to compel unification by force, which merely stimulated the provinces to pile up armies and fight the more furiously for independence. Since the fighting at Shanghai ceased—a conflict which, in fact, gave the Chinese a bad fright—the wiser leaders in Nanking have made it clear that they wish to drop this ruinous policy, to concentrate on restoring order in the provinces immediately under their control, leaving the others temporarily to their own devices and trusting to time and the magnetic attraction of prosperity in their own domains to draw the rest of China into their orbit.

Simultaneously, a conference of the leading intellectuals outside Nanking was called by General Chiang Kai-shek early in July, to consider how the administration might be shared between the Kuomintang (who, as the core of Nationalism, cannot altogether be ousted) and representatives of the people, thus implementing the intentions of the People's Convention last year.

If these tendencies are genuine, as they certainly appear to be, they are so marked a departure from Nanking's previous impossible claim to omnipotence and so eminently practical, that the outcome will be watched with eager interest. It is, however, a dubious question whether the sponsors of the new movement can succeed without help from without, and the thought must father an earnest wish among all friends of China that the Western Powers will try to find a way of lending such help.

That they could do so, on the limited lines of concentrating on the Yangtze Valley, is hardly to be questioned. The request for help would necessarily have to come from the Chinese, but wise diplomacy should be able to find ways of persuading them to make such a request. The success achieved by advisers recently lent to Nanking by the League of Nations is a favourable argument, and it is certainly not impossible to devise means of helping Nanking through the difficult initial years of reform without heavy expense on the one side or indignity on the other. That the Western Powers have a moral responsibility towards China, no one who studies her history can deny. They forced open her doors, injected her with the virus of their own restlessness, and have done nothing to assuage the ensuing fever in her limbs. Here surely is a practical line of action, better worth considering than empty protests about Manchuria which will avail nothing. More than Manchuria is at stake, no less, indeed, than the welfare of all the Far East and the removal of a perpetual menace to the world's peace.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF IRAQ

BY "FUSILIER"

HARD on the heels of the Turkish Republic, which was unanimously elected a member of the League of Nations last July, comes Iraq, whose membership of the League may, as a result of the Assembly meeting this month, be taken for granted.

The month of September, 1932, will long be remembered by the peoples of Iraq, whether Arabs or non-Arabs. The first will remember it for the most part with gratification, as signifying, not so much a heightened prestige for Iraq in her becoming a member of the official comity of nations—it is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any real enthusiasm in Iraq for the League of Nations as such—but the definitive termination of the mandatory régime, the formal end of the "hated" British occupation. As for the non-Arabs of Iraq, the Kurds, Christians, Yezidis and Jews, they will remember this month with mixed feelings. All minorities, possibly, view with some emotion the exercise for the first time of undisputed sovereignty by the majority, and especially in the East, where the rôle of minorities has often been to suffer. It is probably true that most of these peoples have looked forward with something akin to dismay to the independence of Iraq, the relinquishing by Great Britain of her mandatory responsibilities; though many of them have had the tact or sense or timidity — call it what you will—to conceal their real sentiments.

It is a curious story, this tale of the ending of British responsibilities in Iraq: one on which our defeatists are wont to look with pride and our die-hards with contempt.

The epic character of the British connection with Iraq began with the Great War and did not cease until after the Arab Rebellion against the British in 1920. During those six

years deeds were performed, privations endured, sacrifices made that rank with any which illustrate our Imperial history. It is therefore fitting, now that Great Britain's guiding hand is withdrawn, to remember the work of these British pioneers, who made the Arab State even a possibility. Nor should it be forgotten that even after 1920, after the installation of an Arab régime and of an Arab monarchy in the person of King Faisal, Britons continued to sacrifice themselves in Mesopotamia. Civilians and airmen alike have been sacrificed, during the last twelve years, to the cause of law and order in this Land of the Two Rivers. One hopes that the Arabs are duly grateful for the services of these their tutors. Assuredly a nation were most grossly lacking in gratitude if it were ever able to forget the lives and deeds of such men.

But it is now, as I have said, a bootless task to consider whether British policy in Iraq since the War has been rightly or intelligently conducted, whether, for example, Westminster politicians were unduly fearful of public clamour at home or of agitators' clamour in Baghdad, or whether British interests were best served by allowing in Iraq full scope to those who stirred up the rebellion against Great Britain: for the cards have now been given to Iraq. For those who wish to read the story of Mesopotamia from 1914 to 1920 there are—and there will long be, for it is a classic—the two volumes by Sir Arnold Wilson. Here one may pause only to note the disparity in the noble ideals which animated the first Englishmen in liberated Mesopotamia with the results attained so far.

What have the Iraqis done for Iraq? The question may well echo round the windy deserts. Little material advance has been made there except for the fortuitous discovery of oil. There are few Englishmen indeed to declare that the future of Iraq is a rosy one, or who believe in the integrity or intelligence or staying-power of most of the Iraqi politicians. Some prophesy an early collapse of the whole artificial kingdom; others, irreparable trouble with the virile Kurds; others, a slow process of morbid decomposition; yet others assert the probability of Iraq's just keeping her head above water.

At Geneva, of course, the representatives of the League had

perforce to admit as the whole truth the evidence of the representatives of the Mandatory Power for Iraq; they had no means of obtaining checks on such information. But it is no wonder that Continental opinion often declares that Great Britain has ended her mandatory régime in Iraq, not so much because Iraq is ready for such a consummation, as because the domestic policy of the British Government dictated it. In other words, that it was politically necessary for the Mandatory Power to paint the future of Iraq in roseate colours—not that there was any misrepresentation, merely an optimistic interpretation. However, in these days, "the League's the thing", and the more in the Geneva Assembly, presumably, the merrier. Whether the interests of world peace and world development will thus be served remains to be seen.

There are, in truth, all sorts of cross-currents of opinion, even in England, on the future of Iraq. Comment is naturally concerned largely with the nature of British commitments for the future. Thus, on the one hand, one hears it said that, since Great Britain is no longer responsible for the control either of Iraq's external policy or of her internal actions, she ought to evacuate all her troops; on the other hand, the very retention of the Royal Air Force in Iraq is held to constitute the one indispensable guarantee that Iraq will do nothing so foolish as to render necessary the saving of the country by the R.A.F.

The dilemma is thus presented as being one either of continued control or evacuation, a dilemma that arises directly from the nature of the Mandate itself. It is, admittedly, a nice problem, though no new one. Frequently in India, for instance, and quite recently in Kashmir, British troops have had to be used to quell trouble that had arisen out of matters in which no Englishman had any control. Is it right, certain close and experienced students of the East are asking, that British troops should thus be employed to clear up the "dirty mess" caused by some one else in an area in which the British writ does not run?

But to revert to Iraq. Those who applaud the wisdom of the 1930 Anglo-Iraqi Treaty (which provides for the co-opera-

tion of British with Iraqi troops in the event of serious trouble) declare that Imperial interests in Iraq are, and must remain, very considerable, and they refer chiefly, in this connection, to the air route to the East. Ever since Mr. Winston Churchill, more than ten years ago, called Baghdad the "Clapham Junction" of the air, air experts in Great Britain have been inclined to become *enragés* about Iraq. The idea that this country should evacuate so admirable a training ground for the Royal Air Force is anathema to them, and they have not ceased to emphasise the importance of Baghdad on the air route to India. These enthusiasts have, it is true, had their expert opponents, but they have won all along the line. Hence, in part, at any rate, the clauses in the 1930 Treaty which stipulate for certain Imperial guarantees regarding the air route.

But at what price have these stipulations been obtained from the Baghdad Government, bound, in the historic phrase in Iraq, "by the ties of gratitude and obligation" to us? They have been obtained, in a word, at the cost of our promising to aid Iraq in time of trouble. Now, this bargain is a gamble: there is no other apt word for it. It may "come off"; King Faisal and his Ministers may avoid complications with their neighbours (that, indeed, seems very probable at the moment); they may avoid upsetting the susceptibilities of the non-Arab population of Iraq (that is not quite so probable); they may themselves contrive to maintain the constitutional order as it exists to-day in Iraq. But in the "unchanging East" things can change very quickly, quarrels can bubble up almost overnight, League or no League. Supposing that Iraq became embroiled with Persia or Turkey over, say, the Kurdish question or the problem of frontier tribes, or with Wahabi Arabia (and in her short post-War history she has at different times had acrid disputes and sometimes more serious differences with all three); supposing that the Nestorian followers of the young Patriarch Mar Shimun eventually adopt a virulently anti-Baghdad attitude; supposing that the Kurds of Iraq fail to achieve that degree of autonomy which they hold themselves to have been promised—who, in any one of these contingencies, is to sweep away the trouble? The Iraq Army? A force that

may be efficient as policemen in the plains, but whose record has so far proved lamentable in the mountains, whence, incidentally, trouble is the most likely to come! This Iraq Army, admittedly, may improve—it has already improved—but only this year, in the operations against Sheikh Ahmad of Barzan, several of its officers were court-martialled for cowardice, and a section of it had actually to be rescued, so elementary had been its notions of commissariat and communications, by the Royal Air Force. This little "war" in the year during which Iraq was to apply for her independence through becoming a member of the League of Nations was largely "hushed up", but, as everyone, in Iraq at any rate, knows well, the rebel Sheikh would never have delivered himself up to the Turkish forces by the frontier had it not been for the Royal Air Force. No: even the optimistic Arabophil would not give to the Iraq Army the odds in an unassisted battle or campaign against the hillsmen of the north. And as for the Iraq Air Force, it has only just begun to exist.

It is obvious, therefore—and the British public, now that Iraq is entering the League of Nations, should fully realise the fact—that for some years to come the real guarantee of good order in Iraq is the Royal Air Force. Let us be quite clear about this distasteful prospect: that though Great Britain has nominally "evacuated" Iraq, her R.A.F. is the only effective surety of stability in that country. What will happen after five years—for five years is the period of the retention of the R.A.F. at the bases—Allah alone knows. The Iraqis hope, presumably, that by 1937 an efficient Army will have grown into existence, that a conscript Army may be not only more numerous but also braver, better disciplined, and with more initiative and staying-power, than the present voluntary troops in Iraq.

But "sufficient unto the day" has been a motto to dog Iraq. British policy therein has never been long thought out. As in Palestine, we have groped our way, hoping for the best.

At this stage, seeing that in such an article as this, retrospect is as necessary as prospect, we may briefly consider the post-War connection of Great Britain with Iraq. This Anglo-

Iraqi history falls into three well-defined periods: 1918-20; 1920-29; and 1929-32. First, the military régime, a direct Administration led by Sir Arnold Wilson. This Chief, a man in a generation, was most shabbily treated by the home authorities. Despite a positive "funk" by those authorities about making any pronouncement on the future of Iraq, and despite a consequent stimulus to all the many antagonists to British control of Iraq, he and a devoted band of men recruited from both England and India gave a magnificent impetus to the development of Iraq. But a man of such ideals, zeal, and will-power in the East never lacks enemies, and the rebellion of 1920 gave to the home authorities a chance to "let down" this most gifted administrator. His record is safe, however, in the keeping of history: and it was not for nothing that Mr. H. St. John Philby, a man whose philosophy in general and whose policy in the Middle East in particular are totally opposed to those of the only Acting Civil Commissioner Iraq ever had, once wrote of Sir Arnold's leaving Iraq: "he strode disdainfully off a stage on which he might have been a greater than Cromer." Those who served with Sir Arnold Wilson have no doubts that he would have been greater.

In 1920—the beginning of the second period—the Mandate for Iraq was instituted and an Arab régime installed, under the benevolent but ever-watchful eye of Sir Percy Cox. In the following year, Faisal, son of Husain, then King of the Hejaz, was acclaimed King of Iraq by what was called, for the edification of British public opinion and to the hilarity of Englishmen in Iraq, the public opinion of Iraq—a farcical process that deceived nobody. Among those who believed that the antics of marauding Sheikhs in the Great War were of more help to the Allied cause than the movements of Army Corps in Mesopotamia, this elevation of the Sharifian representative was hailed as a stroke of romantic genius. It was on a par with the subsequent "general elections" to the Majliss or Parliament in Baghdad. The truth is, of course, that in the East the art of "cooking" elections has not even to be learned: the men in authority win every time, until, that is, a stronger man arises. Democratic institutions are the veriest

blague. It is freely granted, however, that Great Britain in search of an Arab King in an Arab country might have sought farther and fared worse.

During the High Commissionership of Sir Percy Cox it was mainly internal affairs with which the Mandatory Power was concerned. So pressing were these, in fact, so difficult were the town-bred Arab Nationalists, that the solution of many other difficult problems, such as that of the future of Southern Kurdistan, had to be postponed. Never was the renowned and infinite patience of Sir Percy Cox more advantageously exercised than during these early years, 1920 to 1923.

In the next High Commissionership, however, that of Sir Henry Dobbs, external questions became more prominent, largely owing to the urgent problem of the northern frontier of Iraq. His assumption of office coincided roughly with that of the Royal Air Force in taking supreme and active command of the troops in Iraq. As is generally known, the Mosul vilayet was most staunchly defended by the R.A.F., and, largely as a result of recommendations made in 1925 by a League of Nations Commission, the greater part of the vilayet was awarded to Iraq. In 1926 Turkey, who at first had refused to accept the findings of the League, agreed, in a separate Treaty with Iraq signed at Angora, to a frontier which denied her any control in this Mosul vilayet. She on her part obtained certain concessions. Apart from the solution of this vital question, however, Sir Henry Dobbs left his indelible stamp on the country. A very experienced Civil servant, he not only saw through every intrigue of the Iraqi politicians, but he also understood the tribes of the country. It is rather fashionable to think of Iraq as being mainly the towns of Baghdad, Basrah, and Mosul, but the tribes of the desert and marsh areas are actually the most important part of the Arab population: Nor, incidentally, are they much loved by the town-bred Arab.

After Sir Henry Dobbs had left the country, the movement among the Arabs for independence gained tremendous, almost uncontrollable, impetus. An intense anti-British campaign

was let loose, and the native journalists vied with each other in scurrility. In 1929 there were printed in Arabic papers vile comments on the "hated Mandatory Power"; the British hold on the country was manifestly slipping. This outburst against Great Britain may be said to have ushered in the third period, 1929-1932.

During the last three years, the post of High Commissioner had been occupied by the late Sir Gilbert Clayton and Sir Francis Humphrys respectively. Sir Gilbert Clayton was much liked by the Arabs, and his premature death in Baghdad, after but a few months in the country, was a blow to them. After his death it became known that he had advised the Home Government—then a Labour Administration—unconditionally to recommend Iraq for membership of the League of Nations in 1932. The Government of the day accepted his advice, and all that really remained to do in the interval was, apart from getting Iraq into presentable order, to draw up a new Treaty which should govern Iraq's entry into the Geneva Assembly. This, in 1930, Sir Francis Humphrys on the one hand and General Nuri Pasha, Prime Minister of Iraq, on the other, duly accomplished. It is as a natural consequence of the British Government's decision in 1929 and, in part at least, of the fact that there was an unfortunate interregnum between the High Commissionership of Sir Gilbert Clayton and that of Sir Francis Humphrys, that British responsibility and influence in Iraq have decreased so rapidly. As a corollary of this voluntary withdrawal of British advice, the position of King Faisal in Iraq has increased in weight and responsibility; and since 1929 His Majesty may be said to have been his own Prime Minister.

For the last two years things have gone smoothly in Iraq: with one significant exception, that of Southern Kurdistan. Iraq Cabinet Ministers for long refused to accept the advice of British officials to accord more generous treatment to the Kurds, who are perhaps the most virile section of Iraq's population. In 1931 and 1932 there were two rebellions of Kurds on a considerable scale, that of Sheikh Mahmud of Sulaimania and that of Sheikh Ahmad of Barzan. But possibly more serious

than either of these—for both these Sheikhs were men of a feudal type, quite unrepresentative of any "national" feeling among the Kurds—were the protests made by moderate and serious minded men to the British Government and to the League of Nations that the Arabs of Iraq were not treating the Kurds fairly. At length the Iraq Government granted a Local Language Law, which allowed Kurdish to be taught in Kurdistan. This was good so far as it went, but it remains to be seen how far that was. The Kurds are not the kind of people—they troubled the Turks for centuries—long to be silent if they feel themselves, even wrongly, to be "oppressed".

It was, indeed, fortunate for Iraq that the Kurdish question was about the only one on which representatives of League Powers, in the preliminary discussions at Geneva on the possibility of Great Britain's ending her mandatory régime in Iraq, could seriously dispute the evidence of the Mandatory Power. It was fortunate, again, that the present Prime Minister of Iraq, Nuri Pasha, has held office for a longer consecutive period than any other Iraqi Prime Minister, and though there have been the usual rumours of impending Cabinet changes in Baghdad, the Iraqi politicians have managed to hold together until the entry of Iraq into the League. But so long a period of "hanging together" is foreign to the temperament of the Iraqi Nationalist, and after Iraq is safely in the League somewhat vivid changes may reasonably be expected in Baghdad's political life.

To the British people, however, the future internal position of Iraq will be of little account. What interests them is the part that British servants may be expected to play in the drama that is to be unfolded on Tigris and Euphrates. Now, what are the chances that the squadrons based on Basrah and Baghdad and Mosul will be allowed a wholly peaceful training, that they will not be forced to supplement their usual activities with the dropping of proclamations in Arabic and Kurdish, and, as the complement of these, bombs also? It is, frankly, impossible to predicate. Granted that real statesmanship in the Baghdad Government has been sadly lacking—there is, it is commonly said, but one man out of the obvious ruck of

politicians, Yasin Pasha, and he has, apparently, decided not to serve Iraq again under the present régime—granted that Iraqi politicians have failed to cultivate an international outlook, owing to their preoccupations *vis-à-vis* the Mandatory Power; granted that in all the big concessions and business deals of the country it has been King Faisal rather than his Cabinet who has shown business qualities—yet it is possible to think that the innate brains of the Iraqi Arab may ensure at least an adequate stability to the country.

It has been said that the art of administering an Eastern land is to save the Oriental from himself, that sooner or later he is bound to make mistakes. In this dictum there is some truth, and if in the future the authorities of an independent Iraq were to be denied all possibility of consulting more expert opinion, the pessimist might indeed be justified. But here the psychological factor may be taken into consideration. Iraqi officials during recent years have been increasingly loath to take advice from British officials, largely because the taking of such advice was part of their routine duties. But now that they need no longer consult the representative of the Mandatory Power (who in future is to be an Ally on equal terms with Iraq) is it not possible that the Iraqi may, in a way that does not detract from his prestige, consult his English *confrère*? That he will have such an opportunity seems certain, for though Iraq is independent, there will still be scores of Englishmen, largely technical experts, left in the country. If Iraqi officials fail to take advantage of the presence of such men, theirs will be indeed a grievous loss.

To sum up, the early termination by Great Britain of her mandatory responsibilities in Iraq is more than a speculation, it is a gamble. It is a gamble for which the late Sir Gilbert Clayton and the Labour Government of 1929 are primarily responsible. But it may be recalled, in this connection, that other administrators, such as Sir Henry Dobbs, and other politicians of the older parties in England were in favour of the early admission of Iraq into the League of Nations, though the conditions on which they fain would have seen Iraq at Geneva may have been very different from those now obtaining

and though Anglo-Iraqi relations might have resembled the relations governing, say, Cuba and the United States of America. Sooner or later the gamble, then, of ending British mandatory responsibility in Iraq would have had to be taken, even by a purely Conservative administration, but the later the termination of the mandatory régime, or rather, the later the granting to Iraq of absolute independence, the less would have been the gamble. And, as I have suggested, it may, *Inshallah*! be justified.

That there will be a decrease in efficiency, in honesty of administration, in the dispensing of justice has been so much taken for granted as scarcely to be a depressing thought, for the West had been led to expect and to discount in advance such things from a renascent East. The all important question is, not whether self-government is better than good government, but—Will Iraq hold together? Or will it be invaded and overrun, either by Turkey from the north or from Wahabi Arabia in the south? To-day Iraq is on good terms with both Angora and Riyadh, and at the moment nothing looks less likely than that Republican Turkey should seek to regain control of the rich northern province of Mosul, or that King Ibn Saud should wish to extend his obligations to the “ungodly” Muslims of Iraq. From Persia, too, danger is remote, but neither Mustafa Kemal Pasha nor King Ibn Saud nor Riza Shah Pahlevi will live for ever, and since their respective régimes depend so vitally on their own personalities, the results of the demise of any one of them are unpredictable.

And what of the possibility of internal disintegration in Iraq? Here, again, the official fog of optimism has been spread so widely as possibly to deceive the observer. Has tribesman really become more tolerant of townsman’s domination in political life, or Shiah of Sunni domination? Under the Nationalist-laid stress of the necessity of preserving a united front before the Mandatory Power, these old dichotomies have been obscured: will they once more emerge in the sun of Iraq’s independence? One hopes for the best, but to deny the existence of such shadows across the future of Iraq would be the surest way to court disaster.

THE RULE OF LAW

BY W. A. HIRST

THE science of international law was slowly and patiently elaborated for three centuries. Grotius was as truly its founder as Adam Smith was the founder of political economy. In recent years we have seen the science go near to perishing in the cataclysm which threatened to overwhelm civilization. The various material ravages of war are being repaired, and the moral evils—national animosity, profligate extravagance, recklessness, lawlessness—are also being abated. It is necessary that the moral and intellectual principles, which staggered during the general shock, should be re-affirmed and strengthened. The humane science, which was devised largely to check the ferocity of war, seemed to be swept away by war itself. But it is now time to repair it and to adapt it to changed conditions. It began in an age of loosened sanctions and decaying principles, and it gradually assisted to foster a civilization which many for some generations had regarded with complacency. In like manner the present age witnesses a failure of authority and a contempt of principles; these evils must be remedied, as those of the seventeenth century were remedied.

De Jure Belli et Pacis saw light in 1625. The evils of the time were clamant. The Church of Rome, which had been for more than a thousand years a bond of union and a universal authority, was now questioned and in many minds discredited. The wars of religion, inspired by passions and motives which influenced peoples as well as princes, were waged with a savagery never experienced in the mercenary wars of the Middle Ages. The Thirty Years' War was now in its early stages,

and this conflict was disfigured by outrages, encouraged by authority, to which few wars in history afford a parallel. Grotius declared that he saw Christians indulging in licence and cruelty of which barbarians might be ashamed, and that wars were being carried on without reverence for any human and divine law.

In fact, as has already been stated, the ancient rules of conduct were losing their force; the ecclesiastical sanction was crumbling, and there was no secular principle to take its place. This requirement had been noted by previous thinkers. Hooker had remarked that over and above municipal law there was another, and this, he said, is "the law of nations". We are not satisfied merely with civil society; we desire also to have "a kind of society and fellowship even with all mankind". He adds; "The strength and virtue of that law (of nations) is such that no particular nation can lawfully prejudice the same by any of their several laws and ordinances, more than a man by his private resolutions the law of the whole commonwealth or state wherein he liveth." He thus recognized a common society of all mankind and a community of interest. His theme, however, was ecclesiastical law, and he necessarily did not elaborate this branch of the subject.

Grotius possessed the same wide and luminous vision, and he turned his attention to the construction of a political system which should be independent of theology and founded upon the dictates of right reason. The controverted authority of the Roman Church was, in effect, the offspring of the Roman Empire, which itself had collapsed in the fifth century, leaving the known world in a state not far removed from chaos. Accordingly, Grotius went back to Roman sources, to the law of Nature, which the revived study of Roman Law was again making familiar even to England. This was the conception of the Stoics. Natural Law was a part of the Divine Law, which originates in the very nature of man. It distinguishes him from the brute creation, impelling him to peaceful association with his fellow men, and teaching him to act on general principles. In Roman Law he found the great principle which he desired, which, though proceeding from God as the Stoics

held, was not dependent upon theology, and therefore could not be impugned by sectarians or sceptics. It was common to all mankind, being "the dictate of right reason, pointing out a moral guilt or rectitude to be inherent in any action, on account of its agreement or disagreement with our rational and social nature; and consequently such an act is either forbidden or enjoined by God the author of nature."

The structure which Grotius built up was as original as any work of its kind. Besides his earlier authorities he drew to some extent upon the Schoolmen and his predecessor Gentili, but none of those who preceded or followed him had anything like his comprehensive grasp of principles, and succeeding writers on international law have added comparatively little to his masterly treatise. It is not necessary to examine it further nor to relate the history of the science which he founded. The great jurists of the next century after him, Pufendorf, Wolf, and Vattel, followed mainly in his footsteps.

In England for a long time, little attention was paid to the subject. The English were prone to rely upon precedents and judicial decisions, and Roman Law was less familiar to them than to their neighbours. It was, however, Bentham who first gave currency to the term International law, and from Great Britain's position as a world power many international questions necessarily engaged the attention of her statesmen. The prize court decisions of Lord Stowell have ever formed the basis of an important part of maritime law.

However, to English publicists the peculiarities of this form of jurisprudence have been ever present. Their practical type of mind has been exercised over the vagueness of its sanctions, and some writers have been disposed to deny its claim to be law at all. Sir Thomas Holland described it as "the vanishing point of jurisprudence; since it lacks any arbiter of disputed questions save public opinion." He says also: "No question of Forum can arise in international law, of which it is an essential principle that each nation is the judge of its own quarrels, and the executioner of its own decrees." Similarly, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has remarked: "Law implies a lawgiver and a tribunal capable of

enforcing it and coercing its transgressors, but there is no common lawgiver to sovereign States, and no tribunal has the power to bind them by decree and coerce them if they transgress."

The difficulty ever arises from the absence of sanctions and the absence of a super-sovereign, and we shall see that this is the difficulty which now confronts all attempts to put international law upon a stable and unchallenged basis. Lord Cockburn said: "Writers on international law, however valuable their labours may be in elucidating and ascertaining the principles and rules of law, cannot make the law. To be binding, the law must have received the assent of the nations, who are to be bound by it. This assent may be express, as by treaty or the acknowledged concurrence of governments, or may be implied by established usage."

John Austin, in his valuable *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, has classed international law under the heading of laws improperly so called. Like all other critics, he points out the absence of any sovereign power capable of issuing positive commands to the states. His treatment of sovereignty is vital to our subject, because it is the neglect of this principle which is now causing the would-be framers of a new dispensation to follow the wrong road and attempt tasks which are incompatible with the nature of things.

Austin says: "If a *determinate* human superior, *not* in a habit of obedience to a like superior, receive *habitual* obedience from the *bulk* of a given society, that determinate superior is sovereign in that society, and the society (including the superior) is a society political and independent." Austin, as is well known, presses too hardly his conception of law as exclusively a system of positive commands, and, on this point, he disparages the labours of Grotius and other writers who base themselves upon Roman Law. But in his definition of sovereignty he follows Grotius exactly, and it is the keystone of all practical treatment of international law.

By the beginning of the present century international law appeared to have been established upon a tolerably secure footing. The individual had made great progress; the

callousness of the eighteenth century had disappeared, and humane principles were repugnant to such barbarisms as slavery, duelling, public executions, cruel and excessive punishments; these and many other inhuman abuses were almost extinct. Public progress had kept pace with private, and in all things which were the subject of international law the spirit was enlightened and favourable to humanity and justice. The framers of the American Declaration of Independence professed "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind", and this respect was now shown to be a potent sanction of international law.

Arbitration was becoming common, and arbitral awards were seldom repudiated. More than once an impending war between South American republics was averted by this means, and the greatest Powers were willing to submit to it. It was successfully employed in the Venezuela dispute between Great Britain and the United States, and again by Russia and Great Britain in the fishing boats affair. Public opinion eventually induced the United States to make compensation to Colombia for wrong done to that republic in the matter of the Panama Canal. It was believed that the far-reaching agreements entered into at the Hague would abate the horrors of war, and substitute arbitration for it in the majority of cases.

Mr. Elihu Root, with an optimism seemingly justified but destined to rapid disappointment, remarked: "There is no civilised country which is not sensitive to this general opinion, none that is willing to subject itself to the discredit of standing brutally on its power to deny to other countries the benefit of recognised rules of right conduct."

It is true that there were reminders that the power to violate the law might induce a state to break agreements and to trample good faith under foot if the prospects of advantage and immunity were evident. Russia, in 1870, took advantage of the distracted condition of Europe to tear up the Black Sea Treaty, and even-handed justice decreed that she herself should suffer from a similar breach of faith when Austria, in 1908, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. However, these instances of lawlessness were legalised *ex post facto*, and public

opinion seemed to be strong enough to secure, as a rule, the honouring of public agreements.

It should be added that Austria made Turkey ample pecuniary compensation and, as aforesaid, her action was legalised by the Powers. But this "legalising", which followed in the cases of 1870 and 1908, and of the dispute between Greece and Italy a few years ago, is really, as Lord Birkenhead said, "a Pyrrhic victory".

The above lapses, which were not the only ones, should have reminded us that the state is, as Hobbes said, the Leviathan—*Non est super terram potestas quae comparetur ei*, and that he is judge in his own cause. Also that the safety of the state is the supreme law, and that if the state believes itself in danger of perishing, public opinion, public covenants, public law, and the dictates of justice will be weak shields against any outrages which the endangered State may perpetrate.

The great hope at that time rested in the Hague Conferences. Broadly speaking, the resolutions of 1899 were repeated and strengthened in 1907. A few of the minor provisions have proved valuable and permanent, but practically every one of the important agreements were habitually violated in the Great War. To illustrate this notorious fact a few instances may be given. One resolution declared: "The bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings is forbidden." Germany raised a quibble over the term *undefended*. At Scarborough there were two yeomanry squadrons in billet. But in a war of that character there were few towns or villages in any belligerent country which had not training camps adjacent; therefore, if such places were "defended", the resolution was nonsense. In case of all bombardments it was a well known rule of public law that due notice should be given. The ingenious Teuton defended his acts on the ground that they were "surprise" attacks. Bombardment "*by whatever means*" of such places being forbidden, it was understood that aerial bombing was also forbidden. At that time it seems to have been believed that the function of air navies would be to grapple in the central blue, and not much attention was paid to this point.

But it was soon found that extensive damage could be done by bomb dropping, and here, of course, the Germans paid no attention to public law or the dictates of humanity. In this matter the Allies showed themselves extremely reluctant to adopt retaliatory measures. Newspapers and individuals constantly urged their employment, but the best opinion was adverse. Lord Bryce said: "To imitate the policy of savagery carried out by the German Government in Belgium and France and by the Turkish Government in Armenia would be to lower ourselves to the level of those Governments." In the late stages of the war both France and England made air reprisals from time to time, but seldom on an extensive scale. Seeing that air raids were practised by the enemy to the full extent of their ability, it would hardly have been pronounced reprehensible on our part to have replied in kind. But this kind of warfare did very little military damage, and it may have been preferable to employ our aircraft in services which tended directly to success in the war.

The case of submarines which sank vessels without warning is notorious. The German submarines attacked enemy merchant vessels without warning, and put the survivors into open boats without regard to weather or any other conditions. Now, the mere destruction of ships had long been looked upon with disfavour by numerous authorities. The German Bluntschli condemns it, and says that it ought only to be practised in cases of the clearest necessity. When the *Knight Commander* merchant ship was sunk by the Russians in 1904, the British Government made a strong protest, and Russia paid compensation to certain neutrals whose vessels had suffered in this way.

However, Lord Stowell held that captors cannot be expected to permit "enemy property to sail away unmolested. If impossible to bring it in, their next duty is to destroy it." Most publicists accepted this view, but all agreed that such a practice was to be avoided as far as possible.

The use of poison has always been prohibited by civilised nations. Both Hague Conferences forbade the use of poison gas. That it was employed by Germany is a matter of notoriety,

and, in such a case, the Allies of necessity adopted the practice. We have, therefore, this position before us. In 1914 the rules and customs of international law were apparently held in high honour. In recent wars violation of them had been infrequent. In the war of 1898, although both belligerents had refused to subscribe to the declaration which abolished privateering, neither Spain nor the United States practised it. In the Boer War Dum-Dum bullets and similar projectiles were not used. Prisoners of war were treated with humanity. Measures of blockade were not carried out with undue rigour by the British Fleet. In a war between two great Powers it is unlikely that compensation would have been paid to a neutral in such a case as the *Bundesrath*. There seems to have been no apprehension that a war, if it should unhappily occur, would be conducted any more ruthlessly than those of the previous generation.

However, the old defect in international law—the lack of sanctions—was immediately manifest. The German Staff knew that the only road to a rapid victory lay through Belgium, and, therefore, the guaranteed Belgian neutrality was treated as a scrap of paper. Everything else was of a piece. The fact is that no criminal sanction had ever been laid down. The Hague Conferences had issued a long list of prohibitions. They concluded: "A belligerent party which violates the provisions of the regulations annexed to the said convention shall, if the case demands, be liable to pay compensation. It shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its armed forces." Thus the most flagrant instances of "frightfulness" only ranked as a civil trespass.

The attempts at the end of the war to bring home criminal responsibility were conspicuously unsuccessful. The most notorious was the proceedings against the Emperor William. A Commission was appointed to consider the feasibility of arraigning him. There was considerable doubt as to the court which should try him, and as to the charges which should be brought against him. The difficulty was solved by the Dutch Government, which very properly refused to surrender the royal refugee. It was left to the Commission to come to the

lame and impotent conclusion that "for the future it was desirable that penal sanctions should be provided for such gross outrages against the elementary principles of international law."

These sanctions have never been provided. There were some half-hearted efforts to bring certain minor culprits to justice, but it was felt that their punishment would be anomalous when the person to whom they had been responsible enjoyed immunity. Nothing effective was done.

When the War was over, there was a universal desire to obtain security against such grave abuses, and also to take measures for avoiding war. It was found that the most hopeful method was the old one of establishing a powerful public opinion and appealing to the conscience of civilised mankind.

Thus the League of Nations was immediately brought into being. The term is, of course, a misnomer; it is not a league of nations but a league of states. India, for example, is a congeries of hundreds of nations forming a single state, and that not a sovereign one. A large association of sovereign states was formed. It was an anomaly that several British dependencies, which, of course, are not sovereign, were admitted. A more serious anomaly was the absence of two of the largest states in the world, the United States and Russia.

However, the League was sufficiently large and had sufficient resources to do effective work if a wise policy were followed. Certain absurd conceptions were speedily dissipated. Some there were who visualised a super-state, with an army and navy which would suppress all national wars, as the mediæval states suppressed all private wars. Such a composite force would have been dangerous and ineffective; indeed its internal jealousies and its interference would have stimulated rather than prevented wars.

The business of the League was to promote respect for international law, and to provide an effective court of arbitration. The latter provision was made, and, like the old Hague Tribunal, it contrived a peaceful settlement of disputes which did not involve any very vital interests.

A serious attempt was made to provide sanctions. Article 16

of the Covenant contains the following important passage. "Any member of the League which goes to war in defiance of its obligations shall be deemed *ipso facto* to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, and these members are bound to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their subjects and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not. The Council is also required to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air forces the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces used to protect the Covenant of the League."

This passage bristles with difficulties. The League has no forces of its own, and yet it commands a complete blockade of the offending state. The neighbours of the offending state would certainly, in private at least, begin to sell it munitions. It would be everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business, to prevent them, and any state which attempted this would be involved in endless trouble with the belligerents' Prize Courts, and would, in fact, be committing an act of war. Even supposing that certain states were willing to obey the League, the time taken to collect a heterogeneous force would possibly have enabled the "covenant-breaker" to have achieved its ends. At any rate, if it were a powerful state, it would very possibly defeat the coercing states, who would, in any case, be saddled with a war in which they had little interest.

Again, the words "the nationals of any other state" are a gross infringement of international law. How can any association prohibit a nation from what is perfectly innocent and lawful—intercourse with a friendly state? It is not conceivable that the United States would allow their vessels to be captured while trading with a country with which they had no quarrel, and which might be their ally. Further, if the covenant-breaking state were located in the Western hemisphere, the

League would have no jurisdiction, seeing that it (quite unnecessarily) has recognised the Monroe Doctrine.

Undoubtedly, this Article transgresses the first principle of international law—sovereignty—and the attempt to give it effect would launch the whole world upon a sea of troubles. Of this the Council of the League is conscious. When the offender is powerful, the article is a dead letter. We saw that jurisdiction was avoided in the case of Greece and Italy, and at the present moment it takes no drastic steps against Japan. It is impossible to say that either China or Japan are undertaking war “in defiance of obligations”. It is an old and complicated dispute, and it would be difficult to allocate its rights and wrongs. The League has taken the sensible course of sending out a Commission of Inquiry, but when all is done, the matter will be settled in accordance with the interests of the Power which happens to be the stronger in that region.

It was from a consciousness of all these difficulties that Great Britain rightly rejected the Protocol of 1924. This was designed to strengthen Article 16, but it would, like it, be a menace to peace. Those who wish international law to be strong must remember its weaknesses, and not try to force its administrators into the position of a super-state.

The question of disarmament has not been handled happily. It is full of practical difficulties, and it must always be remembered that the sciences advance with rapid strides, and that many devices, which loomed large in the last War, such as gas, may be comparatively insignificant in the next, while far more terrible means of destruction—now undreamed of—may come into being.

It would probably be more useful if the Council would set to work and draw up a list of prohibited practices, making the list sufficiently comprehensive to include new inventions. Penalties, pecuniary or otherwise, would be prescribed for violation. It may be that the rules would again be broken, but at least, they would be of some value in the peace negotiations, especially if the more guilty belligerent happened to be defeated.

However, as Kant observes, nothing is good without qualification except a good will. Hobbes also says that covenants

without swords are of no avail and, as I have attempted to show, the League cannot bear the sword. The League of Nations and all other organisations, which aim at enforcing respect for public law, must establish themselves upon approved foundations. The first principle is the sovereignty of states. Sovereignty, says Grotius, is the power whose acts are not subject to the control of another. All attempts to exalt the League above sovereign states, all attempts to coerce its members must fail, and will bring about the very discords which it is endeavouring to check. Above all things a state clings to its sovereignty, that is its independence, and will engage in perpetual war rather than relinquish it. International law depends upon the willingness of states to obey conventions which have received the general assent, and there is no authority either in text books or precedents for the subjecting of any state, in time of peace, to the will of another. If states are to put themselves under international law, the yoke must be light.

REPUBLICAN SPAIN

A Month's Impressions

BY JOHN C. MOORE

I

I HAD never in my life seen so many beggars. As I made my way through the streets of Malaga, seeking an hotel, they shuffled a few paces behind me, a pathetic crew, somehow unhuman, so that I felt I was being pursued by a company of wailing ghosts. At every corner huddles of dreadful rags rose up unexpectedly and resolved themselves into ancient women, holding out dirty palms. One bore a sobbing child under her cloak and croaked at me, "See, *señor*, the *niña* cries because she is hungry."

It was partly my own fault; on stepping ashore I had given away a peseta or two as a thank-offering to Poseidon for deliverance from the sea and from a rolling, pitching tramp-steamer. Yet surely all these were not professional beggars? They had not the finish, the polish of practised mendicity. When at last I was safely ensconced in a small Spanish hotel I asked the *señora* about it.

"Alas", she told me, "there is little work in Malaga, so the people go hungry. It is a bad time for Spain."

That night I had disconcerting proof of this. I was alone in the hotel's small sitting-room. Suddenly the door opened and the child of the house ran in. She was the *señora's* granddaughter, and about twelve years old; and now she did several things at once as quickly and as competently as a grown-up person. She switched out the light, picked up the telephone, and asked for the Civil Guard. "*Come here quickly*", she said. Then she sat down beside me and told me

breathlessly: "There are a lot of bad men outside. They are trying to get past the porter. Don't switch on the light in case there is shooting!"

But by now they were already inside the hotel; there was a great clamour on the stairs. I went to the balcony and looked down. About twenty men were coming up slowly, step by step, pushed by a crowd behind them. They demanded food as the price of going away. The *señora* defied them at the top of the stairs; she was imposing and immense, and she reminded me somehow of an Armada's galleon, with sheets bellying before the wind, sailing majestically into battle. For now she was advancing in dignified fashion towards the mob; and suddenly she let loose her wrath upon them like a broadside. In a few minutes she seemed to speak as many words as I write in a year (and that includes at least one novel). She was irresistible, and before her terrible indignation the mob wavered and quailed. She literally *shoo'd* them down the stairs. It was magnificent.

And then, while they stood undecided in the entrance-hall, the Civil Guard arrived and caught them from behind. There followed an affair of five minutes which was bloody, unpleasant, and, I thought, unnecessary. The Guard used their rifle-butts.

Afterwards, among the shambles of an aspidistra, I congratulated the *señora*, who had seemed to me twice as effective as the Guard and only half as cruel. I asked her why the mob came to her hotel.

"They are hungry", she said. "They ask for bread. They go to all the hotels, except the very big ones, every night. But we cannot feed them here." She shrugged her shoulders. You couldn't blame men for the things they did because they had hunger-pains in their bellies; but she was outraged by the breakage of her aspidistra. The Guard had done that, with a swinging rifle. . . .

II

Now perhaps this sounds rather sensational and dramatic. It was my first experience of Republican Spain, and it gave

me the impression of a country racked by anarchy. Of course, this was entirely false. When I sat outside the delightful cafés on succeeding days, drinking wine or coffee and basking in the sunlight, listening to the laughter and endless talk which the Spaniards love so much, I formed other impressions, of a contented people, easy-going and merry, living in a sort of Lotus-eaters' land where nothing mattered very much.

The truth about conditions under the Republic is really, I think, neither particularly alarming nor particularly cheerful. Spain is sharing in the world's sickness and suffering, perhaps, in a greater degree than England but in a lesser degree than Germany. She makes, however, no provision for the relief of her unemployed (with the exception of certain voluntary subscriptions raised by city authorities). Therefore the unemployed go hungry; and hungry men are always dangerous.

Curiously enough, there is no sign that the people attribute the bad times to the abolition of the Monarchy and the change in methods of government. (I write "curiously enough" deliberately, not as a reflection upon the present régime, but because *post hoc, propter hoc* is almost always the reasoning of crowds.) Discontent demands a change, but not a return to dictatorship or a king. "Our trouble", say many, "is not that we have made too extreme a change; it is that the change has not been extreme enough." So a section of opinion moves towards Communism and a Soviet State. The pendulum must go farther before it begins its backward swing!

But someone must be blamed for the troubles of to-day, and a world depression is a dull, impersonal subject for abuse. So the common people still blame the King and the Church on the principle that "the evil that men do lives after them"; and in a lesser degree they complain against the present Government, that it is still tarred faintly with the ecclesiastical, if not the royalist brush. A boot-black boy in Seville explained to me the reasons for this attitude as he shined my shoes.

"*Muchacho*," I had asked him, "tell me why you have burned so many of your churches? Surely it is always a pity to destroy beautiful things?"

"That is true, *caballero*. But listen: in the bad days that

are gone, Spain spent many millions of pesetas that the priests might grow fat, and very few that boys and girls might go to school. *Caballero*, you have a newspaper in your hand; do you realize that I cannot read it, and so I do not understand what is going on in the world?"

"Then how can you speak of these things, if you do not know?"

"I can only believe what I am told. But this I know from my own experience: in the towns few of us can read or write, and in the country fewer. How shall we compete with other nations, while our people are ignorant and untaught? And clearly the Church and the upper classes are responsible, because it suited them that we should not be instructed. If, being angry, we burn churches in our ignorance, can you blame us?"

He shrugged his shoulders and went on with his polishing. A bit of a philosopher, this *muchacho*. While I finished my roll and coffee he explained to me the common people's mistrust of the present government. "The President, you see, is a very strong Catholic. Everybody knows that. And the people are tired of the Church, which has too often been the King. . . ."

"Then do you think there will soon be another government?"

"I think so. But it matters little; I only tell you the things men say. For my part, I believe that no government can bring more oranges to the trees, or more grapes in the vineyards!"

Not so a genial little cut-throat whom I met later that day. The editor of the local newspaper had discovered with delight that printing-ink was concerned in my trade as well as in his, and was showing me over his offices; they contained an ancient hand-press, a few ancient compositors, a seedy reporter or two, and a terrible child in a bathing-dress. The strict duty of this child appeared to be that of taking the printed sheets off the machines and tying them in bundles; his own interpretation of it was wider and more catholic, and included smoking cigarettes in the editor's sanctum, impudently replying

to telephone calls, and entertaining visitors. Me, as a foreigner and a *rara avis*, he monopolised completely, while his editor stood in the background. He talked to me in the dreadful *argot* of Andalusian gutters, which is comprehensible to the stranger only in so far as he realizes that it is infinitely obscene. He expatiated, apparently, upon world-affairs. I complained, "*No comprendo.*" So he took a sheet of paper from his editor's desk, and a pencil from his editor's breast-pocket, and drew for my instruction two pictures. One represented a hammer and sickle, and when he had done it he indicated himself. Very good; he was a Communist. I smiled and nodded. The other picture was distressingly realistic. It showed a lamp-post, from which a figure dangled. The legs of the figure were twisted convulsively; the rope under its chin had jerked back its head. When he had finished it, the young revolutionary pointed at me.

III

Discontent in Spain seems at the moment to be confined to the mob in the cities. In the Sierras, the people go their own way unconcerned; like all countryfolk, they are busy with eternal things, sowing and harvest, and they know not these sudden froths of anger and pain which seethe up from crowded humanity in the towns.

There remain the shopkeepers and the business-men—the middle-classes who make and break governments more swiftly and more silently than the mob; and on the whole they are satisfied. Business is bad, they admit; but they know that it is bad elsewhere. And they point proudly to the excellent work which the new Government has already done in the direction of wider education and better communications. "We are beginning well," one intelligent educationist told me. "We are teaching our teachers! In five years we shall be able to go ahead."

Internal communications, in which Spain has so long lagged behind other countries, show a rapid improvement. Railways are speedier and more comfortable; main-roads are splendid, with several important building schemes in progress;

and as for the telephone system, after the brutalities of the English Post Office I found it a joy. No Heath Robinson contrivances of Button A and Button B, a low flat rate of subscription with no fee for individual calls, dial system everywhere, no wrong numbers, no irritating delays! Even little children ring up their friends for a talk in the evening, and *señoritas* are courted by *telefono* for a couple of hours on end; for there is no eavesdropper employed to butt in with a maddening "Thrrree minutes, please!" Spain is a telephonic paradise; and I am merely confirmed in my opinion that English telephones are installed in Hell and rank there among the chief instruments of torture.

These are trivial things, perhaps; but the shopkeeper and the man of commerce likes efficiency, and he knows that it is not a bad government which gives it to him. There is little grumbling against the Republic among the middle classes.

To summarize: moderate opinion everywhere supports the present régime and has no desire for a change, either towards the Left or back towards the Monarchy; yet among the lower-classes there is a dangerously large and, I think, a growing Communistic element which clamorously demands that Spain shall go the whole hog and achieve a Soviet. This feeling is noticeable in all the Southern towns, except perhaps Granada, whose chief industry is the profitable picking of American pockets. Seville and Malaga are particularly unsettled; and Barcelona has been "agin the Government" from time immemorial. At the present time the Civil Guard is able to prevent serious disturbances (they are a fine body, and have been known effectively to quell a rising among the undependable and rather comic military); but one has a feeling that if trade gets no better, and no adequate measures are taken for the relief of the unemployed, there may be a different tale to tell. The position of the Civil Guard is, in any case, an uncomfortable and paradoxical one. In a sense they are the mainstay of the Republic, since they alone keep order throughout the country, they alone are competent and dependable; and yet it cannot be denied that they are still suspected of

Royalist tendencies. The recent abortive revolt, which lasted a day in Seville and half an hour in Madrid, must have made their position more uncomfortable still. It was with their assistance that General Sanjurjo took over the Seville garrison and became for a brief space the self-styled "Captain General of Andalusia"; and this will not be forgotten by the mobs of Communist rioters which flare up so suddenly and so unexpectedly in little bonfires of anti-Monarchist panic.

Such are the notions and impressions of a traveller who is no student of politics and who visited Spain with no deeper purpose than that of climbing the mountains and tramping over the hills. I make no claim to possess "inside information" or special knowledge; but I have talked with beggars and business-men, workmen and guttersnipes, priests and inn-keepers, and muleteers on the mountain roads. Still less do I claim to prophecy when I try to answer the oft-asked question: "Will Alfonso go back again?" I can only repeat what the common people told me; and they said, emphatically, "No." One or two qualified their answers: "Not him," they said, "but his son, or his son's son, in the course of years." Surely it must take a long time for that frenzy of Republican ardour to die down, that panic of joy and hatred which named almost every other street after the 14th of April, which even smashed fishermen's boats on the seashore because they bore a Royalist name. Yet Spain has always been fickle to her rulers; if ever the change of spirit comes, it may come quickly.

For my own part, I believe that the next change will be towards the Left; and that if Spain ever goes back to the Monarchy, it will be (paradoxically) by way of Communism, and the chaos which demands a remedy which is both spectacular and sudden.

IRISH SOCIAL LIFE TO-DAY

BY PAMELA HINKSON

IRISH social life is, more than ever to-day, a unique thing; and when one writes of it, one thinks at once of the atmosphere of Irish country houses and the background of Irish country. These are essentially unchanged. The houses are a little shabbier perhaps, the long avenues leading to them a little more overgrown, there are more weeds in the immense gardens that were made in the days of cheap and plentiful labour. But the easiness of life is still there, the friendliness between neighbours, gentle and simple, the gaiety that has never depended on the gold standard.

Irish social life is not the life of any one class. It has become less and less so since the revolution. It is wherever two Irish people meet, and it is in whatever they bring to the meeting. The Irish Celt has always been naturally sociable, with a great need for the company of his fellows. He is, I think, more often a townsman than the Anglo-Irishman. I doubt if any peasant with the land hunger which belongs to the Celt has loved the country and the land more than some of the Anglo-Irish landlords have loved it—even without loving Ireland—as, often, they loved the people while regarding them as natural inferiors.

The Anglo-Irish absorbed many of the Irish characteristics with the air they breathed. The country houses, of which one thinks first as a background for Irish social life, were built by the conquerors of another race in the country they had conquered. They are built mostly of a pattern, great grey stone Georgian houses with many windows looking out across the countryside. They have an aloof air, set in their wide parks with the long avenues running to their doors. The fine trees about them suggest a wall, shutting them in from the country outside.

When they had built their houses these Anglo-Irish settlers made gardens which were like, yet unlike, the gardens their ancestors had made in English country. And how lovely these gardens are! They have the softness and richness of the climate and the soil which makes Irish gorse twice the size of English gorse and Irish bluebells a deeper and richer blue than any others in the world. The Anglo-Irish were great gardeners and they made lovely gardens which were their own, not belonging to either country. The Celt has not yet learnt the joy of making gardens, although he is beginning to come to it. The love of gardens, like the love of animals perhaps, comes only to well-fed people, not overpressed with the cares of living.

The houses, too, were like and yet unlike English houses. They were built, all of them, on a grand scale, as colonists build in the country which they have conquered, where land and labour are to be had for nothing.

These houses have a peculiar atmosphere of their own. If you discover it, it is the very secret of Irish country life, the thing which has lured men home from abroad after many years of exile, the thing that held the Anglo-Irish when their houses were burnt over their heads in the revolution, and still they could not be driven out. They might have lived, as many of them lived, aloof from the country, opposed to the people in politics and religion, and opposed with a fierceness that no one who has not lived in Ireland can understand. And still there was the house (even if only four blackened walls remained) and the garden and the fields. And there were the friendly relations with the people which the revolution did not disturb permanently, strange as that may seem. These were the things that kept the Anglo-Irish gentry.

Oddly enough it is the Anglo-Irish who are most lost away from Ireland. They made, I suppose, their own social life, as they made a world of their own in these Georgian houses. It was a world between two worlds. Not England or Ireland, and yet with something from both. The grey stone houses were built by the conquerors, but the Irish sun and rain softened the colour of the stone and made it part of the country.

Such a house when you come to it in a green summer dusk, or on a winter evening, is full of smells that elude you when you would discover them, like the smells of the garden. A faint smell of turf and wood smoke perhaps. There is nothing so clinging as turf smoke, which pervades everything in the West of Ireland. It is all dim, elusive, and quiet with a different quietness from that of an English country house. Above all, in these days, there is a feeling of time moving slowly.

A childhood in such a house was an inheritance to make one rich for ever. It was rich indeed with adventure and precious knowledge, never to be lost after, nor ever to be learned if not learned in childhood. A full world, taking in more than the house and the stableyard and all it held, and, beyond the barrier of the trees, the wide bog and the bog village and the neighbours of all classes. For in spite of that building of walls and in spite of the higher wall made by politics and religion, the easy friendliness between all classes in Ireland was one of the things that made, and makes, Irish social life. The sons of the country house, home for the holidays, and their sisters went shooting with their neighbours from the small bog farms or fishing on some quiet summer evening in a hidden mountain river. Or they made friends (and it was more often the sisters then) over horses to be lent or tried or trained. Only recently in the West of Ireland our car was stopped on the road by a wild Galway farming man.

"The birds are leppin' to be shot, Miss Anne," he said to the girl who drove. "If you'd come out to-morrow morning. . . ." His dark expressive face was a miracle of persuasion. And the child looking back at him, her corn coloured hair flying in the wind, was as much a part of the country as he was. They made a picture so, against the landscape which was coloured deep blue and gold that day. One could see them starting together in the cold dawn, walking westward across the bog, standing knee-deep in icy water, whispering to each other as the birds came in, silent or talkative with a perfect understanding.

These friendships are part of the rich legacy of such a childhood. And it was so that the children of the Anglo-Irish

learnt to know the country and love it, sometimes more than their instructors who first showed them the way.

Irish servants make their contribution to the social life, and none is more important. They are conservative, and there is still little or no servant problem in Ireland. They are less servants than part of the family, tyrannical often, as is the way of their kind. In that rich childhood there was no world more important than the world of the kitchen (unless it were the world of the stables to which we come later).

It is its intimacy that is the secret of Irish entertaining. If it is your kingdom, although you may be an exile, there is nothing more wonderful than to travel to an Irish country house in a summer dusk. There are the long Irish twilights so green that the light might be rising from the fields and the strange mystery of the atmosphere, which one discovers afresh each time. The Shannon Scheme has lit our country houses with electric light; and made the twilight outside more beautiful by contrast.

When you arrive, it is coming home. The butler, meeting you at the door, greets you by your name and he might have been waiting years only for your coming. There is always a fire lit in your room to welcome you. An Irish house, even understaffed, has not given up such luxuries as bedroom fires or morning tea, which give a restful pre-war feeling to the life. Irish servants have not discovered that these things are being done without elsewhere. The chauffeur, who has been forty years with the family and has watched all the children grow up, regards them still as children. Forty years ago, of course, he was a groom, and he has still the face and appearance of a man more used to horses than motors. He is an amazingly efficient chauffeur for all his conversational powers, endlessly patient when it is a question of waiting until the small hours for a dance to be over. It reminds him (dances being rare nowadays for one class), as he drives home in the summer dawn between hedges grey with dew: "the roads used to be worn out," he says, "taking the young ladies to their dances."

Or it is a sad reminiscence as you pass a shabby gate with an overgrown avenue inside. "That used to be one of the

grandest houses in the county," he says, "with a fox-covert and all" (note the criterion of grandeur). "And now not as much left as 'd jingle on a tombstone."

However little money there is, and there is little enough nowadays, the Irish cannot live without visitors, and it is as good to entertain as to be entertained. The dogs who welcome you warmly are as important as any humans in this Irish social life. They are always there. Even the stables are familiar, and there is nothing that holds atmosphere more than an Irish stableyard. You go to it from the kitchen, and both are equally important. You hear it wake in the morning with a horse moving in his stall, half asleep and sleeping again. What is the difference between this stable and a stable elsewhere, where you are taken naturally to see the horses? Only that elsewhere you are a spectator, even though you may know one end of a horse from the other. Here you meet and know the horses. They are for the time being your stables.

It is the intimacy that makes the peculiar charm of an Irish country race meeting. Always there has been one place and one interest that has brought together all classes and creeds and shades of opinion. At a point-to-point in these days you might fancy yourself back in pre-war and pre-revolution Ireland if you had ever known it. Against that background of the country, framed often in blue hills, you will see the different streams of the new Irish social life meet and mingle in the most friendly way possible. There are those who remain of the landlord class among the farmers, with whom they are on the best of terms. Dressed as they are, they are often almost indistinguishable from them. The patriotism of these Anglo-Irishmen of the older generation was a very genuine thing, although politically they threw in their lot altogether with England. It was love of the country if it was not love of Ireland. They are Irish to look at, Irish in speech, sometimes to the point of exaggeration, and their interests and the interests of their farmer neighbours in these days are identical. They would write themselves down as farmers proudly, although they have been soldiers and sailors and have served the Empire in many parts of the globe, with always

their hearts in Ireland. Some of their sons are riding and you see a group of the riders in the paddock before a race. Nowhere is the easiness of Irish life, the friendliness between the classes more obvious.

That group in the paddock is characteristic. It will include one or two gentlemen riders, bearers perhaps of the most ancient titles in Ireland, a soldier home on leave, a famous lady rider, farmers and horsey men (these latter less aggressively horsey than elsewhere, or perhaps less noticeable where everyone is somewhat horsey), all on terms of old and easy friendship. There is no snobbery, no feeling of class distinction between these people whose friendship has been made in the country, and has all the good breeding that belongs to the country and to the Irish country people.

It is all good-humoured, very sporting in the true sense, and extraordinarily friendly. The lady Master, a characteristic figure, has her lunch-table beside her car, and dispenses hospitality generously. Again all shades of opinion and all classes are among her guests. Politics (even though the Republican party has recently gained the election) do not exist. Even the beggars are typical of the social life, since Irish beggars give you your money's worth for what they take from you. They have a new good wish for you these days at the end of their eloquent blessing, "And may you win the Sweep, me lady."

The crowd on a bank with you to watch the finish has the same intimacy, calling the horses and their riders by their names. "Come on, Delight!" they shout in the sunlight, and the cold spring wind which is always there at a point-to-point catches the name and carries it through the clear air, "Delight". Delight, taking the last fence beautifully, as though she rose to their call, is well named. Her lovely body flashes in the sunlight for a moment. "Delight!" someone shouts from the bank like a man in love. You walk across the course to the jumps and watch the riders and horses come down the hill, a brilliant medley of colour in the spring sunlight. They take a jump, wheel and pass you a few yards

smooth turf. If you cannot see the finish, there is your horse dealer friend who once sold you a horse. He can look without glasses across the course and tell you who is leading, not by the rider's colours, but by the horse himself. "Sure I'd know the shape of him anywhere," he explains.

The hunting has been as friendly as the racing. It is no rich man's or woman's pleasure in Ireland, and it escapes the dullness of the narrow circle. People hunt in Ireland because they cannot live without hunting and all classes are represented in the horses as in the riders. There are Irish horses that are as temperamental as the people and as the climate, and they could be nothing but Irish horses. After all, I imagine, half the magic of Irish hunting is in the atmosphere again. It is in the air and the soft wind against your face, and the spring of the turf and the long mild winter days, and not least in the riding home afterwards along a muddy road under an Irish evening sky. And always it is in the friendliness of someone who may ride half the way home with you and turn off as the wet roads fork. There are many motors these days and there are horse-boxes, but still, for the majority, hunting is done on a simple scale.

The secret of the pleasantness of Irish life for those of moderate means is that there are too few rich people to make the pleasures of life expensive. There is very little money in most of the country houses, where the owners are hard put to it to keep things going, and hunting often has to pay for itself. The lady rider who wins the ladies' race ("God bless her!" a man on the bank says adoringly; "sure no man could beat her!") buys horses and sells them again at a profit. She is often her own groom. There are a good many of these lady horse-dealers. And the girl jockey who holds her little court between the races at a point-to-point is a charming and typical figure.

Because everyone in Ireland hunts, it is much less conventional than elsewhere and many of the horses who come out on these winter mornings are unconventional indeed. Staid carriage horses in the days of carriages have been taken from

descended to them from their ancestors. The beautifully trained hunters of the English field are only possessed by a few. Better hunt a half-trained horse than not hunt at all. (And no one thinks of not hunting at all. Life without horses and hunting for these people would be only half living. They would be maimed.)

This, after all, I believe, is, or has been the Ireland of the Anglo-Irish; although the Celtic-Irish share it and outnumber them in these days. No doubt in time the Celtic-Irish will make their own of it. You may still see the stage of Irish life set as Somerville and Ross described it (and as no one else could describe it). But there is a difference. On that other stage the people and the country were a background for the Anglo-Irish and their lives. Now the people share the stage and take the larger part of it.

There has been a revolution in Irish village life and the 'buses that rush from end to end of Ireland in these days have played their part in it. The roads may be worn out now, taking another class to their dances. To attend a village dance is a revelation of the change that has come about in this respect. The young men and women are obviously practised dancers, and the young women incredibly well-dressed, charmingly mannered and often positively beautiful. One remembers then how often the good blood must be in the cottages in Ireland. There used to be no provision for amusement for the Irish poor beyond what they made out of their own natural gaiety. Now they have their dances; and the 'buses, opening up the quiet country, carry them to football matches and hurley matches as well as to race meetings and to the cinema which, with the penetration of the cheap English daily press, has had its effect on the lives of the people.

There is not space here to write of the new Dublin, a puzzling town in many ways. There, too, a new social life is growing up, and there are many different phases of it. Oddly enough the first Irish Government gave us little or nothing in the way of social life to replace that which they had destroyed, and the first Irish Parliament since the Union,

although there have been lively interludes, has been on the whole a dull affair.

But no doubt those occupied with politics make their own social life out of them. For the Irish temperament will not accept boredom, and this applies equally to the Celt and the Anglo-Irish. At the Horse Show, at the Spring Show and during Puncchestown week, Dublin recaptures something of its old appearance of gaiety. But all these occasions are the country life come to town, and it goes back to the country after. During these days the country gentlemen are seen again in the streets as they used to be seen with their tall sons. But too many of their sons were killed in the War, which emptied the country houses of young men, as it emptied the houses of the professional classes and the Celtic-Irish who threw in their lot with the Allies. And of those who survived the War too many were driven overseas in search of employment.

Now with the country gentlemen come their daughters, who are such authorities on horses and cattle and dogs and gardens, and often run a place left by a dead brother, or an absent brother. These are the girls you see out hunting in all weathers, or riding in the Ladies' Races or talking to their friends of all classes as they lean on the rail of the paddock, discussing the merits of the horses. Many a one of them would make a heroine for a story, set against this Irish background to which they belong. They are part of the country and one cannot imagine them away from it, although when they marry they go away and are often homesick and only half alive until they come back. They are lovely and gay and vivacious, many of these girls, but the aftermath of the War and the departure of the British garrison with the disbandment of the Irish regiments in which their brothers and their friends served, took away the men they would have danced with and married. During Horse Show Week and Puncchestown Week and about Christmas for the Hunt Balls there are brief interludes of gaiety when men come back on leave. But for the rest of the year the young women in the country houses content themselves with their gardens and their horses and their dogs. And the girls of another class have all the gaiety. It is only a reversal of the old order.

There was another flight of the Wild Geese after the Revolution, and there may be again a flight to come. But those who go must leave the spaciousness of their houses (how should they breathe in a London flat afterwards?) the devoted servants, the gardens and the horses and the land they love, and the wild winds and rains over it, the friendly neighbours and the hospitality and generosity which the Anglo-Irish share with the Celt. They must leave, too, the atmosphere of peace and time moving slowly, which has kept the social life in Ireland what social life ought to be. How should they leave these things, and the long full days holding them, and start again with empty days, in a strange land?

A PLEA

You were not always grey, nor used to tire
 With the long days, not always were you wise
 In the slow knowledge of Life's dark replies;
 Before the years could gather and conspire
 You knew the pangs of rapture and desire,
 And, looking at you, sometimes I surprise
 The child you were, half-puzzled, in your eyes
 And in your laugh the young audacious fire.

Look on us kindly, then, who are so shaken
 With sharp uncertainty and keen delight;
 You knew this fever, that it will not last.
 Too soon must Youth's proud citadel be taken,
 Its maddest phantasies be put to flight:
 Leave us this present, you have had your past.

DIANA CARROLL.

THE MEDIÆVAL PULPIT

BY ROGER B. LLOYD

IT is natural that pictures of the mediæval preaching scene should be numerous, for never has there been any religion on the face of the earth in the propagation of which preaching did not play an important part. "After mete loke thou go to the prechyng," a fourteenth century priest exhorted his people. Change the spelling or the language, or soften the peremptoriness in order to make the invitation applicable to other centuries and different parts of the world, but always and everywhere it will be true that where a religion is practised there a preacher will be found. And there, too, a congregation will be. For congregations in all periods of the world's history have one trait in common. It is that while they grumble with one breath about the quality of the sermons they hear, making the innocent believe they would be glad to see that part of the service abandoned, with the next they firmly demand that their priests should preach to them. It is natural, for as a member of a thirteenth century congregation said, speaking both for his forbears and successors, "We understand every word of the sermon, but the Mass we understand not, and cannot pray thereat as well as we should." Though the universality of understanding with which the sermon is greeted may well be a delusion, it is still true that there is no sort of warrant in the mediæval documents for the notion that sermon-making came in with the Puritans, and by them alone was truly esteemed.

The documents which survive are full of reproaches that the parochial clergy of the Middle Ages preached to their people all too seldom, and that when they did so, their sermons were apt to be unhelpful. But the pictures of the preaching scene tell a different story. They depict the

congregation listening with eager concentration as they sit or squat round the preacher, who stands, with hand uplifted, in his little portable pulpit, set up on the Gospel side of the altar. There are more women than men; and all the feudal classes are represented. The great ladies are there, sitting on heavy oak benches, wearing their high conical head-dresses and long flowing veils. They have probably arrived late, being of the quality, as the preacher bitterly remarked, and have swaggered up the aisle with mincing step, consciously the cynosure of all eyes, "stirring the dust with their trains". In front of them are the commonalty, squatting stiffly on heaped beds of rushes; and behind them stand several men, leaning against a pillar, gravely listening. Their attitude seems to suggest that they are the amateur theologians of the assembly, the deacons of the chapel, satisfying themselves of the preacher's orthodoxy.

With them the picture ends, cut off at the pillar against which the men are leaning. Perhaps because the artist's fingers grew weary, or perhaps because the conditions of patronage demanded that he must put the preacher well into the centre of the canvas, his congregation never seems to consist of more than a score, nor his church of more than the front two or three pews. Even in a tiny village church, however, more than a score were normally present. The artist's patron was likely to be an ecclesiastic of sorts; and that explains the air of invariable attention which pervades mediæval pictures of the preaching scene. The writers, and, above all, the preachers themselves, take up the portrayal where the artist leaves off, and suggest that his portrait of grave earnestness was not always as true to the facts as it was pious in its intent.

For the ages of faith were considerably less well behaved in church than are our own times. The people talked, and the preacher had to endure a hum of conversation, unless he could gain their lost attention with a tall story or an apt cautionary tale. Worse than talking, they slept. Many stories there are of preachers dealing painfully with slumberers. Jacques de Vitry, for example, once broke off in the

middle of his discourse to exclaim, "Do you want me now to talk to you about worthy womanhood? I am going to say something instead about that old dame whom I see asleep over there. For God's sake, if anyone has a pin, let him wake her up." Sometimes there were people who even diced or played chess during the sermon, and others who indulged in "myche jangling and japyng and many other varytees, settinge nought bi preching and teachinge of Goddis word". Others occasionally annoyed the preacher by ostentatiously leaving the church before the sermon began, or no less ostentatiously arriving only when they were sure it would be over. Such tactics, for all their boorishness, are not unheard of to-day. Finally, the people were accustomed to cheer and clap when their approval was won. It seems irreverent, but there was good precedent. St. Wilfrid preached a magnificent sermon on the occasion of the consecration of his great cathedral at Ripon in the seventh century. His every sentence was greeted by cheers; thereupon he promptly invited his congregation to a great feast which lasted three days and three nights. But in the Middle Ages, though cheering was not uncommon, there is no record of similar wholesale episcopal hospitality. That fine custom died young.

For a history of preaching before the twelfth century there are few materials; but the birth of that great century ushered in the great days of monastic oratory. The tradition of the preaching abbots came in with the Cistercians, and the real and lasting influence of the sermons of a St. Bernard or a William of St. Thierry had the unusual effect of promoting a wholesale reform of monastic life, and of persuading half the nobility of Europe to undertake the arduous discomforts of a crusade. An extant sermon of Abelard's, himself an abbot though not of Cîteaux, preached at the end of his life to the monks of Cluny, indicates aptly enough the dominant note of the best twelfth century preaching. His text was Job xxxix. 5: "Who hath sent out the wild ass free?" and his application of it to monastic abuses took very much the form it would take if a preacher of to-day handled it. The wild ass is the symbol of liberty—a liberty which, he contended,

the monks had forfeited by indulging in "idleness, luxury, and garrulity". By "enjoying the perverse liberty of this harmful repose we have lost the true liberty of this wild ass". There is in Abelard's symbolism of the wild ass a foreshadowing of the characteristic Franciscan doctrine that only those without possessions are wholly free.

The preacher of the century had unconventional methods. His pulpit was usually a light movable rostrum, with four legs and four panels, from which, if they were decorated at all, pictures of the four great doctors stared down at the congregation. Sometimes the preacher would set up his pulpit at the chancel steps, sometimes on the Gospel, that is, the north, side of the altar, and sometimes in the churchyard outside. Always he would stand the rood near by. Fixed unmovable pulpits were not to become common in parish churches for another hundred years; and in England there are none surviving older than 1350. But stone walls do not a prison make, nor stone pulpits a sermon. Peter the Hermit preached half the husbands of Europe into crusading armies, whilst he sat astride a mule. John of Vicenza, a famous thirteenth century mission preacher, used to mount a platform sixty feet high; whilst Berthold of Ratisbon far surpassed him by regularly climbing a church tower, waving a flag to attract a congregation, and then preaching in a voice of thunder which, it was said, could be heard miles away.

The comparatively free and easy posture adopted by the twelfth century preacher was reflected in his discourse, whereat he came in for both praise and blame from his successors. For the sermon rapidly developed a technique, and set forms for its delivery; and later practitioners of the sermon, considered as a means of artistic expression, condemned the twelfth century preachers for their lack of set forms and constraint. They liked to hear sermons which conformed to the rules of the preaching text books, and the preaching which later became the vogue has been described by a modern scholar, Professor Haskins, as consisting of "elaborate sub-divisions, piling of text on text, senses literal and allegorical, tropological and anagogical". It sounds

wearisome, and there were many who found it so, among them a fifteenth century Oxford Chancellor, who regretfully recalled the preaching of the twelfth century, contrasting it with the arid formalism of his own times.

The Chancellor's implied condemnation of the sermons of his own time was undoubtedly justified. They were, in fact, uncommonly dull, and it is hard to believe that their intricate but formally correct dullness was in the least effective unto salvation. A very slight study, moreover, is sufficient evidence that their ineffective dullness was due to the presence of the two faults suggested by Professor Haskins, too great an ingenuity in symbolic interpretation, and too great a readiness to pile text on text. Two examples may suffice.

At the end of the thirteenth century there lived a monk called Radulphus. An orator of momentary reputation, he got it into his head that whenever the word "nemo" appeared in the Gospel, as for example, when our Lord declared "No man hath ascended into Heaven", a definite spirit, or demiurge, was intended to be conveyed, whose name was Nemo. Thus reasoning, Radulphus performed the uncommon feat of drawing out of the text of the Gospels an entirely new hero. He therefore wrote "A Sermon upon Nemo", which he dedicated to a cardinal, a part of which runs:

Nemo's authority grew deservedly so great that, as though scorning earthly things he soared with a marvellous flight to the highest Heaven, as it is written, "Nemo hath ascended into Heaven".

Other wonders also Nemo performed. He hath seen God. He knoweth the Son. In fact, Nemo is the real hero of the piece. It is not a joke, but merely an illustration of what may happen when the ignorant start searching for symbolic meanings.

The other example comes from a sermon by no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Arundel. He preached it on a very memorable occasion, at the formal deposition of Richard II in 1399. All the Lords and Commons, the Bishops and Mitred Abbots were assembled at Westminster, and when, at last, the one King was deposed and his successor declared chosen amid a scene of immense solemnity,

the Archbishop rose, and, with every eye turned upon him on this obviously historic occasion, began to deliver his sermon. Mercifully, it was short, for it was very wearisome. The Archbishop allowed himself about ten minutes. He has directed his attention to the Pauline phrase, "When I was a child I thought as a child", and this thought started him along the analogical bypath, which thenceforward he never left. He examined thoroughly and at length all the analogies suggested to him by his Pauline quotation, and succeeded in the process in quoting four times from *Ecclesiastes*, and also from *Kings*, *Isaiah*, and *Wisdom*. No mean feat in a sermon lasting for ten minutes at most.

To the extent that the Archbishop's sermon is typical of the pulpit literature of the time, the Middle Ages may be called the Era of Excessive Quotation. And just as preachers did not think of climbing into their pulpits without quiverfuls of good authoritative texts to back their arguments, so when people sat down to write letters or compose treatises, their first care was usually to turn up Augustine and see what he had to say on the point. Then they would turn to Jerome, Gregory of Nanzianzen, and so work through the Fathers. Then when they had collected from that vast library every sentence which could be made to bear on the matter in hand, they peppered their pages with the quotations they had gathered.

No doubt that seems a libel on mediæval authorship; but although it is in fact a generalisation to which the exceptions are multitudinous, it is not so libellous as might be supposed. Consider, for example, so magnificent a specimen of mediæval literature as the love-letters of Abelard and Heloïse. No discerning reader can doubt their spontaneity. Yet they are crammed full of quotations. In one of them Abelard began: "For of how great a place before God and His saints the prayers of the faithful may obtain; many testimonies and examples occur." Then, of course, he was well away, and within two pages of print quoted from Moses, Elijah, Elisha, David, Jephthah, Jeremiah, Martha and Mary, St. Paul, Gregory, and Clovis. In her reply, Heloïse, not to be outdone, lays

under contribution within the same space Delilah, David, Solomon, Job, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Jerome, Ambrose, and Gregory. Yet in spite of this dead weight which they carry, the letters are living, vital documents. Neither was indulging in a mere parade of erudition, nor consciously writing to the cramped limits of a literary formula. To quote was, in fact, a mediæval literary instinct, which has laid a dead hand upon very many written documents, whether sermons or more formal treatises. In consequence, and speaking generally, the formal sermon in church in the later Middle Ages was usually uninspiring. In a hundred ways, the Middle Ages were the great days of religion, but it would be hard to maintain that they were also the days of great preaching.

Yet not all sermons were formally delivered in church. There was also a mass of informal mission preaching in the open air, and possibly never, in all the world's history, have better mission sermons been preached. Nor has the moralist's tale ever again reached the heights of artistry and effectiveness to which Cæsarius, the Novice Master of Heisterbach, raised it. As for evangelistic preaching, Bernadino of Siena, the great friar of the fifteenth century, stood then, and stands still, in a class by himself. He would take his stand in the market place, ring his bell vigorously, and deliver himself:

We have to speak this morning of the love and affection that a man should bear to his wife, and she to her husband. She who is wise hath brought her daughter to this morning's sermon: she who is but so-so hath left her in bed. O how much better hadst thou done to bring her to hear this true doctrine. But to the point.

How wouldst thou have thy wife?—I will have her an honest woman—and thou art dishonest, that is not well. I would have her active—and thou art a very sluggard. Obedient—and thou obeyest neither father nor mother nor any man; thou deservest her not. Peaceful—and thou wouldst storm at a straw if it crossed thy path. I would not have a cock—well, thou art no hen. I answer if thou wouldst have her thus, it is fitting that thou shouldst be the same. Even as thou seekest a fair, virtuous and good spouse, so think likewise how she would fain have a husband prudent, discreet, good, and fulfilled of all virtue.

Well might he say, "Mark me, women, that I hold with you so far as to say that ye love your husbands better than they love you." He was possibly the first feminist. And

so it went on, with little humours, apt little stories to which no one could fail to listen, and rising now and then to a great height of passion, morning after morning in the market at Siena, and in many other towns. And though there was none to compare with Bernadino, mission preachers were plentiful in all countries, and open-air mission preaching achieved in the Middle Ages a perfection of technique.

What, then, is the formula which will resolve these opposites of extreme caution and gay recklessness in the spoken word? The answer is but a guess, but no worse for that, as it is merely tedious to raise questions for which the proper answer comes pat. Possibly it is that behind the more formal preaching there lurked an unconscious fear of lapsing into heresy. Such a fear was by no means absurd when people like St. Bernard, and after him the Inquisitors, were about. That fear resulted in reserve, in stilted expression, in a natural desire to be certain of one's authority before committing oneself. Congregations in church no doubt contained more amateur theologians, whose joy it was to catch the preacher tripping, than the crowd of fishwives who listened entranced to Bernadino of Siena. The amateur theologian in the congregation of to-day—the deacon's terror—is not unknown in any church; but catch the preacher as often as he may in travail with heresy, formal accusations before the Consistory Court do not often happen, certainly not as often as heresy is unwittingly preached. And even if formal complaints are made to the bishops, it is not nowadays observable that they lose many nights' sleep about the matter. In the Middle Ages, however, heresy was an accusation as formidable as murder. Perhaps that is why we still have in the Prayer Book a formal exhortation to the newly-married which is one long mass of quotations, which few ever read and fewer hear. In Cranmer's time, and for centuries before him, you had to be careful what you were saying.

A KIND HEART

BY YVON LAPAQUELLERIE

THROUGH St. Bonnet, a small town in the Saintonge, runs the highway from Bordeaux to St. Malo, very wide and very smooth, between two rows of small and modest houses. Here and there against the white plaster front grape-vines are tacked up, with bluish-green stains behind them showing where they have been sprinkled with copperas against the phylloxera. The neat highway skirts the untidy market-place, where the peasants bring their stock to sell on Saturdays.

Monsieur Ludovic Pouponneau was the mayor of St. Bonnet. When he was nearing fifty a freak of fortune had pushed this easy-going bachelor into politics. Or rather, public opinion had pitched him in. He was so kindhearted, so obliging to everyone, and therefore everyone said: "This is the mayor we want."

So mayor of St. Bonnet he was, and also a member of the council for the department. The semi-annual trip to La Rochelle disturbed his regular habits, but he had no great strength of character and he yielded easily to flattery. He accepted a place on the council, and finally came to enjoy spending a few days twice a year at the departmental capital. The meetings gave him an excuse for indulging in a mild spree, and goodwill flourished in the warmth of good cheer and good company.

Ludovic Pouponneau was at peace with the world. Kindliness shone from his ruddy cheeks, beamed from his bovine eye and flourished in his luxuriant beard. He was fond of his table and fond of his cook, he was proud of his cellar. He called it his library. This bold figure of speech had given him a reputation for wit and had become the subject of a standing joke. When a new teacher came to town, the wits would send

him to Monsieur Pouponneau : " You like to read ? Go ask Monsieur Pouponneau for a book from his library." And the mayor, who never missed a chance, would open a bottle and everybody would drink his health, while he nudged the teacher : " If all books were like mine, eh, it wouldn't be so hard to teach the little rascals to read ! "

A more feminine passion cheered the heart and garden of the old bachelor, a passion for dahlias. Whenever he succeeded in producing a new variety by cross-fertilization he would bestow a name upon it as if it had been a rose, and enter it in his register with its description and its place of residence.

Monsieur Pouponneau saved his best manure for his dahlias. With his own hands he tied the flowers to their stakes, aided by his servant, whom he scolded and teased by turns. She would laugh with all her might, or else, if he went too far, would lose her temper and put him in his place ; and on such occasions her peasant patois would come to the surface. In the Saintonge, where the northern and southern races meet and clash, Léocadie represented the latter. Fair, fat, and approaching forty, she was a master hand about the house. She had absolute control over the mayor by reason of her excellent cooking and her herb doctoring. She knew all his weak spots, could put him in or out of humour, and handled him as dexterously as she did her pots and pans and kitchen herbs. She gave orders to the tenants, interfered in municipal affairs and promised her support to those seeking favours. They were careful to keep on her right side, for it was also the right side of the mayor.

A line of petitioners filed through Monsieur Pouponneau's office, asking to be sent to the poorhouse, asking to have their relatives sent there, asking for exemption from taxes, compensation for damage suffered from accident, fire or flood. Some dreamed of a co-operative wine cellar, some of electric light for the village, some of a motor 'bus to put their place on the map.

On market days the peasants left their baskets with Pouponneau while they went to eat at the inn, they left their carts in his yard, and the whole house was open to all comers. The

country people took this day to lay their disputes before him, and he dealt out justice. He set out food and drink for his callers and welcomed the widow and the orphan. Though a servant of the law, he knew how to mitigate its rigours, and his clemency brought tears to the eyes of the incorruptible gendarmes.

Sergeant Homparat, who commanded the three gendarmes, had his brain compressed in an extremely narrow skull. He was long, lean and tanned.

Why, when his time for marrying was long since past, did it ever enter the sergeant's head to take a wife ? Be that as it may, the sergeant one evening brought to headquarters a blushing bride. His three subordinates, all shining blue and silver, like mackerel, failed to be impressed by either bride or blushes, but their wives had to make room for the newcomer. They had to give up part of the space for their clothes-lines, to abandon garden beds laboriously reclaimed from stubborn clay, they had to restore the best hen-house. The new lady's doe rabbit fought and vanquished a former tenant of the hutch, and their owners passed the compliments of the occasion to each other.

What was more, Madame Homparat, occupied with her honeymoon and her new housekeeping, neglected to make friends in the town, and failed to return the call with which she was honoured by the mayor's cook. The other three, on the contrary, had at once won Léocadie over to their side—Léocadie, who was as sensitive as a microphone. From the very first day they began to peddle their grievances to her door, but she waited to hear the other side before deciding in the matter. The other side failed to appear.

Then the ground beneath the feet of the bride and groom began to be honeycombed with mines. Disputes arose in the barracks, and the Homparats supposed that the trouble was confined within the four walls, but already Monsieur Pouponneau, wrought upon by the daily tattling of Léocadie, was beginning to remark innocently to the sub-prefect :

" Since that sergeant brought his wife to the barracks everything has been going from bad to worse. It hasn't affected

his work yet, but all the same he ought to have asked to change his post when he married ”.

The servant kept her master warm on the subject :

“ It’s a shame to leave such people here ! That great good-for-nothing Homparat woman is so foul-mouthed that the other three ladies are thinking of moving into the court to do their work. They are already taking their sewing out to the woods in all this heat—a shame, I call it ! ”

One day the most excitable of the three women tearfully proclaimed that the sergeant had killed her kitten out of pure spite, breaking into her kitchen at night for that express purpose :

“ He washed up the blood so he wouldn’t be caught, and he threw the poor thing out into the road ! ”

Things were getting worse and worse, she was losing her mind with worry, she couldn’t stand it a minute longer.

“ Do you hear that ? ” cried Léocadie, fists on hips, and her little grey eyes boring like gimlets into Monsieur Pouponneau’s very soul.

He was so kindhearted ! He was shocked to hear that the kitten was dead, he was indignant to find that the Homparats got up at night to push the other ladies’ geraniums off their windowsills, or to sprinkle them with corrosive acids.

“ All the same, Homparat had better look out ”, Léocadie would add maliciously ; “ he had better be careful how he plays tricks on honest people.”

She looked into the sergeant’s professional record, but found only proofs of his excessive zeal. Homparat was inclined to be too particular. One day, he asked Eusèbe, who operated the sole taxi in the town, to take him to La Rochelle. During the trip he inspected the car, and when he got there he submitted a report to the effect that Eusèbe was driving without a licence.

“ People don’t do such things ”, muttered Léocadie.

From this time on the mayor looked with disfavour on Homparat.

When the district discovered how the mayor felt about it, all the tramps, chicken thieves, poachers, smugglers, pedlars

and other small fry rushed to his office to enter their complaints against the gendarmes.

By his severity Homparat was neutralizing the genial clemency of Monsieur Pouponneau, and this root of evil must be extirpated from St. Bonnet. The kitten was dead, the gendarmes’ wives were pining away, the country was groaning under the heel of oppression, and the sergeant would have to vacate the barracks.

“ Your Honour ”, said Pouponneau to the sub-prefect, “ it has come to this : it is impossible to retain Sergeant Homparat at St. Bonnet.”

The sub-prefect, infatuated with his own small importance, got rid of Monsieur Pouponneau by recommending patience.

“ I know all about the case ”, he told the prefect, to whom Pouponneau had gone with the same story. “ Pouponneau is all right, but a little hot-headed.”

“ At the same time, it seems to me that something must be wrong,” replied the chief official of the department. “ Pouponneau is such a kindhearted man ! He is incapable of wronging anybody. You know he spends his time obliging all and sundry, and he keeps me swamped with letters about his protégés. This sergeant can’t amount to much. Look into the matter and let me have your report.”

The kitten was dead, the flower pots were in pieces and the gendarmes’ wives had taken to the woods to get away from Madame Homparat and her wicked tongue. The sub-prefect found that to put in his report, and nothing more. Homparat had twenty years of service to his credit, ten of them at St. Bonnet, and there was not so much as a scratch against his record.

So the case was carried higher up, to the sergeant’s superiors.

There is an old song to the effect that when one gendarme laughs the rest at least smile. This means that they hang together extremely well. The lieutenant of the gendarmerie, being requested to submit a report on the Homparat case, protected his sergeant. The captain protected them both, the major protected the three of them, and the colonel took all four under his wing. All the reports fitted nicely together, without

leaving the slightest chink. They were like those schoolroom charts that show the liquid and dry measures : the gill, which is very tiny indeed, is exactly like the pint except for size, and the pint is like the quart, the quart like the gallon, and so on up to the bushel.

Pouponneau was embittered. His good wine turned sour on his tongue, and his liver went bad. Léocadie was able to relieve his liver attacks, but as she took away the poultices she tore his vitals, like a magpie imitating the vulture of Prometheus. She gleaned all the scandal of the parish for evidence against the sergeant. The conflict furnished entertainment for the town, which followed it as the crows in the Colosseum would follow a gladiatorial show.

Monsieur Pouponneau raged in vain. Fidgeting in his bed, he would moan : " This affair has turned my blood ! " And in the face of each new grievance he would call the canopy over his head to witness that he would never be rid of that man.

Anger had put him to bed, and rage got him out of it. He went to the sub-prefect, he went to the prefect, he even went to Bordeaux to see the colonel who had charge of the gendarmes in the region.

He poured out his woes to his friends, and unburdened himself to his colleagues on the general council :

" Serious situation at present . . . population up in arms against a sergeant . . . a villain who is in open revolt against my authority ".

" No fault to be found with Sergeant Homparat ", the reports reiterated monotonously ; " a transfer of post is not to be thought of in the present state of the case, since Homparat has not asked to be changed and since his record is perfect ".

Monsieur Pouponneau proclaimed abroad that the government had gone to pot and that the army was a filthy mess. Under the influence of his liver, of his monomania and of Léocadie, the mayor stooped to coarseness. He grew thin, and his hand shook among his dahlias.

His friends grew indignant at the inertia of the officials. The vision of the little sub-prefect began to grow somewhat distorted, and he threw an image on the prefectorial screen

which distorted the facts still more, being farther away from them. But the various superiors of Homparat, whether at the sub-prefecture, La Rochelle or Bordeaux itself, examined the case on bases so geometrical that they obtained the same result as at St. Bonnet.

The colonel, in Homparat's eyes, was somewhat like God : he occasionally manifested his existence, but so far away that one scarcely dared give him a thought for fear of offending him. He held converse with humanity only through satellites.

Nevertheless one fine day this dalai-lama exposed his divinity to the eyes of the brigade at St. Bonnet, which he came to inspect in person :

" You are a good servant of the Republic ", said he bluntly to Homparat, " and I have no observations to make. But the situation between you and the mayor is becoming so strained that I advise you to ask to be transferred. You will be promoted in rank, and you can choose your own post ".

Pale, trembling, standing stiff at attention, Homparat replied : " Colonel, with all due respect to you, I cannot. To retreat would be to admit that HE is right. I am deaf and blind to anything that HE can do, but I have the honour of my shoulder straps to defend ".

The colonel, with five silver stripes on his own sleeve, was touched to his warrior's heart. He executed a right-about face and charged the town hall. He hoped to bring the mayor to terms at once, but Pouponneau launched a vigorous counter-attack. He went into such a rage that even Léocadie feared she might have stoked the engine too hard, and tried to reduce the head of steam. In the end, the colonel had to retreat.

And then the sergeant got the second blow beneath his belt : promotion and a choice of posts, or compulsory removal if he persisted in staying on at St. Bonnet, where his presence had become impossible.

His wife begged him to yield, with tears in her eyes :

" Take it, Emilien ", she wailed.

He looked at his shoulder straps so long coveted, so proudly baptised, so worthily worn, and shook his head.

The sergeant's wife grew pale and thin. Her enemies said that she was wasting away with spite.

The order came to proceed to Royan. He went about his packing slowly and methodically, showing neither spite nor pride, and took correct leave of everyone, friend and enemy. He could not protest, for protests are the privilege of the obedient, and a protest is in itself a form of disobedience. So he went off to his post at Royan.

When he got there, he very simply hanged himself. He was a man who found it impossible to cope with life.

When the news reached St. Bonnet, they said that he was merely out of his head. "Since his marriage, you know . . ."

Monsieur Pouponneau was magnanimous, and forgot his grievances.

"Poor fellow, he was more to be pitied than blamed. We stood him here as long as we could, which undoubtedly prolonged his life a little while, but as soon as he went elsewhere he understood that there was nothing left but to do away with himself."

The good man felt better at once, took down his vast straw hat from its peg, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, like a rustic god emanating peace, kindness and abundance, went into his garden.

There he planted his dahlia bulbs with great care, the faithful Léocadie following him step by step, at once his servant and his guardian.

DISCOVERING AMERICA

BY ERIC LINKLATER

MY American friends refuse to admit that my knowledge of their country is either so extensive, so profound, or so accurate as I myself maintain it to be. But without re-opening that argument let me make one irrefutable assertion: I know enough about America to realise the impossibility of saying anything either inclusive or conclusive about it in an article so brief as this is going to be.

What I therefore propose to do is simply to describe a tour of the United States which some day I hope to make. I shall travel only in country through which I have travelled before, and the desire to revisit familiar scenes must be their recommendation. For though there is much between the Atlantic and the Pacific that I have not seen, those places which I have visited so attract me that I wish to renew my acquaintance with them before exploring new territory.

I shall start in early autumn and go first to New York. A new spire or two will have thrust their skyward way among the lofty towers, the aspiring roofs, of that arrogant skyline; for New York is not content to impress you with its magnificence, but must constantly excite you with its novelty. The Himalayas remain dully satisfied with Everest and Kanchenjunga, but the restless mountain-makers of America yearly add to their architectural range some fantastic Cotopaxi or brilliant Chimborazo. And so Manhattan is not only the most impressive man-made landfall in the world, but the most interesting, since it is always new.

The geography of that crowded region between Harlem and the Battery is now so widely known, from novelists' descriptions and the cinema if not from personal inspection, that it is unnecessary to say anything about it, about its flora—the

extravagantly coloured lights of Broadway, the shop-windows in Fifth Avenue—or its fauna—which include items so diverse and readily recognisable as tropical fishes in the Aquarium; baton-twirling policemen; subway crowds; models for *Street Scene* Wall Street dramas, and Park Avenue comedies; and the exquisite evening-tide of outward-bound stenographers. All this is familiar stuff that has passed into the world's consciousness.

Let us, then, take train to Chicago, where the adventurous traveller will be sadly disappointed to meet no desperadoes, to hear neither the harsh rattle of a machine-gun nor the duller report of an abbreviated shot-gun; and where the aesthetic traveller may also be disappointed if he travels into the city's hinterland. Chicago's lake-front is superb. It rivals New York. But hidden by that elegant façade are miles of dreary streets, an urban dullness hardly superior to Glasgow. Yet that frontal palisade of skyscrapers is worth seeing, and in my journey—whatever it may be in yours—Chicago is only a midway halt between New York and San Francisco. I follow the sun and feel no shame in confessing the lure of the Far West.

From Chicago the railway takes you through the rich but dullish corn-growing country of Illinois and Iowa. You see black soil, small creeks, farm-buildings in a cluster of nondescript trees. Then the land grows rougher, the corn does not grow so close, it looks wilder, with whitish leaves blowing. Then grasslands come and rolling country. Nebraska goes by under the night and in the morning you are in Wyoming, climbing a long slope. There are mountains on the horizon, pale blue and dark blue, and in a gap between them a glistening mountain-mass streaked with snow. Wyoming flows in proud and lovely lines, unstopped by trees or buildings. There is a lambent sky and the air is clear as spring water. Clouds of diverse and amazing shapes—waves and heraldic animals, crowns and capes and white peninsulas striped with ivory shadows—go their comely way upon a clear and soft blue sea.

West of Laramie the grass begins to disappear and sagebrush takes its place. The mountains disappear. Lines grow rougher. This is half-desert country and nearly waterless. It rises into bare little table-lands with scarred sides and jagged

promontories, shading from dirty chalk to brown, and seeming to have been clawed by giant finger-nails. There are crumbly-looking cliffs with isolated pinnacles and ragged bastions. You see a few wooden yellow-painted shacks, a muddy road, a deeply-scooped river-bed with a thin stream, and dwarfish trees and shrubs. Here is a little shabby town in a semi-circle of cliffs, shut in by railway-sidings full of box-cars and oil-trucks.

Night has fallen again before you reach the long narrow causeway across the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and that curious voyage through dark and clouded water seems interminable. In the morning a blue Nevada sky is over you and the multi-coloured hills of Nevada are all about you. Some of them take on a mulberry hue as the day grows. You pass through a canyon to a green and pleasant land—which is Reno—surrounded by mountains. You climb the steep side of the Sierra Nevada, and descend to the hot plain of California. At Oakland you leave the train and by ferry cross the bay to San Francisco.

As for myself, I do not contemplate a speedy departure from San Francisco. It is a grand and glamorous city. The people are proud without affectation, gay without effort. The downtown streets seems equally divided between flower-sellers and steamship companies, so that your eyes travel from catalogues of all the ports of the world to flaming stands of roses and snowbanks of lilies. On Market Street there are four tramcar-tracks, and often the huge cars race abreast with iron clamour. But the large Pacific air makes you tolerant of the din. There are restaurants where you may eat contentedly for fifty cents, and magnificently for a greater price. There is a transplanted corner of the Mediterranean in the Fishing Harbour, and a pleasant Chinatown where you will be heavily overcharged for your purchases of silk and ivory. But to be economical in San Francisco is more inappropriate than to wear a yachting-cap on the Jungfrau.

There are, however, certain diversions that recommend themselves equally to the parsimonious traveller and the spend-thrift; and one of these is voyaging by ferry between the Bay ports. Go to Sausalito, and the Golden Gate opens to your left. Go to Berkeley, and the bay spreads round you

with a dazzle of sunshine and a shout of wind. Come back to San Francisco after dark, and the city rises before you in a pyramid of lights. You can occupy charming hours with ferry voyaging and spend no more than your small change.

Now after staying some while in San Francisco it is my plan to go southwards and spend the winter in New Mexico. But before leaving California I must revisit the Yosemite Valley and some of the small Pacific coast towns—Monterey, Carmel, and Santa Barbara. Their names alone are guarantee of their quality. But America is full of lovely and fascinating names. Think of Nebraska, Idaho, and Kentucky; consider the Rio Grande, Santee, Susquehanna, and Potomac; chant the music of Monongahela, Onondaga, of San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Obispo; contemplate Death Valley and Tombstone, Wind River Canyon and the Painted Desert. An American Gazetteer is a tone-poem with certain elements of the shilling shocker thrown in. It is fatal to the traveller whose imagination is rich, unruly, or inflammable; and so without striking further geographic chords—yet think of Amarillo, Chinco-teague, and Tuscaloosa!—let us get into New Mexico, with no more than a brief glance en route, for curiosity's sake, at Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The journey from Los Angeles to Santa Fe is not a short one, though it is easy to accomplish. American trains are comfortable, and the chief objection to spending more than a few hours in them is the excessive price one has to pay for meals. So far as I remember, two lettuce leaves cost thirty-five cents. To the hardened traveller of native origin, however, there are ways of reducing the total of one's bill. With great pleasure I once observed a commercial traveller entertaining a young woman whose acquaintance he had made on the train. They went to the restaurant-car for lunch, and he ordered a steak. Then he said to his friend, "You hungry?" "Not very," she answered, rather pathetically aware of the frailty of her claim upon him. She ordered only spinach, baked potatoes, and a glass of milk. Her host enquired if she were sure that would be sufficient. She said she was sure. Then he said that he wasn't really hungry either, and wanted no vegetables with

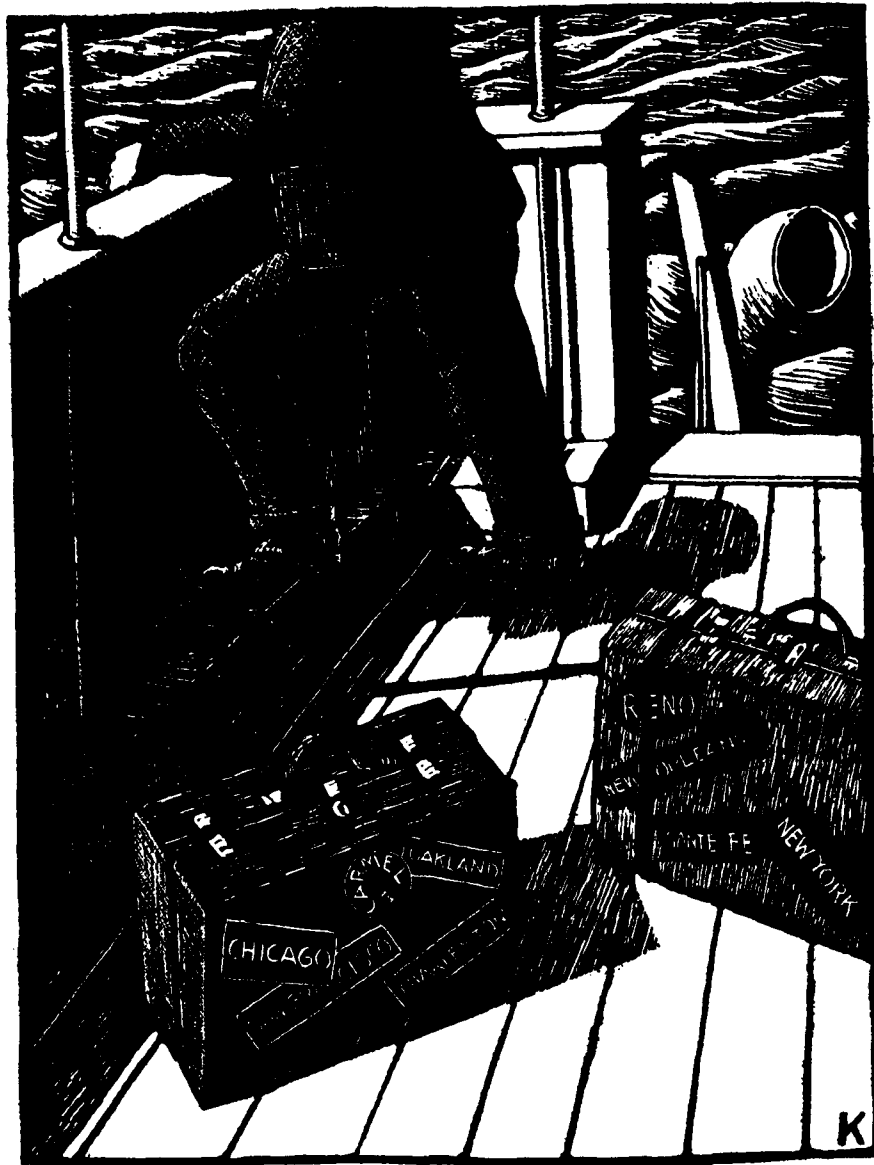
his steak. But when hers arrived she offered to share them, and he took a full half. This use of hospitality to discount one's personal bill I considered admirable.

Should no such opportunity of economic comradeship occur, it might be well to break this part of the journey by a visit to the Grand Canyon, which is not far from the main line. Regarded from above, the canyon is rather disappointing—a ragged interval in the earth's surface of great size and shapelessness—but seen from below, from the banks of the turbid rushing river, when the fantastic cliffs are incarnadined by the rising sun, it becomes a scene of impressive splendour, grotesquely ornamented but never dwarfed by the extravagance of geology in its most rococo mood.

And so one comes to Santa Fe, and how one should occupy one's time there I cannot recall. There is, of course, desert scenery in abundance. There are Indians, Hopis chiefly, who will permit themselves to be photographed and obligingly sell the products of their craftsmanship. There are articles of Navajo workmanship—brightly coloured blankets and intricate silverware. There are Indian villages near by of curious construction, and ancient cliff dwellings. There is a statue to Kit Carson. But one can see these things in a few days, and so it seems that the greater part of the several weeks I propose to stay in New Mexico will be largely unoccupied.

But this will not really present a problem of any difficulty, for time will pass without extraneous aid. The weather is perfect and leisure has become naturalised there. Many artists live in the neighbourhood of Santa Fe, perhaps for this reason as much as for the scenery. Upland air and a sapphire sky do away with the need for artificial amusement; mere existence becomes charged with exhilaration from the atmosphere and a deep content from the satisfying distance between horizons. I shall re-read Miss Willa Cather's *Death Comes to the Archbishop* while I am there, some Western thrillers about pioneers and Billy the Kid; and selected works on astronomy and mathematical physics to increase the gorgeous profundity of the nightly sky.

Now my next objective is New Orleans, and I shall be anxious



William Kermode

DISCOVERING AMERICA

to arrive some time previous to the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, when they celebrate Mardi Gras. That is a great occasion. The negro processions, I believe, are even more worthy of attention than the white people's, especially to anyone whose sense of fun is robust, and whose ears are sufficiently attuned to the cadence of negro speech to comprehend the jocularities that pass between the procession and the pavements.

But it is a long way from Santa Fe to New Orleans, and the intervening Texas landscape becomes rather boring. Yet any Texan will assure you that it is a privilege to enter his State, and to journey across it is certainly a valuable indication of the immensity of the areas that make up the United States. Its lateral diameter, I think, is about nine hundred miles. You travel in the centre of an infinite circle of red earth, sprinkled with half-dry water-courses, rough-sided, savagely red. You see herds of fawn and cream-coloured cattle; small towns open to the sun, shadeless red brick, with the main street at right angles to the railway; you pass gangs of Mexican labourers in stained blue overalls and tall straw hats. Sunset is a dusky gold reflexion of the vanished sun. I saw a girl and a child in red dresses standing against the West, and their dresses looked not so much a dark red as a red darkness.

And then on the following day Louisiana makes a sharp contrast, for instead of red there is green on all sides, the green of swampy and rather characterless woods that seem always ready to flood. Thereafter you cross the Mississippi and come into New Orleans, the second port in the United States, though it is far from the nearest sea, which is the Gulf of Mexico.

The characteristics of New Orleans—in addition to the ordinary characteristics of a large town, such as taxicabs, cinemas, and a pattern of streets—are its wrought-iron balconies, its restaurants where you may grow exquisitely fat upon Creole cooking, its levees that hold out the river, its pleasant historical associations, and its smart cemeteries, where the dead are confined in tombs built above the earth, because to dig into the earth would discover not a grave but a well.

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In New Orleans I shall amuse myself with memories of the snakes and alligators that disputed the occupation of its swampy willowed site with the first settlers; of the French and Spanish invaders who preceded the Americans; of the pirates and duellists who contributed lively chapters to its XIXth Century history; and of the disastrous British expedition against it—in 1815?—that culminated in a British defeat to which American history-books pay more attention than ours do.

Yet musing upon colonial history will occupy only part of my time. As much will be spent in the French Market, which has the attraction not only of a surpassingly rich display of fruits and vegetables—a tropical abundance, a gigantic provision store of models to fill every gallery in the world with studies of gold and green and purple still-life—but also possesses the fascination of something foreign shown in isolation, and so in concentration. As a camel looks more cushion-footed, huge, and peristaltic in the Zoo than it does in the desert, so does the French Market in New Orleans look more French than it would in Amiens. And yet not wholly French, for its Frenchness is a survival tempered by many years beneath a different sky. The market-gardeners who sit beneath their wagons in the sun, who eat in dark restaurant-cells by the pavement, and fasten straw bonnets on their horses' heads, are a people by themselves, insulated by a foreign tongue, by the earthy smell of potatoes, and the sweet mingled smell of pineapples, water-melons, cantaloups, and yellow plums.

Now comes another longish journey, through Alabama and Georgia to Charleston in South Carolina. In Alabama you will see a red soil blanched and dusty under the sun; sluggish streams crawling through dense rough undergrowth; trees dragged down by falling creepers to the yellow water beneath them. You will see leisurely men, lean and slack-kneed, in soiled white clothes and big straw hats; negroes in dusty blue; little nigger boys going fishing with a long bamboo pole; a negro girl ploughing behind a mule. This is the deep South, and to anyone born in the North, bred to earnest labour and a striving life, it is worth thinking about.

But by this time I shall be impatient to reach Charleston,

which is a small and unimportant town that many visitors find dull. It is a kind of sub-tropical Cheltenham. It is full of old ladies. The War between the States started here—do not call it the Civil War when you are in the South—and little of importance has started since. I have heard it described, by one of its charming citizens, as one of the two places in America fit to live in: the other being Richmond in Virginia. The mildest and most delicious of the old ladies here will still refer to their fellow-countrymen in the North as “dam’ Yankees.”

And now you ask me what I propose to do while I am in Charleston. Well, I shall sit about most of the time. I shall sit on a bench in the Battery gardens and watch the fat negro mammies who are there in charge of small white children. I shall listen to their soft and rolling speech, their enchanting rich laughter. I shall watch a lazy soft blue sea, and the birds that are at home in the gardens—jays and pigeons, mewing cat-birds, scarlet tanagers, and sparrows that show no shame of their poor brown livery in all this handsome company. Sometimes I shall stay in the gardens till evening, and watch the polished brass sun sinking into a dented bank of red, while on the other side of the world a platinum-pale moon comes out of the seaward blue.

But on other days I shall walk about the town to look at exquisite wrought-iron gates and balconies, and gardens full of azaleas, white and purple irises, jasmine and wistaria, and Malmaison roses. I shall consider with enjoyment the statue of William Pitt that had its nose knocked off by a British cannon-ball. I shall loiter to hear more negro laughter, or small niggers singing “Beef steak and mutton chop” while they dance a monotonous small dance. And, if I am lucky, I shall have tea with people who will tell me enchanting stories: such as that one about the old man who wept so often, and when he was asked why he wept declared it was because he was so happy. “I had such a beautiful and loving wife,” he said. “She’s dead now, but she was so beautiful and so loving while she lived. And I have such a splendid automobile, and a wonderful chauffeur. Why, he can get me a bottle of whisky any time I want one.”

And the tears rolled down his face.

But the greatest enchantment in this enchanting town are the Ashley River Gardens. They are far too beautiful for me to describe. I have never seen elsewhere such masses of colour, such a huge and gorgeous array of colour that, on nearing it, disintegrates into such individual delicacies. Azaleas and camellias are the chiefest citizens here. You see tall bushes seemingly without foliage, clothed entirely in a cloud of pink blossom. A shower of bright coral falls beside a tower of bloom coloured like old red brick in sunset-glow—but the softness of the petals is apparent through the colour. In front of them is a dead tree, the bole as pale as smoke, and snow-white azalea beside it. Behind the brightness you can see the top branches of live oaks, hung as with dense grey cobwebs with Spanish moss.

Here the coral and snow of the azaleas is reflected in a lake. The water, like thick green glass, mirrors the flaming pyramids and shows again the dead tree like a column of still smoke. There are long aisles of colour, burning bushes that burn with a cool sweet fire. Here is deep velvety-red blossom against dark green leaves, and there is cold starry dogwood. And in the shallow water of the lake are tiny turtles with an archaic Chinese expression, fixed and unwinking under the stony hood of their carapace.

* * * *

From Charleston you can return to New York by sea. Do not listen to your fellow-travellers' conversation, but nurse in private your own memories. For if you listen to others you will hear of Meccas you have missed, Hesperides you have not visited. You will be told of Miami and cattle ranches in Wyoming, of Maine woods and Kentucky mountains, of fishing-camps in Wisconsin, fantastic sights in Utah, and the geysers of Yellowstone Park. You will learn that there are forty-eight States in the Union, and all boast their marvels. We have travelled only on the perimeter. Yet the perimeter is a good one, and you may with wisdom leave the inner parts to another year.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SEEN from the latitude of France, where I write, nothing else has mattered this month past in comparison with the German developments. Germany has not wasted its time at Geneva. Now that reparation payments are reduced to a small and contingent obligation, what comes next? Why, the reinstallation of a strictly military government in control, by the exercise of an old soldier's dictatorial authority. The only thing uncertain is whether General von Schleicher's rule, which is that of the highly trained expert not in the least degree concerned for electoral mandates, will continue, or will be jostled aside by the democratic militarism of National Socialists. On a survey, France does not appear to think that the combination of Hindenburg and von Schleicher (for Herr von Papen is regarded as a figurehead) is likely to let itself be jostled by a pressure that can be resisted. For there have been limits to the spread of Hitleria, which the British system of elections would conceal. But the result of proportional voting, if it gives a much more exact reflex of the public mind, may only serve to perpetuate impotence in Germany's parliament. No practicable combination of parties can assure a majority. None the less, by all the principles recognised in countries accustomed to freedom, Herr Hitler as head of the largest group would be asked to form an administration. It is assumed, in France, that this will not happen. That is, he will be allowed a share in power but a control is taken to be out of the question. Nevertheless, his organisation will be given a

Germany's
New Policy

tolerably free hand to deal with the left wing dissentients. Moderate opinion is likely to be less concerned about such licence than perhaps it should ; for the remarkable swelling of the Communist vote inevitably perturbs a country which lies so close to Russia. Still the type of politician whom Dr. Brüning represents will expect that some check should be put on such activities as got full play at Königsberg, when bands of young Nazi heroes with revolvers went round knocking up political opponents at the hour when milkcarts were expected, and shooting them when the door was opened. No Irishman, whether of North or South, remembering the history of his own country for the last ten or twelve years, can be extreme to mark these excesses ; and there is no reason to expect that disorder will be allowed to pass into anarchy. But either a government directed by Herr Hitler, or one in which he acquiesces, will deal a good deal more leniently with what are called reprisals when they come from the Right wing than with those carried out by the Left. Ultimately the stage may be attained when the Nazis need use nothing more lethal than castor oil ; and then there will be peace of a sort in Germany.

But whether that is of good omen for the peace of Europe is another matter, and one which deeply concerns the French.

The Watch Dog of Europe

For there is no sort of doubt but that Germany, accustomed to being formidable, is determined to be formidable again ; and the average French working-man puts it exactly to himself and to his comrades that within two years Germany " will have her claws in our face again " (*se remettra à nous dépecer la figure*). The better educated man knows that is not how it is going to happen. If Germany becomes formidable in the military sense, the immediate danger will be not for France but for the nations that are under her guardianship. Until some international power is formed to relieve her of the burden, France sees herself as the guardian of the peace of Europe ; and I think the facts justify her view. Great Britain's commitments are enormous, but they lie mostly overseas ; France's in the main are on the Continent, and unlike Britain's, by no

means all directly under the aegis of her flag. Yet in the present state of civilisation her guardianship is not less necessary than Britain's to the peace of the world, which, in truth, if it is maintained at all, is maintained by the authority of these two great Powers. Italy gives a somewhat fitful assistance. Germany in its present mood cannot reasonably be reckoned a safeguard to any established order. And it is not surprising that on August 7th when the vast ossuary at Verdun, with its four hundred thousand, was inaugurated by the President of the Republic, not only Marshal Pétain but M. Paul-Boncour, Minister for War, warned France that all ratified engagements now appear challenged, and that until some international force, or at least some league pledged to active assistance against an aggressor is organised, France must stand on guard.

There are, of course, people who think that old-established order; whether as seen in England or in France, is not worth maintaining and needs to be remodelled on Russian lines. I look about me here in the Ile de France, where harvest is in full bounty and beauty, in a countryside completely rural, with its little stream working a dozen rural mills, and I ask myself whether this way of life is not worth fighting for. It is true there is distress here also, and twice within the past fortnight an able-bodied man has begged of me. Not once in a score of visits have I met that phenomenon before. But, broadly speaking, there is prosperity here based on thrift, and folk have pleasure in the work of their hands. The sense of that, strongest always in harvest time, is everywhere about me ; the oldest work of all goes on joyously ; yet for every boy or girl, education freely given offers outlets into other activities, if the land does not content. When France stands on the defensive, she stands for what is best in the continental life of Europe ; she stands trained to defence, yet not over-ridden by a military caste ; and if France were broken the free Europe we have known would crumble. Italy has evolved something new that is ; so far as one can see, preservative, not destructive, yet at the sacrifice of much essential freedom. England's civilisation, lying outside the continent,

has a different quality ; in the home counties thirty miles from London there would be more of splendour, more look of wealth than there is here, but not more beauty, and scarcely, I think, so solid a prosperity as this that abhors waste. Still the two are complementary to each other, our nation of merchants and their nation of cultivators ; and if mutual understanding between them is the hardest thing in the world to achieve, it is also the most necessary.

It is, of course, all the harder because England resents France's encroachments in the domain of manufacture, and France is even angrier because of England's new attempt to secure the home market for herself and for the Dominions. The expression which French policy gave to its discontent has had an echo much louder than the original sound. Just as England sought to help the Dominions, France proposed to ease off tariff walls by a local adjustment in favour of Belgium, which country was to get a reduced tariff in favour of the copper which she brings from her possessions on the Congo. No doubt France was to receive an equivalent. Apparently, however, the most-favoured-nation clause was infringed, and the United States, fearing that it might be undersold in copper, immediately threatened a general imposition of fifty per cent. on all imports from France. This argument has no doubt prevailed ; but the French incline to think that American diplomacy deals too much in the categorical imperative. It has certainly inherited all Roosevelt's faith in the big stick, though not perhaps his discretion in the use of it. England at Ottawa has presumably not the need to fear similar reprisals if, for instance, a substantial advantage is given to grain from the Dominions as against the American product. It is exceedingly fortunate that six sister nations should be at once distinct and united. What, if anything, is to come out of the mountainous labour for which so much preparation was made, at the time of writing, remains uncertain. But if Ottawa resulted in a marked success, inevitably, it should seem, other combinations would produce themselves, having a common fiscal régime,

Ottawa
and After

though not a military or political identification. In other words, if the British Empire becomes a unit for purposes of customs, other nations will be driven to some analogous grouping. America would thus be deprived of the advantages which arise from her great preponderance in population and resources as compared with other states. She and Russia, outside the European group, are each so largely self-sufficing that they can beat the rest of the world when it comes to selling their surplus production under cost price. It is the exaggerated tariffs imposed by the United States, and the immense production by conscripted labour in Russia, which will lead to new economic combinations ; and France is well fitted to be the centre of one. So is Germany ; but it is as well to recognise that whereas both France and Britain have an actual superfluity of tropical and semi-tropical dependencies, Germany, Scandinavia and Italy are all starved in this respect. After 1871, Bismarck took pains to see that French energy should find fruitful outlets for its ambition in colonial enterprise. Our statesmen, and France's, do not seem to look so far afield.

However else the facts may be construed, it seems that Germany's attitude neutralises the partial advance towards disarmament agreed on at Lausanne. Germany was one of the powers that refused to sign the agreement, and there is no inconsistency in her action. But it is obvious that an arrangement, which to be effective must be world-wide, remains almost hopeless while even the nominal League excludes such powers as Russia and America ; and in their absence the power of the organisation to exercise moral coercion within itself in order to attain agreement is deplorably small. Such considerations do not apply to the limited conference which, while these lines are being written, is at work on an attempt of almost comparable greatness. So far the effort to create a deliberate economic organisation of the British Commonwealth remains only tentative ; but all the parts are represented and the pressure of all on each to arrive at a creditable result must be felt almost

The chances of
Co-operation

formidably. It would need to be, for the difficulties both material and psychological, are formidable without any qualification. But it is fair to assume that there is loyal goodwill throughout the assemblage—with the unhappy exception of Ireland. Practically, I fear, that signifies very little towards a general settlement. Mischief could be done, and has been done, to the appreciable detriment of Great Britain and the inestimable damage of all Irish interests; but the main purpose how to reconcile British, Canadian and Australian interests, is neither greatly hindered nor forwarded. Canada, Australia, and more particularly perhaps New Zealand, stand to gain almost in exact proportion as Ireland loses; and if store-cattle, butter and eggs have to be carried farther to the British market, no doubt the shipping trade will see compensation for what the British consumer may lose—if he does lose. Probably the loss will be in quality; Ireland had brought the business of supplying cattle for fattening to a fine point, and it is hardly possible that for a long time at least Canada can produce beasts so exactly adapted to the demand, or land them in as good condition after a week's voyage as after one of less than half a day.

However, there it is; the world is full of self-selected saviours, and Mr. de Valera commands or commanded enthusiasm in Ireland to about the same degree as Herr Hitler in Germany. His proportion of the total vote was almost identical. The difference is that Mr. de Valera has been put in the position of having power to make good his promises. Some of them have certainly been kept; he promised to abolish the oath of allegiance and I think it certainly will never again be taken in a parliament of the Free State. That, however, is a somewhat abstract gratification. He promised that the land annuities should be retained for Irish purposes, and they certainly have not been paid to England; but the Irish farmer is already aware that there is another side to this advantage. The President of the Irish cattle trade, Senator Counihan, estimates that the value of Irish cattle, the country's chief wealth, has

**The Shadow of
the Gunmen**

been reduced by forty per cent. Consequently Mr. de Valera has to make more promises of the wonderful days a-coming when all will be better than well. But the Irish labourer as well as Irish farmers can remember that Mr. de Valera promised a prompt reduction of unemployment if he were returned to power; and employment is every day shrinking. The result would no doubt make itself felt in an election if a free vote were taken; but nobody in Ireland expects that, whatever Mr. de Valera might wish or command, the Irish Republican Army would allow a free election if Mr. Cosgrave's return to power were in any degree probable. And Mr. de Valera is reported as having said publicly that he does not propose to attempt to disarm the I.R.A. or to interfere with their drilling, because he does not think it in the public interest that they should be disarmed. In the last resort, these saviours of society all find the revolver their best instrument. Herr Hitler has not approved the campaign of terror carried on in East Prussia; probably he has not suggested it; but once these things have happened he will recognise in them the generous ebullition of a patriotic ardour, impatient of ill-considered opposition and misleading ideals. After all, Mr. de Valera himself once enunciated the axiom that the public has no right to do wrong, and he has never disowned the doctrine. And since it would *ex hypothesi* be wrong to dissent from Mr. de Valera's leadership, there is every reason to believe that he will be maintained in power for a considerable period at least by the righteousness of the revolver. The odd fact is that whereas at all previous periods when difficulties between England and Ireland were acute, foreign countries, and more specially France, made great demonstration of sympathy for the small oppressed nation, I find not the least trace of that in the French press at present. Mr. de Valera has not as yet succeeded in finding support even among the most candid critics of English action. There are suggestions that Irish negotiations may be resumed and that contacts at Ottawa might prove helpful in this direction. That would probably be true if power rested with Mr. de Valera's colleagues, who have not his inflexible adherence to what he has once laid down;

but Mr. de Valera is not a negotiator. And if he were, the I.R.A. would drive him exactly as Herr Hitler is being driven.

With a merciful pause in the flood of new books one may be permitted to talk about old ones. I have been re-reading Anatole France—some of him. Now it chances that the French press (which provides so much execrable journalism and so much good literature) has devoted several columns of intelligent retrospect to the generation that grew up after the Franco-Prussian War and began to express itself in the nineties. It is considered to have been anti-patriotic, "dissolvent" and a number of other bad things. In a word, it despaired of the republic—not, of course, meaning that particular form of non-monarchy to which the French are officially dedicated, but in the Roman sense—despaired of *la chose publique*. Anatole France would, I imagine, be set down as one of the most dissolvent among those influences against which Péguy, Psichari, and earlier forerunners rose in revolt. Yet reading over "M. Bergeret à Paris", which is perhaps as near to angry satire on his fellow-countrymen as this philosopher ever went or desired to go, what strikes me chiefly is the man's veneration, even his adoration, for the country to which he belongs. You would not find the equivalent of it in his nearest counterpart among those of his time who wrote in English; and that is not surprising, for Shaw, a voluntary expatriate, regards England with the detachment usual among Irishmen, and has for his native country the complicated feelings of an Anglo-Irishman who is not Catholic. "Did you think," cries M. Bergeret to M. Panneton de la Barge, a gentleman created to caricature the militarist patriot, who at the same time wants to know how his son may dodge military service, "did you think the clouds of falsehood would never scatter? Did you think the sun would never shine again on the classic soil of justice, in the country which kept school of equity for Europe and for the world?" When the voice drops its disguise of irony, that is how we find M. Bergeret—his creator's spokesman—speaking and believing of France.

Anatole
France

I do not know whether anyone outside of France (and in France, outside of a small minority) doubts that in the close of last century a group of very able people fought the unclean thing and destroyed a perfectly monstrous growth of lies cloaked by the name of military patriotism. Had they not done so — had Picquart, Zola, and the rest not played the parts they did, I question whether there would have been a France ready to face what was faced at Verdun. In that conflict no weapons were deadlier than those which the satirist drew from his strange armoury; yet these shafts only had their effect because the "ironist and the sceptic" left the world in no doubt of his passion. "Mais quand donc mon pays sera-t-il délivré de l'ignorance et de la haine?" It is a lover's cry, but so skilfully allowed to pierce through, from the mind's inner preoccupation, at the end of a chapter which has described the passing phenomena of an excellent dinner in the Bois de Boulogne. Some of these do not conduce to edification; yet they elicit from the philosopher no emotion except regret for the exquisite pleasures which he does not share.

That brings one to the consideration whether a satirist ought to be virtuous, and angry impartially with all breaches of the rules of behaviour—as Juvenal was for instance—or tolerant of human infirmities and disposed to avow his share in them, as Horace was, and certainly also M. Bergeret's creator. Anatole France has not been censured among his countrymen because his writings are not infrequently libidinous. Among the English of last century anyhow, the demoralising character of his influence would have been attributed to this aspect of his work much more than to his scepticism. Yet comparing him with another great writer, I find myself wondering if it would be worse for impressionable youth to read, say, *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* than those passages in Swift which have to do with sex. Both are, by ordinary standards, a breach of decency. Yet Swift is monstrously, deliberately and unnaturally indecent; the Frenchman perhaps only too natural, but free from the sadism of cruel insistence on what can so easily be made revolting.

Military
Patriotism

However, it is far more important to study their honourable resemblances. Both were haters of injustice and lovers of liberty. Nobody but Swift himself would have singled out in his epitaph the trait by which the author of *Gulliver* chose to be remembered; nor is it that aspect of Anatole France's genius for which his books are most admired. Yet Swift's words "*strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem*" could be fairly applied to M. Bergeret's creator, who also did valiantly a man's part in defence of freedom. And that is why Anatole France can himself be defended against the charge of bad citizenship.

M. Bergeret reacted as a Frenchman when he saw the vital principle of France threatened. Otherwise he, like his creator, not only permitted himself to be a sceptic but was one on principle. If you are thoroughly a sceptic, you cannot be a defender of liberty because, as Anatole France says in his essay on Jules Lemaitre, a sceptic will never revolt against bad laws since he has never expected good ones. Swift could not submit to the abuses which his terrible eye for rottenness made him perceive like a pain. "Does not the corruption of men in high places eat into your heart and exhaust your spirits?" he wrote to Arbuthnot. He, not being a sceptic, believing in honesty and believing in justice, was born to live fighting, and leading others to the fight. The sceptic's atmosphere is a gentle melancholy which discourages from action; and that was the atmosphere native to Anatole France; yet beyond a certain point he could not maintain it. His soul might be, in the words that he used of Lemaitre, "cheerful and indulgent"; his light hand with irony might be "allied to a sensuality a trifle ardent though refined"; but the essential was that his intelligence knew no fear. Superstition had no terrors for it; but neither did it quail before stones in the market-place. A satirist has only his full justification for using the light shafts that rankle when he is prepared to have his head broken by heavy brickbats from a mob—or, for that matter, to have those more modern missiles of controversy, revolver bullets, freely addressed to him.



BOLSHEVISM IN REVIEW

by JOHN HALLETT

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Leon Trotsky. Vol. I. *Gollancz*. 18s.
BOLSHEVISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Waldemar Gurian. *Sheed & Ward*. 10s. 6d.

IN the Europe of the past twenty years two men have brilliantly combined the twin rôles of man of action and man of letters: Mr. Winston Churchill and Leon Trotsky. Is it some fundamental incompatibility between the two functions—or an instinctive popular mistrust of literary deftness—or mere coincidence, which has condemned them both to the political wilderness, and in Trotsky's case the very real wilderness of the island rock of Prinkipo? At any rate, few people will be surprised, after reading this book, that Trotsky did not win—or did not, when it came to a show-down, retain—the love and loyalty of his colleagues. His mood has not mellowed, nor his pen become less caustic, with years and persecution. He does not suffer fools gladly; and the folly of mankind—or of such specimens of it as appear in high places—is one of the themes which is most freely illustrated and most lovingly dwelt on in *The History of the Russian Revolution*.

The futile comedy of the Provisional Government which pretended to govern Russia from March to November, 1917, provides Trotsky with a fair field for his barbed archery. Of Milyukov he writes: "Beholding himself in the Milyukov mirror, the bourgeois saw that he was grey, self-interested, and cowardly; and, as so often happens, he took offence at the mirror." The qualification of Prince Lvov, first Prime Minister of the Provisional Government, was "a political indifference that looked like broad-mindedness." Kerensky possessed "no political schooling, no ability to think, no political will," but only "that kind of eloquence which operates neither upon mind nor will, but upon the nerves." Tereschenko, who followed Milyukov as Foreign Minister, was "a connoisseur of the ballet." Trotsky's Bolshevik colleagues, with the exception of Lenin, have but a small part to play in the present volume (which stops at the end of July, 1917), and they must await their full due in subsequent instalments of the work. But, by way of a foretaste, Kamenev is incapable of "either independence of judgment or initiative in action";

Zinoviev is "nothing but an agitator"; and Stalin is "this publicist without decision and this organizer without intellectual horizon." Even the Lenin of this *History* represents a certain deflation of the official Soviet legend; for Trotsky insists on the many points on which Lenin made mistakes and readjusted his policy and his prophecies to meet the course of events. But here, we think, the reputation of Lenin as a statesman can only gain by his transfer from the plane of infallible godhead to that of occasionally errant humanity.

In short, the individual makes a poor showing in Trotsky's book. Its hero is the collective proletariat—the workman, the soldier and, wavering in the background, the peasant, or such remnants of the peasantry as had not in 1917 been enrolled in the ranks of the army. *The History of the Russian Revolution* is an epic of the masses, and therein consists its effectiveness as Bolshevik propaganda. "The masses had no leadership from above." Time and again we are shown how pressure from below forced an active policy on timorous and hesitating party leaders. Even the Bolsheviks, during the first days of the revolution, made no clear pronouncement on the vital question of the continuance of the War. When Lenin returned to Petrograd he was almost alone in raising the uncompromising slogan "Down with the War"; and it was not his eloquence or originality, but the more and more evident refusal of the mass of the soldiers to fight any more which eventually forced this policy on the acceptance of the party.

"The purity of Trotsky's motives," writes the author of *Bolshevism: Theory and Practice*, "unlike Lenin's, is very dubious; his vanity makes it difficult

to decide whether he is really working for the cause or for himself." Dr. Gurian, though he writes in German, was born in Russia, and his present book is as thoughtful a reply to Trotsky and to Bolshevism as has appeared for a good many years. He is, in fact, more concerned with "theory" than with "practice," and he directs his criticism not against defects in the working of the Soviet machine, but at the ideas which lie at the root of the Soviet system. He fails to discover in it any ultimate ideal which can hold men's faith; for "all Utopias which seek to erect on earth a kingdom of freedom, equality, and justice are refuted by the fact that, instead of permanently achieving this objective, they lead to social regroupings and changes which they never contemplated." This may well be true; and it is equally true that the growth of Communism in Germany and elsewhere is not so much a conversion to Bolshevik ideals as "the product of conditions felt to be intolerable." But this scarcely helps the practical politician. For Bolshevism will be measured not against the absolute ideal posited by Dr. Gurian, but against the practical achievements of the rival capitalist system; and the failures of the latter, and in particular its failure to adjust its international differences, will continue to constitute the most effective argument in the Bolshevik armoury.

IRELAND: DUPE OR HEROINE.
The Earl of Midleton. *Heinemann*.
7s. 6d.

"THE Irishman", Lord Midleton says, "is a brilliant exponent of his own woes." That truth admitted—and even Irishmen have admitted it—the history

of Anglo-Irish relations becomes more comprehensible.

It does not, however, become entirely so. For, however much England may have done for Ireland in the past fifty years, there went before some centuries of oppression which have naturally not been easy to forget. By recalling how Irishmen treated Irishmen before and after the British conquest, and by comparing the state of Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the state of other European countries, Lord Midleton has done the service of throwing British rule into more reasonable perspective. But few Englishmen will be able to read his sketch of Ireland to the Union, reasonable and fair as it is, without at the least a sense of discomfort. And it is probable that that sense of discomfort will be intensified rather than otherwise by Lord Midleton's reflection that the Irish peasant before reform was in no worse case than the Russian. Plain accusation is sometimes preferable to accusation by excuse.

It was not, indeed, until the time of the man whom Irishmen misnamed "Bloody Balfour" that Englishmen could legitimately take pride in the Irish connection, and it is of this phase in Anglo-Irish relations that Lord Midleton writes best. An Irishman born, and a public servant who took a large part in the events he describes, he writes of his people with a sympathy not common in Englishmen, and presents of modern Ireland a picture as fair as any we are ever likely to have.

The English do not come too well out of it. Prime Ministers from Gladstone to Balfour have made incredible blunders—with the able assistance of soldiers like Kitchener, who was as much at home in Irish politics as the contemporary British army officer is

in Indian. And their blunders were matched by the intransigence of some of the Ulstermen to whom they often turned, so that Lord Midleton can say with some semblance of proof that "if Southern Ireland should ever become detached from the Empire, the greatest danger will be to Ulster and the responsibility for it will largely lie at Ulster's door."

But the blunders were for the most part honest. And in compensation some splendid work was done in freeing the Irish peasants from excessive rentals; in removing from Ireland—at the cost of Great Britain, it is fitting at this moment to recall—her share of the National Debt; and, under the Settlement of 1921, giving the Southern Irish the political privileges for which they continued to clamour long after their economic grievances had been removed.

To impartial observers, and even to those United States, whose Irish citizens were for many years the mainstay of Irish rebellion, it might now seem that all possible excuses for Irish quarrels with England had gone. If Mr. De Valera represents Ireland—a point on which there may reasonably be doubt—they have not. By way of financial and political sacrifice England has already done all she can do, and with "a fixed idea on two legs" there is perhaps not much hope that personality may triumph over principle, however wrongheaded. But in view of Lord Midleton's judgments, first, that "no people is more susceptible to personal relations than the Irish," and, secondly, that personal relations have been notoriously neglected by English rulers of Ireland, this small hope would seem to be the only one of saving Ireland, not this time from England, but from herself.

W. H. HINDLE.

NEW PHASES IN ECONOMICS

by J. H. HARLEY

"AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE," by Lionel Robbins. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

ECONOMIC TRACTS FOR THE TIMES, by G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

THESE two are timely and significant books, and in some sense the one complements the other. Professor Robbins is more concerned with settling the boundaries of his chosen science of economics. He will survey its territories. He will warn off unlicensed intruders. He will pursue a course of rigorous deduction on his allotted domain so that, working within these chosen limits, he may become possessed of certain verifiable laws to brandish in the face of the all-too-daring politician.

Mr. Cole, on the other hand, is all for extending the boundaries of Professor Robbins' limited domain. He must be encouraged in this quest by an admission of the Professor that economic analysis, as he (Professor Robbins) understands it, is, on the subject of Communism, "debarred from any but the simplest generalisations by the very *raison d'être* of a Communist society." Mr. Cole would take this as a clear and undoubted indication that Professor Robbins' conception of economics has been unduly curtailed. Not that Mr. Cole neglects to work upwards from some of the generalisations of Professor Robbins' economics.

He has all his life been a brilliant *improvisateur*. He has sometimes been content to spin in thin air when no foothold could be afforded by the roughnesses of our Mother Earth. Now, however, he successfully fights against his tendency to sun himself in Utopias. He begins this interesting series of *Economic Tracts for the Times* with a reprint of a topical *tour de force*—the very excellent analysis of the Financial and Monetary Crisis of 1931 which he produced in conjunction with Mr. Ernest Bevin.

Professor Robbins, however, will not be led away to pastures new by the soft deductions of Mr. Cole. He defines economics as "concerned with the disposal of scarce goods with alternative uses." He postulates, as the condition of his economic deduction, a demand that is ever on the verge of exceeding its supply. Thus when he is anxious to confound the unwary politician who murmurs about a Control of Prices, he confronts him with a generalisation, which he considers an irrefragable law of genuine economic science, that "the fixing of a price below the equilibrium price results in an excess of demand over supply." But then, Mr. Cole would no doubt object to him, supposing Mr. J. A. Hobson is right, and that the most serious disability of our present-day economic society is the necessary under-consumption of so many of its

members, how can we be so certain that this vaulting ambition of demand, which Professor Robbins postulates, corresponds so completely with the facts of the situation? In other words, can we really start our economics with the assumption of elasticity combined with an effective demand?

The truth is, Professor Robbins is too much concerned with submitting economics to a régime of rigid economics. It deals only with means and never with ends. The Professor even mildly quarrels with Professor Cannan, because the latter considered economics as the science concerned with the causes of "material welfare." Robinson Crusoe, says Professor Cannan, is economic when he digs potatoes, but non-economic when he talks to his parrot. But, objects Professor Robbins, supposing Robinson Crusoe talks to his parrot for a living! Would not he then be engaged in an occupation which was not material, and which was yet the object of economics? Surely, however, Professor Robbins is now engaged in inveterate hair-splitting. There is, of course, the primary fact that Robinson Crusoe lived on a desert island and that his man Friday was hardly audience sufficient to generate a sufficiently effective demand. But there is also the second and more relevant point that, by the conditions of experiment, the previously disinterested occupation of talking to his parrot has now been definitely connected with the struggle for "material welfare", so that Professor Cannan's definition is hardly seriously impugned.

In fact, as we proceed further in the study of Professor Robbins' suggestive volume, its main thesis, that economics is the study of means and not ends, becomes more and more hopelessly paradoxical.

The main object of the science, in this view of the case, is to arrive at

an assured equilibrium. But, adds the Professor, "it should be sufficiently clear without further demonstration that all valuations, and hence the whole system of equilibrium analysis, must be understood to start from an initial distribution both of the ultimate commodities and of the command over the factors of production relevant to the situation under discussion." That is to say, the science of economics starts with an analysis which is based on the *status quo*. But supposing this analysis leads to disquieting possibilities which make the attainment of an equilibrium impossible on account of the enviroining conditions! Is it then forbidden to the science of economics to start again or to consider the possibility of altering these enviroining conditions? Any contrary conclusion would bring some fresh Ruskin riding into the lists to challenge to a fresh combat the adherents of such another "dismal science."

Mr. Cole at any rate shows how much can be done in this respect. His book is most valuable as revealing how minds are now moving amongst the intellectuals of the army of Labour. On the question of Socialisation, Mr. Herbert Morrison's transport scheme is roundly taken as a pattern. But there is on Mr. Cole's part no evidence of preoccupation with Workers' Control or a Joint Economic Council, or even with what may be generally termed the "democratisation of industry." In this respect the book seems to witness a recession from points stressed in the programme of the Melchett-Turner conferences. Mr. Cole appears to rely more on the administrative activities of the superman than on the autonomous efforts of the workers. But for the treatment of the whole subject readers must be referred to the book itself.

KAMET CONQUERED, by F. S. Smythe. *Gollancz*. 16s

It would seem as if greatness nowadays were largely a matter of speed. To have gone faster than anyone else in the world in some particular kind of mechanical vehicle or over some particular distance is the safest way to win the great heart of the people. Mr. Smythe and his companions have climbed the highest peak yet conquered by man—Kamet (25,447 feet). This was in 1931. And yet it would be possible to find without any difficulty an enormous number of people who have not heard of Mr. Smythe or Kamet. Why is this?

Those who will read Mr. Smythe's account of the expedition, will realize that at least as much human skill, endurance, forethought, courage and initiative are required for this feat as for driving a car along Daytona Beach. But this comparative obscurity in which mountaineering is protected from the vulgarities of modern hero-worship is one of its greatest charms to mountaineers. They are essentially not showmen. They cannot perform before a crowd. Their love of the mountains is half a love of escape from the clamour of the groundlings. Their writings are generally technical and addressed to fellow climbers.

But Mr. Smythe, as *The Kangchenjunga Adventure* has already shown a large public, is an exception. He can speak to the layman, without offending the specialist—a very rare gift. His book can therefore be as heartily recommended to a man who has never seen mountains—and ought to be taught better behaviour—as to the doyen of the Alpine Club.

He describes with a slow wealth of detail the whole trek from Ranikhet, drawing our attention to just those

trivial incidents which would have occupied us if we had been with him. In this way we share the very changes of temperature; we see the days and the nights rolling past us; we, like the expedition, make a very gradual approach towards the great goal. This is not the method of the sensationalist, who would plunge us straight from our arm-chair to some hair-raising ice-ridge: it is the method of the realist who takes us with him by no magic means, but as if we were remembering what we had ourselves experienced.

The expedition was, it would seem, admirably planned, and both porters and Europeans worked well together. The mountains and the weather were polite. The climb therefore was accomplished without serious accident or yellow-Press thrill. This is a book for those who love adventure and who can appreciate the toil and thought which prevented it from being a book for those who love accidents.

After Kamet, the expedition explored a little-known area North-West of Badrinath, climbed eleven other new peaks, all higher than Mont Blanc, and traversed three new passes.

In addition to the story of the expedition, Mr. Smythe has supplied in various appendices some extremely valuable notes for the guidance of future Himalayan mountaineers. Dr. Greene—who was one of those to reach the summit of Kamet—contributes a chapter on medical aspects. The chapter on the flora of the district by Mr. Holdsworth—another of the summit-party—is also an excellent addition to the technical value of the book, as are Mr. Smythe's notes on photography. The illustrations prove his competence to speak on this subject.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

A BOOK OF VERSE

by LORD GORELL

NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN, by Richard Church. *Dent*. 3s. 6d.

ONE of the most interesting phenomena about literature to-day is that, notwithstanding the constant assaults upon the spirit of all the forces of mechanization and materialism, there are still a considerable number of writers who—perhaps in conscious protest against those assaults—are devoting themselves seriously to the production of poetic work. Their volumes are not to be numbered among the class fabulously described as “best sellers”, but they have their own reward. And of these the work of Mr. Richard Church deserves both commendation and attention. Two years ago he received from many critics a high meed of praise for his volume *The Glance Backward*, and he has now published a further collection of fifty-four short pieces of poetry to which he has given, derived from the first to be included, the rather fanciful title of *News from the Mountain*. This is work which cannot be neglected by serious students of modern poetical developments. Mr. Church has an individual note, the outcome of a studious, reflective mind, and he is far from the eccentricities and uncouth breakings away from tradition which is the hall-mark of some of his contemporaries. He expresses thoughtfully and with a real command of musical utterance the impressions made upon his mind by different aspects of modern life. He is at his best when he is content to deal with the larger and simpler emotions, especially when these arise from

a quietude of thought, as in the graceful little poem called, “In After-Years”; and he can set down with telling economy of phrase a reflection of almost universal appeal in the nine lines, “The Enemy of Man,” which recalls the ferocity latent always in the power of the sea. But he is not always, nor indeed often, content to confine his verse to such channels, and the dominant note is one of regret and dissatisfaction. This is struck over and over again in this collection. It is found, for example, differently derived, in the little piece “The Shop-girl” in which the thought is expressed musically but not originally; it is the basis of the fancy, “Latter-day Eurydice”; it makes bitter “The Difference”, where a mordant reflection is ascribed to humanity which is happily individual; and again in “As Plato says” it finds its vent in a yearning, after the manner of the sixteenth century, for Arcadian simplicity.

Mr. Church is a writer whose work repays study, but it is to be doubted whether the rather extravagant claims that have been made on his behalf have in reality been of service to him. His mind is that of an inquirer, continually and mournfully probing into the distasteful realities of modern existence. To quote with approval, as is done in the publisher's “blurb,” the reference by an unnamed commentator to “the white flame of incandescence” is to suggest a quality which is absent from these verses. There is no lyric fire or

force in these reflective, inquisitive lines, nor is there the inevitability of phrase which can for ever haunt and enchant the mind: too often the abstract thought is involved in much obscurity and in spite of the closing exhortation on the writing of verse of the lines, "A Receipt," Mr. Church not infrequently falls away from his standards of care and fails to let his "poem end serenely and with grace."

It is, I venture to suggest, a disservice to Mr. Church on the part of the publishers to declare that critics who have accused him of being cold and austere are "shy of the higher reaches of poetic truth" just as it is a disservice to claim for him qualities of lyric passion. Let us be grateful for what he gives us without exaggeration; sincerity is rare enough in these days, and this is sincere and thoughtful work, musically expressed.

RALEGH'S LAST VOYAGE, by V. T. Harlow. *The Argonaut Press.* 30s.

THE tragedy of Raleigh's last voyage to Guiana is, as Mr. Harlow concludes in his long and close examination of the facts, the tragedy of a genius broken by a weakling. Raleigh, who appeared in Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* as merely sinister, a shadow in a doorway, is revealed in Mr. Harlow's estimate as an imperialist genius dreaming of an English South America with its foundations in the Orinoco, and pursuing his dream until (as in Herbert Spencer's definition of tragedy) a theory was killed by a fact, and he was ruined. The instrument of that ruin was the king who cannot be accused of desiring Raleigh's death, but who was that most dangerous of men, a weakling with power torturing a genius without it.

Mr. Harlow's book, however, is not primarily nor ultimately a study of character, nor the presentation of a drama. It is a scholarly and skilful examination of all the evidence relevant to that unhappy expedition and the trial that followed it, with the new material from Spanish sources added to the scale. Mr. Harlow does not pronounce judgment; he writes to trace probability in doubt and to sort fact from fiction, leaving the verdict to the reader, but there can be little doubt where his sympathies will lie.

In Raleigh we have, as Mr. Harlow points out, a man governed by a life-long dream, passionately sincere in his aims, who yet fled to tortuous prevarication in moments of stress in regard to his methods. In his own way he was as slippery as the king. And to a weak king the technicalities of method are more important than aims. By a technicality in a deed of transfer the king had seized Raleigh's lands; by a technicality he sent him to the scaffold.

The case against Raleigh was that he had conspired with the French to betray the spoils of an English enterprise into their hands, that he had worked for the Guiana expedition merely to get his liberty from the Tower where he had lain for years a political prisoner, that the gold mine he talked about was non-existent, and that he sacked the town of a friendly power and killed the inhabitants in open breach of an undertaking, for which he knew his life was forfeit. It is engrossing to watch Mr. Harlow at work upon this position and to see the case for Raleigh emerge. Briefly, it amounts to this: that James and everyone else must have known that to send an armed force into a Spanish colony was an act of war; that the king was also aware that the use of

the French—whose forces did not, in face, materialize—was deliberately intended so that an overt act, if any, should be committed not by English, but by foreign troops, thus safeguarding Anglo-Spanish relations; that this loophole was to protect both Raleigh and the king; that since the king had given Raleigh a commission which he knew incapable of exact fulfilment, there must have been a tacit understanding between himself and Raleigh which the former backed out of when confronted by the natural rage of the Spanish Ambassador; that Raleigh sincerely believed in the mine, but that the mine was not the ultimate objective of the expedition, which was to realize something of Raleigh's imperialist dream; and that finally, though the town was sacked and blood was shed, there is first a story, with some colour of truth in it, that the inhabitants took advantage of the English presence to rise against an unpopular governor, and secondly, James must have known that bloodshed was inevitable under the conditions.

Here were technicalities enough to hang a man if the king deserted his fellow conspirator and the pro-Spanish faction was strong enough in the court. Alas! for Raleigh it was; and fate had already overwhelmed the expedition with seemingly calculated blows. Raleigh was no longer young and his rashness is notorious—one would have liked to see this psychological side of the question examined—but external circumstance alone was enough to break any man. The voyage to Guiana took four times the usual time owing to bad weather; the crews were a poor and mutinous lot owing to the uncertainty of the royal favour, disease harried them, and Raleigh himself was bed-ridden at the fatal time of the landing. His son

was killed. He lost his whole fortune and his wife's, no mine was found, his men mutinied, and when on his return he fled to France to wait for the storm to blow over, he was betrayed and arrested. Of all Elizabethan downfalls Raleigh's was the most laden. Mr. Harlow's interpretation is, inadvertently, vindication of the interest of scholarship skilfully handled, in face of the "brighter" claims of picturesque biography.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

FRANK HARRIS, by Hugh Kingsmill. *Cape.* 7s. 6d. net.

MR. KINGSMILL'S book is cruel, cool, astringent, amusing. His fare is gingerbread, well gingered, with the gilt off. He respects the dead as little as Harris in life respected the living. Harris to him is a kind of inverted George Washington, who simply could not tell the truth and whose autobiography must be read as an account not of what Harris was, but what he liked to think he had been—who was in reality a professional liar, lecher, adventurer, and general scoundrel-of-all-trades from adolescence forward, who bullied his way into one section of society after another, and triumphed as much as anything by simple bluff and lack of scruples. He had his (rare) moments of generosity, of vision perhaps, and even of achievement, but he could respect nothing, not even his own gifts. Mr. Kingsmill sees his literary work, for all his latent idealism and early ambition, predominantly as that of a would-be man of action who turned seriously to the pen only when his larger hopes had failed. He would rather have been—his avowed aim in the early 'nineties—"the English Bismarck"! As an editor he shone partly by sheer recklessness, and though he certainly had a flair for potential

genius, there was a shadier side to his journalism which brought him the cash if it let the credit go. He had, it is clear, immense personality; he could convince almost anyone—once!—that he was capable of almost anything. Time and again the world of social, literary, political, editorial success seemed at his feet; everything, as Mr. Kingsmill says, was in his favour, except himself, and time and again that exception ruined his chances. He was ruffianly indifferent to everyone's feelings but his own, so that where he walked he left behind him anger, dislike, often bitter resentment, so that to return upon his trail or recross his tracks he had to walk warily indeed. The 'nineties was his zenith; he had a recovery just before the War, when he gathered about him a band of young disciples, of whom Mr. Kingsmill was one; thereafter he declined steadily.

There is a touch, more than a touch, of malice in Mr. Kingsmill's portrait—it is more portrait than formal biography, for all that it follows a chronological course—but Harris, it is clear, cannot possibly get worse than he gave, and deserved. Assessing him in that spirit of scepticism which reads most of his statements as misstatements, the author makes the most of his opportunities, and if at times the narrative becomes not much more than a string of anecdotes, the result is in the main extremely entertaining. Perhaps more might have been made of the writings, and yet, while Harris's brilliant—even flashily brilliant—books attracted immediate attention and praise beyond their merits, even the best of them to-day seem a little faded. Harris had many of the qualities of the great writer, but he lacked the only one that ultimately matters—true greatness of soul.

GEOFFREY WEST.

FARMER'S GLORY, by A. G. Street.
Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE CHERRY TREE, by Adrian Bell.
Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

HERE are two books on the life of the farmer. The first is by a man born and bred to it, the second by one who migrated to the country after a boyhood spent in London. Each in its own way is good; each throws light upon their common subject; but the differences between them are more interesting, and perhaps more significant, than the similarities. Mr. Street's narrative is racy and conversational. He tells the story of his experiences on his father's farm in the west of England before the war; in Canada during the war; and back in England, succeeding to his father, after the war. He reveals himself, almost accidentally, as a good farmer and a good neighbour, a man shrewdly observant and full of commonsense; and, because he is writing of what he intimately knows from A to Z, he writes well. But that statement needs qualification. This book has been called "a model of unpretentious English"; but at points the English might very well be a little better without being any the less unpretentious. Mr. Street is a farmer who has written his one book, and a book we may well be grateful for; whereas Mr. Bell, by far the more sensitive mind of the two, is a writer who happens to be also a farmer. In *Farmer's Glory* it is such richly coloured things as the Harvest Supper that dwell in one's memory: especially the speech of thanks delivered by the foreman: "Chaps, we be all yer once again, and we be glad to be yer, and wishes to say thank you to the Guvnor fer a downright good spread. We've a finished another year together, and we be truly thankful. The Guvnor, he said as 'ow we ain't 'ad no

onpleasantness, and that 'ee do vally our work. Well, spoken fer one and all, I says as 'ow we do vally to work fer un. Course, there mid a bin a bit of a miff, now and agen. The Guvnor, 'ee will get hisself into sich a tear at haymakin' and harvest. But there, we do know as a can't help it, and we've a come droo thease year all right, and shall agen, please God. Still, 'ee do play fair, in the manner of spoken, and we do vally it. We be pleased and proud to work fer un. Course, there's the young Guvnor. 'Ee do know a lot, and there's a limb of a lot as 'ee don't know. But 'ee don't do so bad, and we be a learnin' 'im smartish. . . ."

Whereas of *The Cherry Tree* one remembers scene after scene of exquisitely communicated experience—the untamed beauty of young colts; the swarming bees; the threshing; the jogging along country lines behind Kitty the pony; the death of a horse; the lying in wait, hour after silent hour, for the carrion crow that was preying on the small chickens. Mr. Bell has poetry in him, and a poet's sense of words, and in general his prose is beautiful, and singularly free of meretricious ornament:

Barley is the blade of spring, the most joyous, for it does a little pirouette; it goes up with a flourish, a twist, which makes the whole expanse delicate, like a green haze. Then, all of a sudden, it tires; its rising blades weary of their own weight and bow over to the earth again like a fountain. As for the wheat, after its first uprush in the waning year the cold smites it. All winter it shivers like a starveling child, and when the sun grows kind again it is more cautious; instead of rising up as before, it first spreads its roots to grapple the earth more surely, and its green shoots lay themselves close to the ground and grow along it for quite a way before it dares again to rise. But soon the blades fall back accomplished, and from their heart arises the stalk, more vulnerable, but firmer, being not all complaisance to the wind,

but bending a little, and resisting a little with the strength of its body. For its upthrust is not any more a mere dance of joy in being alive above the ground, but a mission, a purpose—the flower and the seed. Now its colour deepens to a sober green. Now, hooded and sheathed like something rare, the ear rises. The stalk braces itself, and proudly, carefully, slowly lifts the ear to the greatest height it can, that it may receive the whole of the light. There the ear unveils itself, and takes the air, and nods and sways above its abashed, retiring blades. . . .

Such passages as this—and it could be matched a dozen times from these pages—are permanent possessions of the mind; and the book as a whole, which completes the trilogy of English rural life begun in *Country* and continued in *Summer Ley*, cannot find comparison with the best that has been written in this kind.

GERALD BULLETT.

BOMBAY RIOTS

A Film Poem, by Denis Pague 10/6
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THE BOOKMAN.—"The experiment is interesting and successful."

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On September 22nd 5/- net.

ALL FOR THE BEST

By Joyce Chadwick.

A First Novel, which is not likely to be her last. Full of tenderness and beauty, it is not lacking in strong incident and sure characterization.

SCHOLARTIS

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM TON-QUIN, by Marshal Lyautey. *The Bodley Head*. 15s.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY'S prestige in this country, as in his own, rests almost entirely on his record as the pacificator of Morocco. It might seem that these letters, covering a period of little more than fifteen months of his middle life, and that in a field of action in which the British reader is not particularly interested, are hardly sufficient justification for the appearance of a portly volume. But this would be a mistake. Certainly, had they been concerned with the fascinating story of Lyautey's work as conqueror and organizer of Morocco, it is safe to say that they would have been assured of a far wider audience than can properly be expected in this case. But the very definite value of the letters is, as M. de Fleuriau puts it—for it is some time since they were published in their original form in France—that they allow one to understand the formation of a great man, to appreciate the bold and unconventional methods by which he tackled problems which would surely have gravelled anyone who was moulded for a lesser destiny. Indeed, it is very striking throughout this book to observe the unconscious preparation for the greater task in Morocco. The letters, therefore, can hardly fail to whet the appetite for the authentic documents of the Moorish period. That absorbing record is definitely promised us; for this man of inexhaustible energy and cultured mind was, by a rare exception, also gifted with the methodical habits of a great business executive, and every one of the Moorish letters has been filed and docketed with meticulous care.

M. Maurois' biography gave us the general picture of Marshal Lyautey's full and active life. Campaigns in

Madagascar and the Sudan had preceded his translation, as major, to Indo-China, and it will be noted that all his main activities have been employed in the Colonial sphere. He never ceases to rejoice at his escape from the sterile work of military routine at Meaux. "There is not a single young lieutenant here", he writes, "who does not develop in six months more initiative, decision, endurance, personality, than an officer would acquire in France in his whole career." But Tonking also is not free from red-tape, to say nothing of the numbing influence of official indecision and neglect at home.

Fortunately, he had in his immediate chief, Colonel Gallieni, a man after his own heart. He had been with Gallieni in Madagascar, and also in the Sudan. Probably the most decisive factor in Marshal Lyautey's whole career was this intimate association with the man who later was to have such a vital share in the victory of the Marne; and the respect was mutual. "Conqueror, explorer, *chef de guerre par excellence*," he writes of Gallieni, and all these things Lyautey also was to become when, bureaucratic obstruction having been overcome, he entered upon three months of hard and vivid life on the frontiers of China. In spite of the terrible and confusing place-names, these chapters of military experience—adventures which constantly meant scaling rocks which might give pause to an Alpinist, and wading waist-deep in water for hours—are often romantic reading, though other letters have their tedious passages. But the trial in the field was decisive. "I am staggered by the absolute confidence of the Commander-in-Chief," Lyautey exclaimed when the last of these expeditions was over, and all the bandit nests had been extirpated.

It is interesting to speculate what might have happened had Lyautey's original and incisive mind been employed in the direction of the War in France. For a brief period he was Minister of War, but the politicians were too much for him. We can at least agree with Mr. Scott O'Connor's words in the introduction, that his genius for command and his gift for translating thought into action would have been of inestimable value to the nation in the dark days of the Nivelle offensive.

The reader who has already followed the narrative of Lyautey's career in M. Maurois' vivid prose will hardly expect such literary entertainment from the letters of a man of action. But the Marshal's style, more sober and restrained it is true, always betrays the cultured mind of one who is in constant contact with the best intellectual society of France. That, indeed, is the explanation why these letters have been preserved, and why they form a complete record of his Tonking life. They were written to a circle of intimate friends, several of literary distinction, and handed round among them, not without expectation sometimes of eventually bringing influence to bear in useful quarters. Even while in the midst of arduous military operations he receives regularly the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and refreshes his mind from the parcels of books, reflecting the latest thought of the capital, which these friends have forwarded to him. On one of these exhausting occasions he notes that, while his companions are nearly dead, he himself is as fresh as paint, and exclaims: "*Vivent les nerfs et le soutien par une idée.*"

H. R. WESTWOOD.

GOLDEN HORN, by F. Yeats-Brown. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

THIS book is extraordinarily skilful. It combines a dramatic account of the eruption of Young Turkey during the four years preceding the War, with the story of the author's adventures as a prisoner during the War. But the interweaving does not end there. Threaded intricately through the warp and woof of these two records of violent physical adventure—a tale of shambles, horror, intrigue, and lust—is the thread of the author's philosophy of living, a breath of active wisdom coming from still further east.

The result is a remarkable book, in which the violence and speed of the action are thrown up in terrifying contrast against the background of the author's yoga-trained personality, a mind striving after that immobility of the scales at the moment when life and death, past and future, will and passion, are perfectly balanced.

Without doubt the *physical* side of this book will attract thousands of readers, for the author's skill at narrative must ensure success. He creates a situation in a few lines, using just the right proportion and the right selection of fiction which gets nearer the truth than uninspired statistics ever can do. He has, too, a clear head, and sorts out the intricate and tangled strands of national and political intrigue, a non-pattern to which every contributing individual personality lends its unique element of confusion. And there, at the gateway between the Orient and the Occident, the Old and the New, the intrigue has always seethed more tortuously than in any other part of the world.

Constantinople, that unscrupulous brain of the Balkans and Asia Minor, is one of the most dazzling and un-

savoury spots in the world. Major Yeats-Brown knows both aspects of it. He has sat with its governors, explored its harems and cafés, rotted in its prisons. No wild tale of adventure invented by the wet-towelled head of a professional writer of thrillers is so exciting, so simple-elaborate, so harrowing, as this story of a British officer's adventures as an airman, a captive, a desperate refugee disguised as a German governess and as a Hungarian mechanic. Not even Edgar Wallace could tell more economically how the author escaped twice from prison, how he communicated with a high-born "White Lady" (an English spy), and how he stole, through the most picturesque intermediaries, the Mercédès car belonging to a German colonel.

But there is more than mere adventure in the book. There is the vivid portrayal of "man's inhumanity to man," in all its most violent and horrible forms. Lust; cruelty; wanton violation and mutilation of the human body; maggot-infested wounds, plague; all play their too-colourful part in this Old-Testament tale.

Major Yeats-Brown found his share of these horrors. He was starved, fever-stricken, beaten, flung into dungeons with chained victims raving from lock-jaw, dragged across the desert while half-dead with sickness. But he survived. His spirit kept its serenity, humour, and power to observe and record. This book is its work, a work touched with the mystery of its creator.

To the incredulous person, it may seem like bathos to suggest that such a triumph of spirit over matter may be assisted by a deliberate physical technique. He will only be amused by Major Yeats-Brown's frequent references to his methods of defeating pain and despair by the practice of

breathing exercises learned from the Yoga system. But such a sceptic is a fool, and has not even learned that the secret of vitality, of creative energy, lies in the conscious control of the breathing organs—throat, lungs, diaphragm. Still more could he learn of the strength, over self and circumstances, to be gained by studying and practising the Hindoo technique which sustained Major Yeats-Brown through so many of his darkest moments.

RICHARD CHURCH.

CHANGES IN FAMILY LIFE. Sir William Beveridge and others. *George Allen and Unwin.* 3s. 6d.

THIS book contains the much discussed "Family Form" sent out by the London School of Economics through the B.B.C., together with a reprint of the broadcast talks given to explain its purposes, and one chapter about the result. Only a few individually interesting answers are given, however, and no attempt at analysis is made. The most interesting information is that over 7,000 completed forms have been returned, and that these have been filled out more fully than might have been expected. At least the school must have some interesting material, though for the present we can have no idea of the conclusions which they may draw from it. It would be interesting to know what allowance is being made for the obvious fact that the persons completing the form must be among that section of the community which is most intellectually alive. But about the methods of analysis little or nothing is told us here.

A. M. W.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANGLO CATHOLIC REVIVAL FROM 1845, by Canon W. J. Sparrow Simpson, D.D. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

IN 1845 a young and devoted clergyman accepted the charge of a poor parish in one of our large towns. His stipend was meagre, his population immense, and his work incessant. Amongst the poor of his parish he was doing magnificent work when he suddenly fell foul of the Protestant Agitation. His own people refused to join in the persecution, but the city as a whole was soon made too hot to hold him, and he was eventually forced to resign. The offences which caused the agitation were three. He preached in a surplice, he read the Prayer for the Church Militant in the Holy Communion Service, and he held services in his church on Saints' Days. In 1859 a Protestant clergyman issued a list of what he called "The toys of your dangerous and subtle foe". This list included stone altars, stone pulpits, lecterns, reredoses, credence tables, flowers, bowings, crosses, and early celebrations. That the recital of these two facts, which happened less than a hundred years ago, should read like events in a land which is very far off, is a measure of the vastness of the change which has come over the Church of England, and which is primarily due to the Anglo Catholic Revival.

The starting point of this revival is usually considered to be the preaching of Keble's Assize Sermon on National Apostasy in the summer of 1832. Dr. Sparrow Simpson's excellent book thus comes aptly from the press as a centenary volume. He traces the history of the movement from its darkest days, when, in 1845, it lost "its most powerful and telling organ", Dr. Newman, and with him several others of its famous men, and gave all its enemies

occasion to say "I told you so." From that date Dr. Sparrow Simpson brings his history up to the present, and even includes a few pages of speculation on the future of the movement.

Such a task is plainly no easy one. There were, it would seem, two ways in which he could approach it. The first was to weave the story round the names of its famous personalities, Stanton, Dolling, Sidney Green, Benson, and, in our own day, Bishop Gore and Lord Halifax. But this would be to impoverish the later stages, for as the movement has more and more permeated the Church a progressively less intense light is naturally shed upon its leaders, and persecution, having proved its futility, ceases. Almost all clergy are now doing what Sidney Green was imprisoned for, and nobody thinks of invoking the law against the modern extremists.

The other way, which Dr. Simpson chooses, is to take one by one the underlying causes of controversy, and trace the stages by which the principles for which the Anglo Catholics have steadily contended, such as the Apostolic Succession, Confession and Absolution, and the advance in Ritual, have gradually come to be accepted. In this story there is indeed a plenitude of conflict, but Dr. Simpson is a sober historian, and he makes as little use of it as he can. His purpose is much more to trace the ideas of the movement and of its enemies than to describe dramatically the controversial expressions of such ideas. Thus his most characteristic chapter, and to one reader at least his most interesting, is a short one on "Three Representative Documents of the Revival", which takes in turn "The Tracts for the Times", "Lux Mundi", and the modern "Essays Catholic and Critical", and shows in a quite masterly way the

different departments of the Faith upon which these three composite and authoritative books choose to place their main emphasis. He has also two excellent chapters on aspects of the revival which often have too little attention paid to them, the restoration of Convocation to its proper function, and the revival of Religious Orders in

the Church. The mere variety of his quotation shows the great area over which Dr. Simpson's reading for this book has ranged, and his writing has a grave imperturbable distinction about it. In a word, this book is not only authoritative in its own field, but is also one which it is a real pleasure to read.
R. B. LLOYD.

SELECTED FICTION

TWO LIVING AND ONE DEAD, by Sigurd Christiansen. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA, by G. E. Trevelyan. Secker. 7s. 6d.

CAFÉ BAR, by G. Scott Moncrieff. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

FACED by three books such as these, one is forced to ask again the question—what is a novel? "Fiction" we know the meaning of: each of these books is a work of fiction, and each good fiction in a way; but only one can be labelled "novel"—Mr. Christiansen's *Two Living and One Dead*.

There wants a thread of action, a development in continuity to make a novel. So far *Appius and Virginia* comes up to standard too, while *Café Bar* falls short, too shifting, too kaleidoscopic. But then no one would claim that this last was a novel. It is one of those unplaceable books to which no categorical name can be applied. A true picture of London's underworld as seen in the shifting clientele of a Soho café (crook, criminal and harlot are all here with all their vices and far fewer virtues), it presents with extraordinary skill just that bewilderment one would experience if watching the shifting backward and forward of the many different and fascinating characters in

Mr. Moncrieff's gallery. His is a book unaided by art. You will find here none of the romance of crime, none of the sublimity of tragedy or the satisfaction sucked from poetic justice; only the facts, the treachery, the intrigue, the foulness and the blear-eyed dreariness of a life lived on the edge of an abyss by the dregs of British humanity. It may not be altogether edifying to know the truth of this life to which London is blind. Yet, looking backward, one warms to this book. Its atmosphere impresses itself, and its humanity is real if imperfect.

Reflection is not so kind to Miss Trevelyan. Her book is a fantasy, a *tour de force*, so well executed that it carries one along for sheer fascination with Virginia Hutton's experiment in attempting, in the behaviourist manner, to make a human being of an orang-outang. Perhaps unhappily for Miss Trevelyan, there could be only one way out of the situation which she creates; and though she handles her tragedy as cleverly as the rest of her difficult task, and despite the macabre justice of her conclusion, its obviousness cannot but detract, artistically, from her success, such as it is. Technically this book is successful, subject to the limitations mentioned. Otherwise no, unless to

achieve the repellant be a mark of success; and for that matter there is enough abnormality and morbid cruelty in the world to obviate the necessity of creating other Virginia Huttons, to victimise defenceless beasts for the relief of repressed maternal instincts under the guise of scientific experiment.

After this Mr. Christiansen's psychological drama comes as a wholesome and satisfying repast. The problem it raises cuts deep into the heart of humanity—the moral problem of self-preservation for the sake of others besides oneself when self-preservation means neglect of duty. He cannot solve the problem for us. Who could? But he gives us a living picture of the attitude of society to a man who did think for himself, and of that man's sufferings and his final balancing of the account. And here we come back to our first question as to the nature of the novel. Well, there are novels and novels, we know, and many worthy of the name which have not, like *Two Living and One Dead*, an absorbing philosophical background with moral issues of the first moment at stake. Granted, however, your scheme of action and your continuity of development, and ignoring the technical qualifications, there is nothing that does so much as the breadth and depth of the background and of the issues involved to lift a book like this out of the ruck, and win it the prize which it plainly deserved in the Inter-Scandinavian contest.

JOHN LINNELL.

BOMBAY RIOTS, by C. Dennis Pegge. Scholastis. 10s. 6d.

MR. PEGGE shows enterprise in his recognition that scenario form is a genuine literary invention, and that the trail has already been blazed by

Hardy and H. G. Wells. Beyond that, however, there is little that can be said in favour of this "film-poem." The sequences are jerky and their intention sometimes obscure, sometimes banal. The incidents described are in the main commonplace, without any new angle of vision to illuminate them. The moralising of the Englishman at the end is weakly instead of constructively idealistic and it is expressed in the form of a monologue, a form very unsuitable for film presentation; yet it is over-simplified for literature. It seems doubtful whether Mr. Pegge has even the essential vivid visual imagination, since he frequently describes people's appearance in moral instead of visual terms. The whole performance is disappointing after the promise held out by the new form.

A. M. W.

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INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|--|---|
| THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Leon Trotsky. Vol. I. (Gollancz.) | THE CHERRY TREE, by Adrian Bell. (Cobden, Sanderson.) |
| BOLSHEVISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Waldemar Gurian. (Sheed & Ward.) | INTIMATE LETTERS FROM TONQUIN, by Marshal Lyautey. (The Bodley Head.) |
| AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE, by Lionel Robbins. (Macmillan.) | GOLDEN HORN, by F. Yeats-Brown. (Gollancz.) |
| ECONOMIC TRACTS FOR THE TIMES, by G. H. Cole. (Macmillan.) | CHANGES IN FAMILY LIFE, by Sir William Beveridge and others. (Allen & Unwin.) |
| IRELAND: DUPE OR HEROINE, by the Earl of Midleton. (Heinemann.) | THE HISTORY OF THE ANGLO CATHOLIC REVIVAL FROM 1845, by Canon W. J. Sparrow Simpson. (Allen & Unwin.) |
| NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN, by Richard Church. (Dent.) | TWO LIVING AND ONE DEAD, by Sigurd Christiansen. (Gollancz.) |
| RALEGH'S LAST VOYAGE, by V. T. Harlow. (The Argonaut Press.) | APPIUS AND VIRGINIA, by G. E. Trevelyan. (Secker.) |
| FRANK HARRIS, by Hugh Kingsmill. (Cape.) | CAFE BAR, by G. Scott Moncrieff. (Wishart.) |
| FARMER'S GLORY, by A. G. Street. (Faber.) | |

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

- | | |
|---|--|
| COLLECTED POEMS, by D. H. Lawrence. (Secker.) | THE NEW MORALITY, by G. E. Newson. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson.) |
| POST OFFICE REFORM, by The Rt. Hon. Viscount Wolmer. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson.) | THE GARDEN OF PLEASANT FLOWERS, by Edith Grey Wheelwright. (Howe.) |
| WHAT'S RIGHT WITH CHINA, by O. D. Rasmussen. (Commercial Press.) | H. G. WELLS, by Geoffrey West. (Howe.) |
| A HISTORY OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT, by John Minto. (Allen & Unwin.) | |
| GOLD GLUT AND GOVERNMENT, by P. J. M. Larrañaga. (Allen & Unwin.) | |
| THE G.H.Q. OF L.S.D., by Sir John Wardlaw-Milne. (Cassell.) | |
| CARLYLE, by Emery Neff. (Allen & Unwin.) | |
| RUSSIAN HEROIC POETRY, by N. K. Chadwick. (Cambridge University Press.) | |
| ASIATIC ASIA, by S. K. Datta. (Faber & Faber.) | |

FICTION

- | |
|--|
| THE NIGHT'S CANDLES, by René Roy. (Gollancz.) |
| BALLERINA, by Lady Eleanor Smith. (Gollancz.) |
| EBB AND FLOOD, by James Hanley. (The Bodley Head.) |
| STICKY FINGERS, by Dyke Acland. (Hodder & Stoughton.) |
| THE MULBERRY TREE, by Mona Wilkinson. (Gollancz.) |
| BUTLER'S GILF, by Martin Hare. (Heinemann.) |
| SILHOUETTE, by Allan N. Taylor. (The Ocean Publishing Co.) |

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1, 1932

BELOVED INDIA

By ARTHUR MOORE

"The Englishman, straining to hold his loved India".—*Kinglake*.
"To the Land we live in!"—*A British toast in India*.

DO we still love India? Is she worth holding? Can we hold her, and against whom or what shall we be put to the strain?

In a Commonwealth of Nations evolving towards the ideals of Ottawa, and holding together by economic bonds woven out of preferences based on blood and language, on a common profession of Christianity, on imponderable loyalties of culture and on memories of misty islands in Northern seas, will India be a strength or a weakness? Is there even any room at all in this new kind of empire for "the brightest jewel of the British Crown", if it flashes with colour problems instead of sparkling with the single white light of the diamond?

A foreigner might perhaps accuse us of overrating our own strength, but I shall carry most Britons with me when I say that we know in our own minds that if as a nation we love India enough we can hold her against all comers and forces. We are not decadent, and where our national will is set and where we have faith, there we still go through.

But there are doubts of our desire in thoughtful minds. The late Lord Rawlinson, when Commander-in-Chief in India, several times expressed such doubts to me. He felt a pride in our work in India, but wondered whether it were not nearly done. The fragmentary condition of the peninsula and its isolation from Europe in the eighteenth century had enabled us to build an empire, and render it a service as well as ourselves. But Indians had long histories and great literatures of their own, and had now assimilated enough of western

civilisation to make a political connection difficult. In Africa, on the other hand, there was a vast undeveloped continent, inhabited largely by primitive people with neither history nor literature, who were willing to discard their own religious beliefs for ours. There was work there for white Empire-builders for another hundred and fifty years; and Lord Rawlinson was not sure that we should not do well to concentrate on building up a great black Empire in Africa, and leave India to her own devices as soon as we honourably could.

That is one point of view. It postulates the persistence of a coloured Empire; the bright jewel is to be replaced by a darker, the revealing flame of brown and gold by the blind glow of a black opal.

There are purely white race problems in the Empire, notes of interrogation for future preferential fiscal schemes—the still mistrustful Dutch in Africa, the French, friendly but unassimilated and aloof in Canada, and the Irish everywhere giving a final rake to the embers of a spent passion of hate. But these problems are as nothing to the colour problem with which India's three hundred and fifty million subjects of the King-Emperor present us. The magnificent conception of a white Commonwealth of Nations under one Crown is easy enough to visualise. The far grander conception of a white and coloured Commonwealth embracing many languages and cultures, yet firmly knit to a common centre by some invisible spiritual tie, requires deeper faith and stronger imagination.

The Englishman may have to strain to hold his loved India; but the quality of love, like the quality of mercy, is not strained. We may best read the future if we can rightly gauge what exactly we have felt and what we now feel about India and the Indians.

In the beginning we went there for trade and not for government. We had no thought of the white man's burden; and had in advance no love for land or people. Adventurous speculators dispatched adventurous spirits on hazardous voyages. The magical success of these ventures, their exotic character, and the friendly attitude of the inhabitants towards our trade, quickly endowed India with the glamour of romance.

Liberty to trade was all we asked, and for long it never occurred to us that it was any business of ours to attempt to put this dazzling Oriental scene, compounded of gorgeousness and squalor, "to rights". Fate willed otherwise, and our lot bade us to wade through barter to a throne. When we finally found ourselves responsible for the government of the country both we and the pious Indian not unnaturally began to detect the hand of Providence. We came to trade and stayed to rule, and gradually we talked less and less of our trade, and more and more of our mission to govern India for its good. The whole romance was indeed so astonishing, so wrought from the stuff of dreams and the gold of faery, that the warmer hearted could not fail to feel in it divine guidance, while even the colder headed detected evolutionary purpose. Moreover, the discharge of this lofty responsibility provided a vast and noble field for the talents of Britons in war and peace. Honourable careers lay open to the products of our schools and universities, with posts of the highest dignity as objects of legitimate ambition for those who served India most faithfully. Also an army could be supported, and trained under conditions approximating to active service, without expense to the British taxpayer.

Inevitably, therefore, India had by the middle of the nineteenth century established an affectionate hold on the romantic imagination of the English. Then came the Mutiny, and India lost nothing as a land of romance, and the conception of ourselves as traders grew dimmer than before. We drew the mantle of our high mission closer round us and sat down more firmly in the saddles of government. With the help of the feminine fount of royal love in Queen Victoria, the grace of "Clemency Canning", and the administrative capacity of the admirable generations of men whom we sent out we gained the confidence of Indians in our intentions, and did a good job of work which still stands.

When the strain of the fifties was over we had held our loved India. We were proud of it and loved India all the more.

But we were terribly impersonal. We loved India more than the Indians. To protect the poor, to secure justice, to

reclaim land, to build roads and bridges, these things were the proper pride of the civil government servant. Real friendship, except on a feudal basis with villagers and servants, he could rarely achieve. On that basis friendliness is, indeed, to this day warm and widespread to an extent which the stay-at-home traducer of his countrymen abroad does not conceive; and as for the much maligned British officer in the Indian army he has probably more Indian friends than any other Englishman, and knows Indians of the martial classes better than either civil officers or unofficial Europeans know any class.

We have now to face the fact that the glamour of governing India for its own good is disappearing, and that the country is becoming more and more unattractive to many Englishmen. There are still honourable careers offered, but their arduousness is more in evidence than their honour. The civil service and the corps of army officers, even though automatically shrinking in numbers, find difficulty in maintaining the standard of British *personnel*. The railways, and the engineering services generally, despite unemployment at home, find recruitment for technical posts an increasing problem.

Through the progressive Indianisation of all the services—and the desirability and justice of Indianisation cannot seriously be questioned—India is already governed by Indians to an extent little realised at home. In addition, she is about to obtain provincial parliamentary self-government, and is offered responsible federal government as soon as she can produce a federation. The Englishman's share in the business of governing is, therefore, rapidly contracting, while the Indian's is expanding. Does this mean that we are to revert in new conditions to the position in the seventeenth century when our business was trade only, and not government? It is clear enough that according to plan the British official element is meant to decrease rapidly and indefinitely in numbers and importance and that the business community of "unofficial Europeans" will have its importance increased. Such share in government as the British retain will, in fact, fall into two divisions, that which will flow down through the Crown's

representatives in Government Houses, and that which will well up through the unofficial Europeans as electors in separate constituencies, with representation secured to them in provincial and federal legislatures. But it cannot be taken for granted that our "mission" is ended. Much depends on our own answer to the question how much do we love India. What do we get out of India and what do we want?

Material wealth and moral satisfaction both weigh in the balance. The pessimist argues, plausibly enough, that both are rapidly on the down grade. The days when Englishmen shook the pagoda tree and picked up the fortune that fell are gone for ever. As a field for official careers India is becoming uncongenial, for none but exceptional men can do their best work in face of a highly popular press which represents British officials as brutes and bloodsuckers. The business world is mapped out by limited companies keenly competing with one another and so heavily capitalised as to make the payment of dividends a strenuous task. The importing houses are hit by tariffs, and their goods are subjected to periodical boycott as well. The European exporter and industrialist in India is naturally exposed to the ever-increasing competition of Indians whose wage bills and general over-heads are smaller than his. In the governmental sphere, then, the pessimist speaks of "the lost Dominion" and according to him we may as well go while the going is moderately good. He foretells that the Indian legislator will inevitably cook the business man's goose for him by predatory legislation.

It is natural that we should sometimes meet both in the services and in business the depressed and disillusioned Briton who says frankly that he dislikes India and will leave it as soon as he is at liberty or can afford to do so. Quite often he has been made to feel that he is but a small cog in a great wheel, and that he has personally been victimised for political reasons. We can scarcely blame such men. A more subtle danger is the hidden defeatist who poses as a smoother, and is to be found in high circles both official and unofficial. His motto is "it will last my time", and provided he can work in with everybody by professing publicly more liberal constitutional

opinions than he really holds, and retire with a maximum of riches and honours, he is not too disturbed at the possibility of a deluge subsequently overtaking either India or the British business community as the result of a prolonged refusal to face facts. He, too, is entirely comprehensible and can be forgiven, but let us not mistake him for "the Englishman straining to hold his loved India".

Once in the Legislative Assembly in Delhi when the Swarajists were opposing the passage of the annual Finance Bill on the ground that they should refuse supply because Britain refused self-government I ventured to remind them of our pledges, and to suggest that by non-co-operation they were delaying the progressive realisation of self-government, whereas by co-operation they could assist us to fulfil those pledges at an early date. This brought up the late Pandit Motilal Nehru who, in the most eloquent speech of his latter days, passionately denied the possibility of Britain voluntarily granting self-government to India. He did not impugn the good faith of Englishmen as such, but arguing from human nature and attempting to put himself in the Englishman's place he held that it was unthinkable that any country enjoying power and prestige through the domination of another should for the sake of that other or on any grounds of abstract justice surrender these advantages. He made it plain, in fact, that if the position were reversed and India held great foreign possessions, his Indian patriotism would not tolerate proposals for voluntarily abdicating control. All British talk of giving Indians real control of their own affairs must in the nature of things be insincere. Britain would give what she was forced to give and nothing else.

It would indeed be remarkable if Great Britain, who admittedly took over an India composed of disparate and conflicting autocracies, had now both welded the whole into one great harmonious nation completely capable of self-government and was also so conscious that her great task was done that she asked nothing better than to retire from the scene and to enjoy from a distance the spectacle of the healthy functioning of the great separate organism which she had helped to create.

But the advanced Indian politician feels no contradiction in believing that Indians are now a national democracy capable of successfully governing themselves through adult suffrage, and at the same time representing the Britain which has created this nation as a ruthless oppressor. Equally naturally it does not strike him as incongruous to represent the Englishman as a selfish tyrant because he does not surrender power for India's sake, while declaring that it would be ridiculous to expect him to do so, and that, therefore, his professions that he is willing to do so when and where he safely and honourably can must be false, and should be met, not by co-operation but by non-co-operation.

We may without shame admit that we have not fulfilled our high mission in India with the success with which the Indian Congressites credit us when they represent India as a welded nation fully equal to all the responsibilities of self-government. India is in a fair way to become a dominion with a responsible federal government of her own, but she will be a new type of dominion. She is still a huge composite of principalities and peoples and languages and periodically quarrelling communities. To that extent we have not yet succeeded, and we already see that those who have most at stake have no intention of letting us go away. They will insist on retaining white troops and on maintaining the reserve powers of the Crown, exercisable through the Viceroy and the Governors. So long as Britain accepts responsibility for the defence of India from foreign enemies and for preserving inviolate the territory of the princes it is impossible to suppose that Britain's political mission to India is over.

The fundamental facts about the Indo-British problem are difference of race, colour, and religions. Whether the Indian believes it or not, the British Parliament would be glad to hand over full political power, to abdicate completely, if it were sure that India would hold together and that Britain's material interests would be as safe as they are in self-governing dominions where the majority of the population is of British origin. Racial antipathies and constant mutual suspicion are the core of the matter. Colour blindness is ignorant optimism,

and smooth words and mere "goodwill" change nothing. Something dynamic is required.

How much do we love India? A great deal. How much do we love Indians?

In spite of Mr. Gandhi's personal efforts it is plain to all that the driving force behind his boycott and civil disobedience movement is racial hate. The fundamental inconsistency in his doctrine, the attempt to coerce Englishmen through their pockets in the name of love and to starve Lancashire children in pursuit of non-violence, leads in his less high-minded followers to a debauchery of idealism and a probably unparalleled confusion of violent thought and word with appeals to principles of divine love and of the oneness of humanity. For all this the clash of race and colour is responsible, and it seems as idle for the Englishman to lecture Indians as for the Indian to complain that the Englishman does not do what he would not do himself. On the Indian side there is now a great violence of hate. On the British side there has been in general no hate, but there has been much of the indifference, kindly or cold according to individual disposition, that results from assured superiority of position, and of course, in some cases, a display of contempt. In recent years, as a result of the moral discomfort of living in an atmosphere charged with ill-will, we find, as already indicated, instances of active dislike of India and Indians, and a desire to advise all friends to have nothing to do with the country.

The colour question is simple enough in essence. The solution, too, is simple in the sense that the Kingdom of Heaven is simple—and it is as far off. A primitive darker-skinned man does not feel antipathy to a fairer skin. On the contrary he admires and respects its possessor. The belief that as between shades of colour in skin the lighter is the more desirable appears to permeate all races, and in the Hindu religion in particular caste is based upon it. The Brahmin was the white man of India, and every Hindu believes that the white colour represents an innate superiority. The light-skinned races in their relations with the darker show a eugenic instinct against marriage—this was particularly rigid in the

Indian caste system—but for the rest their instinctive presumption of the possession of some greater power can manifest itself in a variety of ways according to disposition. In the most aristocratic type it takes the form of leadership and, to lead being the opposite of to drive, carries with it gentleness and a strong protective quality, as well as the authority which accompanies decision of character. The lower light types become drivers instead of leaders of the darker races, the protective quality shades off into indifference or into contempt, while still feebler individuals "throw their weight about" and earn dislike, as Brahmins in Hinduism or as Europeans in India, claiming respect and privilege on the ground of blood and colour without offering the attributes expected of them.

But the presumption on both sides is that the white race or group is the stronger, and there is, therefore, no inherent desire on the part of the darker to resent the assumption of authority by the fairer. The basis of authority exists, and it is real. Equally clearly, therefore, if a darker race rebels against the authority of a white race, or if its admiration and confidence change to dislike and distrust, the latter, being the stronger, must find the fault in itself. No wise man blames others for his failure. It is waste of time to complain that a *protégé* is ungrateful or difficult to love, to draw comparisons between Maoris and Indians or between Buddhists and Hindus. If we British claim to be the stronger we have to accept responsibility for whatever failures befall. Indians are not by nature hostile to the white man. The vast majority of them to this hour respect us and look to us as their natural protectors and the dispensers of justice. Race hatred burns in the "politically minded", an influential and increasing number but still a small minority.

Here we put our finger on our failure. We are only hated by the men we have tried to make like ourselves. All the calumny, all the passionate desire to hurt us, come from those who have received Western education and who are so hypnotised by British thought, literature and history and by European civilisation that they cannot escape from them. We needed English-speaking and well-educated government servants and

business clerks, and moreover in Macaulay's time there was a terribly exaggerated belief in the inherent virtue of book learning. So universities and colleges have multiplied and the doors of English institutions were flung wide. Generations of sahibs laboured to give Indians public school ideals. We showed them a wonderful new world in which there was the promise that we should all meet as gentlemen, as friends and equals sharing a common culture and ideals.

Save for a fortunate few that vision never materialised. A very distinguished Indian nobleman, well known for his loyal service, once said to me "Moore, it is a terrible thing when you take a man's soul from him, and that is what England has done to me. I can only see through English eyes; your ways are my ways, I cannot but criticise many of my countrymen's ways. But I am not English, and nothing, nothing, nothing can ever make me English, or give me back my Indian soul".

Our whole problem in India may be boiled down into that Russian word "intelligentsia". We have made the intelligentsia, but we are not too fond of our product. Worse still, we have turned them out by mass production. Supply has hopelessly outstripped demand, and the majority of them can find no work. They suffer from a double sense of grievance, social and economic. They resent the fact that, despite their Western education, neither do they mix freely in our society nor we in theirs. Admiration and respect are replaced by annoyance at being made to feel inferior in their own country by those who appear to prefer not only princes but peasants or even bearers to educated men of the upper middle classes with university degrees. And there is the strong feeling in these educated men that if only the white Brahmins were gone they would be the intellectual aristocracy, would run the country, and instead of starving would find many avenues to honourable employment.

Their numbers and influence must increase continually. In India racial hate and an active inferiority complex are increasing as rapidly as education spreads.

There is no panacea. If the white man loved the educated

coloured man it would be all right. The weaker would inevitably respond to the affection of the stronger. But we cannot command love. Up to a point Christianity in practice has saved the situation, and though educationists can be accused of doing the damage, they as well as missionaries have on the personal side done much also to counteract it by winning the affection of Orientals. But most of us are neither true Christians nor passionate philanthropists. Ordinary friendliness and goodwill are the best that we can compass, and indifference often wins the day.

These will not solve the problem raised by the Indian intelligentsia as an instrument for the spread of race hatred. The wisest saying ever uttered, "Love your enemies!", is also incomparably the hardest. Nothing but a tremendous countering force of love could avail against the active race hatred of the Indian intelligentsia, and we unregenerate white men in India feel ourselves frankly incapable of this at present in respect of those who suspect our motives and misrepresent our actions.

If some great new religious impulse, such as has appeared before in history where the need was strong, were to come into the world and surge simultaneously in white and coloured humanity, overleaping barriers of race, the Indo-British problem would solve itself. But at present there is no sign of this, though there are those who believe it is at hand.

We have to carry on with such wisdom as we possess. No one can say whether the projected constitution will work either in the provinces of British India or at the federal centre. But everybody in India, including certainly the unofficial British community, is agreed (will Mr. Churchill please note?) that a prolongation of the system of government by the British Parliament is impossible. Power must be shifted from Westminster and Whitehall, and some centre and source of power found in India itself. The attitude of the European community is that it is best to get on with the search. The new constitution will work, or it will not. In either event we shall get down to realities; there will be tests of strength, and the true seats of power will be manifested.

If the reforms succeed it will be a remarkable triumph of faith and statesmanship of which Britons and Indians may well be proud. If on the other hand they do not succeed there will be grave disorder throughout India. I incline to think that in such an event those who visualise the British as in continual retreat from India will prove wrong. Pandit Motilal Nehru was at least right in assuming that we are not a people either of Quixotes or saints, and if there were no one able to keep the peace or to protect the thousands of millions of British capital invested in the country it would be difficult to persuade the British that they were serving any Indian national cause by not taking a hand.

Whatever happens the testing time of the unofficial white man in India is coming near. Some picture his sun setting in a scene of incurable frivolity,—the “burra sahibs” indifferently congratulating themselves that the light “will last our time”, the “chokras” draining cocktails as a prelude to night life in a dancing club. These, I suspect, are as shallow prophets as those who twenty years ago preached that the youth of that generation were decadent.

Nevertheless we unofficial British in India need, like India itself, an inspiration. We are merely on the defensive, and she has been fed far too long by her own prophet on barren negations. Even when we talk of “constructive work” in India now all we mean is constructing a constitution. The outstanding fact about India is the poverty of the people and the prospect of this becoming steadily worse with the enormous growth of the population until, failing wars or pestilence, starvation itself steps in to adjust the balance. No one is doing anything about this. We have no plan, and the Indians have no plan.

There is a school of Indian politicians which is definitely hostile to British business and has confiscatory leanings towards the colossal capital invested in the country. Hence much talk of “safeguards”; yet we all know that there are only two safeguards worth having. One is the good will of our Indian fellow-citizens, and this we possess only in part; the other is the ability in the last resort to protect our interests

ourselves. But the defensive will not do. The Englishman must give a lead in India; otherwise his mission is exhausted, and nothing will remain except a painful process of gradual retreat in commerce as well as in government.

We have to recover lost good will. We can only do this as a moral force actively helping India to the conquest of new worlds, the realisation of new ideals.

It ought to be possible to devise a great Indian plan, drawn up by an Economic General Staff, on lines as large as Russia's plans, but far more beneficent. India has credit in Britain, and Russia has none, so there is no question of dumping goods on the outside world in order to obtain credit wherewith to buy machinery and pay experts. Britain can supply India with factory and agricultural machinery, and help her to organise her agriculture and her other industries, so that her people shall get the benefit in good wages and a higher standard of living and increased consumption of her own products. As a market for British piece-goods India is a diminishing quantity. As a potential market for machinery her limit lies only in the pettiness of our imagination.

We marvel at the new Russian city of Magnetogorsk, but do not think of the Magnetogorsk that India might have in the Central Provinces. India has manganese, iron, coal, and oil in quantity; she has cotton, wool, jute, and silk; she has a colossal but poor agricultural industry. And she has a population approaching four hundred millions which, instead of consuming all this natural wealth, lives on the edge of hunger.

Why? It is no answer to say that the masses are helpless, ignorant and unambitious. Certainly they are. But what about us? We can organise them, we can teach them, we can instil desire into them.

Above all we might put heart into that Indian “intelligentsia” whom we have insisted on producing, but to whom hitherto we have given little but stones when they asked for bread. Employment and an ideal for India shared in common with us are what their bodies need for nourishment and their souls for self-respect. At heart they are sick of the futilities of boycott and non-co-operation. These and, worse still,

the secret society and the terrorist's work are no substitutes for a man's job, for seed to the sower and bread to the eater, and that sleep of the labouring man which "is sweet whatever he eat".

It should be possible for us to get together and make things grow, grow as and where they have never grown before, and to distribute and consume what we grow. Half the currency difficulties of the world seem due to those terrible Victorian theorists who taught us all that it was immoral to pay people in kind. "Truck" they called it, and now because of those theorists the world is loaded up with "truck" in the shape of food and clothes which it cannot consume because it has no "money". In India we ask nothing better than food and clothes and houses; others can have the "money" if they like.

The Englishman still loves India, and it is still worth holding. But to hold it in the coming strain we shall have to bestir ourselves. We have never been indifferent to the masses, but we need to learn to add to the toast of "the Land we live in" the phrase "and all its sons and daughters". To hold for the Crown a self-governing India will be a greater political achievement than any yet. The time may be near when the strain will come from without. The world is staggering along close to the edge of an economic abyss, and if there should come the clash of systems which the young generations in Russia are being brought up to believe inevitable and to visualise as a struggle between themselves and us, will not Central Asia be a battlefield and India an objective?

THE LEAGUE IN JEOPARDY

BY C. F. MELVILLE

THE existence of the League of Nations as an authoritarian international political body is at stake. The next two months will decide whether the League will continue in the political functions for which it was created or whether it will be reduced to the status of a clearing house for international social services. By the time this article is published—I am writing on the eve of events—the League will be confronted with what will be, in effect, two test cases: the Lytton Report on Manchuria, and the German claim for equality of military status. The outcome of the former may, perhaps, be the withdrawal of Japan from the League. The latter may result in Germany, and perhaps Italy too, leaving not only the Disarmament Conference, which she has virtually done already, but the League itself. Should these calamities take place the result would be the end of the League as an instrument of pacification; and that would mean the end of the chapter of the post-war attempt to organize the peace on an international basis.

It is the purpose of this article to analyse this immediate threat to the League and to examine the implications of the questions which have crystallised into this threat. But in order to get this present situation in its proper perspective it would be as well first to give a brief *résumé* of the events which led up to this situation and made it possible, as these events demonstrate that the process of loss of confidence, which culminated in the undermining of the authority of the League, has been going on unremittingly for the past ten years.

In the first place it is necessary to recall that the very conception of the League was a revolution in political ideology, inasmuch as it supplanted the idea of the national state as the

sole and final arbiter in international relations by the idea of an international body as that supreme arbiter. Although we may not like the term, this implied to some extent the idea of the super-state. At all events it entailed a certain measure of sacrifice of national sovereignty by the very assumption by the states adhering to the League of contractual obligations towards that body.

At the very outset this conception of the organization of peace — embodied in the Peace Treaties and the League Covenant—was challenged by the withdrawal from the League of its principal architect, the United States. Similarly, France, which had claimed the Rhine as frontier, gave up that claim in return for the Tripartite Pact; but the United States withdrew and Britain followed suit. In 1923 the Treaty of Mutual Assistance was proposed, but was rejected in 1924 by Mr. MacDonald's first Labour Government. This Government agreed to the Geneva Protocol, but this in turn was rejected by the Conservative Government in 1925.

In 1926 Britain, France, Germany and Italy concluded the Locarno Treaties; and in 1928 the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact was signed. The former represented a step towards security in this otherwise gloomy story of negation, but was limited by its regional nature, and posed an ideology of security different from that of the international conception of Geneva. The latter was reduced to a pious declaration by America's refusal to back its sentiments with obligations. Subsequent attempts, especially last year, to bridge the gap between the League Covenant, with its sanctions, and the Kellogg Pact, with its lack of sanctions, failed.

In the meantime the Preparatory Disarmament Commission's five years' labours drew to an end, and last year the Disarmament Conference opened. But its opening coincided with the flaring up of the Sino-Japanese trouble in the Far East; and this meant that the activities of the Conference were vitiated from the start by the setback to the League's prestige involved in Geneva's complete inability—due in large measure to the weakening processes I have already described—to meet the Far Eastern challenge.

The Great Powers, which predominate in the councils of the League, saw the Far Eastern imbroglio in terms of their own national interests, and the League, faced with the nightmare of having to apply Article 16 of the Covenant, with its sanctions, boggled at its own charter, invoked various articles other than Article 16, and, finally, in an agony of despair and indecision, played with the idea of revising Article 16 with a view to drawing its teeth. In a word: the League, faced with the reality of its own *raison d'être*, and fearing precedents in the Far East which might apply in Europe, took fright and tried to sidetrack the difficulty. Overnight, as it were, the League suffered itself to sustain a loss of prestige which it is doubtful whether it can ever recover.

Some of the nations at Geneva took sides with the United States (a non-member of the League) in that country's desire that sanctions should be taken against Japan (a member of the League). Others took sides with Japan, although that country's action was technically forbidden by the Covenant. Most astounding of all was the desire of America, after having withdrawn from the League and subsequently refused to link up the Kellogg Pact with the sanctions of the League Covenant, that the League should take sanctions against Japan. For this was the meaning of America's approach to the principal League Powers at the time.

The League, of course, was completely paralysed. It could condemn, but it could not act, and yet could not refrain from condemnation; and it thus exasperated Japan by its words, and disillusioned China by its inactivity. This paralysis at Geneva resulted in Japan deciding to protect her interests in China, and especially in Manchuria, by her own efforts.

It is not the purpose of this article to emulate Geneva's fault by taking sides in the Far Eastern dispute—as Sir John Simon said, there are two sides to this question—therefore it may be legitimately stressed here that had the League not lost so much of its authority and prestige it might have enjoyed sufficient confidence authoritatively to bring about an equitable state of affairs in Manchuria before the Sino-Japanese dispute had gone too far. It was its inability to do anything of the

kind which both encouraged the provocative attitude of China towards Japan and brought about the technical flouting of the Covenant by Japan.

The League, faced with the necessity of doing something, but not too immediately, sent the Lytton Commission to Manchuria. In the meantime Japan had set up, and afterwards recognised, an "independent" Manchuria. The Lytton Report is due to reach Geneva at the end of September and there will be a special session of the League in October or November to deal with it. It will then be known whether Japan, in consequence of the Report, intends to leave the League.

Writing in advance of the issue of the Report, forecast must necessarily be circumspect, but it may be said at this stage that it both condemns Japan on juridical grounds and leaves the door open for compromise by suggesting direct negotiation between Japan and China. The Report is a masterly document, inasmuch as it avoids closing all doors, but it can hardly satisfy either Japan or China, especially Japan, and, in any case, by the very reason of its attempts at compromise it can hardly do much to rehabilitate the prestige of the League.

It is difficult to see how Geneva can avoid indicting Japan on the technical grounds of having broken her pledges in respect of the Nine Power Pact, inasmuch as her recognition of Manchuria is technically tantamount to helping a part of China to break away from China; which is contrary to the obligation to respect China's territorial integrity. Later on the Powers will probably reconcile themselves to the *fait accompli* by being disposed to recognise Manchuria, provided that country manifests its own desire to continue a separate existence from China proper. As Frederick the Great once put it: it is always possible to find juridical sanction after the event.

Be this as it may, it would appear to be evident that the Lytton Report will constitute the testing point as to whether Japan will leave the League and, in the event of her doing so, as to whether other Powers, notably Germany and Italy, may not do likewise. This brings me to the other challenging situation with which the League is now confronted: the German claim to equality of military status.

The German claim is based on the fact that the disarmament of Germany, as laid down in the Peace Treaty, was to be the prelude to a general disarmament, but that, as the other Powers have not disarmed down to the German level, Germany should be allowed to arm up to their level. Furthermore, the Germans contend that the entry of Germany into the League presupposed equality of status, military as well as political.

Article 164 of the Versailles Treaty lays it down that Germany *must not possess an armament greater than the amounts fixed (by the Treaty) up till the time at which Germany is admitted as a member of the League*, and that after her entry into the League this level of German armaments *shall remain in force until they are modified by the League*. Germany rightly interprets this as foreseeing the eventual end of the disparity in armaments between victor and vanquished. This is recognised both by the British and the French Governments, but with this important qualification: that equality of armaments presupposes that Germany will loyally observe the letter and the spirit of the League Covenant. Reassurance on this point has not been helped by such recent examples of the German militarist spirit as General von Schleicher's speeches and the Stahlhelm parade. As a British diplomat put it to me recently: Britain, being anxious to help France and Germany to arrive at a just and workable solution of this problem, hopes that Germany will refrain from further provocative declarations or demonstrations such as are calculated to exasperate French public opinion, and line up even M. Léon Blum against concessions to the German claim for equality.

The British juridical experts have expressed the opinion to the British Government that as the embargo of the Peace Treaty remains in force until the relevant article of the Treaty is revised or supplanted by a new convention, Germany has no legal claims to equality of military status; but this does not obviate a solution being sought on political grounds. The British Government is, therefore, formulating a policy, which will probably be public knowledge by the time this article is in print, whereby it will propose the granting of equality of military status to Germany *in principle*, qualified by an agree-

ment in virtue of which Germany would undertake, at least for a period, to refrain from re-armament *in fact*, this to be accompanied by a Disarmament Convention whereby the other Powers would engage to disarm further than they have done to date.

The French may possibly assent to such a solution on certain conditions. The French reply to the German *aide-mémoire* leaves loopholes for a compromise and expresses willingness to continue progressive disarmament. Signor Mussolini, too (in spite of his publicly expressed support of the German demand, and his rumoured intention to leave the League if Germany, baulked of her claim, should walk out of Geneva on the heels of Japan), has left a door open, probably with a view to Britain's attitude, by declaring that Germany would be well advised not to take advantage of the granting of equality for the purpose of re-armament.

A solution of this problem, on the dual basis of further general disarmament, together with the granting of military equality to Germany in principle, if not (for the time being) in fact, is therefore not impossible; and there is every reason to suppose that neither Mr. MacDonald nor M. Herriot will leave any stone unturned. But, on the other hand, there are ominous possibilities for the League which cannot be overlooked. Germany, in the flood tide of her nascent nationalism and militancy, is determined to obtain military equality at all costs, and it is doubtful if she would be satisfied for long with a position which confines her military equality to *principle*. Past events have demonstrated that German diplomacy invariably takes each concession as the point of departure for demands for new concessions. Germany has already virtually retired from the Disarmament Conference. If her claims are not met, she may yet withdraw from the League, and, as I have said, Italy may do likewise. Italian *amour propre* having suffered at Geneva, and Italian rivalry with France being more than ever acute, the Duce may yet carry out his threat to abandon Geneva.

In this connection it is rumoured from Rome that Signor Mussolini is already toying with the idea, once Italy should

leave the League, of forming a group of anti-League states composed partly of Asiatic and quasi-Asiatic Powers, together with those European Powers which were defeated in the war: a plan which bears a striking resemblance to a scheme already discussed secretly between Berlin and Moscow for the formation of a quasi-Oriental, quasi-European *bloc des malcontents* in opposition to the League. Should these schemes be carried into effect, the League would be reduced to the status of one group of Powers confronted with a rival and hostile group of powers. In a word: the old system of alliances would be revived in a new form and the League as an international organism reduced to impotence. A new world race in armaments would be initiated, without any of those checks which even the insincerities of Geneva provided, and the descent down the path which leads to Armageddon would be rapid.

It must be admitted that the German case for re-armament received a great impetus from the failure of the other Powers at Geneva to agree upon any appreciable measure of general disarmament. The wrangles of the "Allied" experts over the definition of offensive and defensive weapons exasperated even the outsider. At all events, the impasse at which the Disarmament Conference arrived after many months of talk and as many years of preparation afforded the Germans the chance to launch their virtual ultimatum on equality, and provided ample opportunities for the German and Italian threats to abandon the League.

All this must be fully admitted and taken into account. But the matter does not rest at that point. The root causes go even deeper. For the nations have not refused to embark on any liberal measure of disarmament out of motives of aggressive militarism or imperialistic design. Their hesitancy at the Disarmament Conference has been due in the main to fear—fear for their national safety—and this in turn has been due to lack of an adequate feeling of security. Once granted liberation from this fear, disarmament would not be so difficult a matter.

This brings me back to the considerations dealt with at the beginning of this article: the processes which for ten years have been weakening the League and reducing its authority,

power and prestige. These processes were principally the gradual lapse of the Powers into the older conceptions of international relations; their inability fully to live up to the new and revolutionary conception which was the essence of the League; the conception, namely, of the part sacrifice of national sovereignty in international relations to the overriding authority of an international organism. In a word: the State members, which comprise the League, failed to agree upon some common plan whereby the League would be the vehicle for the organisation of the peace on an international basis.

Had it been possible, for example, to close the gap in the Covenant, or to bridge that other gap between the Covenant and the Kellogg Peace Pact; had it been possible really to outlaw war by making impossible neutrality in the case of unprovoked aggression: had all or any of these things been possible, then some kind of security would have been assured which would have removed the bogey of fear and made possible effective all-round disarmament, thus placing out of court any claim to re-armament.

But these things were not done, and armament was begotten from insecurity out of fear. Unfortunately the League was not only ill-served by its enemies, but sometimes also by its friends. Enthusiasm for the League was not always accompanied by a knowledge of the realities of international politics. And frequently the most ardent supporters of the League lacked the courage of their convictions and feared to face the logic of their own ideology. Perhaps it is not yet too late to mend things at Geneva. But the fact remains that certain realities are now confronting us, and the most urgent of them is this problem of the League's future; a future which, it is better to admit frankly, is in jeopardy at the moment.

Many questions are hinged upon this question. The Powers have realised, for instance, that it would be useless to hold the projected World Economic Conference before these major political questions are cleared out of the way. Manchuria and the re-armament question have between them pushed the Economic Conference into next year. Likewise the War

Debts question is bound up with the disarmament question, as American public opinion is tending to harden again on War Debts, owing to the failure of the Disarmament Conference so far and the incidence of the present claims to re-armament. From every point of view, therefore, this problem of the salvation or destruction of the League is of paramount importance to the question of world economic recovery, for economic recovery would appear to be impossible until some of these major political ills have been cured.

In conclusion, I would like to make it clear that my frank attempt to probe the ills of the League is not made in any spirit of disparagement of Geneva. On the contrary, it is because I believe that the League is an essential element in the preservation of world peace that I regret most strongly those processes of dry-rot which have undermined the authority of the League and placed in doubt its continued existence as the supreme body for the organization of peace. For, if the League is to be rehabilitated, something more effective than fair words will be needed. It is perhaps the opportune moment to admit frankly what is wrong with the League, and to face squarely the threat to its very existence, in the hope that, by thus getting to grips with the realities of the situation, something may be done to place the League on an unassailable and enduring basis.

TEN YEARS OF FASCISM

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

IT is one of the most curious properties of Fascism, whereof there are not a few, that it is not only a combative movement in itself, but the source of combativeness in others. Never was the old saying, "*Piove, Governo ladro*", applied to former governments with quite the same virulence and consistency with which it has been applied by anti-Fascists to every achievement and every aim of Signor Mussolini. Such determined hostility should normally have defeated its own object ere now. Exactly ten years have now passed since the famous March on Rome carried Signor Mussolini triumphantly into power. Had Fascism been the wholly iniquitous institution that many of its critics paint it as being, it is hardly likely that it would have been tolerated so long by the Italian people. But Fascism, unfortunately, has itself been scarcely less to blame from the opposite point of view. It is quite impossible to express in Italy any adverse criticism of the régime either in the Press or in the Chamber of Deputies or upon a public platform. To do so in everyday conversation is distinctly imprudent owing to the ubiquitous system of espionage. Consequently the most simple and normal administrative acts of the Government are frequently hailed in the Press and elsewhere with fulsome adulation. Thus is created a vicious circle between those who will not admit any virtue in the Duce's many achievements and those who proclaim them as so many illustrations of his infallible genius.

As usual, the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. In any case, whatever may be thought of the methods employed, it is impossible for the most casual observer who revisits Italy and puts himself in touch with the inhabitants

not to be impressed by the political, moral, and material changes that have swept over the country. Any attempt, then, to survey briefly the most outstanding achievements accomplished by Fascism during its decade of office may conveniently be divided up under these three main headings, and a conscientious effort to express a fair judgment will here be made by one who for nearly five years has watched the daily development of the Corporative State.

First, then, as to the political innovations, and, since this heading is naturally divisible further into internal and foreign policy, as to the internal political changes. The main skeleton of the Constitution has been left. The country is still a Constitutional Monarchy. There are still a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. It is still the fashion every year to celebrate the traditional *fiesta* of the Constitution. When the Fascist party first came into office it announced its intention to maintain the existing political framework and to govern within the limits of the *Statuto* of 1848. Subsequently, however, Signor Mussolini changed his mind. In order that Italy might be "fascitized" it was necessary, he declared, to violate the Constitution, which no longer met the needs of Italy. In terms recalling his famous proposal that the Peace Treaties are properly subject to revision, he insisted that no Constitution should be regarded as sacrosanct. "Are we", he asked, "dealing with archaeology or with politics?", though at the same time he endeavoured to soften these words by stating that he did not wish to do anything more than prune the *Statuto* of the growths that had grafted themselves upon it. It must be admitted that Signor Mussolini's horticultural activities have been marked by his accustomed vigour. "The pruning-knife—zounds!—the axe!" cried Mr. Puff. "Why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently." The Italian Constitution has also undergone some drastic lopping, and even, certain people argue, a little topping.

Fascists frequently claim that they have restored to the throne much of its lost prestige. It is certainly true that the King and all the members of the House of Savoy are in-

variably treated with the greatest outward deference. It cannot, however, be forgotten that in his early days Signor Mussolini was a convinced republican, and that certain prominent members of the Fascist Party are still of this opinion. However, Paris is proverbially worth a Mass, and so already in 1922 we find the Duce admitting that "we shall leave monarchy outside our game, because we consider that Italy would regard with suspicion a transformation of the government that would eliminate monarchy". He broadly hinted that the King would be well advised not to oppose the Fascist revolution since in that case "we should have to abolish the monarchy, as it would be a question of life or death". Acting, as is well known, against the advice tendered to him in several quarters, the King accepted the Fascist revolution from the outset, and no doubt Signor Mussolini has now arrived quite sincerely at the conclusion that "the unitary régime of Italy rests firmly upon the House of Savoy".

However, it is held in many quarters that the King's powers have been curtailed by the provisions of the Law "constitutionalizing" the Fascist Grand Council. The opinion of the Council "must be heard on all questions having a constitutional character". Among such questions are naturally the succession to the Throne and the attributes and prerogatives of the Crown. Further, on the proposal of the Head of the Government the Grand Council draws up and holds in readiness a list of names to be submitted to the Crown, should a vacancy occur, for the appointment of a new head of the Government. These and other activities of the Fascist Grand Council were criticized as involving a *diminutio capitis* of the Monarchy. Although this was strenuously denied, and although doubtless such a contingency is purely hypothetical, yet what would be the position if the King did reject the entire list of names submitted to him? To make his own nomination, dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country would be impossible, since the Fascist Grand Council approves the names of all the candidates for the Chamber. Thus a conflict à *outrance* must mean the disappearance either of the Throne or of the Council—in other words, a revolution.

Whatever divergent views may be held on the position of the Monarchy, there is no possible doubt that the Chamber of Deputies has nowadays little prestige or power. Signor Mussolini was determined that the executive should no longer be the plaything of the legislative power. He declined to worship the new divinity of the masses. "It is a creation of democracy and socialism. Just because they are many they must be right. Nothing of the sort. The contrary is true, that numbers are opposed to reason." There is nothing "democratic" about the Chamber or its functions, as judged by the standards of ordinary parliamentary democracy. The thirteen main conglomerations (technically known as Confederations) into which employers and employees representing the principal industrial and commercial activities of the nation are divided, choose, together with certain other specially authorized bodies, a preliminary list of 1,000 candidates. This list is submitted to the Grand Council. The Council can refuse to put forward any candidature, and, further, has the right to nominate an unspecified number of candidates on its own account. Ultimately a list of 400 candidates is presented to the country which, voting as a single electoral district, accepts or rejects the list as a whole. Theoretically provision is made for a rejection. In reality, however, such a result is unthinkable so long as Fascism is in power. Moreover, the Chamber thus elected has no real power.

The plain fact of the matter is that, behind a constitutional façade, Italy is being governed by a dictatorship of the Fascist Party—that is, in the last resort, of Signor Mussolini. The series of "most Fascist laws" (*leggi fascistissime*) enacted in 1925 and subsequently have clamped Fascist domination upon the country. Close Fascist control has been imposed upon members of the Civil Service, including the Judicature; upon professors and teachers in the universities and schools; upon the Press and publishing houses. The right of assembly has virtually been abolished. Political malcontents, if too "malignant", are sent to confinement upon an island. The country is compelled to maintain the Militia, the members of which, though they now swear allegiance to the King, are pre-

eminently a party organization and indeed the principal outward symbol of Fascist domination. The prefects have been made not only the representatives but also the collaborators of the government in the provinces, and are expected to prevent and suppress all opposition. The communes have lost their local autonomy since the elective syndic has been replaced by a government-appointed *podestà*, and the functions of the municipal council have been made merely consultative.

Even sport in its most elementary and purely recreative forms has now become fascistized, and when Signor Turati was secretary of the Party he invented a special Fascist football. This amalgam of the Rugby and Association Codes—recalling the article upon Chinese Metaphysics that the Dickensian journalist wrote by reading in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* first the article upon China and then that upon metaphysics and finally “combining his information”—was, however, a complete failure. Anyhow, nothing is too great or too insignificant to escape the Fascist net and not to come within the “totalitarian” theory of the State. All this is, of course, anathema to the orthodox Liberals and Conservatives of the normal parliamentary régime. Whether, however, the Fascist government is less essentially “popular” than many a boasted democratic system is a question open to argument. Signor Mussolini has never forgotten his humble origin. He has often gone out of his way to remind his audiences of the stock whence he sprang. Whatever the faults of the Fascist Government it cannot be denied that it has enacted a quantity of legislation designed in the interests of the workers as a whole and especially of the poorest classes. Jean Jacques Rousseau insisted that the people must be forced to be free. Signor Mussolini is no less determined to carry through his paternal legislation, and has even committed himself to the theory that violence, directed to laudable social ends, may be “highly moral, sacrosanct and necessary.”

Many of the jeremiads uttered by the doctrinaire critics of Fascism are really beside the point to a great extent. Corruption and misgovernment disgusted many good citizens with that imported parliamentary régime which Cavour had tried

to foster. To talk of “liberty” as understood in Great Britain or France is ridiculous to those who know the methods of Giolitti. No great traditions of centuries were, then, being violated when Signor Mussolini decided that strikes and lock-outs were henceforth to be tabu, and that the whole nation blended into the Corporative State was to be compelled to co-operate in a carefully graded hierarchy of disciplined work.

Concerning Italian foreign policy there cannot be in the same degree a division of opinion. The international position of Italy today stands immeasurably higher than it did ten years ago. It is pretty generally admitted now that Italy was badly served by her representatives at the Peace Settlement. The internal condition of Italy at that time did not, however, allow her spokesmen to defend her aims with due weight and authority. The impotence of her delegates was, therefore, to a great extent excusable. Much more culpable was the conduct of Italy's former Allies, who pursued a very shortsighted policy when, in effect, they told the Italian delegates that they should be seen and not heard. Not one of the Allies had the vision to see that Italy could not permanently be treated as the poor country cousin, and that to thwart her every ambition must eventually provoke in her dangerous resentment and discontent.

It is interesting to turn up some of Signor Mussolini's early speeches and articles of the immediate post-war years and to compare his views of that date with the Italian foreign policy of today. In those days the *bête noire* of Italy was President Wilson, whose attitude towards the Fiume question may be said to have done not a little to encourage the Fascist movement. The American restrictive legislation regarding immigration was another measure thought to hit Italy hard. Signor Mussolini was then full of vigorous denunciation of Anglo-Saxon tyranny, of the intolerable domination of the Western plutocratic countries, of the injustice of many provisions in the Peace Treaties, of the need for Italy to seek markets in the East and so forth. After Signor Mussolini came into office he modified some of these views. One of his earliest declarations of international policy was his advocacy in London of the interdependence of war debts and reparations, since developed

into the policy of an all-round cancellation. The holding of such views naturally made the Duce more guarded in his utterances about Great Britain and the U.S.A. British readiness to implement the Treaty of London and to cede Jubaland to Italy as "colonial compensation" promised under Article XIII helped to revive the tradition of Anglo-Italian friendship. Moreover, the Washington Naval Conference had already raised the problem of naval parity with France, and Italy was anxious to bring the pressure of the leading Powers to bear upon that country. The unsatisfactory relations between France and Italy have, of course, had a great influence upon the Palazzo Chigi. If France has so far had her way inasmuch as she has declined to admit the Italian claim to naval parity; has declined to allow that she has not fulfilled the Treaty of London; and, finally, has refused to perpetuate an *imperium in imperio* by allowing the large Italian colony in Tunisia to retain indefinitely its Italian nationality, the policy enunciated by Signor Mussolini and his late Foreign Minister, Signor Grandi, has been winning for Italy more and more moral support and sympathy.

For a long time this sympathy was not forthcoming. In many quarters Italy was thought to be pursuing simply a policy of prestige, and it was anticipated that she would suffer the fate of the Aesopian frog that tried to swell himself up to the size of a bull. Again, later, when Signor Mussolini dropped his blustering speeches and began instead to roar as gently as any sucking dove, it was doubted by many people how far Italy was sincere in her proposals, and wonder was expressed whether, if Italy was as strong and wealthy as France, she would be so ardent a pacifist as she suddenly showed herself to be. There is no question that Signor Mussolini has skilfully availed himself of the trend of world-opinion and that he has exploited to the utmost the tactical advantage of posing as the innocent lamb. To propose a complete cancellation of war debts and reparations does not involve any very great sacrifice for Italy. An all-round scheme of disarmament would materially benefit her more than France.

But if Signor Mussolini has not suddenly become a pacifist

by conviction there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his policy. Italy's insistence that various clauses of the Peace Treaties are open to revision; her frank demand for a more fertile field of expansion in Africa at the first opportunity; her protests against the general increase of tariffs and other restrictions upon trade; the series of commercial treaties that she has made with a number of countries—these are all aims and measures fundamentally intended to revive not only her own commercial prosperity, but that of the world at large. And, above all, Italian foreign policy has had concrete and definite proposals to make. Thus Italy has gradually come to stand for larger comprehension and collaboration between the victors and vanquished of the Great War; for timely attempts to forestall fresh conflicts; and for the substitution of action in the place of endless and inconclusive Conferences. Exactly how far all these ideas are the Duce's and how far they originated with Signor Grandi is immaterial. It is, in any case, a distinct gain to Italy that last summer's reshuffle of the Italian Cabinet should not have deprived her altogether of Signor Grandi's services, and that she should be represented in London by a spokesman with the winning personality of that young statesman.

Three years or so ago Signor Mussolini publicly claimed that "those people who abandoned Italy either out of cowardice or from hostility to Fascism will have one day the supreme shame of no longer recognizing her in her cities, in her countryside, in her men." This claim is no exaggeration. If Fascism were to be judged solely by its material accomplishments its opponents would have but little powder and shot for their campaign. Fascism has to its credit many striking achievements. Town-planning schemes and imposing new buildings have changed the face of several Italian cities. A supreme example is to be seen already in Rome. New districts have sprung up on all sides of the old city, with well-built villas or blocks of flats, with wide streets and tree-shaded pavements. New lines of motor-omnibuses have speeded up communication between the different quarters. According to the town-planning scheme, which is to provide for a city of

2,000,000 persons, or just double the present population, there are also to be a number of new thoroughfares cut through the heart of the capital, while an underground railway is also to be built.

Hand in hand with all this has gone an immense deal of archæological research and restoration. The main area of the improvements has been that of the Capitol. Branching off from the Piazza Venezia at the foot of the gleaming Victor Emanuel monument, there are already under construction two roads, "The road of the hills" and "The road of the sea", which will lead the traveller out of Rome past an unrivalled succession of famous monuments. The discovery of the Markets of Trajan, of the true form of the Ulpian Basilica, of the Forum of Cæsar and of the Temple of Venus Genetrix—these are but the most remarkable fruits of the brilliant work done by Senator Corrado Ricci and his colleagues. All these and other finds are being not merely scientifically excavated and restored, but are, wherever it is possible, set off to the best advantage by the destruction of any disfiguring adjacent buildings. Indeed, the complaint is sometimes heard that the archæologists are having things too much their own way, and that some examples of mediæval and renaissance architecture have been unwarrantedly sacrificed.

But it is not the towns alone that have been transformed. The whole face of Italy is being altered under the influence of Fascist enterprise. The most important and far-reaching of all these undertakings is the grandiose plan of land reclamation. Altogether upwards of 4,000,000 acres will, it is reckoned, be reclaimed, and another 1,000,000 acres will be so improved as to be made capable of intensive cultivation. Striking examples of this land reclamation lie at the very gates of Rome. The Roman Campagna, that once had a reputation of such evil notoriety, has now become a smiling and a fertile plain, wherein crops are grown and live stock is reared with equal success. The draining of the Pontine marshes, and therewith the solution of an engineering problem that had occupied men's minds for over 2,000 years, is already well under way, and will bring under cultivation a vast new area that will be doubly valuable owing

to the rapid growth of the capital. It has been calculated that when this vast national undertaking has been completed, the annual production of cereals will be increased by 20,000,000 quintals, and that there will also be a large increase in agricultural production of all kinds.

This result, if realized, will be of great importance. The poverty of the Italian masses has always been an obstacle to the manufacturer. If, then, at one and the same time money is kept in Italy that would otherwise go to pay for imported cereals, and if this money is put into the pockets of a large number of agriculturists, the economic advantage to the country as a whole will be very great. Incidentally the scheme affords a good example of the theory and practice of Fascism. Signor Mussolini has always insisted—and the point is specifically stressed in the *Carta del Lavoro* (the Magna Carta, as it were, of the working classes)—that Fascism attributes great importance to private initiative and to the individual right to property.

At the same time owners of property are made to feel their responsibilities towards the community. Thus landlords have been given to understand that they are in some degree trustees for the general welfare, and recalcitrant landlords who have declined to accept the advantageous terms offered by the State have had their holdings confiscated.

There is not, in fact, a branch of the national activities that does not show some similar impulse. By means of subsidies and of amalgamations between the various shipping lines the mercantile marine has been stimulated. The railways have been radically reformed—at least upon the main lines—and new construction both of the normal and more narrow gauge has been undertaken. Not only at large ports such as Genoa, Trieste and Naples, but also at smaller ports such as Catania, Trapani and Cagliari important improvements have been taken in hand. Civil aviation is progressing by leaps and bounds. Afforestation is clothing with trees many bare hill and mountain sides. A proper supply of drinking water is being installed in Apulia, in the Basilicata, Calabria, Sicily and even in the Castelli Romani. All these undertakings, designed to provide a livelihood for the labourers of today and for the teeming new

population of tomorrow are costing large sums of money. Wonder is often expressed where Signor Mussolini finds the money required. Italy is proverbially a poor country. Nevertheless, until the aggravation of the world crisis proved too strong for her, as for other and much richer countries, Italy not only wiped out the adverse balances with which the predecessors of Fascism had burdened her Budget, but produced a surplus. Moreover, with the exception of the Morgan loan she incurred no foreign long term loans, and even so it is understood that most of these bonds have been bought back into Italian hands. Of short term credits she has been equally shy. It is perfectly true that Italy has had to pull in her belt. A rigid policy of deflation has been enacted. State employees have had reductions of salary. Every conceivable source of fresh revenue has been tapped, and the pressure of taxation today absorbs some 30 per cent. of the national income as compared with 20 per cent. in the fiscal year 1925-26. Nevertheless the successful conversions of Treasury Bonds carried through last and this year prove that there are still funds at the disposal of a Government enjoying the national confidence.

To some minds there is a drawback in the amount of the funds thus available as proving that money is being put away in the woollen stocking rather than being invested in industry. It is generally said that Signor Mussolini has been least well inspired in his financial policy. The stabilization of the lira at so high a figure as 92.46 to the £ sterling is still regarded in some quarters as a mistake. It is, however, a fact that Italy is relying exclusively on her own resources to meet a very exceptional situation, and the position there is relatively no worse—indeed, it is even better—than in many other countries.

Concerning, finally, the moral changes wrought by Fascism there is a wide divergence of judgment. Supporters of Fascism maintain that Signor Mussolini has given to the Italian people a new and vital feeling of dignity, discipline and self-respect, as also a consciousness of national unity such as it had, perhaps, not felt so fully even in the thrilling days of Garibaldi's exploits. This patriotic sentiment had, of course, been quickened during the war. With the results of the Peace Settlement this

sentiment gave way to disillusion and discontent. The merit of Fascism has been that it reacted against this reaction, kept alive the flickering flame of patriotism and has finally tended it into the steadier fire that burns upon most Italian hearths. There has been, and still is, some extreme jingoism mixed up with this revival of national pride. Signor Mussolini himself, though to an increasingly less extent of late, has fluttered many foreign doves by the blunt, chauvinistic tone of his popular harangues. As the years pass, however, the first ebullience of Fascism has tended to lose its heady sparkle, and a steadier passion, born largely of the consciousness that Italy's position in the hierarchy of the nations is now recognized and that consequently there is less occasion for self-assertiveness, has replaced the bluster resulting from an "inferiority complex."

The sentiment of national unity has been fostered by other than extraneous factors. The conciliation between Church and State has been the greatest of these influences. Despite the serious conflict between the Vatican and the Quirinal over Education and over the political activities of the Church as exerted through the *Azione Cattolica*, the signature of the Lateran Treaties and the settlement of the Roman Question are of incalculable importance. There is no longer room for the old conflict of conscience in the bosom of the fervent Roman Catholic who is also a loyal supporter of the House of Savoy.

To the anti-Fascist the interference by the "totalitarian" State in every human activity is definitely bad for the national *moral*. The Vatican has gone so far as to talk about the "pagan" worship of the State. Want of sympathy with Fascist ideals and practice is, it is claimed, far more widespread than is generally known. Fear of the consequences should any criticism be uttered compels an outward acquiescence, if not enthusiasm. The "fascistization" of teaching, sport, the Press, Art, social relations, labour contracts and even to some extent of religious instruction is, it is argued, taking all the life and spontaneity out of these activities. The very extension of labour contracts is condemned as tending to perpetuate rather than improve the existing conditions of labour. More-

over, the increasingly perfected administration of the Ministry of Corporations is attacked as necessarily stunting the development of leadership on the side of the workers, and thus weakening their powers in the class conflict which is never more than smouldering beneath the ashes and which may eventually break out again with all the old violence. These objections are not merely captious. The Italians are far too intelligent to believe everything that is written or said to them about the virtues and achievements of Fascism. Many of them are, therefore, accustomed to take everything as a matter of course with a grain of salt. Thus, much of the absurdly beslaving adulation of the Press and of toadying deputies defeats its own object, and Fascism frequently does not get the genuine appreciation to which it is entitled.

Addressing the faithful in Milan just three weeks before the historic March on Rome and the assumption of power by Fascism, Signor Mussolini said :

We will pursue a policy of severity and reaction. We will react against the democratic craze, under which everything must be on the same grey mediocre level, and everything is done to render transient and not conspicuous the authority of the State, from the too democratic King to the humblest employee. Democracy has robbed the Italian people of its style—that is to say, of a line of conduct, of colour, force, the picturesque, the unexpected, the element of mysticism, of everything that counts in the mind of the multitudes. We will reintroduce all that. Let us touch all the strings : violence and religion, art and politics ; let us be at once politicians and warriors. . . .

After ten years of Fascism it can scarcely be maintained seriously that the Duce has not, on the whole, kept his promise. There are those who complain that if there is no longer the same level of grey mediocrity, it is merely that the colour has assumed a yet more sombre tint. In other respects the complaint is rather that Signor Mussolini has kept his word only too well. It is not a charge that the ordinary statesman has to face.

OTTAWA AND RECOVERY

BY HAROLD STANNARD

EVERY administration has its honeymoon—that halcyon period in which public opinion acquiesces in the consequences of its own votes and refrains from the grumbles which prelude a change of mind. In regard to the length of its honeymoon, the present Government has been singularly fortunate. The change-over to Protection, which it had taken nearly thirty years of controversy to effect, was swiftly and smoothly carried out in the early days of the new Parliament with only faint grinding from Free Trade brakes that had lost their bite. But, the tariff once introduced, it forthwith became clear that its significance could not be appreciated until after Ottawa. The real break with *laissez-faire* would come not with the passage of a schedule of duties, but with the negotiations consequent on their adoption. The Conference would show whether a group of states animated by mutual goodwill and all availing themselves of the same instrument of economic control could strengthen one another by reciprocal trade ; and its results would thus go far to determine the efficacy of Britain's new fiscal weapon in her dealings with the world at large. Moreover, since the unemployment which is responsible for our domestic troubles is itself a consequence of the decline of our export trade, every aspect of policy, social, imperial, and international, was seen to be dependent upon Ottawa. Now that the fateful conference has been held, opinion, long quiescent, is again becoming active and is beginning to take stock of results achieved and of prospects opened up.

Hostile criticism, though still indeterminate and not very vocal, inclines to the contention that Ottawa was a place of hard bargaining and therefore offensive to decently fastidious nostrils. It is fair to ask whether this argument is meant to

be taken seriously. Pushed to its logical conclusion it would put an end to all exchanges of goods ; for all trade is bargaining, and is satisfactory only in so far as the bargaining is hard. If this obvious truth be evaded by the argument that bargaining should be left to individuals and is either beyond the competence or beneath the dignity of governments, an even more damning retort is invited ; for it is precisely in so far as states have deprived themselves of the power of economic control and have left employers and employed to fight things out that they are impotent in the face of present-day social problems. Indeed, it is now felt on all hands that nineteenth-century Liberalism erred fundamentally in circumscribing the activities of governments. The pendulum of thought has now swung far the other way, and though enthusiasm for Ottawa and approval of the Russian experiment are at opposite poles so far as practical politics are concerned, both reflect the modern impulse towards a planned economy.

It is perhaps just as well that we are an unimaginative people, that we took the Ottawa Conference quietly as part of the arrangements made before the last election transformed the British political scene, and set ourselves in our common-sense way to promote it to its proper place in the new scale of values. The British mind moves cautiously, and had it realized in advance how fundamental were the issues which Ottawa would raise it might have shrunk from their contemplation. Now, however, that the agreements have been made and submit themselves for judgment against the stormy background of world economics, it is becoming clear that Ottawa is the only alternative to Moscow. The question which the whole world is asking is whether the existing economic order—if indeed it may be allowed so honourable a name as order—can be remodelled or must be scrapped. Every constructive impulse in civilization is against scrapping from dread of the chaos that must ensue. Yet when militant nationalism everywhere forbids cohesion, when even bankrupt and distracted Eastern Europe will not admit that the Danube makes an economic unit of the area which it waters, are we not heading straight for the scrap-heap?

Add, too, that the Russian way is so easy—for Russia. An enormous country, with its vast resources still undeveloped and its vast population still primitive, decides to avail itself of everything that modern science and technical skill can place at its disposal, to assign to each individual his task in the exploitation of untouched wealth, and so to achieve in a decade that vast multiplication of comforts and all the attendant rise in the standard of living which the great principle of the division of labour has brought about in the West during the past two centuries. No wonder that the spokesmen of discontented labour, inexperienced in affairs but convinced that enthusiasm can build Utopia, have been caught by the glamour of Moscow's vision. They have not realised that England is made, not in the making ; that our people as a whole are trained workmen, not submissive to training ; that we must live not by supplying our own needs—for they are too complex for our island to satisfy—but by ministering with success to the varied and incalculable demands of the world at large. That is our problem, and those who appreciate it may well shake their heads over the situation in which the world ceases to take the goods we offer. Is there any way out ? Ottawa has asked that question and successfully answered it.

The outstanding result of the Ottawa Conference has been the erection of new standards of fair competition. Once more the agreements reached must be set against their general background, and the main feature of world economics to-day is their flamboyant nationalism. Wheels have a habit of coming full circle, and the prime responsibility for the spirit which excludes British goods lies with Britain's nineteenth-century Free Trade policy. When we were the workshop of the world our manufacturers were right enough in concluding that, given cheap materials and wages corresponding to a low cost of living, they were certain of markets. The prices at which they could sell made demand certain, and if foreign governments set up tariffs, no matter. If the tariffs were high, the goods would not come in and the governments imposing them would lose the anticipated revenue ; tariffs would therefore be low enough for goods to enter, and these goods would be British because

there were none to compete against them. Had this argument been put forward as the formula of British policy under particular circumstances, nothing could have been said against it. Unfortunately, however, the thinkers who formulated the Free Trade doctrine submitted it as a principle of universal application and eternal validity. There could have been no more direct challenge to the nationalism which was developing so rapidly in Europe during the third quarter of the nineteenth century. To the rising pride of the German people in particular it seemed intolerable that they should have no destiny except to consume the products of British factories. To their minds the very name Free Trade was humbug. Under its principles their trade would not be free. It would be fettered by its late start. British industry, already strongly developed, would strangle it in its infancy. The prospect was intolerable. At least the German manufacturer should have security in his home market. He would get it if tariffs were imposed, not to raise revenue but to give protection. This was the doctrine which Friedrich List elaborated and made popular, which Bismarck applied, and which every national state has sedulously adopted since the war.

Nowhere has it found more enthusiastic champions than in the British Dominions. On the Free Trade thesis they were Britain's natural markets. Since their taste so largely reflected ours, their demands could readily be supplied, and there were no barriers of language or habit to overcome. It is not an accident that when Dominion nationalism first became vocal it demanded fiscal freedom, and that the Dominions concluded their own commercial treaties long before they conducted their own foreign policy. True that the Dominions, being British, advanced in economic nationalism very slowly and that the first use they made of their freedom was to grant preferences to the mother country. But as time went on it became more and more a settled principle of Dominion policy that preference must not interfere with local industrial development, and, after the war in particular, the ideal of the economically self-sufficient state appealed powerfully to Dominion sentiment.

It is not surprising that when last year's election heralded the realization of hopes cherished since 1903, there were Protectionists who apprehended that, after all, the chance might have come too late. To them it had long been obvious that every time the Free Trader stated his doctrine he had pulled the rope a trifle tighter round his neck, making the citizen of every country in the world feel that a minimum importation of British goods was the condition of a vigorous economic life of his own; and as the prospects of the Conference were canvassed overseas, the view was insistently expressed that the rising Dominion industries must not be sacrificed to the British manufacturer. Had the Conference met in an atmosphere of general prosperity, this view might have prevailed, and Britain would have seen herself excluded from her last markets by the spirit which her own Free Trade arrogance had generated.

But the very severity of the crisis brought unexpected salvation. The Dominions, themselves exporters in the main of foodstuffs and raw materials, found their producers selling at a loss. The fall in prices could only be met by a fall in costs, and the question thus presented itself, particularly in Australia, whether industries had not been established at too high a price, whether their prosperity was not more than wiped out by the sufferings of the primary producer. Unqualified Protection was in fact bringing its own nemesis, like unqualified Free Trade before it; and when the Conference met, those who took part in it were ready enough to seek a compromise between two contradictory and equally fatal statements of economic principles. Free competition and national monopoly had alike failed to work, and out of their failure was born the new conception of fair competition set out in the treaties between Britain on the one hand and Canada, Australia and New Zealand on the other.

In these agreements the Dominions qualify their economic nationalism by declaring, first, that they will only protect "those industries which are reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success" and, secondly, that the duties which they impose will be such "as will give United Kingdom pro-

ducers full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production." That these undertakings do not occur in the agreement with South Africa is presumably due to the fact that South Africa is still undecided whether to treat Britain or Germany as her principal European market. In the case of Ireland there is no agreement in which they can figure; for the Free State has preferred to give yet further point to the significance of Ottawa by submitting herself as an awful example of nationalist excess. But in the case of the three Dominions whose economic development is most advanced, the agreements lay down a principle new in the economic relations between states and fraught with enormous possibilities. It offers definite evidence that, as scientific protectionists have always contended, the proper aim of Protection is real Free Trade. Its application will make all the long fiscal controversy obsolete. It is an attempt to use the powers of government to plant industries where they have a true economic right to be, avoiding on the one hand the propagation of artificial growths and on the other the extinction of natural growths by an opposition industry with no advantage beyond the happy accident of earlier development. It is a formula capable of giving fresh impulse to the wheels of commerce, now brought almost to a standstill by the friction between uncompromising Free Trade and economic nationalism.

Whether this principle is capable of general application to trade relations between states is at present a doubtful matter. It would probably pass the wit of any tariff board to define "reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production" as between, say, Japan and the United States. Even in Europe the difference between national standards of life is such as to make it a matter of immense difficulty to determine figures which would assign exactly equal wages rates to workers in two competing countries. What, for example, should be the earnings of coal miners in Britain and Poland if British and Polish coal are to compete on level terms? The League of Nations has done some work on comparative wages, but has not gone beyond revealing the

complexity of the problem. The Ottawa Conference has shown a hopeful line of attack. In Britain and the Dominions a similarity of national habits implies a parallel in standards of life sufficiently close for comparisons to be made. When they have been drawn we shall have something to work on in attempting similar comparisons between standards in Britain, France, the Low Countries and Germany. That is the utmost that we can at present hope to attain, and our position in entering on negotiations with our nearest European neighbours is immensely strengthened by the fact that, as Ottawa has made clear, we regard our new insular protection, not as a means of monopolist exclusion, but as a weapon for securing economic justice.

In one other respect Ottawa should prove a powerful aid in the impending revision of Britain's commercial treaties. It has admitted a most convenient elasticity of procedure in the treatment of primary producers, upon whom in the last resort the economic vitality of the world depends. In the case of meats, the British Government has declared its determination to raise prices. (So far have we moved from the days when votes were won by the cry "Your food will cost you more!") To this end arrangements have been made for the restriction of supplies by the establishment of quotas. The Wheat Quota Bill passed last session permits the inference that the British Government would have been prepared to apply the same method to cereals. Such a course, however, could hardly commend itself to the Canadian Government, which can legitimately look forward to the day when the Dominion will be able to meet all oversea requirements of the British consumer and has therefore obtained a preferential entry into the British market. In return Canada undertakes to sell at world prices.

Ottawa has thus provided Britain with alternative means of satisfying the primary producer. She can give him either a guaranteed price without command of the market or command, of the market without a guaranteed price. Her freedom of choice between these courses must needs be a great advantage in negotiation, and the eagerness of such countries as Argentina and Denmark to approach her shows that the

strength of her position is fully appreciated. Perhaps its significance in her regulation of the world's affairs is even yet not apparent. In these days of real though doubtless temporary over-production it may well prove that an open market is more valuable than a fixed price. If this be so, the whole situation in Eastern Europe might be transformed by a British declaration that while Britain would only offer quotas to individual states she would give most-favoured-nation entry to a Balkan Zollverein.

The contribution which Ottawa has made to the world's economic reconstruction does not end with the new principle in regard to the competition of industries, nor with the adoption of alternative methods in dealing with primary products. Britain and Canada have agreed that their preferential arrangements shall not be nullified by the action of a state external to their agreement; and though the clause is directly aimed at Russia, it is equally applicable to the American Federal Farm Board or to any European state giving preferential rates on its railways, and is thus another step in the direction of real Free Trade. Similarly the Ottawa declaration on the principles of monetary policy is a first step towards the provision of a satisfactory international medium of exchange; while the recognition, in the case of the various African Dominions and Territories of the Crown, that there is fair room for preferences within preference may yet pave the way for a compromise between the fiscal union with Austria desired by Germany and the more general Danubian customs union to which France inclines.

To all those hopeful auguries, the advocates of revolution as opposed to reconstruction have but one retort: Unemployment figures are still increasing. It is a fair point, but surely Ottawa's achievements endorse the view that the roots of the world's present evils are political rather than economic, and that it is nationalism rather than capitalism which is breaking down. Further strength is given to this contention by other developments, international and domestic. Lausanne has rid Europe of the burden of reparations, a benefit only made possible by the general admission that the welfare of the Con-

continent as a whole outweighed the profit of individual states. It is unhappily not possible to say that Geneva has similarly rid Europe of the burden of armaments; but at least Geneva has shown that unless an end is put to the competition in armaments arising from the demand for national security, there can be no issue but a war destructive of European civilization. We in Britain have given an example of the better way of patriotism. The triumphant conversion of the War Loan has shown how individual sacrifices may increase the aggregate national strength, has set a precedent which France will not be the only country to follow, and has offered industry the first promise of the cheap money essential to its revival.

Set in its general context, then, Ottawa is much more than a fulfilment of long-cherished hopes or the redemption of recent election pledges. It is an emphatic answer to those who maintain that the world is now too far gone in decay to be revived by anything short of revolution. There is nothing revolutionary about Ottawa. It is the culmination of a development which can be traced back to the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which may even be represented as an ultimate consequence of the loss of the American colonies. That is already an omen for mankind anxiously contemplating the future; and another omen of even greater significance may be drawn from the fact that Ottawa is the first constructive achievement of the present National Government.

Events move so fast nowadays, the impossible so quickly becomes the familiar, that we forget how completely political landmarks were obliterated at the last election. Exactly a century earlier the old England was putting up a last despairing fight against similar obliteration, and in 1931 the two parties whose rivalry had reflected the political vitality of the new England for the intervening hundred years found themselves fused by the popular will, while the new party which had challenged both was overwhelmed in a disaster from which its subsequent dissensions forbid all hope of early recovery. The Government which emerged from the election with such unchallengeable strength was without precedent in British

politics. The whole world regarded it as a portent, and has been watching to see what use it would make of its ample power.

To-day curiosity is satisfied. The Government has set itself to restore cohesion to society, beginning with the Imperial framework which offered the best prospects of success, but pursuing methods capable of the widest extension and imitation. It may well be that what it has achieved may prove decisive for the future of mankind. These ten years and more the champions of revolution have been asking what alternative there was to Bolshevism. They have their answer now in the Ottawa policy of reconstruction inaugurated by a National Government with the people's support behind it, the prestige of Empire about it, and four more years of activity before it.

VENIZELOS AND BALKAN PEACE

BY WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

VENIZELOS, whose work for peace in the Balkans is his most notable achievement since his return to power in 1928, has again been submitting himself to the suffrages of his people. In a single generation Venizelos has brought Athens and certain other vital districts of the peninsula forward from the Middle Ages into the present. The Greek race has attained to territorial sufficiency. Wars have not been avoided, yet a great perspicacity has determined their conduct.

Venizelos has been somewhat inaccurately characterized as a Greek Bolivar. It is true that until now his has been a flair for revolutions and combat, yet he is more than a Bolivar. He knows where to stop. He has fought the Turks. He has fought the Bulgarians. He has fought, cajoled, and outmanœuvred four kings. At the age of sixty-eight, however, he emphasizes retrenchment. Having brought Crete, Western Thrace, and parts of Macedonia and Epirus back under Greek control, and having called to the home-land after the Smyrna disaster more than a million Greek expatriates, he has been faced with that lagging budget which must always follow many wars.

From exile, Eleutherios Venizelos returned to power in July, 1928, and within five months private interest rates dropped from 20 per cent. to 13 per cent. and the price of bread fell from 10.15 to 8.30. The Greek budget, for the first time, balanced. Faced with the superhuman task of finding places in Greece for one million three hundred thousand refugees from Asia Minor, Venizelos planted colonies where they might consolidate the northern frontiers, organised new industries in silk and carpet weaving, the secrets of which his immigrants brought with them, and gave out contracts for draining or irrigating waste lands in order that those who had

hitherto been farmers might have farms. The magnitude of his problem can be conceived only when put in terms which bring it to our own doors: imagine some catastrophe in the outer Empire throwing back millions of colonists whom the mother country must absorb or let perish. Venizelos converted the refugee mob from a liability into an asset.

The basis of Venizelos's personal success is the foreign gold that has been at his disposal. The Tripartite Loan of 1928 and the Productive Loan of the same year were not equally due to his efforts. The first, approved in 1927 by the League of Nations, was issued before his return to power and was heavily over-subscribed. Of the total amount of £9,000,000, £3,000,000 was to be used for the stabilization of the drachma, £3,000,000 for the liquidation of deficits in the previous budgets, and £3,000,000 for expenditures incident upon settling the refugees. Venizelos thus found the instruments ready for his hand when he came back to Greece. Almost immediately, in December, he launched a larger loan, for £22,000,000, to cover reclamation works in the northern provinces, agricultural credits, and road building. At this time his prestige was probably greater in London and New York than it was in Athens. Investors, who had been attracted to the Tripartite Loan because its terms were advantageous and its object was the restoration of a financial system in desperate straits, subscribed to the Productive Loan because it contained even better terms and because the energetic Venizelos stood ready to administer it.

Alarums and excursions have been foreign to Venizelos's policy during the past four years. A new modesty sits becomingly upon Greek aspiration. "France and Italy are great ladies," said the veteran diplomat, when the discussions of naval might in the Mediterranean were at their height. "They give themselves new airs and graces every season. They have their quarrels and their mysterious desires which I do not flatter myself that I understand. For me it would be an arrogance, it would be even an impertinence, to interfere."

It was suggested that France might have certain claims upon Greece which this new policy of retiring aloofness denied.

"Ten years ago," retorted Venizelos, "France and Greece were allies. They were allied to fight a war. To-day, thank God, that war is over and we want to enter into no new wars. We want to live at peace. Consequently we have no new allies. Instead we have friends. We are friends with France, just as we are friends with Italy, friends with Germany, friends with Bulgaria, friends with Yugoslavia, friends, even, with Turkey."

Three months after his return to power in 1928 Venizelos signed his first treaty of friendship and arbitration. He had in the interim visited Rome, Paris, London and Belgrade. October found him signing the pact with Mussolini. November found him signing a commercial treaty with Yugoslavia, which he followed with a treaty of friendship in March, 1929. The next year he went to Angora, and there signed a treaty of friendship with the new Turkey. He inaugurated the year 1931 by a series of flying visits to Warsaw, Vienna and Rome, the year 1932 by his activity at Geneva. It would not be difficult to construct some sort of political pattern out of his crossings and re-crossings of the map. Yet there has been apparent in his policy no genuflexion either towards Paris or towards Rome, either towards the Little Entente or the Central Powers. If anything, Venizelos has aimed at a strenuous neutrality. For him this is indeed a new departure.

After fifty years of warring, Venizelos has become a man of peace. Turk-hater, he has led more insurrections than any other living man. The Balkan Wars, and in a sense the World War itself, were but his instruments for the creation of a greater Hellas. And yet to-day even the Turks no longer rouse Venizelos's wrath. He has enough. After having fought them, literally, for fifty years, he crowned at Angora his understanding with the Ghazi.

It may be significant to pass in review his stormy career, since his history has been that of his country during half a century. Venizelos was born at Crete in 1864 in the very year when the Greek population of the island petitioned that the Sultan put into effect religious reforms which he had promised a decade earlier. Crete was still under the Ottoman

Empire. It could not break away. Venizelos was in school when the revolt of 1878 interrupted his studies. Eleven years later, he was old enough to take a part, and after the marchings and countermarchings of 1889 he was forced to flee the homeland. Although he had studied for the law at Athens, and although he was admirably prepared, with his quick wit, fine eloquence, and admirable mind, to practise at the bar, everything compelled him to become a politician and a leader of the revolution.

A most vital element in Venizelos's successful leadership throughout most of the modern period has been his tact in choosing friends for Greece. In 1897, as the young leader of the Cretan rebels whose activity at last obliged the Powers to intervene, he met for the first time representatives of the Mediterranean navies. The impression was ineradicable. It was he who had forced toward freedom the fourth largest island of the inland sea, yet he realized, perhaps bitterly, that whatever he and his little army might accomplish mattered nothing before the decisions to be taken by England, France, Germany, Italy, and Austria. These were "the great ladies", whose favour it was necessary to win. When, in the discussions immediately concerned with Crete, the Central Powers retired, his choice of a protector was narrowed. England and France appeared to him then as the backers he must win. From that moment through to the present he has pursued their friendship—if not always their alliance.

"We wish to be as independent as we can," Venizelos has told me. "That is the common desire of all countries. Yet every one of them is none the less dependent on others in some sort of way, yes, even the greatest of them is dependent."

Venizelos has felt no shame in enlisting the Powers of Europe in his quarrels with the Turk. In one way, he saw himself fighting their battles. For twenty years he was content with the rôle of a revolutionary in Crete, but in the end, as was inevitable, he came to Athens, called in to act as the political adviser to less accomplished revolutionists. Officers of the army and navy had overthrown the government. Their object had been the reform of the administration. Already,

however, they had so quarrelled among themselves and with the King and with their own new ministers that they realized that they had no idea what to do. Everyone had heard of the young fire-eater of Crete. He might advise them . . . yet in the end he would be just the sort of provincial lawyer whom they could manage. They sent for him. Venizelos revised the constitution along lines which would appeal to the liberal Powers. He perfected the internal administration. He reformed the army and navy, enlisting his friends the English and the French as his military advisers. Ten years before he should be called upon to use it, he shaped the weapon which was to make all Greek lands one.

All illusions cherished in the metropolis that Venizelos might be a leader easily to be managed faded before the experience and the one idea of the Cretan. He wanted to oust the Turk. This consideration alone dictated his policy during the Balkan Wars. It led him later to join the Allies and advocate the Salonika Offensive. King Constantine proved reluctant. Venizelos, after having brought on two general elections, and after having been dismissed unconstitutionally by the King, went to Crete and organised a revolution. He had already called allied troops to Salonika. He now set up under their protection a provisional Greek government for which he obtained the recognition of both France and England. Until the King fell he, Venizelos, was Greece, and the government in Athens ceased diplomatically to exist. With the aid of the Allies he was using the very strategem which the Young Turks executed against the Sultan. Constantine was overthrown. Greece entered the War under Venizelos.

With the Treaties of Neuilly and Sèvres Greece bit off more than could be chewed. Venizelos, who had got out of touch with his people, fell. The Smyrna offensive collapsed. Although he returned to office for a brief period in 1924, and although he represented Greece in Western Europe and took part in the Conference of Lausanne, he really lived apart from his country for six years before his return to full authority. During this period the essential recrystallization of his policy occurred. The man of wars and revolutions became the man

of compromises and treaties who has since led Greece into still waters.

It has become customary to speak of wars and rumours of wars in discussing the Balkans. During Venizelos's absence from Greece a grave number of disturbances threatened the peace between Bulgaria and his country. In 1913 Bulgars in the Maritsa valley rose against their new masters, and were only suppressed with great cruelty. The matter led to bitterness between Athens and Sofia which was only aggravated by a series of short-sighted manœuvres in which Greek border posts conducted themselves with ferocity, and prisoners were murdered. In 1925 fresh incidents kept the border alive with rumours. Near Petrich Greek troops actually occupied Bulgarian territory. Never was a restraining hand more needed than when Venizelos came back to the control in Athens. From the first, it became apparent that he came not to fan the flames but to quell them.

Since his return Venizelos has consistently built up a peace *moral* in Greece. The policy is not without astuteness, for the pacifist party is undeniably one of the strongest elements of Greek political life since the refugees of Smyrna have come in. Even without the support of strong popular sentiment however, a pacific regime is indicated as never before in recent Greek history. The danger of undigested conquests is a real one. Greece has been acquiring territory and peoples more swiftly than she can assimilate them. By an exchange of populations a certain homogeneity of race may be hoped for, yet with Albania and with Bulgaria and with Turkey this advantage has been offset by the brutality of deportations, and by the resultant ill-feeling across frontiers which are neither inevitable nor inviolate.

To offset the impression created by border atrocities and to soften the sting of deportations Venizelos has lately attempted to win Bulgarian friendship through the offer of facilities on the Aegean. He was constrained by the Treaty of Neuilly to arrange some sort of trade route to the Aegean for the shoreless western provinces of the Bulgars. By the treaty of August 10th, 1920, it was decided that this trade route

should lead to Dédéagach. During the conversations at Lausanne, to which they had invited Bulgaria, the Allies proposed a complete system of communication which would have assured a trade route through the building up of a harbour near Dédéagach. Bulgaria rejected the several Allied proposals.

Of old, Venizelos would never have turned the other cheek. He would have persisted in the most wrong-headed policy so long as it brought territorial gains to Greece. To-day, however, it is not territorial gains, but territorial consolidation which is of first importance. The neighbours of Greece must be propitiated. The excitable border troops have been calmed. The trade route of the Bulgars has not been allowed to die.

With an adverse trade balance, an unsettled frontier endangered by *comitadji*, and an unsolved trade-route riddle. Venizelos has continued his efforts to win Bulgarian friendship by dangling Salonika's free harbour and the way through the Struma valley as inducement. To set his house in order, at whatever price, became his watchword. Even his relations with Russia became impeccable. At the time when Downing Street broke off relations with the Soviet Greece benefited largely through the Russian use of Greek ships for the Aegean and Black Sea traffic instead of British. The relations inaugurated then have persisted to this day. Two years ago Venizelos crowned them by the drafting of a commercial treaty of some advantage. Rather than risk an enemy, he made a friend. It has been the new Venizelos's policy.

With Turkey, his hereditary and traditional foe, Venizelos's relations have been of the best. He has made it a point, however, to remove all families of undefined nationality from the frontier region in Thrace. The origin of this decision possibly lies in the need of consolidating his frontier population. It also must have some relation to the known course of events when Western Thrace was not Greek, but Bulgarian, just before the War. Gümüljina became Bulgarian after the Treaty of Constantinople, September 29, 1913. It proved a dangerous cession. The Moslem deputies from the region happened to be just numerous enough to hold the balance of power in the Bulgarian legislature, and their effect upon the

subsequent orientation of Bulgaria toward the Central Powers was decisive. Bulgaria ceased to be master in her own house. Venizelos was not anxious to repeat that experience.

"Already," he has said, "families of undecided nationality have been moved away from Thrace. We say to them: You are undesirable here. You must get out. Go somewhere far away from the border. We will indemnify you for the loss of your land. We will pay your transportation. But you must go."

Westward from Thrace, in Macedonia, Venizelos has tried to calm the tribesmen who have fallen into an unprecedented activity of raiding and arson since the peace. The *comitadji* who cross the frontier in the name of a united Macedonia he rigorously condemns:

"Macedonia? There is no state of Macedonia, and there is no Macedonian question. Macedonia is a place. It is populated by 1,050,000 Greeks, and by Bulgarians, and by Serbs, and by Turks, and by Grecomanes. It is divided between four Balkan states. If anyone were to attempt the formation of a Macedonian kingdom to-day there would have to be a new war. Let us not think of it. We have fought for the present peace and we do not wish to think of possibilities leading to new conflict.

"Macedonia? Macedonia is a geographical expression. No Macedonian nation exists. The idea of such a thing is absurd, frankly and absolutely absurd."

Undeniably Venizelos desired an immediate and pacific settlement of the Macedonian and Thracian unrest because he realized that the Greek frontier in both these regions is artificial. He has accomplished an enormous task in settling thousands of square miles of border territory with Greek refugees of no uncertain sympathy. It remains to consolidate his frontiers through treaties and agreements amicably reached. Out of this anxiety grew his latest interest, an interest in a Balkan block, a Balkan union. Yugoslavia perhaps first launched the idea when the Treaty of Tirana between Italy and Albania brought home to her a sense of insecurity and isolation. The Little Entente was not enough. It became necessary to build

agrarian blocks, and to turn for some sort of refuge to the old feeling of Balkan solidarity.

Venizelos has found a mission for Greece in modern statecraft. Here lies the real clue to his peace policy. He wants to bring about a union of all the Balkan states, putting effective end to the disgraceful squabbling which has ruined the peninsula's good name ever since the Porte grew too weak to keep order—and putting an effective stamp on the *status quo*.

"Who can be hurt," asks Venizelos, "who can be offended by a Balkan League? A Balkan League can surely in no way injure the plan for a United States of Europe. On the contrary, it should help to bring it nearer realization. The United States of Europe, furthermore, is not so near as all that . . . not yet. It is to be wished for. It is highly desirable. But it is still far. "In the meantime, why not 'The Balkans to the Balkans?' Can the world, or can Europe, object if the peninsula belongs to its own inhabitants

There is in Venizelos's dream of a Balkan union some spark of that original fire which consumed him until he had united all of Greece. Since it is obviously impossible for Greek valour and for Greek arms to conquer and make one the whole peninsula, and since for the security of Greece, as it is now constituted, a tranquilised and industrious Balkans is paramount, Venizelos is simply taking the next logical step of his long career as he advances from his advocacy of revolts and wars to his advocacy of closer ties, warmer friendships, mutual concessions and full understanding. The attitude may be, as befits a patriot, essentially selfish. It may benefit Greece quite as much, if not more, than certain other of the Balkan states. Yet for the very reason that every recent European War has come out of the Balkans, it becomes us to look with interest upon one Balkan statesman who pleads for peace after having professed the doctrine of the sword for fifty years. Venizelos in his new rôle has been the first prophet of pacifism that the fiery south-west corner of Europe has sent out since biblical days.

ROAD AND RAIL

The Historical Background

BY BASIL D. NICHOLSON

I

THE departure of the Romans was followed by twelve centuries of "foundrous" roads—so unbelievably foundrous that the history of transport forms the best antidote to those genial mediævalists who would have us forget Michelet's terse summary of the Middle Ages as "a thousand years without a bath." England was reduced to the natural condition of Norway. Her coasts alone supported large populations or commercial industries, except where a river drove a wedge inland and allowed the growth of a great town, almost as an outpost of civilization, at its highest navigable point. The roads were administered by the mile, first as a feudal incident, then as an act of piety, and finally as the statutory, unpaid task of the parish inhabitants, who regarded it as a holiday, under the orders of a fortuitously appointed and unpaid surveyor. There was a vague obligation to maintain an ill-defined *status quo*, but the idea of through roads, or of a national system as it had existed under the Romans, was altogether absent.

Not only the mechanism but the conception of co-operative action by the various parishes was absent. The traffic was small in volume and mainly animal—coaches only became important in the late seventeenth century—so that few roads were more than trackways. For a considerable distance on either side they were cleared of trees and bushes to prevent ambush, and, in the neighbourhood of the more altruistic towns they were occasionally sprinkled with shingle to fill up the ruts. All the road material, in those cases where any was

used, was taken from close at hand, and this introduced a further difficulty. In a predominantly arable country the most prosperous districts, where the roads had most calls made on them, had no rock and a rich creamy soil. Where the right material was available, in Scotland for example, the countryside was not rich enough to make road-construction economic. So that the muddiest countrysides ended up with a network of morasses, and tended even to be proud of them as evidence of the quality of their soil for tillage. As a result of this every local community was to an almost savage extent self-contained. The trade of an inland village was general over a five-mile radius, but the only two commodities that came from outside that area at all normally were millstones and salt.

It was not only lack of honesty and goodwill on the part of the statute labourers and the statute surveyor that produced those amazing anecdotes of drowned pack-horses and men sitting astride them with their nostrils just clear of the chocolate-coloured ooze. Roadmaking is too technical to be carried out by amateurs, even with the best will in the world. Moreover, it needs money. The usual method of financing road-work was to wait till the parish could be proved to have failed in its duty, and then to proceed to indictment, inflict a fine, and transfer it to the surveyor. The rating Acts were too limited in scope to serve the purpose as well.

Coastal navigation was in a more thriving state than it should have been because of this unnatural throttling of inland transport. There the harbours were the only weak point. As to the rivers, although river-traffic made possible the existence and increase of industry far from the sea, and supplied a market for other goods as a result, no trouble was taken with the upkeep of the channels. It was not till the late seventeenth century that systematic widening and maintenance of rivers took place, and by then the days of river-transport were nearly over. It was slow and uncertain, there was a very high percentage of loss through pilfering, and the river's course was too restricted for river transport to survive the creation of any alternative.

From 1706 onwards the shrewd contemporary observer

could have told that the days when natural trackways such as the sea and the rivers had a monopoly were at an end. From that time Turnpike Acts began to be passed in hundreds. Under these Acts the greater roads, where they passed through hamlets and parishes too small to bear the cost of their upkeep, were entrusted to bodies with power to exact tolls. As a rule each trust administered some twenty miles of road, and was managed by local magnates, to get the support of the neighbourhood. Their powers were very sketchily defined, and quite unchecked. There were numerous abuses. At first the direction of the roads was dictated by the private interests of the trustees, and later they began to be farmed out casually to rapacious syndicates.

But, in spite of these, and although there was at first no pronounced advance in technical skill, the roads improved greatly under the new system. It was evident at the opening of the second half of the eighteenth century that the turnpike system had been the salvation of English road transport. The steadily rising murmurs against it were inevitable and justified. It is unthinkable that the highways should not be the king's. But the influence of the turnpike trusts had been invaluable in setting new standards of road management. When the time came for the roads to be freed from tolls they were handed back to the State in better order than that in which they had been received.

From the administrative point of view the chaos grew worse. The smaller roads and many sections of the larger remained in the hands of the parish authorities—probably ninety per cent. so remained as late as 1750. The practice grew, therefore, of leaving their repair to paupers, and dispensing with the statute labour altogether. This system, besides the disciplinary and technical difficulties of using a labour-force that is predominantly unemployable and cannot be dismissed, had the fundamental defect that paupers were fewest in those prosperous districts where the roads needed most attention. Sussex and the Midland counties still remained surrounded by an impassable gulf of mud, which Sussex rather welcomed as an aid to its smuggling activities.

The fact that the roads were inadequate to the volume of traffic they had to carry might not in itself have been decisive. But the steady rise of pastoral farming brought a new factor into the English economy, and led to the rise of prosperity in hitherto insignificant districts, especially in the west. As internal trade quickened, the river-system proved incapable of coping with it, and wheeled traffic carrying considerable weights streamed on to the roads. The wildfire growth of London, and the beginnings of international trade as we know it to-day destroyed the tradition of self-contained communities, and quickened the exchange of goods. There was a new demand for speed and comfort in passenger transport.

The first suggestion that good roads could be made and maintained apart from the turnpike-system came from Scotland. The Act of Union, followed by the "15" and the "45," had necessitated the opening-up of the Highlands by a planned system of good roads in districts where there was no chance of their being a commercial proposition. These roads had a fortuitous advantage in that good road material was readily obtainable from the countryside. To the military concerned it seemed, indeed, the only possible use for such a landscape that it made good roads. As a result, the Scottish non-commercial highways were better than the results of private enterprise in the south.

But there was no rose-strewn advance from bad roads to moderate roads obstructed by toll-gates, and thence to the smooth, glorious, sanguinary surfaces of to-day with no more substantial obstructions than a corpse or two. Wheeled traffic and livestock are incompatible with one another. The ideal surface for wheeled traffic is hard and smooth, while both horses and cattle prefer a natural, yielding, and irregular footing of turf or churned-up soil. As wheeled traffic grew in volume Act upon Act was passed limiting the weight of carts, the width of their wheel-tread, the numbers of their draught-horses, and even the number of nails in each wheel-rim. But it was a losing battle. The new traffic could not be suited to the old roads, and such was the growth of its importance that the adaptation of the roads to its demands was simply a matter of time.

But the legislative opposition did have one unexpected effect. The freight-carts, discouraged on the roads by the laws, by the roads themselves, and by the economic check of tolls, could not deal with the rising needs of inland transport. From widening and deflecting rivers in the 17th century the engineer passed to linking them up in the early eighteenth century, and finally to creating them.

The Sankey Brook scheme of 1755 marked the beginning of this new era, and the Duke of Bridgewater quickly saw its possibilities, and engaged Brindley to build several canals in the Manchester neighbourhood, which embodied new engineering technique. The spate of canals which followed, including the Grand Trunk, reduced the cost of transport by some 70 per cent. At the beginning of the railway age there was a system of canals as yet sufficient to all demands made on it, the new macadamised roads with surfaces of hand-broken stone were rapidly spreading, and the Roman roads of Telford had begun to introduce the conception that lies behind the modern by-pass.

II

But the early days of the railways were almost as preposterously stormy, almost as much at the mercy of open or veiled malignancy, as Hareton Earnshaw's. Lord Eldon, Lord Darlington, and the Marquess of Stafford might be taken as their representative opponents—the quibbles of the law, the foxes of the landowner, and the purses of the canal-proprietor. They were dishonest opponents, not because of their reasons for opposition, but because they could all be answered in the same way—straight from the pocket. By 1830 the railways had met all of these, and learnt to reckon bribery and the buying-off of opposition as part of their construction mileage-cost, like any Turkish company.

The trackways out of which they developed were mainly attached to a colliery or a quarry, and not intended for the carriage of general merchandise; they were variable in gauge and in materials of construction, and they relied for haulage on

horses, stationary engines, rack locomotives, and rope haulage indiscriminately. Their assured limitations had, at first, freed them from the jealousy of the canal-owners. Their early days present, indeed, a curious spectacle of precocity. The fantastic profiteering of the canal companies had created a seething resentment that was ready to back any competitive means of transport, whether it was strictly economic or not. The ill-served merchants and the great mass of uninvested floating capital of that period combined to pour money into a method of transport that had not yet really been invented. The railways certainly needed all the capital they could get. They had to capitalise their lines about twice as heavily as countries with equal technical difficulties, such as France, and five times as heavily as flat countries and new countries, such as Denmark and Canada. The early railway dividends of ten to twenty per cent. were really dividends of twenty-five to thirty per cent., the better part of which went to pay the interest on money borrowed for the benefit of the Eldons, the Staffords and the Darlingtons. The point is an interesting one, because this capital has never been written off, and is largely responsible for the present freight rates, and so for the inflated development of road transport.

The growth of railways was the more bitterly opposed since they were naturally constructed in the same busy, industrial areas as the canals, and often side by side with them. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway tapped the same traffic as the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal and the Mersey and Irwell Navigation; the Grand Junction Railway the same as the Grand Junction Canal and the Trent and Mersey Canal; the Garnkirk and Glasgow Railway competed directly with the Monkland Canal. The profits of the most successful canal companies suffered an early and heavy loss for this reason, while those of the more moderate undertakings in the less heavily industrialised areas remained long unshaken.

When once the opposition to construction had been faced and bought off other troubles started. A tax of one-eighth of a penny per passenger per mile was imposed on the railways in 1830. This was later withdrawn altogether so far as third

class travel was concerned, but its infliction may be said to mark the beginning of legislative interest in the railways. Legislative interest mainly meant legislative persecution. A year of wild speculation in 1836 aroused still more official distrust, and the railways were shortly afterwards declared liable for rates-assessment. They have ever since had the perhaps doubtful honour of being the main pillars of English local government.

But it was not in taxation or in unreasonable encroachment that the Government proved most dangerous to the development of railways, it was in good intentions. It had seen the canal shares changing hands at ten times their price of issue and giving interest at 75 per cent., while the insolence and inefficiency of the canal companies crippled the industries on which they were parasitic, and they had developed what may be called a monopoly-complex. Up to 1836 the Government almost engineered fights between the great railway interests—between Hudson and Carr Glynn, between the Quakers in the industrial areas and the farmers outside them—since they regarded competition as a good in itself. The results proved them wrong. The cost of obtaining Acts of Parliament increased. The same happened to the price of land over which wayleaves were needed. The sum total of capital was doubled and individual receipts were halved by the establishment of two lines where one would have done. And the wild speculation of 1836 added considerably to the over-capitalisation that had taken place when the lines were constructed. It would probably be true to say that before 1836 railway capitalization was 250 per cent. of what the lines could soundly pay interest on, and that by 1840 it had risen to about 600 per cent.

The blessings of competition began to be forgotten. The Board of Trade had powers to report on railway bills as they were presented, and, in effect, to quash them, but the disappointed projectors managed to have these powers removed. The reasons for that, too, are suggestive. Just at that time there was a real demand for railways in unreasonable places. From 1843 to 1846 the price of corn and the immense farming

competition made grain transport an important industry. These three years, ending with the repeal of the Corn Laws, resulted in a criss-crossing of the Eastern counties with lines that no later traffic has been able to justify. The Board naturally reported against most of these, since they had no place in a permanent national system, but the temporary demand for the lines was such that the projectors were able to represent the refusal of an Act as tyrannical.

But intelligent regulation of railways had a more formidable enemy than corn. The giant speculations of 1845 and 1846 brought about a vast inflation of lines and of capitalization. There were twenty-four Railway Acts in 1843, and thirty-seven in 1844—both of them legitimate figures when it is remembered that the average length of line to each company was about 15 miles. But in 1845 almost 250 were initiated, and in 1846, the climax of the mania, as many as 815, affecting 20,000 miles of track. Since the whole existing system amounted to some 2,000 miles in 1843, such an increase was obviously extravagant. The total mileage of the four great railway groups to-day is 19,822—less than was proposed in that year alone.

The older companies were forced to raise their capital still more by buying out frivolously started competitors, as well as lines that forestalled developments which they themselves had planned to make a decade or two later. Those new flotations that had not this good fortune of being able to levy blackmail went into liquidation. The Government helpfully passed an Act "to facilitate the abandonment of railways" in 1850, and by its help 1,560 out of the 8,600 miles of track sanctioned between 1845 and 1847 were abandoned, while a further two thousand were left derelict more informally by bankruptcy—in all about 42 per cent. of disasters. The proportion was, in point of fact, even greater. A large proportion of the lines which the sounder companies bought out were run, and still are run, at a loss. "Many of them," it was remarked, "which were accepted as feeders proved to be only suckers."

But the disaster did partly liquidate the inflated burdens of capital, and did leave a saner conception of railway possibilities behind it.

By 1850 the railway system consisted of knots of lines connected with other knots by the thin threads of the main routes. The main gaps in the service were in the Highlands of Scotland, and from east to west everywhere ; both these gaps remain to a large extent even now unfilled.

The attacks on the railways were not, of course, entirely made by vested interests. The argument that "had God meant us to go by rail He would have created us with wheels" had at one time an astonishing force. Serious and well-grounded doubts were felt as to the social effects of the railways. A contemporary opinion quoted by Pratt is that "railroads, if they succeed, will give an unnatural impetus to society, destroy all the relations between man and man, drain the provinces of all their resources and create, at the peril of life, all sorts of confusion and distress. If they fail, nothing will be left but the hideous memorials of public folly."

There was something in it. The troubles of the industrial revolution were largely the symptoms of an unnatural impetus ; the whole social structure of England was shattered by the multiplication of strangers ; the provinces have been sucked dry by the pull of London, Glasgow, Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol and Liverpool ; and the hideous memorials certainly remain, even if they are taken to commemorate public qualities more reputable than folly.

But it is impossible to dip even so hastily as this into the two formative centuries of English transport from 1650 to 1850 without seeing how deep the social influence of both road and rail has been. They have both been greater liberators than Bolivar. For those who hotly take one side or the other in the present struggle it is a useful corrective to consider the magnificent, if haphazard, contribution which both have made. We have surely room for two such servants.

THE PIPE-SMOKER

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

I DON'T usually mind walking in rain, but on this occasion the rain was coming down in torrents and I still had ten miles to go. That was why I stopped at the first house, a house about a mile from the village ahead of me, and looked over the garden gate. The house didn't look promising, for I saw at once that it was empty. All the windows were shut and not one of them had a blind or a curtain. Through one on the ground floor I saw bare walls, a bare mantelpiece and an empty grate. The garden too was wild, the beds full of weeds : you would hardly have known it for a garden but for the fence, the vestiges of straight paths, and the lilac-bushes which were in full bloom and sent showers of water to the grass every time the wind tossed them.

You can imagine, then, that I was surprised when a man strolled out from the lilacs and came slowly towards me down the path. What was surprising was not merely that he was there but that he was strolling aimlessly about, bare-headed and without a mackintosh, in the drenching rain. He was rather a fat man and dressed as a clergyman, grey-haired, bald, clean-shaven, with that swollen-headed and over-intense look which one sees in portraits of William Blake. I noticed at once how his arms hung limply at his sides. His clothes and—what made him still stranger—his face were streaming with water. He didn't seem to be in the least aware of the rain. But I was. It was beginning to trickle through my hair and down my neck, and I said :

"Excuse me, Sir, but may I come in and shelter?"

He started and raised puzzled eyes to mine. "Shelter?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, "from the rain."

"Ah, from the rain. Yes, Sir, by all means. Pray come in."

I opened the garden gate and followed him down a path towards the front door where he stood aside with a slight bow to let me pass in first. "I fear you won't find it very comfortable," he said when we were in the hall. "However, come in, Sir; in here, first door on the left."

The room, which was a large one with a bow-window divided into five lights, was empty, except for a deal table and bench and a smaller table in a corner near the door with an unlighted lamp on it.

"Pray sit down, Sir," he said, pointing to the bench with another slight bow. There was an old-fashioned politeness in his manner and language. He himself did not sit down, but walked to the window and stood looking out at the streaming garden, his arms still hanging idly at his sides.

"Apparently you don't mind rain as much as I do, Sir," I said, in an attempt to be amiable.

He turned round and I had the impression that he could not turn his head and so had to turn his whole body in order to look at me.

"No; oh no!" he replied. "Not at all. In point of fact, I hadn't observed it till you pointed it out."

"But you must be very wet," I said. "Wouldn't it be wiser to change?"

"To change?" His gaze became searching and suspicious at the question.

"To change your wet clothes."

"Change my clothes?" he said. "Oh no! Oh, dear me no, Sir! If they're wet, doubtless they'll dry in course of time. It isn't raining in here, I take it?"

I looked at his face. He really was asking for information. "No," I replied, "It isn't raining in here, thank goodness."

"I fear I can't offer you anything," he said politely. "A woman comes from the village in the mornings and evenings, but meanwhile I'm quite helpless." He opened and closed his hanging hands. "Unless," he added, "you would care to go to the kitchen and make yourself a cup of tea, if you understand such things."

I refused, but asked leave to smoke a cigarette.

"Pray do," he said. "I fear I have none to offer you. The other, my predecessor, used to smoke cigarettes, but I'm a pipe-smoker." He brought a pipe and pouch from his pocket: it was a relief to see him use his arms and hands.

When we had both lit up, I spoke again: I was conscious all the while that the responsibility for conversation was mine, that if I had not spoken my strange host would have made no attempt to break the silence, but would simply have stood with his arms at his sides looking straight in front of him either at the garden or at me.

I glanced round the bare room. "You're just moving in, I suppose?" I said.

"Moving in?" He moved slightly and turned his intense, uncomfortable gaze on me again.

"Moving into this house, I mean."

"Oh no," he said. "Oh dear me no, Sir. I've been here for several years; or rather, I myself have been here for nearly a year, and the other, my predecessor, was here for five years before that. Yes, it must be seven months now since he passed away. No doubt, Sir,"—a melancholy, wistful smile unexpectedly transformed his face—"no doubt you won't believe me—Mrs. Bellows wouldn't—when I tell you I've been here only seven months, there or thereabouts."

"If you say so, Sir," I replied, "why should I disbelieve you?"

He took a few steps towards me and lifted his right hand. Reluctantly I took it, a thick, limp, cold hand that gave me an unpleasant thrill. "Thank you, Sir," he said; "thank you. You're the first, absolutely the first . . . !"

I dropped the hand and he did not finish the phrase. He had fallen, apparently, into a reverie. Then he began again. "No doubt all would have been well if only my . . . that is, my predecessor's old cousin had not left him this house. He was better off where he was. He was a clergyman, you know." He opened his hands, exhibiting himself. "These are his clothes."

Again he absented himself, fell into a reverie, while his body

in its clergyman's clothes stood before me. Suddenly he asked me: "Do you believe in confession?"

"In confession?" I said. "You mean in the religious sense of the term?"

He took a step closer. He was almost touching me now. "What I mean is," he said, lowering his voice and looking at me intensely, "do you believe that to confess, to confess a sin or a . . . a crime, brings relief?"

What was he going to tell me? I should have liked to say No, to discourage any confession from the poor old creature, but he had put his question so appealingly that I could not find it in my heart to repulse him. "Yes," I said, "I think that by speaking of it one can often rid oneself of a weight on the mind."

"You have been so sympathetic, Sir," he said with one of his polite bows, "that I feel tempted to trespass . . .!" He lifted one of his heavy hands in a perfunctory gesture and dropped it again. "Would you have the patience to listen?"

He stood beside me as if he had been a tailor's dummy that had been placed there. His leg touched my knee. I felt strongly repelled by his closeness. "Won't you sit down, there?" I said, pointing to the other end of the bench on which I was sitting. "I should find it easier to listen."

He turned his body and gazed earnestly at the bench, then sat down on it, facing me, a leg on either side of it, leaning towards me. He was about to speak, but he checked himself and glanced at the window and the door. Then he took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the table, and his eyes returned to me. "My secret, my terrible secret," he said, "is that I'm a murderer."

His statement horrified me, as well it might; and yet, I think, it hardly surprised me. His extreme strangeness had prepared me, to some extent, for something rather grim. I caught my breath and stared at him, and he, with horror in his eyes, stared back at me. He seemed to be waiting for me to speak, but at first I could not speak. What, in the name of sanity, could I say? What I did say at last was something fantastically inadequate. "And this," I said, "weighs on your mind?"

"It haunts me," he said, suddenly clenching his heavy, limp hands that lay on the bench in front of him. "Would you have the patience . . ."

I nodded. "Tell me about it," I said.

"If it hadn't been for the legacy of this house," he began, "nothing would have happened. The other, my predecessor, would have stayed in his rectory, and I . . . I should never have come on the scene at all. Although it must be confessed that he, my predecessor, was not happy in his rectory. He met with unfriendliness, suspicion. That was why he first came to this house, just as a trial, you see. It was bequeathed to him empty: simply the house, no furniture, no money, and he came and put in one or two things, this table, this bench, a few kitchen things, a folding bed upstairs. He wanted, you see, to try it, first. Its remoteness appealed to him, but he wanted to be sure about in other ways. Some houses, you see, are safe, and some are not, and he wanted to make sure that this was a safe house before moving into it." He paused and then said very earnestly: "Let me advise you, my friend, always to do that when you contemplate moving into a strange house; because some houses are very unsafe."

I nodded. "Quite so!" I said. "Damp walls, bad drainage, and so on."

He shook his head. "No," he said, "not that. Something much more serious than that. I mean the spirit of the house. Don't you feel?"—his gaze grew more piercing than ever—"that this is a dangerous house?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Empty houses are always a little queer," I said.

He reflected on this statement. "And you have noticed," he inquired at last, "the queerness of this one?"

I did, as he asked me the question, feel that the house was queer; but it was *his* queerness, I knew well enough, and the grim suggestiveness of his talk, that made it so, and I replied: "Not queerer than other empty houses, Sir."

He gazed at me incredulously. "Strange!" he said. "Strange that you shouldn't feel it. Though it's true that . . . that the other, my predecessor, didn't feel it at first."

Even this room—for this room, Sir, is the dangerous room—didn't seem strange to him at first, no, even in spite of a very peculiar thing about it."

If it had been fine, I should have ended the conversation and left him, for the old man's talk and manners were making me feel more and more uncomfortable. But it was not fine: it was raining as hard as ever and was becoming very dark. Evidently we were in for a thunderstorm.

The old man got up from the bench. "I think I can show you now," he said, "the peculiar thing about the room. It is visible only after dark, but I think it is dark enough now."

He went to the little table in the corner and began to light the lamp. When it was alight and he had replaced the frosted glass globe, he brought it to the larger table and set it down on my left. "Now," he said to me, "sit square to the table."

I did so. Before me across the bare room was the curtainless five-lighted bow-window.

"You are sitting now," he said, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder, "where the other, my predecessor, used to sit and take his meals."

I could not restrain a start, nor resist the impulse to turn and face him. It made me uneasy to have him standing over me, behind me, out of sight. He appeared surprised. "Pray don't be alarmed, Sir," he said, "but turn back and tell me what you see."

I obeyed. "I see the window," I said.

"Is that all?" he asked.

I stared at the window. "No," I said. "I also see five reflections of myself, one in each light of the window."

"Just so," said the old man, "just so! That is what the other saw when he took his meals alone. He saw the five other selves each eating its lonely meal. When he poured out some water, each of them poured out water: when he lit a cigarette, each of them lit a cigarette."

"Of course," I said. "And that alarmed your friend, the clergyman?"

"The Reverend James Baxter," said the old man; "that

was his name. Be sure not to forget it, my friend; and if people ask you who lives here, remember to say the Reverend James Baxter. Nobody knows, you see, that . . . that . . .!"

"Nobody knows what you told me. I understand."

"Exactly!" he said, suddenly dropping his voice. "Nobody knows. Not a soul. You're the first person I've mentioned it to."

"And you've had no inquiries?" I asked. "This Mr. Baxter was not missed?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "Even Mrs. Bellows, who looked after him from the start, is not aware of what happened."

I turned round and faced him incredulously. "Not aware, you mean to say . . .?"

"Not aware that I'm not he. You see," he explained, "we were very much alike. Quite remarkably so! I can show you a photograph of him before you go and you'll see for yourself."

I now decided that, rain or no rain, I would go: there did not seem much reason, beyond the rain, for my staying. I stood up. "Well, Sir," I said, "I can only hope that you will feel the benefit of having relieved your mind of your . . . secret."

The old gentleman became very much agitated. He clasped and unclasped his two limp hands. "Oh, but you must not go yet. You haven't heard half of it. You haven't heard how it happened. I had hoped, sir,—you have been so kind—that you'd have the patience and the kindness to . . .!"

I sat down again on the bench. "By all means," I said, "if you have more to say."

"I had just told you, hadn't I?" the old gentleman went on, "that I . . . that the other . . . that my predecessor used to sit here at his meals and see his five other selves mimicking him. When he lit his cigarette he saw five other cigarettes lighted simultaneously. . . .!"

"Naturally," I said.

"Yes, naturally," said the old boy, "it was all perfectly natural, as you say; perfectly natural till one night, one

terrible night." He stopped and stared at me with horror in his eyes.

"And then?" I said.

"Then a strange, a dreadful thing happened. When he, my predecessor had lit his cigarette, watching those other selves, as he always did, he saw that one of them, the one on the extreme left, had lit not a cigarette, but a pipe."

I burst out laughing. "Oh, come, come, Sir!"

The old man wrung his hands in agitation. "It is comic, I know," he said, "but it is also terrible. What would you have thought if you had actually *seen* it yourself? Wouldn't you have thought it terrible? Wouldn't you have been appalled?"

"Yes," I said, "if it had actually happened. If I had really seen such a thing, of course I should."

"Well," said the old fellow, "it *did* happen. There was no possible mistake about it. It was appalling, ghastly." There was as much horror in his voice as if he had actually seen the thing himself.

"But, my dear Sir," I said to him, "you have only the word of this Mr. . . . Mr. Baxter for it."

He stared at me, his eyes blazing with conviction. "I *know* it happened," he said; "I know it much more certainly than if I had seen it. Listen. The thing went on for five days: on five successive evenings my predecessor watched in horror for the thing to right itself."

"But why didn't he go, leave the house?" I asked.

"He daren't," said the old man in a strained whisper. "He daren't go: he *had* to stay and see for certain that the thing had righted itself."

"And it didn't?"

"On the sixth night," said the old man with bated breath, "the fifth reflection, the one that had broken away from obedience, had gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone from the window. My predecessor sat gazing in terror at the blank pane and the other four stared back in terror into this room. He glanced from the empty pane to

them and they stared back at him, or at something behind him, with horror in their eyes. Then he began to choke . . . to choke," gasped the old man, himself almost choking, "to choke, because hands were round his throat, clutching, throttling him."

"You mean that the hands were the hands of the fifth?" I asked, and it was only my horror at the old man's horror that prevented my smiling cynically.

"Yes," he hissed, and he held out his thick, heavy hands, gazing at me with staring eyes. "Yes. *My hands!*"

For the first time I was really terrified. We stared speechless at one another, he still gasping and wheezing. Then, hoping to soothe him, I said as calmly as I could: "I see: so you were the fifth reflection?"

He pointed to his pipe on the table. "Yes," he gasped; "I, the pipe-smoker."

I stood up: my impulse was to hurry to the door. But some scruple held me there still, a feeling that it would be inhuman to leave him alone, a prey to his horrible fantasy; and, with a vague idea of bringing him to his senses, of easing his tortured mind, I asked: "And what did you do with the body?"

He caught his breath, a shudder distorted his face, and clenching his two extended hands he began to beat his breast convulsively: "*This*," he shouted in a voice of agony, "*this* is the body."

THE GREAT VICTORIANS

BY GEOFFREY WEST

WE must inevitably be curious about our forefathers. What they were shapes what we are. Yet we are very apt to be resentful of that bondage, especially as it is made visible in the dominance and entail of our more immediate progenitors, and that resentment cannot but colour our curiosity with bitterness. We are forced, in our own interests, to belittle those in whose shadow we stand. But as that shadow passes, as we step out into the clear sunshine of a new day, our mood changes. We can meet these fathers and grandfathers then on equal terms. We seek no longer to belittle, but to understand. We have achieved perspective.

That, briefly, has been the evolution of our attitude towards the Victorians and their age. When the period closed with the birth of the new century, there was for a while a respectful silence which only the War finally shattered. Despite some restive remarks from Messrs. Wells and Shaw and a few others, it was left to the late Lytton Strachey to make the first widely acceptable attack. His two best (and best-known) books cut deep, but they cleansed as they cut. Most of his many imitators did less well, but even theirs was in the main a psychologically necessary work. "Was" rather than "is", for to-day, after fourteen years, the reaction against Victorianism has achieved its purpose, has spent itself. Mr. W. J. Turner still finds it possible to declare that "nobody living to-day—and I deliberately choose the word *living* and not the word *surviving*—has much sympathy with the Victorian age", but the very book from which these words are quoted* proves him, if accurate in a final, fundamental sense, on any common understanding of the term "sympathy" totally in error. This symposium

* *The Great Victorians*. Edited by H. J. Massingham and Hugh Massingham. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 8s. 6d.)

of forty essays, in each of which a living writer considers the life and work of an eminent Victorian, might stand as a case-book illustrating the actual contemporary attitude to the Victorians and Victorianism. The contributors are at once distinguished and a complete medley of ages and points of view, from Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, who has himself been called "the last of the Victorians", to some who never breathed, even in extremest infancy, the air of the period which is their subject; from Father D'Arcy and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who set their faith in Catholicism, to Mr. Middleton Murry, who would show William Morris as good a Communist as himself. The editors declare the volume to have been planned in the belief that we are to-day no longer "anti-Victorian", and despite Mr. Turner it does on the whole clearly bear out that view. The majority of the contributors are at least equable in their approach; they are appreciative no less than critical. If sympathy be defined as the desire and the effort to understand, it is certainly present. Yet in one sense, it has been suggested, Mr. Turner may be right, and Victorianism, and our attitude to it, would appear well worth considering from that point of view.

One fact that very strongly emerges from this collection of studies is the impossibility of defining Victorianism in any set terms, either as it appears to us to-day or as it was manifested in the lives of the Victorians themselves. It must be conceived as an atmosphere, an ethos, rather than a visible presence. No Victorian compassed all its aspects, many in one way or another denied some of them, yet none wholly escaped. Even Samuel Butler was fated to spend the greater part of his energies doing not much more than differing from his contemporaries, while Swinburne, Mr. Turner says, had much the same moral ideas as the rest of his age, and was as much frightened by the views he expressed as "the most ordinary citizen, the only difference being that Swinburne liked the sensation of being frightened". The age, like every other, presented its own minority report. Its social optimism, for example, was clearly balanced by as deep—and much more profound—a personal pessimism.

But if no single statement is true of all the Victorians the fact of Victorianism remains. The best of it appears in the lives and achievements of such men as John Stuart Mill, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, and Matthew Arnold, of such women as George Eliot and Florence Nightingale, in all of whom one discovers the typical qualities of rectitude, courage, idealism, devotion, energy, a real humility balanced by pride in the pursuit of great ends, the concentration of unswerving purpose, and a force of personality born of all these things and reinforcing them. The worst of it is visible in such a man as Mill's father—described by Sir Arthur Salter as "exacting, domineering, opinionated, and intolerant of all differences of opinion"—or the father of Elizabeth Barrett; it is reflected in records of personal experience like *The Way of All Flesh*, and again in the general condemnation of Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as impure. That condemnation was general; one cannot conceive that the author of the following comment could have approved the book: "I like novels if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better". That, the considered opinion of one of the intellectual giants of the age—it appears in the autobiography of Charles Darwin—surely suggests one reason for what seems to-day almost the fatuity of all too much Victorian art and literature.

The social fact of Victorianism was the complete dominance of society by the middle classes, the imposition of narrowly bourgeois mentality and ideals. England became mercantile, veritably the nation of shopkeepers Napoleon had named it, and even the Court and, with a few notable but unimportant exceptions, the aristocracy were coloured by the general outlook. The Victorian failure—we must use the word without implying any claim of superiority in ourselves—was the failure of that mentality to rise to the responsibilities of its opportunities. The wider visions of the country's leaders—and even they were all too often imaginatively bound—were repeatedly reduced to commercial proportions, and proposi-

tions, by the inability of the led to see beyond the moment and the momentary advantage.

Imagination has never been the monopoly of any class. It is an individual quality, lighting where it will. But aristocracies, and even a proletariat, have on occasion given the effect of imaginative action simply out of indifference or despair. The middle classes act thus less readily. On them the solid prosperity of the world has always rested—the husbanding and interchange of material resources. Their values have always tended to the material, or at any rate to expression in material terms, and the sudden multiplication of material satisfactions in the nineteenth century certainly did not make for a reduction of that tendency. In the face of continuous enrichment it became difficult to appreciate even spiritual values save as they could be given material endorsement; the attempt to create such an index necessarily gave birth to a materialist ethic. Spirit wants, as Miss Rebecca West phrases it, were whittled down to an ethical anxiety that was often mean. This demand for a visible manifestation could not but produce a society in which form, law, convention quickly came to be held more highly than the social or spiritual needs from which such forms, laws, and conventions originated. The letter of the law triumphed; extraordinary value came to be set upon appearances; it was an era of "capital dogmas in capital letters". In every realm canons were established which a man might break only at the risk of outlawry. Every Victorian had his orthodoxy, his social, religious, scientific, artistic, or whatnot creed in which he believed as a reality exterior and superior to himself. Thus while the later Victorian world at least was one of vast horizons, it was, for all that, a closed sphere. The last word had been spoken, the limits defined.

Even when the religious view gave place to the scientific the outlook was no less rigidly definite. The laws of Nature, governing the universe everywhere, were immutable. The Mosaic tablets were of stone, able to be broken; those of the scientists were of a metal that might be neither scratched nor chipped. The mechanical philosophy of a Huxley declaring

consciousness a "function of nervous matter", a secretion of the physical brain, was the final expression of the desire to state the whole scope of being in terms of the mathematically measurable, as fact objective to the observer. Mr. H. J. Massingham says of Huxley in another connection that "in describing the moral nature of primitive man and the evolutionary movement as 'a continuous free fight', he was, in fact, writing an historical survey of the acquisitive society of his own time". It is doubtful whether Huxley or any of his fellow-scientists would have appreciated that judgment. Science was to them an objective description of objective reality.

Here we touch upon what is perhaps *the* fundamental psychological difference between the modern outlook and that of the Victorians. They lived in the faith that in their dogmas of religion, morals, politics and art they were defining objective realities. The view persists, especially among scientists, even to-day, but nowhere now is it held either universally or with that pristine certainty. Mr. Frank Swinnerton, who writes on Thackeray with his accustomed good sense, complains regretfully of the modern literary critic's demand to know all about an author's life before discussing his work. "The modern analytical mind has no simple pleasures, and a book in these days is not so much a book as an occasion of pathological investigation". The Victorian attitude would have been much the same to the point of demanding that a man must present the outward form of the good life, yet dissociating the reality of that life from the reality of the work accomplished. Victorian biography was not intentionally—that is, it was not—hypocritical in the main. Biographers then were in general as honest as to-day, seeking to tell the truth in all that mattered; it was their view of what mattered that was really different. The personality that achieved was reckoned almost irrelevant to the achievement; it was at best a garnishing to be served up as attractively as possible.

To-day we tend to demand the personality as the warrant of the achievement, recognising the subjective, the personal, nature not only of artistic but of scientific findings—a recog-

nition which is the basis of the most radical modern thinking. The claim of science to objective description of reality depends finally upon faith in the probity of the intellect, more particularly the logical faculty. But the brain of man, no less than the eye, is, as Mr. Wells has said, as much a food-getting instrument as the nose of the pig; a suggestion to which Mr. Gerald Heard has given point (in his recent brilliant little book, *This Surprising World*, which is so much better than its misleading title) in stressing as modern psychology's essential discovery the inability of man to perceive fact apart from meaning—which is necessarily subjective—and also the actual "survival value" of scientific theory. Religion, art, philosophy, Mr. Heard says, have all been relegated by science to subjectivity; now comes the turn of science itself to join them there.

In that, then, we stand at the opposite pole from Victorianism, and Mr. Turner is right to the degree that few of us who are still under, say, forty can really place ourselves imaginatively within its ethos. It seems to us, regarded generally, to have overvalued the mind at the almost total expense of the soul; the intellect, the intelligence, at the expense of the imagination—the measurable, that is, at the expense of the immeasurable. Wholly typical was its undervaluation of Emily Brontë, whose work Mr. Charles Morgan shows to have been very nearly unique in its embodiment of immediate spiritual vision, while setting the lesser Charlotte above her. Art is the directest record of personal spiritual vision that we have. Victorianism, with all its certainties, had no use for it. They made it an entertainment, preferably ethical. They tore it up from its earthy roots, which alone enable it to open its blossoms to the sky above, and forced it into a flower-pot to stand upon the drawing-room table. No wonder that, whatever its achievements on lower levels, it failed of the highest. The Pre-Raphaelite movement was an attempt to create a synthetic soil; "the 'nineties" represented the final withering of the sickly-brilliant blossom. The whole movement of art since then has been towards a return to the vital earth; if excesses occur in the process, that is inevitable.

Yet, however far we feel ourselves from Victorianism, we know that had we been born fifty years earlier we should have accepted it, and lived lives no less full than, however different from, our own. Limits there must always be, but the line of their drawing is, in the large sense, immaterial. Man in the Ptolemaic world, it has been said, lived no less richly than man in the Newtonian or Einsteinian world, and one scarcely needs to read the books of the ancients to realise the truth of that. With every gain there is a loss, with every loss a gain. The swing of the pendulum proves nothing so much as the human capacity for unconscious adaptation. We are, with what we inherit, what our world makes us, and shaped by our own we cannot wish, *really*, to change into any other period. The Victorians would have said the same, perhaps more decisively. We can admit them every cause for pride. Their age was one of great practical achievement. They transformed England, for better or for worse, raised it to a position of unparalleled wealth and power as a commercial and imperial nation. They produced in Darwin and Maxwell, if no others, scientific world-figures, and in most spheres as bright a national galaxy of names as any other period in our history, even the Elizabethan, can offer. It was an age of forceful, dominant personalities, testifying to the power, the strength of character, that faith can give. William Booth showed what a single man's, Florence Nightingale what a single woman's, determination could achieve. If they were despotic, they seldom made demands upon others as upon themselves; if they took their pleasures sadly, or at any rate solemnly—so much so that Mr. Chesterton is compelled to define Dickens's fun as pre-Victorian!—that was but the obverse of their sense of mission and responsibility, as in some degree also was their occasional personal vanity.

Our special charge against them, the narrowness of their outlook, their refusal to regard with open mind the whole realm of experience, was but the condition of their power. Darwin, in the strictest sense, gave his long life to science; he abandoned any real or continuous interest in any of the other major fields of thought. We may refuse to imitate his

sacrifice, we may even feel—as he himself seems to have done on occasion towards the end of his life—that no achievement could really compensate him for it, but are we to consider ourselves, whose very thought has been shaped by him, his superiors therefor?

If John Stuart Mill embodied its highest qualities, perhaps no Victorian figure was more fully representative of his period than Gladstone, in whom Lord Ponsonby finds

"the astonishing dominance of a great personality, the powerful authority of leadership, the indefatigable toil of a parliamentary giant, and the ceaseless moral endeavour of a noble character which pervaded the political atmosphere while Gladstone lived. He had his definite limitations, and in these perhaps lay his strength. He was rigidly orthodox, intolerant of any approach to frivolity, unaware of the humour in any situation, oblivious of the subtleties of human intercourse, impatient at the hesitancy of the philosophic outlook, and contemptuous of the opposite view. Had he been heterodox, easily genial, and acquiescent, with a lively sense of humour and a broad tolerance for other courses and for weaker natures, he could never have achieved the position he held. Had, in fact, the banks of the stream been more broadly set, the gush of the torrent would never have had the same tremendous force".

The metaphor is not new, but has the merit of exactitude. We feel that we have to-day emerged from between those confining banks to flow over a wider plain. We have lost force, and the dramatic effectiveness of force, but we hope to have gained a compensating advantage, a breadth of vision, a perspective born not merely of passing time, a sympathy giving us an understanding of the Victorians that they, we feel, could never have had of us. It is interesting to wonder what the next comparable development of consciousness, in its passage towards the eternal, infinite ocean, is likely to be. Something, no doubt, as distasteful to us as our own to the great majority of Victorians!

AT WILLOWS FARM

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

A bulb of Roman hyacinth
Is not more knarred and red
Than the features of Job Winter,
Tilting his firelit head
Against the high-backed settle
And musing on the dead.

And bog-oak from his blackened peats
Is not more shrewd of grain
Than the certainty entwining
The darkness of his brain
That she to-day they buried
Will not come back again.

His great limbs bulge with eagerness
In new and cramping black ;
He stares at clay on fancy boots
And grimly smiles : " Alack,
So ends at last, my Sarah Jane,
Your whining click-a-clack.

" And bright begins to-morrow
The joy I should have known
If I had never met her,
Or only lived alone ;
If I had only travelled
The county next my own.

" The houses I have built for her
Would fill a street with ease :
Before a year at Willows Farm
She could not bear the trees,
Before a year at Codlin End
She could not bear the bees.

AT WILLOWS FARM

" Some women are like that : you build
Best stone at Shooter's Lock,
You sink in peace, and off she goes
Like an alarum clock :
' The falling waters fray my nerves
And the china pieces knock.'

" From Dotterel Edge and Windy Knowe
Savage as wasps we passed,
Till back we came to Willows Farm——
The flues had better blast——
But the house she wanted all along
Is the house she's got at last."

A scurry of hail raps on the pane
And the wind begins to whine ;
Job Winter grasps the settle-arm
And the grandfer clock whirrs nine ;
The log spits out a spark or two
Like timber furred with brine.

And a voice no windows could withhold
Nor settle-backs keep out
Rode over whining wind, too clear
For Job to be in doubt ;
Like straws in a gale in a yard of ricks
His wits were blown about :

" I have tried the house on Gravelly Hill
And it will not do for me ;
It's cool, but not the private place
I fancied it would be.
Job, stir yourself : you get no rest
Till you have been to see."

THE COMMUNISM OF THE INCAS

BY A. HYATT VERRILL

WITH the world focussing its attention upon Russia, and speculating upon the future of the Soviet government, it may be of interest to call attention to the fact that a very similar system of Communism was conceived, developed and carried out with complete success in America a thousand years or more ago. This was the so-called Incan Empire, or the Empire of Tihuantisuyo (literally the Four Corners of the World), the most extreme Communist government the world has ever known.

In many fundamental respects Russian Communism is almost identical with that established by the Incas. Though the two systems differ somewhat in details and minor matters, the greatest and perhaps the most important difference lies in the religious attitudes of the two. Whereas the Soviets are striving to destroy, or at least eliminate, religion and belief in God, the Incans were intensely religious, and the reverence and worship of God was of paramount importance. Possibly that was why the Incan Communist system proved so eminently successful and endured for so long.

What the future may hold in store for Communist Russia, no one can prophesy with any certainty, but a comparison of the Soviet and Incan systems may throw some new light upon the subject. It is true, the conditions under which the Incans developed and maintained their amazing empire were totally different from those under which the Soviets are governing Russia. The Incans were isolated and practically self-contained. There was little intercourse with other nations; there was no commerce, or very little, with other lands; the people under Incan rule possessed no knowledge of the outside world; they knew nothing of any other form of govern-

ment of life, and hence there could be no new ideas introduced, no interference from outside sources, no dreams of a change or a striving for something better, which, as a matter of fact, would have been well nigh impossible.

As is the case in Russia to-day, the people who lived under the Incan form of Communism were of many tribes and races, with as many characteristics, temperaments, traditions and customs, and with many widely different languages and religions. To have welded all of these races into a peaceful and contented socialistic entity must have been a tremendous problem occupying many years, just as the successful welding of the Mongols, Cossacks, Tartars and other races of Russia is one of the Soviets' greatest problems. But the Incas made a success of it, and that without destroying racial and tribal characters, arts, beliefs, traditions or languages. Still, in nearly every respect, all were mere cogs in the gigantic communistic wheel composed of more than twenty million people distributed over an area of more than one million square miles, a country about one-half the size of European Russia. Although each tribe was permitted to follow its own religion, yet all were compelled to adopt that of the Incas. And although each tribe was permitted to retain its own dialect or language, all were compelled to know the official language of the confederation. This was the Quichua, a more or less composite tongue or Esperanto. This, of course, was essential in order to provide a common medium of communication. Here, too, we have a condition paralleling that of Soviet communism, where Russian is the official language, although many dialects are in use by the various linguistic groups.

Naturally, in a commonwealth composed of such a diversity of races, there were intertribal jealousies, feuds and troubles, while the less civilized and savage tribes surrounding the Incan territory were a constant menace. Hence a large standing army was required to maintain order and to protect the Empire from aggression. But little effort was made actually to conquer the tribes beyond the Incan boundaries, and such tribes as were subdued were not brought under the Incan rule as members of the communist system, but were

compelled to pay annual tribute to the Empire. Also, in order to maintain order and to keep the communistic machine operating smoothly, laws governing nearly every individual act were most rigidly enforced, and there were severe penalties provided for every possible misdemeanour, crime, offence, violation of laws or regulations, and even for laziness or failure to work. Often, as judged by our standards, the punishments would appear to be far out of proportion to the offences, just as many of the punishments dealt out by the Soviet government appear extremely severe to many of us. But if results are what count, if the justice of laws and penalties are to be measured by what they accomplish, then surely the Incans' laws, and the punishments for their violations, were most admirable; for all the Spaniards who, at the time of the conquest, had an opportunity of seeing how matters had worked out were unanimous in their praise of the industry, the orderliness and the honesty of the people. Indeed, Mancio Sierra, writing from Cuzco on September 15, 1589, declared that, at the time of the conquest, the Spaniards never found a thief, a liar, or even a sluggard in the entire Empire!

The most serious crime was blasphemy directed at the Sun, the priests, or at the Inca himself, who was considered divine. Death after the most fearful tortures was the penalty for this heinous crime. To prove there was no discrimination, equally severe penalties were provided as punishment for members of the clergy or government officials who misbehaved. A Virgin of the Sun or a nun (there were seven orders of nuns) who violated her vows was buried alive, and the town where she belonged was utterly destroyed. A priest who failed in his duties or was guilty of extortion, or who took advantage of his position to impose upon the people, was put to death with torture and his body was burned—the most severe punishment possible, as the Incan people believed in the resurrection, and the destruction of the body meant the destruction of the soul also.

Death was the penalty for murder, for adultery, for incorrigibles or habitual offenders, as well as for cowardice on the part of soldiers, officials or members of the nobility, all of

whom were supposed to be above fear of any sort. Theft or dishonesty resulted in the offender being branded for life. Scandal mongers and liars were flogged for the first offence, beaten with a club for the second, and for the third had their tongues nailed to a board. Most petty crimes and violations of the law were punished by flogging, while in some cases the culprit was forced to carry a heavy stone wherever he went, the duration of the period varying with the seriousness of the offence. Oddly enough, imprisonment did not exist as a punishment among the Incans. They were far wiser in that respect than ourselves. They realized that the upkeep of prisons was expensive, that in order to maintain them and guard prisoners many men would be needed, and that these men were of far more importance and value if engaged in productive work; to incarcerate men and women meant for them merely the loss of so much man-power. Their penal code was: if a person is a dangerous or habitual criminal, or if he endangers the church or state, put him out of the way once and for all; but if he merely slips or creates a local disturbance, teach him a lesson, but keep him at work. Even prisoners of war were not confined or executed. They were made members of some community far from their native land or tribe, where they would become diligent and useful members of the commonwealth.

Man-power and efficiency were all-important to the Incans. It required hard work and constant application for twenty million people to subsist in a territory of one million square miles, most of which was desert and barren mountain. Probably they never experimented in Five-Year Plans, but they were most intensive agriculturists, and practically every square foot of arable land in the entire Empire was under cultivation. Fields and gardens were carried up mountain sides in terraces for thousands of feet. Deserts were transformed to luxuriant farms by irrigation, the canals and ditches often extending for hundreds of miles into the hills and mountains, for agriculture was—as it must be everywhere—the basis and backbone of the whole organization.

But other industries and arts were by no means neglected.

Spinning and weaving were most important industries, and were developed to such a high state of perfection that even with our modern machinery we never have been able to equal the textiles produced on hand-loom by the Incan weavers. The ceramic arts also were important, as were wood-working and metal-working, stone-cutting, building, engineering, and in fact, every art, trade and industry necessary to the support and well-being of such a vast community. But there was no unemployment, no possibility of over-production or of a shortage of any commodity. Every man and woman was compelled to work, every one was forced to produce something, and in order to assure an adequate supply of everything and to prevent an excess of anything, every community, every individual was restricted as to products, professions and other economic matters. Every community, every industry and trade was planned, mapped out in advance. If spinners were needed girls were trained to spin. If an agricultural centre required additional members, the quota of men and women needed was taken from some locality where there was an excess of farmers. And while the Incans naturally knew nothing about the export of goods in order to create foreign credits, their ceaseless industry resulted in an annual surplus in excess of present needs.

This, however, was essential and was provided for like everything else. Vast stores of grain and other foodstuffs were always kept in reserve throughout the land, to be used in case of famine, drought or war, when they were distributed *pro rata* free of charge among the people. Vast stores of food, supplies, clothing, arms and everything else required were also maintained for the use of the army in time of war, and as, even with the best care, supplies will deteriorate in time, fresh supplies were constantly used to replace the old.

The industries of each village, town or settlement were regulated by law, and no other trades or occupations could legally be carried on. One village might be devoted entirely to carding wool, another to weaving, another to making sandals. One locality might raise potatoes exclusively, another might cultivate peanuts, another maize. As a result, every com-

munity was compelled to trade with others in order to secure all the articles required for maintenance and subsistence. This was done by means of fairs, or markets, established at certain centres, where at stated intervals the people for miles round might gather for barter and trade.

Socially there were no distinctions, apart from the privileged classes—the nobles, princes, priests and officials; for, despite the fact that it was the most communistic of government systems the Incan Empire was an empire in fact, though, at the same time, a republic. Apart from these privileged members of the community, the people all shared equally, all contributed equally to the support of the government, the army, the state, the church, and the community. At maturity every male was allotted a certain amount of land or a definite number of llamas, from which he was required to produce certain estimated results. If he failed, without due reason or cause beyond his control, he was penalized. Neither were his flocks nor his land his own to dispose of as he saw fit. All real estate and all llamas were the property of the State, and, at a man's death, these reverted to the Inca, who saw to it that they were divided among the children, or, if he died without heirs, they were re-allotted. Even the aged and infirm were given their share, but in such cases able-bodied members of the community were compelled to cultivate the lands or to tend the flocks of incapacitated members before they looked after their own. On the other hand, as a man's family increased he was given more and more land and flocks, the amount required and capable of being properly handled being adjusted to a nicety.

There was not, however, any intention of keeping the people in a state of servility or poverty, or of limiting them to the bare necessities of life. All men and women were free to produce as much as they could, although the fruits of their labours were not wholly their own. Everything made or produced was equally divided into three portions: the first for the Inca or government, the second for the "Sun" or church, and the third for the people. In the case of agriculture one-third of the land was allotted to the Inca, one-

third to the church and one-third to the members of the community. The Inca's and the "Sun's" portions had to be cultivated first, then those belonging to incapacitated members of the community, and finally those belonging to individuals. This was a wise and important rule. As the system of the Empire was a communist one everyone was supposed to work and live primarily for the benefit of the whole, and it was of paramount importance that there should always be an adequate government-owned supply on hand, to be used in case of emergency. Moreover, once the two-thirds destined for the Inca and the church were deducted, there were no other taxes, imposts, levies or demands possible. The remainder belonged to the individual, to be used as he or she desired. And as the share allotted to the Inca or State was indirectly for the use of the people, to be freely distributed in time of need, no one could complain. There was no graft, no misuse of funds possible—for that matter there were no funds to be misused.

From the Inca's share all public works were carried on; from it all the enormous expenses of the vast standing army and of the innumerable officials, of wars and conquests, and of the administration of the government were defrayed. From the share allotted to the church or "Sun" all the costs of maintaining a complex, expensive and ceremonial religion were paid—the expenses of priests and nuns, the upkeep of countless temples and all the other incidentals of the church. In addition to these shares, the Inca and the church were entitled to all the tribute paid in by races and tribes brought under Incan subjection, but not strictly members of the communist system. And it was mainly from these outside sources that the Incans obtained their immense accumulations of gold, silver and precious stones, which had no intrinsic value; they were prized only because of their durability, the ductility of the gold, and its colour, which was symbolic of the sun, and they were used solely for ceremonial and ornamental purposes.

Hence, while the Incans did not export their products and obtain gold in return, as do the Soviets, they secured incredible amounts of the precious metal. But as they did not regard it

as riches they were not faced with the tremendous problem which faces the Soviets—the inherent desire for wealth, the love of gold, and the envy of more wealthy persons, which is beyond any human power to eradicate. In fact, it was the lure of gold in others that led to the destruction of the Incan civilisation.

Obviously, to maintain and administer such a large and multi-racial community and to keep the socialistic wheel rotating smoothly and without friction, a perfectly organized and highly efficient government was needed. The Incas, however, appear to have possessed an astonishing capacity for organization. The very fact that for a thousand years or more they maintained their most successful communistic government speaks highly for their efficiency, their intelligence, and their justice. In one most important respect the Incans possessed an advantage which no other race or nation can claim. They believed that the Incas—the emperors and nobility—were divine. Men might grumble and revolt under a ruler who was a mere mortal, no matter how exalted he might be; they might refuse to bow absolutely to a government composed of their fellow men, even if elected by themselves; but it was another matter to raise a protest or to question the rule of one who was the Son-of-the-Sun, and hence a divinity in human form. Whether or not the Incas themselves believed literally in their own alleged descent from the sun is problematical. More probably they accepted it allegorically. But, whatever their own beliefs, there is no question that the people as a whole regarded their Incas as the offspring of their deity, and revered them as such, and accepted everything as their destiny under divine rule.

It must be admitted that the Incas lived up to their reputation and were paternally benign, and rarely, if ever took advantage of their position and power to oppress the people. Though they maintained a luxurious court, they were intensely religious, and they were not by any means exempt from restrictions, rules, and laws, which must have been onerous. Both the Inca and his queen were compelled to bathe and change their costumes four times daily, and never

could they wear the same garments twice, for the Incans believed most implicitly that cleanliness was next to godliness. At certain periods, too, the Inca was compelled to visit the various sections of his empire and to listen to every complaint of his people. In time of war he must assume personal command of his armies and risk his life in the front ranks like any ordinary soldier. Moreover, the Inca, although nominally an emperor, was by no means supreme. In most respects the so-called Empire was definitely republican, the Inca being more like a president. Under him was a tribunal of princes composed of men of royal blood and analogous to the House of Lords, and a cabinet of four "Wise Men" presided over by a president or chairman. In Cuzco, the Incan capital, these men were appointed by the Inca; but in the outlying districts they were elected annually by votes of the inhabitants, the nominees being men who already had served under the Inca. Any unanimous decision by the cabinet was absolute, and could be revoked or altered only by the tribunal of princes. In addition to this federal government, each district had its own governor, and each town or village had its mayor or prefect, as well as a town council or bench of aldermen who served as a sort of grand jury, court, and governing body combined.

That a vast commonwealth, with an exalted, divine member of the royal family as its temporal and religious head, with an elaborate and expensive court full of pomp and ceremony, could at the same time be the most socialistic of communisms is, perhaps, its most amazing feature. Under the Inca régime all individuality and freedom of life, thought, and action were, of course, completely subservient to the community, as must invariably be the case if communistic principles are literally followed out. From birth until death the lives, actions, homes, dress, and even the destinies of the offspring were planned, regulated, ordered, and carried out according to inexorable laws, rules, and decrees. Every man, woman, and child was tagged, tabulated, and filed as efficiently as cards in a cabinet. The members of each village and tribe were forced by law to wear certain distinctive features of dress.

These might be colours, designs, the cut of a garment, or the form of a hat; and any one known to wear the distinguishing sartorial feature of another village or tribe than his own was subject to severe penalties. At birth a man's or a woman's place in the scheme of things was at once ordained by the authorities. Every child automatically became a ward of the government when it reached the age of five years, and thereafter was reared, trained, and fitted for the occupation, the position, or the industry to which its life would be devoted. And so accurately was the economic balance of the population watched and recorded that we do not hear of any shortage of labour in any trade or profession.

Almost the only thing which was left to the individual was liberty in love making. But even in the matter of marriage there were prescribed rules and laws. Every man was compelled to be married by the time he was twenty-four, and every woman had to find a mate before she had passed her eighteenth birthday. But though the marriage law was strict, the young people went about the preliminaries in quite as romantic a manner as those of any other race. As a rule the girl was abducted, voluntarily on her part, a sort of understood and expected elopement, and was concealed by her lover, who then visited her parents, paid for her with presents, and asked their consent to retaining her. Then followed a period of eight days of "proof"—a sort of trial marriage—within which time the groom could reject his bride if she proved not physically strong or lacked ability to cook, sew or weave, or to perform the essential duties of an Incan housewife. As a result of this most excellent plan, girls who were ugly, ill-tempered, or deficient in wifely arts and industries were soon found out and rejected; and, as there was a severe penalty for becoming an old maid, they were forced to mend their ways or suffer the consequences.

Widows always were in great demand, and were much preferred to virgins because of their greater experience. They were known as *Chuquisankos* or Hearts of Gold, and never remained widows for long, even though the law did not compel them to marry a second time. Widows, however, never

married widowers, though whether that was because they preferred the single men or because widowers preferred the unsophisticated maidens, or whether there was some law or custom preventing the mating of widows and widowers, is uncertain. Naturally, even with the strict supervision of the officials, there were times and places where there was a superabundance of single men or unmarried women. When such conditions occurred, the prefect of the village had the unmarried boys and girls of marriageable age lined up in the plaza, and each male was forced then and there to choose his mate. In case a man desired some particular girl and another came first in the order of drawing, he was forced to console himself with the second best. Any surplus of males or females remaining unmated was then sent to some locality where there was a shortage, and the same proceeding was repeated until all had been married.

Both marriage and divorce were no less simple than under the Soviets. All that was necessary to constitute a legal marriage was for the mayor or governor to place the girl's hand in that of the boy and pronounce them man and wife. Divorce was just as easy. The Soviets boast that a divorce in Russia costs only a shilling, and can be obtained almost at a moment's notice. Under the Incas divorce cost nothing, and the interested parties had no say in the matter. On the other hand, most severe penalties were provided for infidelity and other marital offences. Adultery was punishable by death or torture or both, and misbehaviour, brutality, and immorality were severely dealt with and followed by divorce.

Just as the communistic conditions and laws did not destroy courtship or romance, so also they did not interfere with the love for and development of the finer and more spiritual things of life. The people were intensely musical; they produced dramas and tragedies; they had songs, poetry, and verse which are astonishing for their philosophy and their descriptive beauty. Though every individual was a worker, though no drones were permitted, though diligence, toil, and efficiency were as much the order of the day as in Russia under the Five-Year Plan, yet the people had their recreations,

their hours and days of rest, and their amusements. They had their theatres, their ball games, their hockey games, their athletic tournaments, and their dances. And once each year they had a real festival, a great celebration, a holiday comparable to the Communists' Labour Day, though it lasted for five days. The Incan calendar year was composed of twelve months of thirty days each, or three hundred and sixty days, and to bring this year in accord with the solar year, five days were added at the end of each year with an extra day added every four years, like our leap-year. The people regarded the five days annually added to the calendar as days wholly apart from ordinary time, as so much time gained each year—a dispensation granted them by the sun-god to enable them to have a good rest and a holiday between the expiration of the old year and the beginning of the new. For the entire five days all work and labour (other than that which was absolutely essential) were stopped, and the whole population devoted the time to dancing, sports, feasting, and indulging in every form of recreation and gaiety. Even the Inca himself, with his queen and court, entered into the spirit of the occasion. Free food and *chica* (the favourite beverage) were distributed to the people, many of the rules and regulations ordinarily in force were suspended for the five days, and throughout the whole vast empire everyone celebrated.

It is fascinating to speculate on what the results might have been had the Incan communist system been permitted to continue; to imagine the influence it might have had upon the rest of the world had the Spaniards not destroyed it. On the other hand, the fate of the Incan empire suggests many thoughts about the future of Soviet communism. Will it fail utterly as so many, socialistic experiments have failed? Or will it, after many centuries, be functioning as smoothly, and its people be as contented and prosperous, as were the Incans at the time of Pizarro's conquest?

" HIS ENCHANTING SISTER "

BY ISABEL BUTCHART

IT was Keats who called her Wordsworth's "enchanted sister". Maurice Hewlett says that Keats met her but once and knew her for what she was. And the three words describe her better than twice three pages of De Quincey's *Reminiscences*, famous though they be. She was Wordsworth's enchanting and enchanted sister.

She took housekeeping lightly but not carelessly—indeed there is evidence that she was particularly efficient at it—and it was due to the simplicity of life at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, where she and William lived together, that there were so many hours for walking and reading. There were occasional busy times of course. "I ironed all day", which was a pity. And "A very fine evening. I sat on the wall making my shifts till I could see no longer"—and very pretty she must have looked perched there, in the long twilight of the North Country summer.

Dorothy seems to have had great powers of endurance but sudden, unexpected fits of lassitude and fatigue. She was a tremendous walker and got through much gardening and housework, and the happy-go-lucky life she led in those days was ideal for the highly-strung girl. If you were tired you went to bed for a few hours at any time. If you sat up talking until two or three in the morning you stayed in bed until ten or eleven to balance matters. If you felt like lying under hedges you did so by the hour. I, who can remember the blot on one's character caused by reading in the morning in late Victorian girlhood, am much impressed by the nonchalance with which Dorothy records that she has been reading Shakespeare or Spenser or what-not at most unsuitable times.

The Wordsworth children, four brothers and this sister,

had been left orphans in childhood, and Dorothy had been separated from the boys for such long periods that when William as it were had made her acquaintance in their late 'teens "she seemed a gift then first bestowed."

The dream of the young Dorothy had always been to make a little home for William. "The day of my felicity", she had written, thinking of the future, and she had had to wait long for that day, poor child. In fact she had been twenty-three when it had dawned and her true life had begun.

North Country born though they were, William and Dorothy had lived together in the South of England for a few years, incredibly poor and very happy. There Dorothy had begun keeping her peerless diary and there, too, brother and sister had begun their wonderful friendship with Coleridge: "three bodies and one soul" as he had put it.

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with us", he had written to a friend and had explained that *exquisite* referred to her mind and heart. "For if you expect to see a pretty woman you would think her rather ordinary", he had gone on, "and if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty", Dorothy emerging rather charmingly from the analysis.

And while they had been in the South, Mary Hutchinson, a friend of Dorothy's girlhood, had come from the North to spend a spring with them. Later she was to be William's wife, but the courtship was so quiet that it is difficult to trace its progress.

Early in 1800, when William was twenty-nine and Dorothy twenty-eight, they had returned to the Lake District, partly to be near Coleridge, who had taken his wife and family to Keswick, and partly to be within riding distance of Mary.

Dorothy's *Journal*—and it had always been a lovely thing—took on new beauty when she and her brother settled down at Dove Cottage. There is a faery light over the early Grasmere days. I know of nothing like it, and in it she walks immortal. She seems to have written entirely for herself, and yet time after time her thoughts—her very words—appear later in the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge as if it were impossible to forget things she had said to them.

It is difficult to choose passages from her diary—difficult to stop, that is—one wants *all*.

Above rose the Coniston Fells in their own shape and colour—not man's hills, but all for themselves, the sky and the clouds and a few wild creatures.

All for themselves. There is loneliness, and in three commonplace words. And again: "The moonlight lay on the hills like snow". The most every-day words, but if you shut your eyes and see that moonlight you shiver with eeriness.

William lay and I lay in the trench under the fence, he with his eyes shut and listening to the waterfalls and the birds. There was no one waterfall above another—it was the sound of waters in the air—the voice of the air. William heard me breathing and rustling now and then, but we both lay still and unseen by one another . . . The lake was still, there was a boat out . . . As I lay on the grass, I observed the glittering silver line on the ridge of the backs of the sheep, owing to their situation respecting the sun, which made them look beautiful, but with something of strangeness . . . as if belonging to a more splendid world,

writes Dorothy, unknowing that she belongs to that radiant world herself.

The cottage meals have interest, more than a hundred years later. I like best the little meal, "two boiled eggs and two apple tarts", eaten by Dorothy after the hurried departure of William (to see Mary, of course) "clothes thrown here, there and everywhere". Dorothy restored order and then sensibly began her two boiled eggs. I *think* she is using pen and egg-spoon alternately, for "O, the Darling!" she goes on, "Here is one of his bitter apples. I can hardly bear to throw it into the fire." Then she went for a walk "round the two lakes and across the stepping-stones at Rydal foot . . . I was full of thought about my darling. Blessings on him."

She never knew when to expect his return, so much depended on the weather, William's horse and William's unskilful horsemanship. Many times she stayed up late waiting for him and at last went to bed to lie wakeful and anxious. Once when he returned at eleven (but that was early) "after our first joy was over" she made tea and they talked until four o'clock in the morning, at which hour the happy girl dragged him out to see how the garden grew before going to bed. But what did it

matter? They stayed in bed late the next morning—or rather the same morning. Ah, those were the days!

Dorothy was devoted to Coleridge, and his fits of depression and his troubles, financial and matrimonial, were (with the secret grief of William's coming marriage) her only troubles in those days. She was too sensitive to bear other peoples' burdens light-heartedly and his unhappy letters often made her quite ill. "It was a sad, melancholy letter and prevented us from sleeping", she says of one of them.

William was no easy, happy writer. He wore himself out "composing" and wore Dorothy out aiding and abetting him. He often made himself so ill that there was nothing for it but to go to bed, however early the hour, and then Dorothy would read him into quietness or comfort him with bread and butter. Time after time the diary shows her creeping off to bed late at night, having read or recited William to sleep.

But a sister is only a sister, and William wanted Mary—wanted both. And Dorothy suffered, though she did not admit it even to her diary, except by the phrase: "Every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart", when an inquisitive neighbour probed her future too keenly—did not admit it until the last night:

In the afternoon I read *The Winter's Tale*; then I went to bed but did not sleep. The swallows stole in and out of their nest, and sat there, *whiles* quite still, *whiles* they sung low for two minutes or more just like a muffled robin. William was looking at *The Pedlar* when I got up. He arranged it, and after tea I wrote it out—280 lines . . . The moon was behind. William hurried me out in hopes that I should see her . . . We walked backwards and forwards on the White Moss path . . . O, beautiful place! Dear Mary, William. The hour has come . . . I must prepare to go. The swallows, I must leave them, the well, the garden, the roses, all. Dear creatures! They sang last night after I was in bed; seemed to be singing to one another, just before they settled to rest for the night. Well, I must go. Farewell.

And with that evening the faery light died . . . never to return.

The next day William and Dorothy started on the journey—or, rather, the series of journeys—that was to end in the marriage of William and Mary on October 4th, 1802. The three arrived at Dove Cottage on the 6th.

For a time life seemed to go on very much as usual, Mary

lending a hand with the everlasting copying of poems. There never seems to have been the slightest suggestion that Dorothy should leave the cottage, nor do we hear of the tiniest ripple of disagreement between her and Mary during the half-century they spent together. And, indeed, even if Dorothy had left her brother and his wife they would seldom have been alone. Coleridge used to stay with them for months at a time, as did De Quincey later on, and many other visitors came and went.

There was soon no time for happy lying about under hedges. There were babies to be cared for and carried for miles—were perambulators not invented in those days? We read in a letter of Dorothy's carrying one of the children *over Kirkstone Pass*. Only those who know the Lake District will understand my startled italics. And there was always housework to be done in the discomfort of an overcrowded little house.

Coleridge, on the point of going to Germany, set his heart on taking with him a manuscript copy of all Wordsworth's unpublished poems—and when had Dorothy refused him anything? But the strain of finishing it up to time was almost too much for her and Mary, though it was admitted afterwards that but for their devotion many of the poems would have been lost to the world.

And the sewing for the children that Dorothy got through! School frocks for her eldest little niece, trousers for the boys. In *Letters of the Wordsworth Family* we read how she made a pair of trousers for one of them out of two trouser fronts and a pair for his brother out of the two trouser backs. Why this very singular lay-out of material we are not told. Possibly one child was much more curved than the other.

Dorothy's *Scottish Journal* is an extraordinary book for one who did not think of herself as a writer. In my edition of the *Journals* it is one-hundred-and-sixty-five pages of small close print. She and William made this tour when Mary's first baby was about ten weeks old. These recollections were not written in full on the spot but written up at home later from short notes made on their wanderings. They were written for her own old age (ah, me!) and for her friends and relations, and miss the ecstasy of her private Grasmere diary. But they

show her usual keen observation and give a unique description of peasant life in Scotland at that date—rather a disconcerting account to us of Scottish blood.

This was Dorothy's last long holiday for many years.

During the winter of 1807-08 both Coleridge (who required much waiting on and many queer meals at odd moments) and De Quincey were staying with the Wordsworths, and Coleridge's boys—he was separated from his wife—came for the week-ends from school. But read Dorothy's own words in a letter to an old friend. She is referring to the smoky chimneys of Allan Bank, the house to which they went in 1807, Dove Cottage being so unbearably crowded.

The labour of the house is literally doubled. Dishes are washed and no sooner set into the pantry than they are all covered with smoke. Chairs, carpets, the painted ledges of the rooms . . . require endless cleaning and are never clean . . . In fact, we seldom have an hour's leisure (either Mary or I) until after seven o'clock . . . for all the time we have for sitting still in the course of the day we are obliged to employ in scouring (and many of our evenings also). We are regularly thirteen in family and on Saturdays and Sundays fifteen.

Only those who have had the experience of running a large household frugally and with inadequate help can realise the cruel strain undergone by Dorothy and Mary, especially as the latter was not strong at the time. To have succeeded in getting the day's work into the day would be almost the only recompense night could bring.

And there was the furnishing of Dove Cottage for De Quincey. Dorothy did it for him and took endless trouble to get from Kendal the chintzes he would like and to choose furniture of his favourite mahogany. The time came when she hardly ever opened a book, hardly found time to answer her friends' letters.

But what cuts me to the heart is the months of broken nights, spent in looking after the ailing little niece who slept with her. She was one of those people to whom want of sleep is agony, and there was little chance of making it up by day.

Yet we need to be reminded that, as one lover of Dorothy puts it, "to the last there is no suggestion that she would have held her life on any less heroic tenure." In pitying her we

may give her the effect of self-pity, than which nothing could be more untrue.

Interest in Dorothy has been stimulated this year by Miss Catherine Macdonald Maclean's *Dorothy Wordsworth*, a biography, written with much loving care, which will probably remain the standard work on the subject. But she brings it to an end in 1813, when Dorothy was forty-two and the Wordsworths were removing to Rydal Mount, where comfort at last awaited them, and it does not follow the bright mind down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where it was to live in darkness for twenty-three years. It is one of the cruellest mysteries of life why a beautiful soul should be at the mercy of a tiny flaw in the brain. Dorothy's lovely mind was dependent on a brain which could not stand the test of two severe illnesses in late middle-age, or, possibly, of some earlier hidden mental strain.

From the time of her breakdown our knowledge of her depends chiefly on references to her in contemporary letters, references sometimes only a few words in length, as when Charles Lamb ended a letter to Wordsworth with the poignant little phrase, "Prayers for dear Dorothy." She lived at Rydal Mount until her death in 1855, surviving her brother five years. Mary lived yet another four years, calm and clear-minded to the end.

During and after the year 1834, De Quincey, then living in Edinburgh, published at intervals in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* his *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets*. One is alternately touched and hurt by his references to Dorothy. He tells us that she was the most natural person he had ever known and the truest, "at the same time the quickest and readiest in her sympathy with either joy or sorrow, with laughter or with tears, with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poets." That is a fine tribute, but the way he stresses her "wildness" and *gaucherie* jars on one.

Then he goes on to tell us what might have "mitigated the suffering which, more or less, ever since the period of her too genial, too radiant youth, I supposed her to have struggled with,"—as if youth *can* be too radiant! Dorothy, one learns,

only read what she liked reading (one remembers her reading Shakespeare in the morning) and was a creature of unexpected knowledge and unexpected ignorance. Had she been more as other people in this respect, had she even been "a writer for the press, with the pleasant cares and solitudes of one who has some little ventures, as it were, on that vast ocean . . . I am satisfied that she would have passed a more cheerful middle-age, and would not at any period have yielded to that nervous depression (or is it, perhaps, nervous irritation?) which I grieve to hear has clouded her latter days." *Nervous irritation* was an unfortunate definition of poor Dorothy's serious trouble, and would be bitter reading for Wordsworth, if, indeed, he did read it before he refused to have *Tait's Magazine* in the house at all.

"Nephews and nieces, whilst young and innocent, are almost as good as sons and daughters to a fervid and loving heart", writes De Quincey smugly, "but after a nephew has grown to a huge hulk of a man . . . as stout as a bullock"—well, then, Dorothy should have taken up writing in earnest and all would have been well. But we know that Dorothy, in her best years, had given away her time, her strength, her endurance; and anybody who knows anything about writing ought to understand how (almost) impossible it is to start, or re-start, creative work when mind and body are less supple than they used to be. Besides, she had never felt the desire to write for publication, even in that radiant youth, so argument is useless. She had helped to create two poets and, consciously or unconsciously, she left it at that.

"Farewell, Miss Wordsworth! Farewell, impassioned Dorothy," waves De Quincey, with what one vaguely feels is not quite the right gesture of God-speed to one to whom he owed so much comfort in the past. "I have not seen you for many a day—shall, too probably, never see you again; but shall attend your steps with tender interest as long as I hear of you living" . . . but Dorothy was beyond his benediction.

His enchanting sister . . . Prayers for dear Dorothy.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



MR. ARTHUR MOORE is the chief political writer on the *Calcutta Statesman* and the Indian correspondent of the *London Observer*; in this country, however, he is better known as the leader until quite recently of the European Party in the Indian Legislative Assembly. Readers of his thoughtful article on the destiny of Britain in India will welcome the prospect of further contributions from his pen.

Another new contributor is MR. HAROLD STANNARD, whose name as a political journalist would be better known but for the tradition of anonymity in the British Press; his book on the monuments of Rome revealed him as a scholar of some distinction.

No introduction is needed to MR. MAXWELL MACARTNEY, whose position as *The Times* correspondent in Rome gives weight to his summing up of the achievement of Mussolini. The names of MR. C. F. MELVILLE, who warns us of the imminence of the League's most serious crisis, and MR. W. L. SMYSER are also quite familiar to readers of the *Fortnightly Review*.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG is at present at work on a new novel. MISS ISABEL BUTCHART will be remembered by *Fortnightly* readers for her last article, "Whitewashing the Prince Regent". MR. HYATT VERRILL is a newcomer to these pages. He is an American traveller who has already written a book on the Incan civilization.

Readers will be interested to know that GEOFFREY WEST's book on H. G. Wells is now issued in the "Today and Tomorrow" series of Messrs. Gerald Howe.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is well to find something pleasant to begin with. All those who know Spain agree that through all its reverses of fortune that famous country has retained one precious thing, a high nobility of character, alike in rich and poor. The Republican government was suddenly faced with a monarchist revolt, having for its chief figure a general who had done great service to Spain. The revolt was almost still-born, and General Sanjurjo's life was forfeit. It has been spared by an act of clemency none the less noble because it was a wise demonstration of strength. Hard upon this comes the news that Catalonia has accepted a Statute which reconciles the local desire for autonomy with the unity of Spain. Colonel Macia, the Catalan leader, is one of those European figures, like Masaryk, on whom the mind can dwell with satisfaction, proving that romantic national idealism can combine with statesmanship.

But in these days Germany holds the centre of the stage. Her demands addressed to France are now public, and they amount to this: that after the cancelling of Germany's Demand for Equality reparations there should be a cancelling of the charge of war-guilt. When Germany refuses to accept any longer the position of a second-class power, her spokesmen make no mention of the reason why and how far that was imposed on her. The common opinion of the victorious powers held it necessary for the safety of the world that Germany should not have the chance to regain that military ascendancy which had so nearly laid all Europe at her feet, in a war begun and carried on by Germany with gross

violation of pledged obligations. The worst of these was not the invasion of Belgium: it was the introduction of poison gas: for in that lies the possibility of a war which may really destroy Europe. All the talk about what can be effected by aerial bombardment of civilian towns is exaggeration unless it is to be attack with some concentrated and spreading poison. In this matter Germany broke down the barrier of human restraint; she set an appalling example in that abuse of man's new mastery over terrible forces which deserves to be recorded in perpetual memory; and when she comes forward to claim her full freedom as a first-class power, she does not come with clean hands. It is none the better that since she showed the way, every great power has its hands also reeking of poison.

Those who concern themselves with problems of government—and in modern Britain neither man nor woman has the right to say that such matters lie outside the ordinary citizen's responsibility—are bound to remember that these international questions affect the lives of millions and the fate of nations; and no one should be content with easy sentimentality. Let us admit that the Treaty of Versailles was far other than a monument of wise statesmanship. Yet on the side where it was least reconcilable with wisdom, its financial penalties, mitigation has changed it out of knowledge. Are we to assume that wherever its terms are felt by Germany as oppressive, they are to be altered solely for that reason? In the matter of payments, the Treaty demanded the impossible, and impossible demands break down, and in breaking down often end in a settlement that falls short of what could originally have been attained. But now the question of possibility does not arise. Germany can do without the extended armaments that she is claiming. We are told, however, that it is impossible to keep a first-class power in a second-class position. The implication is that no law runs for nations. In a society the strongest man can be kept under restraint if society so orders. If we like to say that nations, being sovereign, are not amenable to any law, well and good; but the consequences have to be faced. Do the English

**The Rule
of Law,
or Force?**

people desire that Germany shall be free to arm in the same measure as France? For that is exactly Germany's claim to-day. We know the answer of France to this question. The essential thing for England is to know its own answer.

Undoubtedly the answer is not easy to give, because so great a nation as the German becomes a danger to the health of Europe if its mind rankles under a grievance; and the denial of the right to arm is felt the more keenly by the German people because it touches their essential pride. For generations their national ideal was identified with the will to war and preparedness for war. Germans accepted jubilantly what the French bore and bear as an irksome necessity, the price of their peculiar freedom. These last months and weeks have made it evident that we have still the same Germany to deal with. English people were inclined to believe that a democratically governed people would work out otherwise than one under military monarchy. Now that the first period of war weariness is ended, that does not appear to be true: and one is driven to ask, How far was the old German government other than democratic? "Government without the consent of the governed," Swift wrote two centuries ago, "is the very definition of slavery". Before the war, Mr. Balfour, as he then was, told the House of Commons that for him the only definition of democracy was government by the consent of the governed. Now, before the war and during the war, the Kaiser's government undoubtedly had this consent. It was accepted cordially. Since the war, the various authorities that have ruled Germany have been tolerated; but the first signs of enthusiastic support have been elicited by Herr Hitler, whose appeal to German pride drew such a startling response. Yet what did he evoke if not the will to war? Now, by a strange turn of the wheel, he is pushed aside, and the right to govern is claimed by the President, through his nominees. It looks as if Germany would submit, and not by constraint; for Germans must realise that the will to war is going to get a far more trustworthy expression through Hindenburg and

**German
National Pride**

through von Schleicher than through Herr Hitler ; and that such a government may be depended on for the old competence and the old integrity in its officials.

Meanwhile the new government has in a sense recognised its " democratic " character by conceding to a widespread popular demand the lives of five Nazis who, in the presence of his household, battered the life out of a workman suspected of Polish sympathies. The remission had a technical justification, as the criminals could not have known the decree to which they became amenable ; but a more real justification lies in the fact that such group-murders for political reasons are distinguished by public feeling from private crime. The essential purpose of the sentence was to deter, and a drastic stoppage of this form of political activity has so far been noticeable. To that extent the purpose is accomplished.

In fact, however, the remission may have been part of a political deal, and it is possible that some accommodation may be reached and that formal democratic sanction by the vote will come through some arrangement with Hitler's following. Or again, Germany may merely acquiesce in the President's exercise of authority. Whichever happens, German government will have the consent of the governed, and will be an expression of Germany's claim for the right to complete preparedness for war.

On balance it seems that the interests of Europe will be best served if Germany accepts the government by competent authority, virtually reducing her parliament to a mere consultative capacity. Highly trained military administrators are better to deal with than explosive rhetoricians : and in domestic matters they certainly do not lack boldness. If there exists still anywhere on this globe a tradition of orthodox finance, it will be shocked to the marrow by schemes to provide an immense sum for the relief of unemployment by a mortgage on the presumed future increase in taxable capacity. But Germany seems to enter

The Pardoned Nazis

Better than Hitler

into these projects with some confidence, knowing that the proposers are able and are clean-handed. Men of the same school went on conceiving, achieving, apparent impossibilities during the war. When the supply of chemicals for high explosives was short, they made nitrogen out of the air. It looks as if they were aiming to find millions in the same element : but they got the nitrogen. Nobody can refuse admiration to the German genius : but that does not make the future any less formidable when Germany, in the mood at present declared by so many different and powerful voices, claims the uncontrolled right to re-arm.

Meantime Japan is presenting the world with another problem. She has recognised the new Manchurian State, and has formed a complete alliance for defensive purposes, which means that her armies may be moved at will to defend its frontiers and repress internal resistance. The Committee of the League of Nations is about to report unanimously on the question whether Japan has infringed the covenants by which she is bound within the League. It seems likely that Japan, if the verdict goes against her, will go out of the League, since membership places her in an impossible position. Four powers are principally concerned with this corner of the universe—this fertile territory maintaining thirty millions of people. Two of these, the United States and Russia, are exempt from the League's obligations. The other two, those most directly involved, are both members ; but whereas Japan is a civilised and efficient nation, ably fulfilling her functions, China is a vast anarchy, attempting to apply Western political institutions in the farthest East. Japan needs an outlet for the energies of her efficient people. The English-speaking stock denies it to her in America and in Australia, and in the Philippines. She claims, with great justice, a special right in Manchuria, by virtue of what she has already done to develop that country, and still more because but for Japan's extraordinary prowess, Manchuria would have been a Russian province to-day. Her title to intervene by force is not less

Problem of Manchuria

creditable than that of the United States, say, in Nicaragua : and if she feels her action unduly hampered by membership of the League, she will inevitably leave it. In that case, the League will have begun to crumble, not because Japan broke faith, but because it admitted to membership a state which was not a nation in the sense of being an administrative unit ; and it will be faced with the problems which arise from continuing membership to this anarchic state, in relations with three powerful nations that lie outside the League.

Meanwhile the British Commonwealth has pushed on with slow and tentative deliberation its advance to a new type of State. There was hard bargaining no doubt at Ottawa, but the characteristic wisdom of the race showed in a general agreement to say that nobody had got the best of it. What the mother-country gets is problematical so far. But morally the effect has been calculated to enhance the prodigious rally in Great Britain's financial position. The taxpayer is getting genuine relief by a widespread reduction in the rate of interest which national loans must pay ; and it is abundantly evident that forced departure from the gold standard has shaken no confidence in England's financial character. It is probable that one of the steps which led to England's difficulties at the crisis of last autumn has nevertheless permanently strengthened English credit. There was no doubt a certain rashness in the pledge given to America that, whatever other European states did, England would pay its war debts in full. If as a consequence the power of gold went elsewhere, the moral effect produced by that characteristic action remained. When gold was cornered by America and France, England refused to be bound by this mechanical standard and offered sterling, whose value would be fixed by British credit. In the result, the British pound came back approximately to what it was when Britain was in control of the central exchanges. It has been a triumph, and to all appearance one which is welcomed in all countries.

Nothing dramatic has happened in Ireland, though much is brewing. There are many protests against Mr. de Valera's policy from the men who have goods to sell, but it seems agreed that his personal prestige is unshaken and that when the pinch is more widely felt the small farmers will blame England, not him. In short, Mr. de Valera is once more proving himself a valuable chief for insurrection. But to rebel against a government is one thing, and to go to war with your market quite another ; and the prospects are formidable for prosperity as we have understood it. Mr. de Valera, however, is convinced that prosperity of a different type is attainable, and his announcement of a guaranteed price for Irish-grown grain is a step towards the realisation of this belief. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and in the North, agriculture, which is Ulster's main industry, owes Mr. de Valera a statue. Land in the Six Counties is mainly owned by Protestants, and they, like all farmers, have felt the depression ; but the peculiarly favourable circumstances which Mr. de Valera has created for them ought to relieve this. Belfast's staple trade also may hope to gain something from Ottawa. I doubt if Mr. de Valera's supporters desire the prosperity of the linen trade, though its difficulties have left thousands of Irish Catholics unemployed. But those who hope, rather against hope, for peace in Ireland, are anxious to see the factories busy again ; since the ranks of the unemployed are a great field for the I.R.A. to work in. The main danger of the situation is that the I.R.A. exists on both sides of the border, and that in Ulster it has something more vulnerable than a market to strike at.

In England the only trace of practical interest in Irish affairs I have met was concern for the future of the Dublin sweepstake. A syndicate, consisting I believe of sixty persons, at any rate holding sixty tickets, did me the honour to consult me as to whether they could count on strict observance of the rules of the game. I felt able to reassure them. Mr. de Valera's Government has made a levy on that part of the proceeds which

**Irish
Trade**

**Britain's
Financial
Repute**

**The Dublin
and other
Lotteries**

goes to the hospitals—but this does not hurt the ticket buyers. There is not the least fear that he will risk so large a source of income to the country by proposing to annex a share of the prizes. What is possible is that his Government may be inclined to annex for its own purposes the privilege of which the hospitals now have a monopoly.

In a curious and most erudite book on "Lotteries and Sweepstakes"* just published, Mr. L'Estrange Ewen enables us to see for how long a period European governments financed their projects by similar machinery. State lotteries began in the Low Countries during the fifteenth century; the Dukes of Burgundy developed the idea, and Queen Elizabeth went in for it on a grand scale. England never turned down the practice officially till the nineteenth century, when, under the virtuous rule of George IV, Puritan scruples were embodied in the Act of 1826. Lotteries disappeared and betting on horse races went up by leaps and bounds. There was an odd exception made in favour of any gamble organised to promote the sale of works of art. Probably they reasoned that the desire to possess any given work of art was not likely to lead any Englishman into temptation. At all events, they have left this incongruity, which is hardly noticeable in that complex of absurd self-contradictions. The law regards betting, it is true, with a somewhat disapproving eye; but we may bet, and we do. And there is no pretence that it is done for a charitable purpose. But we may not organize lotteries; when a neighbour state so far departs from rectitude as to do this wicked thing, we, citizens of England, are forbidden to participate.

The whole subject bristles with fantastic incongruities. Ireland wants to raise money for an Irish object; it chooses to do it by the machinery of English horse races. There may be separation politically, but the prosperity of the Irish sweep is inextricably bound up with the reputation of the British turf. That reputation rests on the fact that horse racing has been raised to the respectability of a religion only in the country where lotteries are not allowed. In fact, the promoters of the Irish sweep thrice a year pay tributary homage

* *Lotteries and Sweepstakes* (Heath, Cranton), 15s.

to England, acknowledging that on which England specially prides itself, the paramount position of British sport.

Yet Irish pride can afford this tribute in exchange for flowing cash. I believe myself that the extraordinary success of this venture lies in the fact that Englishmen are now provided with a law that they enjoy breaking. Certainly many people are going into these sweepstakes who would never have troubled to put money on a horse. Their legislation has provided them with an adventure, to help the original gambling instinct; and the promoters in Ireland have skilfully exploited the romantic element which gives the lottery its fascination. Legally, it appears, at least by British law, any betting transaction is a lottery, and so is a gambling game of cards. But let us endeavour to talk sense instead of law. There is a world of difference between betting and taking a lottery ticket. When you bet you have something to go on; either your own opinion, or your opinion of someone else's opinion; in a lottery you submit blindly to chance. Each man's chance is theoretically equal, whereas in betting on a horse race, you buy one chance of several, each of which is fixed by expert opinion at a certain value. The expert's opinion may be wrong, but at least you get it for nothing. What is more, you buy the full value of your chance. Nobody annexes twenty-five per cent of it to endow hospitals in another country. Nevertheless, the lure of the sweepstake is greater precisely because you get clean away from the idea of an investment. When you bet, there is some reasonable relation between your stake and the prize. If you hope to win thirty thousand pounds on the turf you must be prepared to venture at least three thousand; but in the Irish Sweep, ten shillings will give you a chance of the same amount, though not, it is true, the same chance. Moreover, many minds are still affected by the romantic period when the owner of a ten-shilling ticket drew £350,000. It was not well that this should happen again; even gamblers were shocked by the disparity; and nowadays instead of one colossal prize we have many very large ones. Yet the institution

**Lotteries
and
Betting**

countryside. The efficiency of the methods used in this disciplining depends largely on the surroundings, on the teacher's gifts, on the pupils' temperaments, and on the available material. But *some* mental gymnastics is, in most cases, indispensable, and a lion's skin is never cheap. Yet it is not to brain-stretching that this new book directly contributes.

In the third place education has to do with the *equipment* or furnishing of the mind. There is need for mental nutrition, and this includes not only science in the strict sense, but other kinds of knowledge, and not knowledge only, but educated feeling as well. Something of the wisdom of the ages must be *learned*, so as to counteract or corroborate, as the case may be, the uncriticized prejudices of our Primary Unconscious. In this furnishing of the mind education has especially to do with the history of our race, the wonderful world in which we live, and the laws of health and happiness. It is with this furnishing or nurture of the youthful mind that this new book has mainly to do.

It would be as easy as it would be pleasant to follow the chapters of the Outline, and praise them as they deserve to be praised. They are so simply written that boys and girls can understand them, and yet there is rarely any "writing down." They are so clear that we do not always notice at first how deep they are. They are so picturesquely concrete that they are often thrilling, even exciting. A breeze plays through the pages, and the illustrations are vividly original. We see more of the universe of knowledge with every page, and yet we do not lose our way in bewilderment, the editor giving us all the clues we need. A quaint writer speaks of the reward that would come to us if we could open one eye

after another to the number of a dozen or so and see more and more of the world. Well, each chapter of this Outline seems like another eye opened—all through the domain of things, all over the realm of organisms, in and out of the kingdom of man and the values that make it rich. But besides the comprehensiveness to which we have alluded there is a remarkable unity—due, we suppose, to the fact that the book deals in a sincere truth-seeking way with a coherent evolution, a "whole," which may be the expression of a single Divine thought or purpose, that eludes us in its majesty. Anyhow, the editor has chosen and influenced her team of contributors to such good purpose that the result is harmonious. As she says, the book "makes the facts into a whole and presents the glorious and exciting whole like a great crystal into the child's hands." But, the book is as dynamic as a crystal is static!

In plain English the Outline is well knit together. It is well integrated, as one might say. Everyone knows how geography changed when it became, as one of its devotees said, a compendium instead of a pandemonium of the sciences, and when it was realized that it is the other eye of history. For we know now how the doings of a people have been largely determined by the surface relief and soil of their country. So it is all round; we must see knowledge whole. Thus excellent results have been attained in America by "Orientation Courses," sometimes carried so far, they say, that the students can tell you far more about the interrelations of the subjects than about the subjects themselves. Mrs. Mitchison's scientific cartography is of a high order—but no doubt in this and other respects she has been helped by Gollancz's previously published Outline for grown-ups.

Apart from new knowledge, which stands by itself, and apart from technical treatises like Einstein's, this Outline must be reckoned, we think, as one of the three or four most important books of the century; and every right-minded person must wish it god-speed. We do not mean to suggest that it is without error or omission, for it is deliciously human, and therefore imperfect. Thus speaking from a personal professional point of view we must notice that the subject of Biology, which is the central science, has been cruelly squeezed, so much so, indeed, that some of its seed-ideas, such as the widespreadness of disease in Nature, do not read quite true. We find in the book some sad omissions, which should be remedied, such as Play, the Evolution of Love, the Web of Life.

But these are merely crumpled rose-leaves, and the crowning virtue of the Outline is that it sounds throughout the note "Science for Life." Its knowledge becomes wisdom, a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. What is mainly wrong with our troubled world to-day is that social complexity has outgrown individual understanding; and our civilization must follow that of Greece and Rome and the others unless we learn to chart our sea of troubles. Towards this habit of thinking scientifically, and yet wisely, this book is a notable contribution; and when all boys and girls carry it in their knapsack and sleep with it under their pillow, the Kingdom of Man will begin again to come in our midst and the joy of life will be less shadowed.

BOOK COLLECTING

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA, by Holbrook Jackson. New and Revised Edition. *The Soncino Press*. 21s. net.

and highly menacing sense,—*habent sua fata libelli*.

THE honourable business of book-selling is centred in a comparatively small community,—mostly pessimists, whose reiterated burden is the complaint that the world no longer values books as it used to do, and that the trade is rapidly going to the greyhounds. The motor, the cinema, the skating-rink, the cocktail party, and the Dailylight Saving Act—all these things are against it; and so are the week-end habit, the evacuation of the country mansion, and the multiplication of service flats. There is no room anywhere for books nowadays, and no time to read them. In a new

There may be some truth in the complaint, but there cannot be the whole truth; or how shall we account for the success of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's erudite, ingenious, and exclusively specialised treatise on the joys and sorrows of Bibliomania? If people no longer collect books, they clearly find pleasure in following the philosophy of collecting, for this is the third edition of the book to appear in two years. And it is a book of rare and subtle flavour, demanding for its relish the most sensitive of literary palates. One can imagine the commercial sportsman of Stevenson's "Wrong Box," opening it in the inn parlour with a puzzled stare more profound by far than that evoked by the now defunct *Athenæum*.

"Golly, what a book!" he might well exclaim, for he could not read a page of it. Assuming the mantle of Robert Burton, and adopting, with amazing fidelity, the intricate allusiveness of his style, Mr. Jackson has produced a new "Anatomy" as various, as swift in transition, and even more entertaining than the old,—a treasure-house of reference, anecdote, and wisdom, all concentrated upon the gentle art of book-collecting, and the eccentricities of the collector. Like Dr. Johnson's haggis, the volume is full of "fine, confused feeding," the more to be appreciated, the wider is the reader's acquaintance with literature and life. And this is the third edition in two years! Let the pessimist of Paternoster Row say what he will, the epidemic of bibliomania is very slow to scotch.

The gift of reading is one of the main distinctions between man and the animals; and, in spite of learned pigs and performing horses, the genuine, home-cured Bacon's Essay has yet to make its appearance on the shop-counter. Man is still the only reading creature, and he inclines to start the practice a little later in life with each succeeding generation. In an age when a new record is broken every morning, John Stuart Mill's precocity seems likely still to hold its own; for he is said to have started the study of Greek at three years old, and the intensive methods of co-educational Montessorism have yet to challenge that. At the same age Swift could read any chapter of the Bible, while Harriet Martineau knew "Paradise Lost" by heart when she was seven. You cannot stuff capons so. But it was even thus that the past produced its bibliomaniacs, and no doubt the best of them were always just a little mad.

Every enthusiast is a madman to the friend who does not share his enthu-

siasm; but the passion for books has certainly led men by strange byways into many a quagmire. Charles Lamb, for example, was a little mad, when he spent a whole day wondering whether he could afford to buy a treasure upon which his heart was set, and eventually, long after nightfall, hastened half across London, to knock up the bookseller from his bed, and strike the bargain by candle-light. At the other end of the timetable Lord de Tabley showed symptoms of mania, when he arrived outside his favourite bookseller's at six o'clock in the morning, and strode impatiently up and down the street, waiting till the shutters should be removed. Maddest of all, at any rate in the judgment of the gourmet, was the George Gissing who, having but sixpence in his purse, and nothing to eat in the house, struggled with his hunger, bought the faded Tibullus that he coveted on the Goodge Street stall, and retreated supperless to his attic. Men have endured strange extremities for love all through the ages, but it is in legends such as these that the love of books is seen surpassing the love of women.

Nevertheless, if book-loving be madness, there is still method in it; and Gladstone prescribed six excellent qualities for its proper practice,—appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. He himself, he protested, was endowed with only the first and the last, yet he managed to accumulate a library of thirty-five thousand volumes. The great secret of successful collecting is to know what you want, and to hold on to the quest until you get it. The classical example is that of Lord Spencer, who spent a whole year hunting on the book-barrows of Rome for a certain Martial of the fifteenth century, and, having found it at last, hurried homeward on the instant, without having visited

either the Vatican or the Coliseum. The enthusiast who collects upon that principle often lays up for himself undreamt-of treasures upon earth, as witness the case of Sir Edmund Gosse, who specialized in Restoration Dramatists, most of them purchased for a few shillings apiece. When, after his death, those treasures came under the hammer, they realized several thousand pounds. In later years the greatest English book-hunter has been Mr. T. J. Wise, whose beautifully-housed Ashley Library in Hampstead is the Mecca of all true bibliomaniacs. He has collected, first and foremost, to gratify his own taste, but he was also the first collector to specialize the system of his entries, and to give them a scientific uniformity and accuracy.

Finally, the bibliomaniac remains the enduring type of the perfect lover, loving with all the senses at humanity's disposal. He loves by hearing, as he listens to the rustle of leaves that whisper like the glades of Vallombrosa. He loves by sight, enraptured by the comely page, and the gracious margin. He loves by smell: the fragrance of leather is sweeter to him than all the perfumes of Arabia. He loves by taste, dipping perennially into a cherished chapter, for the sake of a dainty phrase. And, above all, he loves by touch, like that old Canon recalled by Anatole France, who would linger for days in sun and rain by the bookstalls on the Quai Voltaire, fingering fondly the beauties that he could never hope to possess. The true book-lover, loving with that quintuple grace, has won to the secret of a life-long consolation, for he can justly boast with Macaulay that he had rather be a poor man in a garret, surrounded by books, than the richest king in the world, who did not know the charm of reading.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST, by Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 3s. 6d.

WIDE as is the field suggested by Sir Frederick Whyte's title, he has done his work admirably, with new lights for those who know, and copious, most readable instruction for those only beginning to study, the facts. That is not to accept all his assumptions. The dictum that since national movements now grow with unparalleled rapidity "the speed of reform must contrive to keep pace with them", comes strangely from one who has had unsurpassed opportunities of knowing that raw haste is at the bottom of all the failures of Nanking, which started four years ago with the best chances any new government ever had. And one could quote half-a-dozen passages in which Sir Frederick Whyte's own experience cries halt to his enthusiasm.

Yet that Asia is moving again cannot be disputed. The popular delusion of a purely passive East is exposed by the record of Attila, the Arabs, Genghis Khan, and the Turks. Since Queen Elizabeth, the restless "Ocean Men" of Europe have got ahead of Asia, planting their standards all over the world, and "the dawn of the twentieth century found the Asiatic in the grip of forces greater than any he could command". Like the King's daughter of Duntrine in Stevenson's fable, he has heard the Song of the Morrow, but he is still a long way from having power upon the hour.

The survey of the influence of the West on India, the "other-worldly", devotee of Maya or illusion, is fascinating. Apart from a very interesting suggestion that caste might actually be made the basis of, instead of the barrier to, political development, Sir Frederick Whyte is content to record events. But if the true conflict is in

the soul of India herself, far deeper than political questions, it would seem that political remedies need to be very gingerly applied, as surely the Round Table proved. The author is scarcely fair to the Indian Civil Service who, having to keep the balance between peoples of twelve languages and 2,000 castes, may be allowed to speak with reason. There is a brilliant appraisal of Gandhi, who "quailed before the supreme call of leadership and took willing refuge in prison as a welcome escape from responsibility". Yet Gandhi's personality fired India, questions have been raised, and it is Great Britain's "inclement destiny" to have to answer them.

Sir Frederick Whyte seems to under-rate the seriousness of the factional divisions of China and he hardly notices the appalling growth of Communism, not only powerful in the field, but more and more attracting the discontented young intellectuals. Yet one may share his hopefulness. The determination of the best Chinese to break the disastrous monopoly of the Kuomintang, to broaden the basis of government, to concentrate on restoring order in the Yangtze valley, the key position, is much to the good. Even more noteworthy is the stirring among the dry bones signaled by the Pei Hwa literary revolution, mass education movement and new position of women. Sir Frederick Whyte is probably right in thinking that the Chinese now would welcome constructive help from the West as never before. The West should indeed grasp the opportunity with both hands.

At the moment of writing, Japan seems to be for settling the question of East and West by deliberately turning from the West. She has always secretly felt that the Western nations regarded her as an upstart. For that

reason she was bitterly hurt by Great Britain's dissolution of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Manchuria has, in the common phrase, "put the lid on". Sir Frederick Whyte is perfectly right in the respect he pays to the Japanese Liberals, reinforced as they are by *commerçants*, who realize that bayonets are no cure for boycott. But he might have seen that indiscriminating abuse about Manchuria (where, as he most fairly shows, Japan had a very strong case) is the best of all ways to destroy their influence. As in India and China, the real conflict is in Japan herself. The West can only attend with "sympathetic understanding", a phrase hitherto used with singular misunderstanding of its real implications.

O. M. GREEN.

YEARS OF DESTINY: INDIA, 1926-1932, by J. Coatman, C.I.E. With a Foreword by Lord Irwin of Kirby, K.G. *Jonathan Cape*. 10s. 6d.

OPPONENTS of Lord Irwin's policy in India are likely to regard this volume as an apologia, not because the ex-Viceroy supplies a Foreword, but owing to the author's somewhat partisan treatment of his subject. Lord Irwin says that Professor Coatman writes with the knowledge of one, who, after seventeen years in the Imperial Police, was in direct touch with the events dealt with in his book; but we are not told in what capacity he "enjoyed exceptional opportunities of appraising both persons and things during a critical period of Indian history".

However, the book is an interesting controversial study, seeking, in the author's words, "to show what has happened and to bring out the underlying forces which have been and still are at work, and the truly fateful character of the decisions taken during

these years of destiny". It is a useful addition to history, although the author makes a curious mistake in saying that "Nadir Shah's invasion during the latter half of the eighteenth century was the last great historic invasion from the North-West before the British closed the ill-omened gate". But Nadir Shah invaded India in 1739, sacked Delhi and massacred the inhabitants; Ahmed Shah, the Afghan, repeated the operation, finally entering Delhi in 1759, and afterwards driving the Marathas with slaughter from the field of Panipat.

The Governor General's announcement of October 31st, 1929, regarding Dominion status is shown to have caused misunderstandings both at home and in India, raising hopes of early fulfilment and giving scope to those who were ready to raise the cry of "bad faith". Mr. Coatman in his Preface quotes the Duke of Wellington on Ireland in 1828; he might well have quoted what Arthur Wellesley wrote after the Maratha War of 1803:—"What brought us through many difficulties in the war, and the negotiation of peace? The British good faith and nothing else". That good faith is due not only to politicians, but to the myriad peasants who look to the British for protection.

The chief interest of the book lies in the presentation of Lord Irwin's dealings with Gandhi, who is described as politically "a dangerous sham, dangerous because of the prestige he has acquired through his personal characteristics". But in spite of this, and although we are told that this "half-naked fakir" (Mr. Churchill's expression, here quoted) acquired enormous prestige when he "strode up the broad staircase between the towering troopers of the Viceroy's Body-Guard", Mr. Coatman approves of the Governor General's dealings with this "dangerous

sham". In this connection it is well to read what Lord Meston says in the August number of this Review:—"The patience of the Moslems, already severely tried, cracked under the conviction that Lord Irwin was recognising Mr. Gandhi, Hindu of the Hindus, as plenipotentiary for all India". The significance of this must be recognised by all who know India.

Lord Irwin's regime is shown to constitute a hiatus of political turmoil between two periods of comparative calm under the influence of Lord Reading's "acute judgment and firmness of mind", and of Lord Willingdon's firmness; for the author tells us that Lord Willingdon at the beginning "found his task one of great difficulty and complexity", but admits that he "soon got the situation in hand", while saying that he "carried on wholeheartedly the policy and methods of Lord Irwin"; although he questions whether the new Viceroy "handled the situation in the best possible manner" with regard to Gandhi. At any rate Lord Willingdon made a political desert for the Congress extremists, and we may call it peace. But even those who criticise Lord Irwin must admit that he left Mr. Gandhi and the Congress Party discredited in the eyes of the world.

R. G. BURTON.

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by ALAN M. WELLS

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AN INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS, By Maurice Dobb. *Gollancz.* The Outline Series. 1s. 6d.

AN INTRODUCTION TO FINANCE, by T. E. Gregory. *Gollancz.* The Outline Series. 1s. 6d.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS, by G. D. H. Cole. *Gollancz.* 5s.

It is impossible intelligently to follow the course of politics today without some such course of reading as is represented by the five books under review; and though there is in them, considered together, a marked bias against the present régime and towards the ideas of the political left, the first of these characteristics is perhaps not excessive in an age which is quite certainly one of transition, whether that transition be towards or away from Socialism.

Even in the writings of Professor Gregory, whose task is merely to expound the methods of the present financial system, there is evident a certain impatience with the more old-fashioned apologists of that system. His remark that the problems created by the growth of the international short loan fund call "for some revision of the traditional attitude on the subject

of the benefits to be derived from acting as an international centre" is, though a masterpiece of understatement, yet definitely critical, as is the subsequent one that "speculation is necessary, but its manifestations . . . are not always of the kind required in order that the economic functions which it is supposed to subserve shall be adequately carried out." The rest of his book is lucid, but somewhat academic, since he barely touches on the problems of the relation of finance with either production or consumption.

Mr. Dobb's book is misnamed. It is less an introduction than a critical essay, useless without previous acquaintance with the authors who are criticised. As such, however, it is valuable, and it may also be of use to an intending student as a warning of the limitations of his subject. Most modern economists, he asserts, do not attempt the task envisaged by the older "political" economists, to define a standard of intrinsic value by which the whole economic system may be surveyed, whether for critical or apologetic purposes. This object they have relinquished, and declined upon a mere theory of market prices, useful enough in its own way, but affording no standard by which to judge or criticise the economic system as a whole.

By these standards Mr. Cole escapes, as he in fact obviously does, from the ranks of modern economists, and occupies a field of his own. In the most

limited in scope of these three books, that on industrial organisation, he is concerned as much with the moral value as with the material efficiency of the institutions concerned. He is adequate and lucid in his description of the principal developments of capitalist organisation, but his object is ultimately critical and his standard rather ethical than practical, though he does not neglect the latter aspect; and in more than half his rather limited space he concerns himself with the possibilities of improvement offered by current theories, mainly that of Socialism. This part of his book is of paramount importance, since it probably indicates the practical implications of Socialist policy in this country for the ordinary citizen, and should accordingly be read by everyone who is interested to know what he is supporting or opposing in Socialism, a subject of which there is, of course, very general ignorance in all the parties.

His second volume in the Outline Series is the only one of those under review which goes back much beyond the period of Adam Smith. In it he traces the development of political theories (he has naturally little space here to touch on actual forms) from the time of Plato onwards to that of Mussolini, and his summary is remarkably fair, lucid and comprehensive. It is, in fact, probably the best popular summary of the sort in the space to be procured, if the necessity of including modern developments is recognised. In the section concerned with these, Mr. Cole brings out with marked impartiality the resemblances between the Communist and Fascist ideals, as two forms of that "corporative state" which is the best-known alternative to parliamentary democracy. It may be questioned, however, whether he is

equally accurate in defining their differences, though even here he appears sincere in his endeavour to be fair.

In *The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos*, Mr. Cole develops his main theme, the evolution of an individualist towards a Socialist state, from another angle. He examines the economic history of the last 150 years, to find out whether the institutions evolved by capitalism are adequate to the task of organising the economic life of today. He comes, not quite surprisingly, to the conclusion that they are not, and propounds the alternative offered by Socialism. But this bald summary does not do justice to the magnificent scope and breadth of his conception, nor to the point and practical seriousness of the treatment. It would be difficult to do this in the space available for the purpose, and it must therefore suffice to say that the book justifies its title, leaving untouched no aspect of importance in its consideration of our time and of the future. I should like, however, especially to recommend the sections on money and the control of credit. There Mr. Cole, while allowing them due credit for their critical abilities, yet effectively and shortly disposes of the theories of the currency cranks who hope to right the world by changing the credit system. He explains clearly the limitations of the quantity theory of money, and suggests at least plausibly that what is required is no mere change in the mechanism, but change in the whole object of the system, to bring about smooth working. On the Russian question, Mr. Cole may be described as being biased in particular discussion of the Russian situation, but balanced in the conclusions drawn as to the possibility of extending the Russian system.

A TESTAMENT OF LIGHT: AN ANTHOLOGY, made and edited by Gerald Bullett. *J. M. Dent.* 5s. net.

MR. GERALD BULLETT, with the candour of a generous admiration, having seen how broad the way of an indicated excellence has proved, now follows it himself. The title of his anthology is a double acknowledgement: for the plan and method of it at once proclaim it to be, not an imitation of, but a companion to, *The Spirit of Man*, and its content is a part of that written covenant of the spirit with itself which says "Let there be light" so that Beauty may be seen.

With a wisdom and restraint that many other anthologists might copy to their own gain, and ours, Mr. Bullett in collecting his gleanings from the field of religious literature has been chary of quotation from the mystics. Ruysbroek and Novalis, Saint Teresa and Molinos, Donne and Juliana of Norwich are among the more obvious writers from whom Mr. Bullett has taken little or nothing. "However real may be the experience that inspires them, such radiant theorizings are inevitably something in the nature of mythology" he says in explaining this reticence. His book is to be read, not for its literary excellences, but for the argument, carefully built up through each successive page, and, ultimately, for the light it throws on Mr. Bullett's own personal eclecticism.

For an anthology is, in its own way, a spiritual autobiography, an index not only of taste but of character as well; and when, as in Mr. Bullett's *Testament*, the purpose of that anthology is avowedly to exalt the religious spirit, it may become a confession as full and, under the veil of its quoted authorities, as frank, as any first novel or self-revealing lyric.

Mr. Bullett, taking Jacob Boheme's

picturesque metaphor as a guide, has chosen those authors who use "the hammer that can strike my bell". We must read his responses to the hammer-strokes, while listening to our own, in his arrangement of each separate attack and in the notes (here the metaphor enriches itself with a suggestion of paronomasia) which as always in such cases are almost more interesting than the texts they illuminate and expand.

Thus reading and listening, we find however variously we may react to the strokes of Mr. Bullett's hammer-wielders ourselves, that he is a hedonist, an experimenter with sensation, but without grossness, placing the pleasures of the mind and the inexhaustable joys of a fine argumentative friendship as high as any experience life has to offer or death may hold in an enlarging hand. Mr. Bullett himself knows why he has not strengthened his argument by some quotation from *The Principles of Morals* or some passage from J. S. Mill: certainly not because of that standard of literary excellence he has so firmly foresworn. And yet, has he really so denied his own innate power of discrimination? Here and there the brevity and conciseness of Lao-Tze expounding Tao, the clear aphorisms of William Penn are introduced or followed by little flames of song cherished and nursed under the anthologist's garnering palm to light his argument. The lovely sextets from *The Heart's Journey*, beginning,

"Sing bravely in my heart you
patient birds"

separate two sturdy paragraphs from sermons, and there are extracts from unpublished poems by Frank Kendon that, without any suggestion of hammer-blows, must ring bells in the heart of any lover of lovely verse. The hedonist breaks through the austerities of the

searcher for religious expression other than that of the mystic, in these bright releases of song, and we get a glimpse of Mr. Bullett as he most companionably is, accompanying the thinker he has compiled for himself and for us in these admirable pages.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST, by Gertrude Atherton. *Jonathan Cape.* 15s.

MRS. ATHERTON has had a crowded life. The result is a crowded book, full of interesting matter, some of which would be even more interesting if it had a little more space to spread itself over. But with 558 closely printed pages, it is perhaps exacting to ask for more. Only it is tantalising to get so good an impression as she gives in three or four pages of London in the nineties, and then, instead of personal portraits, to be put off with a mere list of celebrities.

But Mrs. Atherton makes up for it later on. She does give us some full-length portraits, chiefly of people whose tragic destiny it was to find themselves at war with the social conventions of their time. Oscar Wilde is one, his mother, Lady Wilde, the "Speranza" of literary Dublin, is another. Then we have Lady Colin Campbell, whose divorce was a *cause célèbre* of the "eighties," and a laughable encounter in her drawing-room with Henry James, when Mrs. Atherton found herself unexpectedly and uncomfortably *de trop*. There are stories, too, of Whistler, and George Moore, and William Sharp, and Robertson Nicoll, and a whole generation of literary folk, few of whom still survive.

But with the gift of the born novelist, Mrs. Atherton does make live again that period of prosperity and ease "when men went late to business and wore silk hats," when Mayfair and Belgravia were gay with window-boxes, when "during the long twilight Piccadilly was crowded with broughams and hansoms carrying men and women in evening dress" to restaurants or theatres, when the Princess of Wales drove daily in the Park, and "as she passed, every hat was lifted and every neck was bent."

Though a Londoner may turn first to her reminiscences of English society, the earlier part of her book, with its picture of old California, has greater freshness of interest and real historic value. She knew San Francisco long before it was a great city, and she has mixed, both as a Franklin, and as a descendant of the old Spanish settlers, with almost every section of its society.

By temperament she was no peacemaker. She admits she was a "difficult" child, and that was to put it mildly, and she certainly had more than her share of Whistler's "gentle art of making enemies." She put herself hopelessly in the wrong with the social world she married into by publishing, as her first novel, a revival of an ancient scandal with thinly disguised portraits of many prominent people. And she seems to have been perennially at odds with the critics, especially the American critics. London reviewers treated her better. Dare one suggest that her fellow-countrymen were better equipped to find the joints in her armour? But she has lived a full life, and she gives us here the cream of it. European and American readers both owe her a debt of gratitude.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. *Secker, 10s. 6d.*

"AM I not Balaam's ass,
Golden-mouthed occasionally?
But mostly do you not detest my
bray?"

In these lines by D. H. Lawrence there is one of his numerous flashes of half-shy, half-defiant self-portraiture and self-criticism. Considering the words one drifts as usual towards a discussion of Lawrence's message, for the ass's bray and the voice of God are inextricably interwoven. And yet, it is true, he is only occasionally golden-mouthed. There are pages of versification in this book which, but for their personal associations and even with them, are almost unreadable, and one recalls that the ass was inspired only when the perverse prophet was in the saddle. Among these early verses called Rhyming Poems there is little beside "Virgin Youth" to detain us with the authority of poetry. Between fond hope and fond melancholy these poems lie, and it is incredible that they are contemporary with the novels where his sensuous descriptions, his strange power of rendering the physical luminosity and throbbing of living things was at its height.

But in Lawrence it was common to find the sublime and the ridiculous side by side, and this was by no means always unconscious. In "Virgin's Youth," for example, there are the concluding lines:—

"... I salute thee
But to deflower thee. My tower im-
pinges
On nothingness. Pardon me!"

but I am not sure that these last two words are awful ineptitude. They may be painfully jarring, but the anti-climax is typical. It is that note of half-jeering self-criticism of the lonely

man, standing (in the final analysis) self-conscious and apart. He makes a world for himself, then after a struggle and feeling there is no place for him in it, withdraws with a bitter grin. Most poets, and I think the greatest, make their world and do not attempt to live in it but through it; and in justice to Lawrence it must be said that he was well aware of the distinction. His introduction to this collection stresses the personal characteristic.

It is when this interpolation of the person takes on prophetic, declamatory, or even merely explanatory authority in the poems of "Look—We have Come Through," in the second section of the book, that Lawrence can claim our consideration as a poet. Here, though his fondness is embarrassing—to walk naked requires a certain lack of humour—there is passion. The Psalms to the God he denies have an evident influence. He chants, reiterates, declaims; and then the voice varies from the prophetic to the disputatious manner of the traveller. Here one thinks of Whitman, a Whitman without an "America, a promised land" unless, as in this erotic metaphor of Donne's, that land is woman.

Then in "Birds, Beast and Flowers", especially in such poems as "The Fish", "The Mosquito", "The Snake", he finds creatures living in that apartness postulated by his intense feeling for extremes. After consummation, to be alone. To the Protestant mystic sensuous immolation in the god is not an end in itself: "It is in fierce, unutterable resolvedness, distinction of being, that one is free."

And here in these poems banality and self are most cut away. Luminous sympathy, an intense sensuous intuition, sardonic, faun-like comment—

Lawrence's great qualities—take their place:—

"I saw a water serpent swim across
the Anapo,
And I said to my heart, look, look
at him!
With his head up, steering like a
bird!"

Of fish:—

"Slowly to gape through the water,
Alone with the element;
To sink, and rise, and go to sleep
with the waters;
To speak endless inaudible wavelets
into the wave."

Of the mosquito:—

"What do you stand on such high
legs for?
Why this length or shredded shank,
You exaltation?"

The declamatory rhythm of the chant is there still, gaining its effect not by word-music but by reiteration, the drum-beat of self-obsession. The poetic phrase abounds in the preacher's mind. From the moment of "Virgin Youth" we are aware of a force and a vitality that are irresistible but which in some maddening way are tethered. I found myself reading these poems in the way that one would read a poet-prophet's note-book.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1932. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.*

DANGEROUS CORNER, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann. 5s. net.*

A "FAMOUS PLAYS" volume of twenty years ago would have been full of thesis-dramas. For then the "advanced" playgoer looked to the dramatist for instruction about social problems. He received it from Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, and others. Nowadays the drama has ceased to

argue and expound, and its younger practitioners are students of the individual, not of society. Ronald Mackenzie, whose tragic death in a motor-accident followed so cruelly after his great success with his first play, *Musical Chairs*, is typical of the man who failed at school and learned from life. He would never, I think, have become a theorist about society, using grease-paint to generalize about an ethical issue. He had roughed it with an observant eye, and *Musical Chairs*, which comes first in Mr. Gollancz's choice of six, is a play of fresh vision and terrific vitality. In choosing the mixed society of Poland for his *mise-en-scène* Mr. Mackenzie showed some cunning, for an exuberant play of mingled sufferings and absurdities is much more natural in the absence of Forsytish English manners and stiff upper lips. All the characters stand out with their "humours" plain and vigorous; there is a lusty Jonsonian impulse as well as the pessimism which is native to the legates of 1914-18. Could Mackenzie have gone on? It is impossible to say. But in *Musical Chairs* he has left a considerable monument.

Mr. van Druten is represented by *Somebody Knows*, one of the best murder-plays of our time. It did not greatly please in the theatre, because it left its mystery unsolved, which is vexatious to a public accustomed to have everything punctually cleared up at 10.59. The refusal to answer the eternal query "Who did it?" is typical of Mr. van Druten's realism. Nobody ever does know, short of confession, who committed a murder. That somebody is found guilty proves nothing certain. Mr. van Druten's extremely subtle study of a flamboyant youth who might have killed the prostitute had too many fine shades

for playgoers who want essays in unquestionable black and white. But *Somebody Knows* is one of his major achievements, as the other play of his *There's Always Juliet* is of his minors. It is a trifle which needs the lightest shimmer of acting over its slender surface. This it received in London. Clumsily played, it might make a deplorable entertainment. There, again, one sees the contrast with twenty years ago. The thesis-play was valued for its argument and could stand up to a good deal of bad acting. But the moderns write for the actor, not for the actor as preacher in disguise.

Mr. Clifford Bax won considerable favour with *A Rose Without a Thorn*, a historical play about Katheryn Howard composed in the modern idiom and informed with modern feeling. Everyone was delighted with this escape from the ordinary Tudor convention, which so often creates something far less than tragedy and not much better than tushery. There are two American items in the volume. Mr. Elmer Rice's *See Naples and Die*, a brisk piece of nonsense about Americans abroad. It reads less farcically than it was played at the Little Theatre, where Miss Olive Blakeney almost banged the comedy to pieces in her efforts to stimulate its vitality by massage. *Once in a Life-Time*, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, is a grand satire on Hollywood. The typical American drama of our time is not the tragic Muse of Eugene O'Neill, but the slogging burlesque which makes life its punch-ball. This wild raid on the pretentious idiocy of the screen-world is irresistible. It must be terrific on the stage; but only to read it is to have an hour of delight.

Mr. Priestley's *Dangerous Corner* is

an extremely ingenious play; its title is based on the menacing possibilities of a chance word and its development shows the complete overthrow of a peaceable domestic scene because someone insisted on a certain question. The plot reaches backward to pull family skeletons out of the cupboard; the skeletons are, perhaps, unnaturally numerous, but the adroitness of the whole is remarkable. Mr. Priestley's first play (the dramatized version of *The Good Companions* is so different as hardly to count) is technically efficient and profoundly exciting.

IVOR BROWN.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR 1931-32
(Original and Selected) compiled by
F. J. Harvey Darton. *The Argonaut Press*. 5s.

At the present day one comes to a volume of essays rather suspiciously. The essay, by which one means the kind of thing Addison and Lamb wrote, is written plentifully nowadays, especially for the weekly press, but it is written against odds. The essay is not an important form of modern literature. It is obsolescent, one feels, if not obsolete. Short stories and sketches seem much more necessary to the expression of the 1930's than the essay seems, that untidy turning-out of the mind at any odd moment. What one expects from an author today, if he turns out his mind in a shortish piece of non-narrative prose, is an "article," that is, a "philosophical" handling of a theme.

Some of these essayists justify one's suspicions of the essay. A fair number mix Addison and Lamb and therefore write obsolete literature. Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mr. E. V. Lucas are certainly adepts in this old art of

turning out their minds, but they would be the first to acknowledge the unimportant nature of their wares. Amusing or graceful writers is all that one can call them. The writers of this kind of essay rely usually on their wit. And the wit of these essays isn't really good enough—two, for example, refer to ornaments inscribed as from popular seaside resorts. Others attempt to be laughable by cataloguing incongruous objects.

The authors who make the essay equivalent to the article succeed much better in producing something suitable for 1932. Mr. Charles Morgan writes excellently on *The Nature of Dramatic Illusion*, Mr. Middleton Murry on *William Blake and Revolution*, and Mr. Hugh Walpole on *The English Country: What is Happening to It*.

Then come the writers who make the essay the equivalent of the sketch. Mr. J. B. Booth writes well on *Hermit's Year: The Great Derby Myth*; and "Quex" on *Prickings of Memory*.

Mr. E. Gordon Craig succeeds in combining the essay and article. In his *Animadversions on Dancers* he is seriously animadverting, but his thoughts come stragglingly enough to result in a form resembling the old kind of essay: "Up they leapt—and down they came, ever so lightly—thud! Undismayed, they went at it again—up they went and down they came, even more lightly—pat! And now thoroughly encouraged, they went up and up again—but ever descended, later . . . always gracefully, sometimes exquisitely, but down they came—ping!" He writes in the Lamb vein as far as creative fancy goes; but the object of this fancy is a serious consideration of the true method of dancing in ballet.

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

DENT

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THE WAVERLEY PAGEANT, edited by Hugh Walpole; annotated by W. Partington. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 8s. 6d. net.

In this sciolistic world of ours, many estimable persons, proud of their perceptivity, will tell you that *Great Scott!* is a tribute to the fame of the Waverley Novelist, just as *The Dickens!* testifies to the immense popularity of the Victorian novelist: but, despite the post-War craze for centenaries, we English are not a race given to commemoration of our great writers. Mr. Walpole is to be commended for his kindly thought, praised for the fine criticism prompting that thought; for, like Meredith and, until a few years ago, like Dickens, Scott has, since about 1910, been heartily scorned by the intelligentsia and even by a misguided few of the intelligent. One can but suspect that these detractors have never read the detracted or certainly never read more than one book of his, for the person who can honestly and after due trial say that he despises any-one of these three novelists is either ignorant or obtuse—probably the latter.

After admitting all Scott's manifest faults and defects, one is, I believe, bound to declare that here was a fine man and a very remarkable novelist: great not only as an inaugurator but in his own right. Concede the too leisurely beginnings and the indecently hurried endings, concede the excessive addiction to descriptions of architecture, furniture, clothing, and scene (though one politely excuses Balzac for his inventories!), concede the frequent stiltedness of the conversation in the non-Scottish stories (the Scottish, by competent assent, being the best of all): how carpingly little you take away, how very much is left. No, this scorn for the novels of Sir Walter Scott is "simply not good enough". Here,

however, is a book that deserves very high praise on all counts. Even as an "omnibus", it is insolently cheap—just such a gesture as the Laird of Abbotsford would have made. There are close on 700 pages, well printed on good paper. In the space of thirty pages, Mr. Walpole presents us with a very short but admirably clear and illuminating Life and with an invigorating critical account of the novels and their characteristics. Like the wise man that he is, the introducer himself points out the blemishes. Moreover, he has achieved what I suspect he set forth to do: if after reading this introduction and these cunningly chosen extracts from the novels (though he could easily have selected three times the number), the most sluggish anti-pathetic can resist the feeling that in self-defence or, at the least, out of self-respect, he should straightway make the intimate acquaintance of *all* the Waverley novels, then that poor fellow, it seems to be implied, should really see his doctor, for obstinacy, after all, may be due to pressure on the brain. Equally good is Mr. Walpole in the notices at the beginning of each section of cleverly arranged stories. And Mr. Partington earns our gratitude by his tersely helpful annotations.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

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SELECTED FICTION

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE. By Frank Swinnerton. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE is a kind of book I do not read very often. For example, I have not read any of Mr. Swinnerton's earlier novels; and am, therefore, unequipped to put this one high or low on his list. Yet somehow I had a very fair idea of Mr. Swinnerton as a writer before I read this novel; I had seen articles of his, I suppose, and heard him discussed. "Bennett—without the genius" occurs to me as a remark that has been made to me several times. I think after reading *The Georgian House* that the remark is true.

Like Bennett, Mr. Swinnerton holds a position midway between young and old readers, between the highbrow and the lowbrow, and he reinforces this middle position by remaining, in spite of his successes, honest and intelligently independent. He hasn't run off to start a Book Society or to write a column of slop in a Sunday paper. As a novelist, he would stress the importance of craftsmanship and the need of a good story. By standing out against the modern tendency to divide novels into those that are good stories and those that are literature, he has attracted many kinds of reader.

He is the novelist-craftsman, in the Trollope-Bennett tradition. But "Bennett without the genius"—and what a difference that makes! *The Georgian House* seems to me to be

everything that from the craftsman's point of view it should be. The story is good, the characters are interesting, the book is varied and carries just enough suspense. It lacks only genius—the thundercloud coming up *against* the prevailing wind of the author's intention. I do not use the word "genius" in any exclusive sense of "greatness" but merely to denote the vitalising, opposing force which is apparent even in the lives of some minor artists.

In Mr. Swinnerton (I am judging from one book) this force is lacking. The result is that he cannot go beyond the convention in which he is working. *The Georgian House* is written in the convention of the sleepy south-coast village, the gossips in the high street, the windfall of a legacy, young men who either fail or succeed in life, young women who marry or drift on to a shelf. As the publishers say "The book has a hero, a heroine and even a villain . . . a happy ending." This convention treated with genius can come to life like any other convention. With Mr. Swinnerton it remains a convention. He is intelligent, sensitive, possessed of invention and a good prose style: no more. *The Georgian House* is remarkable less for its "truthfulness to life", which the publishers claim for it, than for its truthfulness to fiction. And that is not to be sneezed at! For a very readable, competent and entertaining fiction it is.

G. W. STONIER.

THE TWO THIEVES, by T. F. Powys. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

DON JUAN AND THE WHEEL-BARROW, by L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

OF modern writers few have been so misinterpreted as Mr. Powys, or so lavishly—and often indiscriminately—praised as Mr. Strong. Mr. Powys's method, unique not only in contemporary literature but in the whole history of the English novel, is a difficult art to accept, but there can be no possible acceptance of it as long as it is regarded as realistic; nor is its meaning likely to become clearer if we regard it as pure fantasy. It is an essentially subtle art, a fine mixture of symbolism and naturalism, allegory and mysticism. At their best, Powys's stories are parables—one would not be surprised to learn that he had modelled them all on that gem among stories *The Prodigal Son*—stories of earthly people with a heavenly meaning, told in the simplest language, with masterly economy and with perfect evolution. Mr. Powys does not break fresh ground; from *The Left Leg* to the three stories in *The Two Thieves* he has continually been cultivating the same field, ploughing it deeper and deeper as he becomes a more mature craftsman. His field is small and it is safe to predict that he will never plough another. Even his characters, book by book, remain the same—and these also he will never change. His most important characters are God and Love, and his minor characters, though passing under the names of Mr. Jar, the Rev. Hayball, Thomas Gidden and so on, are really Avarice, Jealousy, Lust, Covetousness, Beauty, Desire. Thus his characters are not characters at all, but qualities. He is the John Bunyan of our time—though a Bunyan with disturbing gifts of irony—his characters, like Bunyan's,

simply representing earthly vices and virtues. Their very speech, stilted and unnatural in its biblical precision, not the speech of men and women in this world, but the speech of figures in poetic allegory. In a Powys story a man will be the mouthpiece for greed, a woman for desire; they have rarely any of the finer shades of character.

It is scarcely necessary to review a new book by Powys, since every free book of his is simply some free presentation of an old formula. One now expects nothing new from Powys: there can be only something more inferior or more masterly. The essentials and fundamentals of his work remain the same. Of the three stories in *The Two Thieves* we can say simply that they are true Powys and leave it at that.

Unlike Powys, Mr. Strong is still

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immature writer, an experimentalist who may at any time hit upon a great formula. *The Brothers* revealed him at his most powerful; the stories in *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow* show him at his weakest. Strong began his career as a poet, but in this latest volume there is scarcely a line, and only one story, *The Rook*, in which the touch of the poet may be seen or felt. There is a facile devil in Mr. Strong and here, for the time, it has mastered him. One might turn to any page of *The Two Thieves* without knowing its author, and declare it instantly to be Powys; but one might turn over every single page of *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow* without detecting the hand of Strong. His stories here might be by anyone. There is scarcely one which might not have been better done—and better done moreover by Strong himself. One is aware continually of all kinds of commonplace phrases, trite situations, popular magazine conversations, shallow psychology and facile thought. There is, in *The Big Man*, a paragraph which it is possible that even Miss Dell would have hesitated to write.

"It was over. But he had spoken to her. Hallelujah. He had spoken to her. Oh, oh, oh. He had spoken to her. Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. The deep thick note of his voice would sound in her heart for ever."

Where, when he wrote this, and more important when he revised it, was Strong's sense of economy, his sense of balance, and above all his sense of humour and the ridiculous? There follow also other cheap and trite phrases such as "a swift hunger for expression," "affirm the link which bound them" — clumsy, ineffectual, superfluous phrases which the short-story writer cannot, and must not tolerate.

There is much in this volume to arouse the suspicion that many of these stories are early work. One hopes that it is so, for the sake of Strong's reputation and the future development of his art.

H. E. BATES.

BUTLER'S GIFT, by Martin Hare. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE LADIES' ROAD, by Pamela Hinkson. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE INVISIBLE ARMY, by Desmond Ryan. Barker. 8s. 6d.

Post hoc is not necessarily *propter hoc*, but, whatever may be the political and economic results of Mr. de Valera's advent to power, it is remarkable what an increase there has been this year in the popularity of Ireland in general and the rebellion in particular as subjects for fiction. A few months ago I reviewed three Irish books in these columns. And now here are three more books, all — though in very different ways — dealing with life in Ireland.

Martin Hare writes with subtle humour and a rare understanding. *Butler's Gift* is the best Irish book I have read since *Without My Cloak* — though it is the story of a very different kind of family and is told in a manner which is totally dissimilar from Miss O'Brien's. The Pallisers consisted of an impoverished rector and his wife, loyalists and Church of Ireland to the marrow, their three daughters, united only in antagonism to their parents, and Dee, the son of the house, enabled by a legacy to do no work and be a Republican. Into such a household came Philip Silver, a Liverpool bank-clerk and a distant connection, in hopes of learning the manners and modes of the Irish gentry, into whose

ranks he believed he would soon be called on the death of a rich old man to whom he was remotely related. The Pallisers were a family in which no one could possibly learn anything of the slightest practical value for such a purpose, but Philip enjoyed himself immensely none the less. The opportunities of an admirable situation are generously exploited. It is a book which one reads with a continual and contented smile, and is entertainment of the best description.

The Ladies' Road is the story of an Anglo-Irish family and the suffering of its women, as the men — with such monotonous regularity that each death is expected pages before it happens — are one after another exterminated by the War. It is well written and definitely possesses a style — as one would expect of Katharine Tynan's daughter — whether that style be attractive to individual readers or not. Miss Hinkson's descriptions are inclined to be verbose, and she suffers from that habit of reiteration of a phrase which has to be used very cleverly and with great restraint, or it fails to attain the inner significance that it is intended to possess.

The Invisible Army is a vigorous if rather incoherent story of bitterness and bloodshed from Easter Week to the unveiling of Michael Collins's memorial statue. Mr. Ryan has painted some vivid scenes, but his characters lack individuality and his style suffers occasionally from a regrettable paucity of verbs. It is not in any sense a life of Michael Collins, though his vibrant personality dominates the book. After Collins's death David Harding argued with the Tiger Doyle that "the man in the street prefers a live Free State to a dead Republic." I wonder if that is as true now as it was ten years ago.

HELEN GOSSE.

STICKY FINGERS, by Dyke Acland. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

THE story of *Sticky Fingers* concerns the rise and fall of James Husing, a second-rate company promoter, who has a keen nose for a possible victim in the financial field, but whose greed for profits blinds him to the arrival of more cunning birds of prey.

The setting of the story lies in one of the shires, where Husing's pretentious wife hopes to get a footing in hunting circles. "Crasher" Yarbury Lincomb, an amateur horsedealer and racing man is eminently successful in transferring some of the City's wealth — via Mr. Husing — to the good of the racing world, and his own stable in particular.

Sticky Fingers, though making no pretensions to literature, is a very readable story.

E. B.

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INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|--|---|
| AN OUTLINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AND THEIR PARENTS, Edited by Naomi Mitchison. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST, by Gertrude Atherton. (<i>Cape.</i>) |
| THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA, by Holbrook Jackson. (<i>Soncino Press.</i>) | THE COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. (<i>Secker.</i>) |
| THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST, by Sir Frederick Whyte. (<i>Sidgwick & Jackson.</i>) | FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1932. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| YEARS OF DESTINY, by J. Coatman. (<i>Cape.</i>) | DANGEROUS CORNER, by J. B. Priestley. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) |
| MODERN THEORIES AND FORMS OF POLITICAL ORGANIZATION, by G. D. H. Cole. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | ESSAYS OF THE YEAR 1931-1932. (<i>Argonaut Press.</i>) |
| MODERN THEORIES AND FORMS OF INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION, by G. D. H. Cole. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | THE WAVERLEY PAGEANT, edited by Hugh Walpole. (<i>Eyre & Spottiswoode.</i>) |
| AN INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS, by Maurice Dobb. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | THE GEORGIAN HOUSE, by Frank Swinerton. (<i>Hutchinson.</i>) |
| AN INTRODUCTION TO FINANCE, by T. E. Gregory. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | THE TWO THIEVES, by T. F. Powys. (<i>Chatto & Windus.</i>) |
| THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS, by G. D. H. Cole. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | DON JUAN AND THE WHEEL-BARROW, by L. A. G. Strong. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| A TESTAMENT OF LIGHT. Edited by Gerald Bullett. (<i>Dent.</i>) | BUTLER'S GIFT, by Martin Hare. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) |
| | THE LADIES' ROAD, by Pamela Hinkson. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| | THE INVISIBLE ARMY, by Desmond Ryan. (<i>Barker.</i>) |
| | STICKY FINGERS, by Dyke Acland. (<i>Hodder & Stoughton.</i>) |

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

- | | |
|---|---|
| CROSS-SADDLE AND SIDE-SADDLE, by E. V. A. Christy. (<i>Seeley Service.</i>) | POOR TOM, by Edwin Muir. (<i>Dent.</i>) |
| THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, edited by Aldous Huxley. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) | MAN OF PRIDE, by A. E. Warington. (<i>Long.</i>) |
| THE SEVENTH CHILD, by Romilly John. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) | THE LAUGHING PIONEER, by Paul Green. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI, by Violet Hunt. (<i>Lane.</i>) | I HAVE BEEN YOUNG, by Elizabeth Lomond. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER, by the Marquis of Zetland. (<i>Hodder & Stoughton.</i>) | GOLD OF TOULOUSE, by John Clayton. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) |
| ENGLISH JUSTICE, by "Solicitor." (<i>Routledge.</i>) | A HUNTING WE WILL GO, by Geoffrey Brooke. (<i>Seeley Service.</i>) |
| THE LONSDALE ANTHOLOGY OF SPORTING PROSE AND VERSE, edited by Eric Parker. (<i>Seeley Service.</i>) | DEATH TO THE FRENCH, by C. S. Forester. (<i>Lane.</i>) |
| THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK, by Cherry Kearton. (<i>Longmans Green.</i>) | THE RAKONITZ CHRONICLES, by G. B. Stern. (<i>Chapman & Hall.</i>) |
| UNENDING CRUSADE, by R. Emmet Sherwood. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) | BLACK MISCHIEF, by Evelyn Waugh. (<i>Chapman & Hall.</i>) |
| QUEER STREET, by Edward Shanks. (<i>Macmillan.</i>) | SUNSET SONG, by Lewis Grassic Gibbon. (<i>Jarrolds.</i>) |
| | THE DOVE AND THE ROEBUCK, by Ena Limebeer. (<i>Dent.</i>) |

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

NOVEMBER 1, 1932

ANOTHER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT?

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

"Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus, ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum fortuna mala compositus, utique si provocavit."—(*Seneca.*)

THAT Stoic of the Silver Age calls upon heaven and earth to gaze upon an inspiring sight: The Strong Man wrestling with malign Fate, while his soul is upborne with quenchless faith and purpose. And in the massive person of Herbert Clark Hoover—"Prosperity's Engineer" of 1928; the "Proven Improver," who swept forty out of the forty-eight States with huge majorities in that Election—Americans of to-day eye such a gladiator with cynical scorn. "All our banks are safe," pipes the ironic wise-cracker of the Press—*except Baby's!* And indeed, bleak misery spreads and deepens through a loose immensity which our own people find it difficult to comprehend.

In his Acceptance Speech on August 11th last, President Hoover gave a sombre survey of "a time of unparalleled economic calamity—years of greater suffering and hardship than any which have come to the American people since the aftermath of the Civil War." For so stunning a collapse the "fears and hates" of the Old World were chiefly to blame: "Foreign countries, in the face of their own failures, withdrew from the United States over \$2,400,000,000, including a billion in gold. Our own alarmed citizens took over \$1,600,000,000 of currency from our banks into hoarding. These actions, combined with the fears they generated, caused a shrinkage of credit available for the conduct of industry and commerce by several times even these vast sums. Its visible expression was failures, both of banks and business; demoralization of security and real estate values, commodity

prices and employment. This was but one of the invading forces of destruction that we have been compelled to meet."

This Strong Man has met them all with money in oceanic floods, regardless of a deficit in the Federal Budget which in June last already exceeded \$3,000,000,000. It was Mr. Hoover's hope that the dropping of more billions here and there would be as beneficent rain upon the withered continent; that a deluge of golden credits, poured out "at the top", would somehow soak through the hard mass of misery, "from banker to bread-line." In finance, as in war, these people are still among the naivest of amateurs.

No such ordeal as Hoover's has ever afflicted a Chief Executive. It lacks the Napoleonic thrills that sent Jefferson out in disgrace. It has none of the rugged splendour of Lincoln's lonely anguish. Even the impeachment of reckless Andrew Johnson by a vengeful Congress, and the breaking of Woodrow Wilson—that sham Redeemer of a War-damned world!—had in them certain elements of romance.

But Hoover's loftiest appeal to the American Legion at Detroit last year was drowned in ignominious bellowings: "*We want BEER!*" Yet their harassed President had travelled thirty-five hours from his Rapidan Camp to speak for fourteen minutes, mainly to stave off the onset of those Bonus Veterans who claimed an outrageous sum—over \$2,000,000,000 from a depleted Federal Treasury. Thus insulted, Mr. Hoover hastily left the hall, to be driven straight to his special train for Washington. From that most "un-American" of all towns he was yet to evict—with horse and foot, armoured tanks and tear-gas bombs!—a "Bonus Expeditionary Force" that was encamped in filthy shacks and empty buildings, even in the Pennsylvania Avenue itself, the splendid street that runs from the White House to the domed palace of Parliament on Capitol Hill.

Of course, to rid Washington of that clamorous rag-tag was a necessary act. Yet from that bloodless "Battle of July," I would date the doom of President Hoover's chance of re-election. This aim he has passionately cherished with a view to Mosaic leading of his people out of their dismal plight.

Mr. Hoover's aim is a worthy one; it is to steer his stricken Ship of State back into the opulent port in which he found it.

By our own Press, America is still considered a "country", like France or Germany. Her people are supposed to be united in national interests. It is assumed that *their* will and vote elect the President directly; that this President is an outstanding "statesman" of unfettered power, established in what Mr. Hoover has called "the greatest office in the world." With these and other fallacies I cannot here deal. They seem to be ineradicable. And each time the "quadrennial Circus" comes round, such absurdities excite the amazement and amusement of America's own press and political bosses.

For nine months this Immigrant Continent has weighed the "planks" in the platforms of both parties, and decided that "this is a sad year for the Ins!" There is, in truth, but one party now, as a glance at the policies put forward at last summer's nominating Conventions in Chicago will show. This America now numbers 122,000,000 people. These are drawn from every race on earth, including some twelve million persons of African blood, who form a serious factor of demoralization in the body politic. So vast is their domain that it ranges from Finland's climate to Arabia's. The political genius of these mixed races is all but negligible: were it otherwise, they would never have had the "noble experiment" of total Prohibition put upon them for twelve lurid years, nor would President Hoover now be scathing a lawless Alsatia of municipal corruption and "subsidized crime and violence."

Here one has only to recall the kidnapping and murder of Colonel Lindbergh's infant son, and the complete immunity of the criminals to this day. In that incredible affair, the foremost popular hero whom America has ever adored found himself forced to employ bandits against bandits in the matter of that \$50,000 ransom for his child—exactly as was done in Mrs. Pawley's case, in the wilds of Manchuria. And if those Asiatic savages threatened to send along their captives' ears by way of a hurry-call for the money, America's underworld presented their most famous citizen with his baby's skeleton showing a bullet-hole in the little head. Even President Hoover's

power proved futile here, either to save or to avenge. And for a hectic day or two his Press was asking: "Are we a civilized people at all?" Even the ghost of that Lindbergh baby haunts the sombre election of 1932, as a reproach to the most chaotic system of government which man's weakness ever devised.

That tragic baby is but one of a hundred luckless factors which may put upon Mr. Hoover a defeat and a humiliation which he would never have sought, if he had had a tithe of Calvin Coolidge's political flair. "I do not choose to run in 1928!" With this bombshell "Silent Cal." shook America near the close of his lavish term. He foresaw the collapse of a rip-roaring era. So the little Vermonter led forward the large Californian, and then bowed himself off the blinding scene—to loosen up in (written) speech at the tempting price of *four shillings a word* for magazine and syndicated Press articles, mainly on what Senator Borah calls "our glorious scheme for a better world."

Meanwhile, as heir-apparent of the Coolidge high-tide, Mr. Hoover, in 1928, put a master-question to his mechanically-minded people: "Why tinker with the perfectly-running motor of Prosperity? You wouldn't with your car. And Prosperity is your car!" America took him to her heart with music and song. The triumphant Quaker filled in the usual four months' wait with a "Peace and Good Will" tour of his Iberian *protégés*, from Mexico down to Peru and Brazil.

Left to himself, Hoover would have used an ordinary liner for this business jaunt; but his "advisers" had other views. They sent him off to "show the flag" on the Maryland, which was the latest and most powerful dreadnought of the U.S. Fleet. Thus imperially did the Hoover reign commence—only to tumble in ruins a few months later! Signs of recovery were all illusive. As the President himself explained: "Unexpected, unforeseen and violent shocks with every month brought new dangers and new emergencies. Fear and apprehension gripped the heart of our people in every village and city. . . ."

To this day they are stupefied over their fall. No apologia

of their Chief, no wordy schemes of Reconstruction can any longer appease a mixed mercurial horde, habituated as they are to miraculous luck, from the War of Independence up to the Golden Year of 1916, when the Old World's agony meant billions of money to the New. And now Prosperity is gone. Nightmarish misery stalks in place of it, from the Great Lakes down to the Mexican Gulf. Therefore a scapegoat must at any cost be found. And casting about for him, satirists of both Parties recall the fervid slogan of 1928: "Who-o-o, Who-o-o—but Herbie Hoover?"

So that earnest man must go, as "an atonement for himself and his (Republican) house." America's drastic argument is: "Let us have a change. In *any* case, we can't be worse off than we are!" Therefore all "transgressions" are laid upon Hoover's innocent head in the manner of that curious ritual in the Book of Leviticus. In vain does the victim promise a "slow but sure" salvation. Rattled out of his dignity by the old State of Maine "going Democratic", by the healing of the Smith-Roosevelt feud, by the ominous betting in Wall Street and the alarm of his managers, the President sat down to write a defensive speech in the famous Lincoln Room of the White House. Then he hurried off into the Grain Belt States to "farm the farmers" in traditional style. They and their grim wives turned out as an army with banners. But on those ensigns were emblazoned a very awkward welcome:—

"In him we trusted
And now we're busted!"

Security prices crumbled after that Des Moines address, with its promise of still higher tariffs, and the hint that "any annual payment of foreign debts be used to secure the expansion of foreign markets for America's agricultural products." It was all in vain. A scapegoat these stricken people craved, and Mr. Hoover was marked out for its dismal rôle. So they "shall send him away by the hand of a Fit Man, and he shall let go the Goat in the wilderness." Now the Fit Man for this hopeful job is seen to be Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the gentleman farmer of Dutchess County, N.Y., and the actual

Governor of the Empire State—which, be it remembered, commands by far the largest quota of votes (47) in the Electoral College, that ultimate arbiter in the longest, most tortuous and complex election in the whole world.

Very bitterly do the People recall Hoover's Message of December 8th, 1929, when Prosperity's house of cards was already toppling: "During the past year, the Nation has continued to grow in strength. Our people have advanced in comfort". . . . And today? America's misery would need a book to set out its wintry vagaries. Great cities are bankrupt. Empty skyscrapers are being pulled down to save the tax-demands. Even the Sovereign States are now queued up for Federal hand-outs. On August 2nd, Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, appealed in person for a loan of \$10,000,000. Illinois (which is larger than England) was also an applicant, and was given a grudging \$3,000,000 at three per cent. Were not Chicago's public servants, from dustmen to police and school teachers, left unpaid, with Mayor Cermak begging in Washington for money to run a metropolis as large as Paris?

To crown all came the crash in commerce, both at home and overseas, with slashing wage-cuts in all the trades, and William Green, President of the American Federation of Labour, warning Mr. Hoover of a possible "revolution", unless Federal doles were set afoot for an army of unemployed which may number 15,000,000 hands before the spring sun shines again.

No wonder America is aghast when it sets the festival of 1928 beside the present *Nemiseia* of terror and foreboding. Four years ago money flowed in oceanic profusion. An artisan in the building-trades could command £4 a day. It was in his own car that your plumber went back for those classic "forgotten tools". And the British Ambassador's lady could get no cook or lackey, unless she could guarantee garage accommodation for those opulent minions.

Again and again has the harassed Hoover sought to "get by with it", through psalms of hope, and "the most gigantic programme of economic defence and counter-attack ever evolved in the history of the Republic." The answering chorus

is: "We want Roosevelt!" That deep-chested, big-armed Democrat wore a bright quick smile as he sailed into the fray as the champion of the "forgotten man"—who is now an outcast and a wanderer in his hundreds of thousands. In many States, indeed, he cannot vote at all, since he is unable to pay the necessary poll-tax, or show property qualifications.

"Don't send a sick man to the White House," is the "charitable" plea of his rival hosts. Yet for a partial paralytic, the Democrat has made a nimble campaign. He flitted from rural Kansas to Mormon Utah. He talked of silver in Montana (where it comes from); of the trickery of Big Business out on the Pacific Slope, twitting the Hoover Administration for lolling on a couch of pious hopes. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt broadcast from the Mid-West States a scathing contrast between life in the parasitic cities and the "fate of our 6,500,000 farm families." "How shall this nation endure," this confident man put to America—paraphrasing Lincoln's famous *mot*—"if it be half-'boom' and half-'broke'?"

Presidential candidates, let me say here, have their speeches drafted for them by "ghosts" of much abler mental calibre than their own. The political machine is everything, from the early State primaries to the pitch-and-toss manoeuvres of the Electoral College, after the common people have voted throughout an immensity of three million square miles. Real political parties no longer exist in the United States, as we are reminded by the veteran reformer, and head of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Twenty years of Bryan's rule broke up the Democrats; the Republicans went to bits in the schism of 1910-12.

So today the election of a President and a Congress no longer implies unity of purpose or principle, coherence in policy or clear agreement in action. "The interests of the people"—as Dr. Murray points out, with overwhelming proof—"are at the mercy of an office-holding and office-seeking class. Those interests are now left to the fitful play of individual ambition, of individual temper, prejudice and humour. And apparently nothing can be done about it." But Dr. Murray is mistaken in supposing that these facts "are matters of common know-

ledge abroad." A glance at the British Press at any rate, would convince him of the contrary.

Mr. Hoover has defects of temperament which hamper him grievously: his shyness, his hatred of "the crowd", his impassive mien; the silence at interviews, as he scribbles on blank paper or draws circles with a blue pencil, jerking spokes from each centre to circumference as the caller rambles on in a monologue of increasing embarrassment. Hoover handled an unruly Congress clumsily; he made queer appointments to Commissions and delegations at home and abroad. One of the oddest of his nominees is at this moment sitting in Geneva amid the welter of international disarmament—"clad in black crêpe de Chine, with creamy lace and pearls at the neck."

This is Miss Mary Emma Woolley, a woman of sixty-eight, and the principal of a finishing Academy for Young Ladies at Mount Holyoke, Mass. One can only surmise what possible contribution Miss Woolley is expected to make in all the heat and fury of naval tons and guns; of bombing aircraft and giant tanks, with poison-gas and submarines, and all the panoply of man-killing gear, which the technicians of sixty-four nations have debated (*in vacuo*) for so many months. Yet President Hoover wished to shed "a woman's influence" upon this sinister palaver—which has cost the United States \$450,000 in expenses!

Mr. Hoover's "Observers" too, flit back and forth between London, Paris, Berlin and Rome, committed to nothing, yet reporting to the White House and the State Department all the devilries of an Old World, for ever inveterate in evil twists. The President erred again in gauging his people's resistance to the monstrous "experiment" of Prohibition. Yet his three secretaries kept him well informed. They still paste up that "Yellow Journal" which Joe Tumulty began for his beloved "Governor", Woodrow Wilson. This is a private digest of the day's news, both home and foreign, together with leading articles, and with manuscript notes inset for the President's guidance, in the dreary time-table of his incredible day.

Mr. Hoover has also opposed any Federal doles for the enormous army of his unemployed, because so "European"

a measure would be a tacit admission of failure in the "American system." Had he not assured his people that "We can make a large measure of recovery independent of the rest of the world"! But America went from bad to worse, while the Press found their leader's nostrums "pallid" and "verbose", or "as out of place today as an ox-waggon on Broad or Wall Streets." Thus flouted by a factional Congress and insulted by the Washington Navy League, Mr. Hoover impressed the star reporters who saw him as "a sadly tried spirit, still battling bleakly against terrific odds."

His Farm Board came to costly grief trying to keep up prices. And after three thousand banks had crashed in two years, he offered yet more billions of money in order to prop an incredibly flimsy framework of State and Federal finance, and "put steel beams into our banking system."

That Mr. Hoover is to blame for America's ills is a preposterous tenet. No light or leading could avail in the face of an effete Constitution like that of the United States, with its forty-eight clashing Parliaments, and disparate sectional interests scattered over a geographical area exceeding Europe's own. Not the genius of a Richelieu or a Pitt, a Cavour or a Bismarck could have saved America from its Lucifer-fall in the autumn of 1929.

Once more, I repeat, Hoover must go, as a Chief to whom Fate has denied that bright *felicitas* which the fickle Roman mobs looked for in the happy warriors to whom they accorded a "triumph". Old timers have been chary of venturing on "prophetic stuff" in this election. They were cocksure of Cleveland in 1888—when Harrison was chosen. They remember all the election "errors", from Lincoln's two campaigns to the Bryan fiasco in 1896, and Theodore Roosevelt's forlorn bid on a "third ticket" in 1912. Alfred Smith—like Hughes in 1916—thought himself as good as elected in 1928. "And see what happened to me," that shrewd New Yorker bemoaned to sympathetic delegates at last June's convention in Chicago. Anything may happen. Who could have thought, in 1920, that bosses of the machine, when tangled up in a deadlock, would replace the lofty Wilson with the gay and

larky Harding, whom Theodore Dreiser, their foremost man of letters, now brands as "a common thief"?

Months before the 1928 contest I predicted Smith's defeat. For no Roman Catholic has ever yet been accepted as President of the United States.

On November 8th, these chastened people will vote for a new Chief Executive. The so-called "Minor Candidates"—especially Norman Thomas, the Socialist—will absorb hundreds of thousands of "protest-votes". But Franklin Roosevelt is as certain of entering the White House as any man can be in a vast land where a puff of words can send an "avalanche" tumbling in another direction. He will have his "adviser" in the astute person of Wilson's son-in-law, and Chancellor, William G. McAdoo, of California. It was this veteran who made Roosevelt's nomination possible at Chicago, just as Bryan made Wilson a "possible" at Baltimore in 1912—after forty-six ballots had been taken!

Every President, by the way, has a boss in the background to plan and to steer his course. George Washington himself looked to Alexander Hamilton. The crude Jackson leaned on Van Buren, and so on up to the Hannas and Harveys and Houses of our own time. Mr. Hoover's political gyroscope is his own P.M.G.—Walter G. Brown, of Ohio.

For the moment, foreign affairs are dropped—though the Manchukuo tangle is of urgent import to the State Department, and British and French support is assiduously sought against the Asiatic march of a "militarist" Japan. As for the notorious "War Debts"—a total of \$22,000,000,000 from first to last—what candidate dares to talk of "cancellation" to an America still floundering in the bogs of a poverty whose only precedent goes back to 1792? Her farmers alone are \$9,500,000,000 in debt.

Now, hear Jefferson, Foreign Minister of George Washington, on the equivalent of today's tariff barriers in operation: "To the necessities for some delay in the payment of debts, may be added the British commercial regulations, lessening our means of payment by prohibiting us from carrying in our own bottoms our own produce to their Dominions in our neighbourhood,

and excluding valuable branches of it from their home markets by *prohibitory duties*." . . .

And this is the great Democrat's summing up: "The means of payment constitute one of the motives to purchase at the moment of purchasing. If these means are taken away by the creditor himself, he ought not in conscience to complain of a mere retardation of his debt, which is the effect of his own act."

In the matter of tariffs, the Federal Government have for thirty years moved away from the sound policy of Hamilton, which was also that of Henry Clay, as well as of Garfield, Blaine and McKinley. No longer is it mere revenue, or even protection, that is aimed at in these laws: the pressure of private and sectional interests have made them prohibitive, with duties in some cases up to one hundred per cent. But native critics and reformers are vociferous now in this regard: rude hands are laid on the constitutional ark itself, to challenge its sanctity and question its worth as a fetish outworn.

The present election is unique; no national holiday is this, but the serious quest for a saviour in a time of dislocation and stress which transcends any panic in the past 150 years. The farming community is in dire straits. In 1920 it took only 240 bushels of wheat to pay the interest on a mortgage of \$10,000; today in the Mid-West States it takes 1,200 bushels for the same purpose. At one time Hoover's managers hoped to carry those States, if only wheat stood at 75 cents and hogs fetched 5 cents a pound. It was not to be.

So a thousand cross-pulling factors will sway the voting on November 8th. Norman Thomas, the Socialist, will surprise America with the size of his poll. This man is no vulgar demagogue, but a Princeton graduate (as Wilson was), and a Christian minister as well. Then millions of negroes will be prevented from voting at all by farcical "literary tests" in the Southern States. But when all is said, it is "feeling" rather than "thinking" which will deny Herbert Hoover the customary second term.

Governor Roosevelt's political record passed muster even in Wall Street. He is a rich man, with twenty-two years'

experience of America's peculiar public life—not forgetting Tammany Hall, whose grafting clutch the Empire State of New York has never yet shaken off. When "Frank" married his cousin, Eleanor Roosevelt, the great Theodore was at the wedding, and he praised the groom for "keeping the name in the Family." That name still has magic in it. And in his love of sport, his genial manner and suasive power as a "mixer" with men, the Governor of New York State has points in common with the most popular of all America's Presidents.

At the age of thirty-one, Franklin Roosevelt became Assistant Naval Minister under Josephus Daniels—whose view of warships was expressed in Jefferson's phrase—"a ruinous folly." But from the first these people have been averse from war, feeling themselves unfitted for it, both ethnically and geographically. By far the greater part of their Empire, from Alaska down to Florida, was bought in dollar "deals" with the various nations of Europe, from France and Russia to Spain and Denmark.

The crippling poliomyelitis, or "infantile paralysis" which attacked Mr. Roosevelt ten years ago, does not seem to have affected his physical stamina. He has campaigned with much more energy than President Hoover, using every means of transport, from the horse to an aeroplane. And he carried a loud-speaker in a suit-case to be used with the new coat-lapel microphone, which the Western Electric Company invented for orators in this election.

Mrs. Roosevelt, the mother of five children and grandmother of three more, is the typical American matron of many interests. These have ranged from a furniture factory on her own Hyde Park estate on the Hudson River to editing a children's magazine, and teaching history and English in a New York City school two days a week. All this, coupled with the charge of a town house in East 65th Street, a country seat "up-State," and her duties as hostess in the Executive Mansion of New York State at Albany, have fitted Eleanor Roosevelt for the "First Ladyship" in Washington, which is the dream of America's most ambitious women.

As for the newly-elected Congress, this will be largely

Democratic; so that in the miraculous hap of Hoover's re-election, his position would be more deadlocked than ever; whereas Roosevelt's path will be clear—at any rate for a time. "A President," as Grover Cleveland used to groan, "always has a Congress on his hands"!

Will this change in the Chief Executive mean a revolution of policy *vis-à-vis* Europe? Not until the Sovereign People acquire due political education: all authorities agree upon this point, and powerful agencies are at work upon it. At present the United States is neither in nor out of the League of Nations, but, as it were prowling up and down within ear-shot of it. The China-Japan imbroglio makes her non-membership of the League extremely awkward for all parties.

That very exclusion, by the way, should be an *aide-mémoire* to Europe on the impotence of *any* American President to set his hand to a great international measure, unless he carries his Congress and people with him. Thus Wilson's signature to the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 was brushed away in both Houses at home—though it re-shaped a post-War world—as the act of an agent who had exceeded his licence. So goes the eighteenth-century system of "checks and balances", which the Fathers ordained in 1787, for thirteen newly-freed settlements. All of them were very poor, very jealous and suspicious of each other; the whole group strung precariously on the fringe of a wilderness that was not yet even explored, and was haunted by wild beasts and roaming savages.

Little can be done to draw America into the formal comity of nations—where she has long been in fact, although strenuously denying it—until her archaic form of Government is changed, and her huge mixed population convinced that their best interests will be served by the closest co-operation with us all, alike in politics and economics, as well as in those armaments which human nature will ensue and use, so long as men rule the world. The ideal guarantee for peace would be a frank alliance between the English-speaking peoples. Nor should this be scouted as a fantasy, for it was Thomas Jefferson who proposed this very consummation.

PREJUDICE AGAINST JAPAN

BY DR. E. J. DILLON

THE Lytton Report, for which a section of the political world waited with trepidation, has caused little or no disappointment to those who are familiar with Far Eastern affairs. It is more or less what they expected: the outcome of a conscientious effort on the part of courageous politicians to solve the insoluble and wrestle successfully with a law of nature. To unravel the present Manchurian tangle would have been an heroic exploit under the urgency of the circumstances as to time, place and other adverse conditions; but to extract in six months from the meagre results of such a superficial inquiry a basis broad enough for the settlement of the whole congeries of Far Eastern problems would be miraculous.

Lord Lytton and his fellow Commissioners are to be congratulated on the way in which they discharged their delicate task. Their position was somewhat awkward as spokesmen of powerful and thriving nations which, without rhyme or reason, had wrenched off from China whole provinces and fine seaports and are now engaged in hindering a struggling people from doing likewise on a smaller scale and under pressure of extreme necessity.

The Report, in spite of State Secretary Stimson's two frank anticipatory speeches, has encountered angry criticism in Tokyo and barely frigid assent from European publicists. Its authors are accused of partiality to the Chinese. To this the answer is that the Commissioners would not be human were they absolutely impartial. All Western peoples have lived in an atmosphere of rank prejudice, created deliberately against the Japanese ever since that remarkable people became a factor in international politics. And of that prejudice few public men

have as yet been able to divest themselves wholly, despite the recognized fact that Japan inherited and maintains a racial tradition of exalted courage, a fine sense of honour and a selfless public spirit. The behaviour of her people in peace and war, as allies, friends and parties to "gentlemen's agreements," as competitors and as enemies, has deserved and received high praise. Yet in face of these qualifications the Japanese were branded as an inferior race, to be kept at arm's length by all white peoples. And ever since they have been treated with studied contumely by the Western governments, and denied equal rights, their treaties and compacts with China have been annulled, their spoils of war snatched from them and the frontiers of foreign states closed against them.*

All this was connived at as the use and wont of politics. But on the part of peacemakers it was a fatal error which still cries out for reparation. Japan resents the systematic frustration of her every endeavour to find an outlet for her people, and references to the integrity of China, coming from China's despoilers, awaken no echo in her soul.

The supercilious spirit of the Western Powers having thus spread throughout the world, could one expect the Commissioners to be wholly immune from it?

The Report rightly lays stress upon the animosity between the Japanese and the Chinese, which gradually became so bitter that it could end only in an armed conflict. But it has nothing to say about the part discreetly played by outsiders in fanning that hatred into flame whenever it seemed to be dying down, as was the case, for instance, under the conciliatory influence of Sun Yat-sen. Chinese youths educated in American schools and universities are said to be the purveyors of this patriotic incitement. I may say that those whom I met in China, the United States and elsewhere displayed a strong bias against the Japanese. It is certain that for several years

* I was myself to some extent instrumental in bringing about a change in the attitude of Mexico towards Japan. On several occasions I brought up the subject in my conversations with the late President Obregon, unfolding to him the story of Japan's entry into international society and dwelling upon the injustice put upon her people; and some months later he assured me that, come what might, he would have the Mexican frontiers thrown open to them. The rebellion headed by de la Huerta hindered him from carrying out his intention before he left office, but his friend and successor, General Calles, redeemed his promise soon afterwards, in the year 1925.

past the influence of the United States on China's political thought and action has been growing, without being obtrusive, and it is possible that this influence, now amounting to a circumspect guardianship, may have been a vital element in embittering the relations between Japan and her great neighbour.

It looks as though the comprehensive issues involved in the Far Eastern problem were being narrowed down to a trial of strength between the United States and Japan, the former taking its stand upon the sanctity and the abiding force of treaties, and the latter holding that her first duty is to make decent provision for her sixty-five million citizens, even though in doing this she overstep the letter of a compact. The Report provides a bridge to span the chasm between those standpoints, and it now remains to be seen whether the parties will cross the planks and meet.

Each side suspects the other of evil machinations, and, as usual in such cases, they both exaggerate. It cannot be gainsaid that Japan has occupied territory which is now held to belong to China; but it is also true that Manchuria has for years been bought and sold, sliced and carved, taken by conquest and re-taken by dint of brutal intimidation, and has been unanimously regarded as an atrophied limb of the Chinese realm by all the Powers whose representatives drew up the Lytton Report.

I testify to facts that came within my ken. I have studied the various aspects of the Far Eastern problem ever since it first became actual, and talked them over with Russian, American, Chinese and Japanese statesmen.² At the Portsmouth Conference, where the plight of Manchuria and of other Chinese provinces gave rise to animated debates, all the documents, published and unpublished, passed through my hands in my capacity as Witte's adviser,* and years later M. Izvolsky discussed with me in detail the persistent attempts of the United States to cut off Manchuria from China, draw a neutrality cordon around it, and bring it within the sphere

* See Viscount Hayashi's *Secret Memoirs* (London, Eveleigh Nash). See also the work on the Portsmouth Conference, written by Korostovetz (in Russian), who was the official chief of the Russian Delegation under Witte.

of the nations which are now responsible for the Lytton Report. But long before the Portsmouth Conference I had watched the tangle rise and grow. At the coronation of Russia's last Tsar, when Li Hung-chang was listening sceptically to Witte's project to take the projected Trans-Siberian railway through Manchuria and to raise a Chinese loan in the Tsardom, I had occasion to admire the plausible way in which the Russian Minister put his case so as to attain his end and yet save the great Chinese statesman's face. A money gift was discreetly promised to the Chinese plenipotentiary, and the bargain was struck on the spot.

And in all these dealings China's rights and the rights and interests of Japan were held in derision.

It was thus borne in upon me with what scant ceremony the birthright of the yellow races was being chaffered away by all those puritanical world-reformers. The Russian system was to create vested interests in the coveted country by building railways there and issuing loans, and then to protect, if necessary by force, the rights and interests thus created. I had the advantage of being in close contact with the whole fraternity of international peacemakers, whose deliberate purpose, which they avowed in private and implied in public, was to make Manchuria a country fit for only white heroes to live in. Commencing with the usual unctuous phrases of polished diplomacy, they ended by acknowledging their real object. I possess in my diaries a series of characteristic conversations taken down day by day which throw a strong searchlight upon this section of history.* When the representative of an American Syndicate, the late Willard Straight, arrived in the Russian capital it was I who made it possible for him to see Count Witte, Prince Oblensky, M. Izvolsky and others, and when needful I acted as his interpreter. I also arranged for meetings between Witte and the American Ambassadors Meyer and Rockhill.

Now, all these statesmen, including Tsar Nicholas II, were animated by an ardent desire to see Manchuria colonized with whites *and only with whites*, and to have further sections of

* These diaries may see the light in the course of 1933.

China carved up for their respective countries, and Japan eliminated at all costs as a political factor in the Far East. That, with modifications, was the programme of one and all. It can hardly come as a surprise, therefore, to those who bear these material data in mind that Japan should lack confidence in the sincerity of the governments whose delegates wrote the Report, and should feel unwilling to submit any question involving her rights or interests to their arbitrament, and that she carries suspicion at times beyond the Hercules' Pillars of likelihood. The first token of sincerity on the part of the Powers of the West would necessarily take the shape of amends and restoration of the ill-gotten possessions. And of this there is no sign.

The slices of China earmarked by the Tsar were extensive, and at one time included the annexation of all Manchuria as well as of Korea and Tibet. His War Minister, Kuropatkin, submitted a secret report which enables us to realize what Russia thought of China's integrity. This was the conclusion of the document :

Having taken possession of all the free lands, we shall be able to colonize northern Manchuria with Russians. We shall establish ourselves in strong positions important from a military point of view. . . . Inasmuch as other Powers have no vested interests of an economic nature in northern Manchuria, the annexation of that region to Russia may be effected without causing a breach with any of the nations concerned. . . . If, besides North Manchuria, we also annex the South, we can count on the following advantages. . . .

and here follows a list of the pros and cons. And in Russia's official reply to Japan on the eve of the war between the two empires Japan was summoned to recognize that Manchuria lay outside the sphere of her interests ! Great Britain's sphere of interests was situated in the rich valley of the Yangtse, of which Germany suddenly coveted and demanded an adequate share. And even Italy put in a tardy claim for a slice.

That was what the Powers thought of China's integrity when their own interests were supposed to be at stake. But when Nippon sought to acquire a rood of territory or a seaport the tidings caused intense ruffling and fluttering in the dovecots of diplomacy, and China's integrity and the sanctity

of treaties were solemnly invoked. The impression which this difference of treatment made on the inferior " race " can well be imagined. It wrecked in advance all pacific plans which might conciliate the interests at once of the Chinese, the Japanese and the Western Powers, and it is likely to wreck the praiseworthy exertions now going forward to establish universal peace. Anyhow, the only way left to Nippon of providing for the need of her people was that which she has struck out in Manchuria, and which the international Commissioners felt bound in conscience to deprecate. That she did not sacrifice her people to the integrity of China is the burden of the complaints against her conduct, and it is impossible to acquit her of the charge.

I made bold to inquire of each and every statesman, Russian and foreign, who met to discuss Far Eastern problems in Portsmouth, St. Petersburg and Washington, whether they regarded China as a sovereign state, or Manchuria as an integral part of China, and the answer, couched in a variety of phrases, was in the negative. And one is tempted to ask whether, if the peacemaking Cabinets were in Japan's place today, they would be more considerate for China's integrity than Japan has been. But this, of course, is no justification.

The full extent to which Tsarist Russia illtreated China, Japan and Manchuria was brought home to me one day towards the close of last century when a number of secret telegrams came into my possession together with the Secret Treaty between Russia and China *directed against Japan* which I published in the *Daily Telegraph* of February 15th, 1910. Here are a few samples of the peacemakers' machinations :—

A telegram sent on 9/21 March, 1898 from Pokotiloff* to Witte :

Today, in concert with authorized agent, I had confidential chat with Li Hung-chang and Chang In-huang, promising if affair of Port Arthur and Taliénwan is settled by date fixed by us and without extreme measures on our part, five hundred thousand lán† each . . . Bogdykhan‡ has received piles of petitions asking that our demands be rejected. . . .

* Pokotiloff was Witte's representative in Peking.

† A lán was equal to five gold francs 93 centimes.

‡ Title of Chinese monarch, who at that time was the Empress Tse-si.

the present tangle, to which the policy of the Western Powers has materially contributed, no possible course was, or is, free from grave objection. With regard to the sanctity of treaties, the safest line to take in the present conjuncture is to give up insisting on the maintenance of the forms of treaties where the reality is impossible. But the remedy favoured by the Report is the negotiation of a series of new treaties. . . .

The recommendations of the Commissioners are certain to receive the careful consideration they merit. Some of them, however, may prove difficult of fulfilment. One of these is the advice to Japan to come to an agreement with the Central Government of China. Hitherto the Japanese have refused to treat with the Chinese Central Government because it does not exist, nor has it existed for the last ten years. Local governments there are in abundance—by all accounts there are eleven—and no two are pulling in the same direction. It has been computed that there are also sixteen different armies in the country under Christian generals, youthful marshals, self-made commanders and ambitious coolies turned warlords, but there is no unity of command, no common purpose, no organization. General Ma raised great hopes for a time, and then his star paled and set, and the recent rambling explanation which he published of his strange evolution seems to have imparted finality to his fall. General Chiang Kai-shek, who had picked up ideas about statecraft and got together a government which bade fair to put an end to chaos, was ousted from office by envious rivals before the end of the third year. When, instead of persons, whole cities tried their hand at saving the country, Nanking distinguished itself among them all and raised great expectations for a time, but these were dashed by the criminal revolt of Canton. Letters I have lately received from Mukden and Harbin describe a lamentable state of anarchy there and throughout the land. Troops levy tribute on city, town and country, and, when they have exhausted all other resources, become brigands. Communist forces loosely organized are said to be two hundred thousand strong. Soviets, established in two provinces and steadily spreading to others, are among the symptoms of China's malady. The present

plight of that country is very much as it was forecast for me by the Japanese Ambassador Motono over twenty years ago.

The Chinese nation is fast going to pieces. Manchuria is already a separate State, Tibet has not only seceded, but has risen in arms against the elusive "Central Government" without a formal declaration of war, according to the abridged rite of today. Tibetan troops have occupied Si Kang and the contiguous regions. A Tibetan Empire is being formed under the Dalai Lama. The provinces of Takien and Kiangsi have embraced Communism and set up for themselves under a Sovietist Government. Yunnan is semi-independent. The thriving province of Szechuan is misgoverned by a junta of half-a-dozen rollicking generals, who recognize no authority but their own. In short, the unwieldy State which occupies one fourth of Asia (10·7 million square kilometres) is going to pieces, and the Report counsels Japan to help to prop it up. . . .

Under the management of that palsied entity Manchuria became a vast asylum of brigands and cut-throats. The state gave the population no protection and the tillers of the soil were ready when the opportune moment came to sack, loot and murder in order to recoup their losses. From the "Central Government" Japan, whose vast interests and recognized rights were at stake, could get no redress; far from that, the Nanking rulers, behind whom were Americanized Chinese, left no stone unturned to render the Japanese railways valueless. They applied the boycott of Japan's products ruthlessly, and this, together with the guerrilla warfare, was draining her resources. Finally, she decided to cross the Rubicon. Last year her troops occupied the principal strategic points in Manchuria, which her government promised to evacuate when the Chinese restored order there—a date which corresponds to our Tib's Eve. Meanwhile, she helped to found the new State Manchukuo, under Pu Yi, the last scion of the Manchu dynasty, much as the United States helped Panama to secede from Colombia and form a new republic there just when a new republic became one of the essential requirements of the policy of Washington. And the United States promptly recognized the new State, just as the Japanese government has

recognized Manchukuo, and the sanctity of treaties and the integrity of States were never mentioned. The capital of the country was then transferred from Mukden to Chang-chun, the main strategic and economic centre of the land, and it was bruited abroad that Japan, having cast the die, would stand by that.

For it must seem to her that Mr. Stimson's policy is but a duplicate of that conceived by the late Philander Knox, which Russia and Japan and even China rejected because it would nullify their treaty rights. The American answer, making light of the sanctity of treaties, declared that with or without their co-operation the plan would be executed. Today a similar intention is harboured and the Japanese cannot but resent and resist it because, without their sacrifices in blood and money, there would be no Manchuria to make safe for the white man today.

In the Lytton Report one looks in vain for a timely word on the peremptory necessity of racial equality as a condition of peace in the Far East, and for a clear definition of the present meaning of the sanctity of treaties.

To accuse Japan of imperialistic designs in all this is to judge hastily, and probably to misjudge. Those who stand on a height whence a wider view of the situation can be obtained will be more inclined to explain her advance in Manchuria as the result of an irrepressible biological impulse, of a peremptory law of nature, against which artificial restrictions, however cunningly framed, are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The whole course of Japan's foreign policy is shaped in the first instance by the stepmotherly hand of Nature, who grudged her space enough for her people, then, by the animus of the governments, which forbade her to increase it, and lastly by the pinch of necessity, which impels her to add to it, and causes the growing restiveness of her proletariat, whose staying powers are well nigh exhausted. The peasants, underfed and downhearted, are clamouring for relief, which is nowhere in sight except in the mirage of Communism, which is eager to receive them.

ASQUITH'S PLACE IN HISTORY

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

PARLIAMENTARY government has now subsisted in England without any break of continuity for more than two hundred years. That in itself is a unique fact in the history of political institutions. During that same period our nearest neighbour has tried no fewer than eleven distinct experiments in government. Since the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty the Crown has been served by forty statesmen who have been known as Prime Minister, not counting Lord Chatham, whose right to inclusion in this august and select company, though sometimes questioned by constitutional purists, is now generally conceded. The list does not, of course, include men like General Stanhope, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Chamberlain, who though statesmen of the front rank were never actually at the head of the Government.

These Parliamentary statesmen would seem to fall into two well-defined categories. Ministers, on the one hand, who have won their place in history by having confronted and surmounted some great crisis in affairs; and, on the other, men whose reputation rests on their successful administration of government in times relatively quiet, if not humdrum. The former class would indisputably include Lord Chatham, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Lloyd George; we should without hesitation place in the latter Henry Pelham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. Walpole also should probably be included in this latter class, though it was the supreme merit of his administration to have averted dangers that but for his wisdom might easily have become crises. Canning is more difficult to place, but should rather rank with the Chathams than with the Salisburys, were

his reputation in foreign affairs not overshadowed (in the critical judgment of history, if not of contemporaries) by that of Lord Castlereagh. Lord Beaconsfield (if not Disraeli) would certainly have chosen to be counted with the Chathams: but of all the statesmen mentioned the one most difficult to place is Chatham's son. Fate was in a sense unkind to the younger Pitt. Nature evidently intended him to carry on the work of Walpole and anticipate that of Peel. The European War denied him the opportunity. He did his utmost to keep England out of it, but popular passion on both sides of the Channel was too strong for him, and the greater part of his long ministry was, accordingly, devoted perforce to the conduct of war.

That Pitt was a great war minister in the technical sense, no one would now affirm. Sir John Fortescue declares that he was "too much of a Grenville" and (elsewhere) that "he knew nothing about war, and therefore, fell almost wholly under the influence of Dundas" who "also knew nothing whatever about war, but had a very shrewd idea of what would please the people at the next election." But if Pitt was much of a Grenville he was also something of a Chatham. He did not possess his father's histrionic gifts, and he had much less of personal magnetism, but his patriotism was not less intense, and his command over the House of Commons was equally unquestioned and much more sustained. His country and the world owe at least as much to him as to his father. Chatham did indeed "call England (to use his own words) out of that enervate state in which twenty thousand Frenchmen could shake her": and no one could have said of Pitt what Lord Macaulay said so finely of Chatham—"The ardour of his soul had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Brittany." But of the younger no less than of the elder Pitt it could be said: "He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills." If England emerged triumphant from the struggle against Napoleon she owed it—apart from the skill

and heroism of her sailors and soldiers—to two statesmen only, William Pitt the Younger and his disciple Castlereagh.

The preceding reflections are irresistibly suggested to the mind of an historian by a perusal of the official *Life of Herbert Henry Asquith, Lord Oxford and Asquith*.^{*} The task of his biographers has, I imagine, been rendered in one sense much easier, in another more difficult, by the very copious records of his life and work by Mr. Asquith himself. Asquith, it would seem, desired no other monument. He said on one occasion (so his biographers candidly inform us) that "he desired no biography, and on many occasions that he disliked long biographies." On the first point, it is evident, that his wishes could not be respected; on the second they have been. Compared with the biographies of recent statesmen—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, the present work is on a more modest scale, though the temptation to *epische Breite* must have been even greater, for the years of Asquith's Administration were, as his biographers truly observe, "among the most critical and dangerous in the whole range of British history."

To which, then, of the two categories indicated above will impartial history assign Asquith? To that question this book furnishes no satisfactory answer. It was not, indeed, reasonable to expect that it would. As contemporary biography, the work of a *fidus Achates* and a son, it is, despite some omissions which may be supplied by Asquith's own works[†] wholly admirable: cordial in appreciation and sympathetic in interpretation, yet sufficiently restrained to have satisfied even Asquith himself; with enough of the historical background to make intelligible the policy and to bring into relief the character of that leading actor in the great drama, yet not overloaded with detail; in fine, real biography and not truncated history.

Born in 1852 at Morley, one of the many small "clothing" towns of the West Riding, Asquith was a typical Yorkshireman,

^{*} *Life of Herbert Henry Asquith, Lord Oxford and Asquith*. By J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith. 2 vols. Hutchinson & Co. 1932.

[†] *The Genesis of the War* 1923. Allen and Unwin.

Fifty Years in Parliament. 2 vols. Cassells. 1926

Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927. Cassell & Co. 1928.

richly endowed with native shrewdness, tenacity and grit, combining the caution of the Scot with a spice of that adventurous spirit that sent the "immortal Mariner of Hull" on his memorable voyage. He was proud of his native county, as well he might be, and, though never politically associated with it, he felt for it real affection to the end. The last time I heard or saw Mr. Asquith was when he came to York to receive from that proud Imperial City its honorary freedom. Bravely as he faced the ceremony in the ancient and stately Guild Hall, it was obvious to any observer that he was a stricken man; but I never heard from his lips a speech more pregnant with feeling or more finely phrased. "The Venerable City of York, with its ancient walls and its historic Minster is, and remains to all of us [men of Yorkshire], our Mount Zion from time immemorial. . . . It is at its altar that the exiled sons of Yorkshire, of whom I am one—wherever they may reside and whatever distinctions their life may have provided—may most fittingly rekindle the torch of local patriotism which is the salt and savour of English life."

That speech was his last public utterance, and, to one at least who heard it, will remain an abiding memory. Curiously enough, I can find no reference in the Biography either to the ceremony—the last, I believe, in which he took part—or to the remarkable speech with which he enriched it. But we are looking at the final exit before the actor has made his first appearance on any stage.

By birth Asquith came from the less opulent section of the middle class. His parents belonged to the strictest sect of "chapel-folk," and in politics held the whole radical creed. Herbert Henry was only a boy of seven when his father died, leaving a widow and young family in very straitened circumstances. The mother, however (like all mothers of distinguished sons), was a woman of strong character, wide interests and considerable cultivation. To her, and to her father, William Willans, a prosperous "wool-stapler" of Huddersfield, and to a maternal uncle William Willans, Asquith owed much—not least an excellent education at the City of London School, then under a really great headmaster, Dr. Edwin

Abbot, to whom in his *Memories* Asquith paid a glowing and grateful tribute. As a day-boy, the Yorkshire lad gained at least as much from London, its sights, its monuments, its churches and its libraries, as the average schoolboy gets from the playing-fields. For "games" Asquith (apart from lack of opportunity) had, indeed, no aptitude; but of the opportunities which London offered to a curious and ambitious schoolboy he availed himself to the full. A brilliant career at school was crowned by a scholarship at Balliol, which he won when he was only just over seventeen. No one who reads the Oration with which Asquith won the prize for English declamation at School will feel any surprise at his election at a College which has always attached great value to the English essay. The subject of the Oration was an Encomium on the Founder of the School, and the Oration is as distinguished in substance as it is perfect in finish and form. His biographers have done well to print it, if only to justify the opinion of experts that in the pure technique of speaking "he excelled as much, and on just the same lines at the age of nineteen or twenty as at any time later in life." I can think of no other schoolboy who at the same age could have composed Asquith's Oration, except perhaps George Canning and possibly George Curzon; and the eloquence of the Etonians, though not less sonorous than Asquith's, was decidedly less chaste. His biographers exaggerate not at all in describing his youthful command of the English spoken word as "consummate."

Asquith's gift of speech was, of course, greatly enhanced by a fine presence and a beautiful voice, but as a platform orator he was less effective than Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Lloyd George; in dialectical fence he was inferior to Mr. Balfour—the greatest master of dialectic I ever listened to; and as a debater I never thought him the equal either of Mr. Bonar Law or—at his best—of Mr. Churchill. In pure literary eloquence, however, his only rival among contemporaries was Lord Rosebery. Both were at their best in addressing an academic audience, and there Asquith had the advantage of greatly superior scholarship. But it was the

scholarship not of a Jebb or a Conington, but of a publicist to whom scholarship is a means, not an end. He got his two Firsts and a Fellowship, taking these academic honours in his stride, but from the first he was evidently destined not for the Academy but for the Forum.

From his brilliant successes at Oxford he went to the Bar ; and there for ten years he was practically briefless. Yet on very slender resources he married, and, despite poverty, found in wife and children great happiness. He had only just begun to earn money at the Bar when at the Election of 1886 he was returned to the House of Commons as Member for East Fife.

The plunge thus made was eminently characteristic of the man. For a young man, without means or connections, a junior barrister only just beginning to get practice, a married man with an increasing family, to go into Parliament might seem to anyone the height of recklessness. Asquith was the reverse of reckless, but he mingled, as already hinted, adventurousness with caution. Above all, however, he was, though devoid of vanity, sturdily self-confident. He was conscious of great powers, he had a sane mind in an exceptionally healthy body, he was convinced that politics was his destined sphere of activity, and he had no misgivings as to success.

Success came even more rapidly than in his most sanguine moments he could have anticipated. It was remarked that his maiden speech, unlike that of many young Oxford orators, smacked not of Balliol and the Union, but had the unmistakable touch of the "Front Bench" manner. Within six years of its delivery he was a Secretary of State.

As Home Secretary the young Minister (he was barely forty) gave a taste of his quality by his firm but tactful handling of the difficult question of Trafalgar Square demonstrations, by his studiously "correct" attitude towards the Featherstone rioters, and most of all by his stern and uncompromising refusal to remit the death penalty in the case of the Phoenix Park murderers. Nor did he disappoint the hopes of his most ardent admirers either in pilotage of Bills through Parliament, or in his administrative work at the Home Office.

His first spell of office was, however, brief. It ended with the fall of the Rosebery Ministry in 1895. For the next ten years Asquith was in opposition. Liberalism had fallen on evil days. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone ; the disgrace and death of Parnell ; the bitter feud between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt ; the exuberant Imperialism culminating in the Imperial Conference and the Jubilee of 1897 ; the fissure in the Liberal ranks caused by the Boer War ; Lord Salisbury's firm handling of foreign affairs ; Mr. Chamberlain's increasing repute as the Prophet of the New Imperialism—all these things seemed likely to condemn the divided and leaderless Liberal Party to perpetual political exile.

It was, in fact, on the eve of a prolonged, if precarious, tenure of office. After the death of Queen Victoria (1901), the retirement of Lord Salisbury and the close of the Boer War (1902) there was a swift reaction in politics. Mr. Balfour, whose brilliant success as Chief Secretary for Ireland had secured him the leadership of the House of Commons, proved an indifferent successor to his uncle as Prime Minister. The Unionist Party split hopelessly on the fiscal question ; the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, together with that of the Duke of Devonshire and other Unionist Free Traders, fatally weakened the Ministry ; not even Lord Lansdowne's brilliant success at the Foreign Office could save it, and at the General Election in January, 1906, the Tory Party was shattered.

In the new Ministry Asquith became Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a prospect of early succession to the first place. The Chancellor of the Exchequer looms large in the public eye, but among the higher posts his is by no means (thanks to an exceptionally able permanent staff) the most exacting. Nor had Asquith any special aptitude for the office. His three Budget statements were, needless to say, models of lucidity, and his Estimates were the last to show any trace of the Victorian virtue of economy. But his financial policy was, in my judgment, vitiated by two grave faults which have produced disastrous consequences. The first was putting his scheme for Old Age Pensions upon a non-contributory basis ; the second, for which he found justification in his master,

J. S. Mill, was the mischievous differentiation for purposes of property tax between "earned" and "unearned" incomes. On both points opinion is still, of course, sharply divided, but it will hardly be denied by anyone who has given serious thought to problems of national expenditure that both decisions have opened the door to developments which their author would have been quick to deplore. In post-war days Lord Oxford displayed grave concern about public finance, and proved himself a searching critic of the gross extravagance in which all parties indulged.

Early in 1908 Asquith was called from the Treasury to the Premiership. His own inclination was, like Mr. Gladstone, to double the posts of Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but King Edward demurred to the arrangement, and, in an evil hour for his own fortunes and his country's, Asquith entrusted the Treasury to a man whose genius did not lie in the realm of finance. On this appointment there is not a word of comment in the *Biography*, nor is it so much as mentioned in his *Memories*. But silence is sometimes more eloquent than words.

The sequel is too familiar to require more than a passing reference. The "People's Budget" of 1909 precipitated a conflict between the two Houses. That conflict had been impending ever since Mr. Gladstone, exasperated by the rejection of his second Home Rule Bill and the emasculation of the Employers' Liability Bill, had declared war on the Lords in 1894. The policy of emasculation suspended during the decade of Unionist government (1895-1905) was resumed when the Radicals returned to power, and reached a climax when the Lords rejected the Finance Bill of 1909.

On fiscal grounds the action of the Upper House was amply vindicated. Mr. Lloyd George's new duties never produced a net revenue. The political strategy of the Lords was more questionable. In the two elections of 1910 the representation of the Radicals and their Socialist allies was reduced from 430 to 314, Tories and Radicals being returned in practically equal numbers; the Irish Nationalists, over 80 strong, held the balance. With the details of the struggle that ensued I

have dealt elsewhere.* It must suffice here to say that in order to save the Crown from the humiliation of creating, and themselves from the affront of receiving, a huge batch of new Peers, the House of Lords ultimately gave way, and the Parliament Bill was placed upon the Statute Book. The Bill was carefully drafted and the Act has proved less terrible in practice than it appeared in prospect, but as to the means taken to procure its enactment the less said the better. The story as told in the *Biography* corresponds very closely, in the main with the account which may be read in the work referred to. But the *Biography* (naturally enough) does not quote Lord Crewe's admission in the historic debate of August 8th, 1911, that to him the whole business was "odious"; nor Lord Rosebery's pointed reference to something, not more precisely specified, as having given "an unpleasant savour to the whole of this transaction." Least of all does it quote the words used by Lord St. Aldwyn, in the course of the most searching speech in the course of the whole debate (August 9th). "We have not the whole case before us." But this matter, pertinent as it is to any estimate of Asquith's statesmanship, must not further detain us. The curious may refer to an article which at the time I contributed to this *Review*.† The *Biography* does not add much to what was then known save that it prints (with questionable propriety) a list of those "whom or some of whom it was proposed to approach" with the offer of a Peerage, should a wholesale creation have become necessary. The list contains 250 names. Had the Die-Hards prevailed, would that number have sufficed?

The Parliament Bill was not the only issue at stake. For their majority in the House of Commons the Asquith Ministry was dependent on Irish Nationalists. The latter now claimed their reward. The curtailment of the Lords' "Veto" opened the way to Home Rule. Before the Home Rule Bill reached the Statute Book Ulster was brought to the verge of rebellion; but before the issue was actually joined Great Britain was at war with Germany.

* *Second Chambers*. 2nd Edition, pp. 175-197. 1927. Clarendon Press.

† *The King and the Crisis*. *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1911.

Few statesmen can ever have carried a heavier load of responsibility than did Mr. Asquith between 1908 and 1916. Yet each succeeding crisis was faced with calm courage and unruffled serenity. Nor could anyone, however keenly opposed (as I was) to his domestic policy, fail to be impressed by his consistent exhibition of those qualities. Perhaps he never exhibited them more conspicuously than on the day when in the midst of the "Curragh incident" (March, 1914) he announced to a House tense with expectation, not the Dissolution, hoped for by his opponents but dreaded by his supporters, but his decision to assume the office (just vacated by General Seely) of Secretary of State for War! Never can anyone who witnessed the scene forget it—Asquith's dramatic pause in the middle of the sentence in which the decision was announced, and the wild ebullition of enthusiasm with which his followers greeted it. Having made his announcement Asquith, amid another demonstration, immediately walked out of the House of which, by the acceptance of his new office, he had ceased to be a Member.

He was re-elected, of course, without a contest, and was at the War Office when the Great War actually broke out.

That war had been imminent ever since the Balkan crisis of 1908 and might, as the inner Cabinet well knew, have come at any moment. Yet neither the terrible strain imposed upon him by that knowledge, nor the accumulations of domestic difficulties, sufficed to break down the outward serenity of the Prime Minister. When the crisis actually came, his own mind was quickly made up; the position was formulated with characteristic clarity and precision under six heads, and having thus formulated it he went straight on, with a conscience clear and a mind unclouded by doubt.

Whether, knowing all that he did, he is to be blamed for inadequate preparation—for procrastination—is a question which impartial History must ultimately answer. But the credit of a remarkable achievement cannot be denied to him. With the invaluable support of Lord Haldane, Lord Grey of Fallodon and Mr. Churchill he carried with him a (practically) united Cabinet, a united Parliament, a united nation into the greatest

struggle in which this country was ever engaged. His own *apologia* has been already given to the world in *The Genesis of the War*. The *Biography* does little more than summarize it.

As regards Asquith's part in the great drama, one or two things can be said without any fear that the judgment will be reversed by the Supreme Court of Historical Appeal. The first and perhaps the greatest service he performed was to put the case for his country before his countrymen and before the world with dignity and restraint, without exaggeration but with unanswerable force and incomparable lucidity. His second was to give steady support to Lord Kitchener at the War Office, and to the sailors and soldiers who had to fight the battle on sea and land. Their testimony to Asquith's loyal and unwavering support is, I believe, unanimous, and the importance of it (particularly in view of what happened after his supersession) cannot be overrated. Moreover, he sustained the overwhelming load of responsibility laid upon him with unbroken courage and with a calm serenity, in face of reverses, which many people mistook for indolence and even indifference, and his patience under criticism, the imperturbability with which he met personal attacks, was little short of marvellous.

That by 1916 Asquith was more tired than he or his friends realized is probably the case. That a change in the supreme direction of affairs was overdue is likely enough. Yet no one can read the story of his supersession without a sense of shame. Whatever be the final estimate of the end achieved, the story of the means employed is an unsavoury one, and no one can be surprised if Mr. Asquith's biographers retell it with a bitterness which even if restrained in expression, is still obviously intense.

There is, of course, another side to the story; there are several other sides; but it boots not, in the present connexion, to recall them.

Asquith's political career virtually ended in December, 1916. The fickle goddess, as though in revenge for unwonted constancy through half a century, suddenly and irretrievably deserted him. The last decade of his life brought to a very

proud spirit a series of humiliations which might well have provoked to bitter recriminations any man less patient, or rather less massively self-controlled than Mr. Asquith. His biographers write even more bitterly of the "Coupon" election of 1918 than of the "intrigue" of December, 1916. In view of Asquith's unexpected rejection at East Fife that is intelligible, though, in my judgment, less justified. I was and am quite unconscious of any sense of servility implied by acceptance of the "Coupon," though I can understand the resentment aroused in "orthodox" Liberals by the selection of the division on the "Maurice" debate as the dividing line between Liberal sheep and Liberal goats. The defection of the East Fife Liberals was a bitter blow to Asquith; and the balm applied by Paisley was very evanescent in its effects, for at the next General Election Paisley also rejected him. Then at last the broken statesman accepted the honour which the King had already offered him and found refuge in the House of Lords, with an Earldom and a Knighthood of the Garter. Such part as he played in the "Coupon" Parliament had brought him no personal satisfaction. He made no secret of the contempt with which he regarded the "Coupon" majority; nor did the majority conceal their lack of respect for him. A general without any army is at best in a humiliating position. Asquith's last years would have been happier, had he taken his Peerage in 1919. His course was run. He had been denied the opportunity of "lending a hand" at the Peace Conference, where his help might have proved invaluable; he failed to obtain the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford—an honour he greatly coveted.*

His defeat was rendered the more bitter by the fact that he was almost a "resident", and by the difficulty encountered by the Academic Conservatives in finding a suitable candidate to oppose him. Lord Cave was their ultimate choice, and proved an excellent one. But as an "Oxford man" his claims, though high, were manifestly inferior to Asquith's. Political feeling was still, however, running too strongly against the

* His rejection was by no means due exclusively, as his Biographers unfairly suggest, to the country parsons.

latter to permit of his election, and his friends were unwise to run him.

To conclude. Mr. Spender and Mr. Cyril Asquith have produced a book which as a *contemporary* biography could hardly be improved upon. Their book represents, it is safe to surmise, the last word about Lord Oxford and Asquith as man, as friend, as father. Of its kind I can recall nothing more perfect in taste, form and substance, nothing more revealing, more playful or more affectionate, than Mr. Cyril Asquith's "A Personal Chapter." To the outside world Asquith presented a front of almost impenetrable reserve: men thought him cold; he was certainly shy, proud and (on his son's admission) even arrogant; though not born in the purple he was, to his finger tips, an aristocrat, exceedingly fastidious, impatient of anything but the best, and, much more aloof than any aristocrat in blood. He was chivalrous to opponents, loyal to friends; he accepted success with modesty, and endured adversity with a dignity and magnanimity that was less appreciated by those who had bested him in the fight than it deserved to be. His ambition, which was strong, encountered no real obstacle. If it had, would he have overcome it? The doubt persists. Perhaps Fortune would not have deserted him so suddenly if his climb to the heights of Power had been more arduous, if his apprenticeship to life and politics had been more prolonged, above all if he had mingled more freely with the common herd, and had thus had the opportunity of forming a more accurate, if less flattering, estimate of the passions and motives by which ordinary men are inspired. In sheer intellect and in the sedulous cultivation of high gifts Asquith has had no superior among English statesmen. His range of interests was less wide than Mr. Gladstone's, but his finer scholarship saved him from the pitfalls into which Mr. Gladstone's marvellous versatility so often led him. Both were great lovers of Oxford; both were at home in academic society, but had Asquith followed his master's example, and come in old age, to sojourn awhile in the University, he would never have invited the contempt with which Gladstone's

omniscience was received by experts, nor on the other hand could he have evoked the affection universally bestowed upon the Old Man by all with whom he came in contact.

Asquith the Man has, then, been revealed to us. The full length portrait which has now been painted will to all time stand. Of Asquith the statesman no more than an interim appreciation is, as yet, possible. His precise place in the history of English statesmanship only posterity, perhaps remote posterity, can assign to him.

SONNET

To-day I stand beneath a satin sky
That holds the blue wind like a bellying sail
Speeding the ship of Earth through space, her trail
A wake of milky stars. There planets lie,
Islands in nothingness, and comets fly
Their lovely lost hyperbolas that fail
Ever to gain perfection, or prevail
Against the darkness of infinity.

Yet I, the accidental passenger
Riding a wind-rocked craft on endless seas,
Protest my sorrows where the comets race—
Clamour for love while cosmic whirlwinds stir
The universes, posture on my knees
Before the final dignity of space.

THEODORA HILL.

THE WORLD CONFERENCE

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

ONE'S experience of diplomacy bids one apply to impending conferences a criterion of probabilities which is as simple as it is cheerful. Why do so many people believe that the impending world conference on financial and economic problems will be a success when the many former conferences called for the like purpose since 1918 have failed? Why was the Genoa Conference of 1922 a failure? Why did the Lausanne Conference of 1932 succeed in doing what every precedent reparation conference had failed to do? The answer surely is that diplomacy by conference succeeds when an already established state of affairs leaves no practical alternative.

The Lausanne Conference of 1932 succeeded in abolishing European war debts only because the service of those debts had already ceased to be met, and, as everybody knew, would never be resumed. The Genoa Conference of 1922 was a failure because the rake's progress of post-war Europe had not yet gone far enough to create its own retribution. The British Balfour Note of 1922 was laughed at, and the dozen or so subsequent reparation conferences in Europe prolonged the creditors' refusal to do anything profitable, for the simple reason that the United States was unwilling to let go of Great Britain and France of Germany.

It is futile to criticize either the United States or France. The relevant fact, now established, is that Germany had to stop paying before her creditors could agree that she be allowed to do so.

If it be granted as true to experience that the diplomatists in conference follow events rather than produce them, there is something cheerful to contemplate in the prospects of the

financial and economic conference. During the past two years expert advice has been given to the politicians *ad nauseam*, and was not taken. That phase is past. The American Presidential election will also be past. With unconscious humour the politicians of the world postponed the holding of the great conference until such time as a great democracy should be reduced to silence. Indeed, when the conference does meet, the sky will be mostly clear of democratic clouds. The British Government is safe from popular vote for another four years. In both Italy and Germany the popular vote has been stilled, in the one country by frank suppression, in the other by finesse. In France, where the democratic principle normally prevents any government from remaining in power for more than a few months—an effect which normally has something to be said for it—the pressure of financial and economic distress has already robbed democracy of its main opportunity for mischief in the field of international finance; for there is no more reparation, and the hoarded gold in present circumstances performs no function beyond that of occupying large spaces in the vaults of the banks.

It therefore seems likely that the conference will agree about certain things. The most important of them, namely political debt, happens formally to be excluded from the scope of the conference: but that formality merely interprets the general desire to allow Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt to compete for votes on such homely controversial issues as a man's right to drink as, when, where and what he likes. They could hardly compete about the European debts owed to the United States; for they obviously would both advocate payment without end if they hoped to receive many votes. Not in any country do election candidates win votes by talking sense.

In the first half of last year reparation payments were still being transferred across European frontiers and across the Atlantic, although every politician in the world knew, because the experts had told him, that the continuance of those payments was further undermining an already precarious financial condition. Yet in the early months of 1931 M. Franklin-Bouillon could win applause in Paris by referring to the

German request for a moratorium as a "mere pretext" for mischief. He typified a widespread political insensibility to the gravity of what was taking place. It was not until the further results thereof were such that every baby in a perambulator was talking about the financial and economic depression, that the politicians took the matter seriously.

It may be thought, as these lines are read at the beginning of November, 1932, that such observations are unfair upon the politicians. Let the unadorned facts give their ruling. The financial depression began in 1929. The economic depression began in 1930. The particular Central European manifestation of the economic depression emerged in the spring of 1931, first in Austria, then in Germany. The Hoover moratorium itself—has this been forgotten?—was conceived as an emergency expedient to give time to the politicians to save the world from still further misfortune. That moratorium began its twelve-months' course on July 1st, 1931. During that same month a Seven-Power Conference met in London with the specific object of devising measures of common salvation. It failed to agree upon any measure. The only practical thing the representatives of those seven countries could agree to do was to invite the Bank for International Settlements to set up a committee of representative bankers to inquire into the immediate further credit needs of Germany, and to study the possibilities of converting a portion of the short-term credits into long-term credits. The prescribed committee of experts met quickly enough. It issued its report, the "Wiggin" report, in August 1931. It warned the governments of the world that disaster would inevitably result if they failed to rectify the existing system whereby international political debt payments, involving the transfer of large sums across frontiers, were exacted by creditor countries which refused to be paid in the only form in which payment could be made, namely in goods. That advice, elementary and plainly good, was given to the governments of the world by their own banking advisers little more than a year ago. Yet the governments took no action. The warning soon justified itself. On September 21st sterling fell from gold. Still the

governments took no action. On November 20th the German Government invoked the suspensory clauses of the Young Plan on the formal ground that the transfer of the conditional annuities could not be made after June 30th, 1932. The Bank for International Settlements therefore convened the Special Advisory Committee to make an investigation, as prescribed by the Young Plan. The committee (the "Layton" Committee) issued its report on Christmas Eve, 1931. It again warned the governments of the further dangers of further delay. It repeated the substance of the four-months' old "Wiggin" report, and ended thus :

We appeal to the governments on whom the responsibility for action rests to permit of no delay in coming to decisions which will bring an amelioration of this grave crisis which weighs so heavily on all alike.

Could there be a simpler illustration of the truth that governments follow rather than lead? This was less than twelve months ago. The governments were being coaxed, begged and nagged into action. They were even told what to do. The governments did then begin to follow their leaders, but how they did so is indicated by a few curious facts.

By January 2nd, 1932, they had agreed that they should meet in conference at Lausanne. By January 12th they had agreed that the conference should meet on January 25th, that is to say, a fortnight later. Before the fortnight elapsed, they quarrelled, and the conference was cancelled. A month passed. On February 13th an official statement was issued by the British Foreign Office which at the time was mainly interesting because it announced the "adjournment" of the urgent Lausanne Conference till June, but which is now doubly interesting because it accidentally contained the first text of what has become the official purpose of the world conference still to come. It read thus :

The Governments of Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and the United Kingdom, after having taken note of the Basle experts' report, are agreed to recommend to the other Governments concerned the adjournment of the Lausanne Conference to the month of June. The object of the Conference will be to agree on a lasting settlement of the questions raised in the report of the Basle experts, and on the measures necessary to solve the other economic and financial difficulties which are responsible

for, and may prolong, the present world crisis. This decision has been reached by the above Governments in the hope that it will ease the international situation."

The dogged incompetence of high diplomacy is one of the permanent and attractive features of political experience. There are those who regard high diplomacy as cynical. There are others who are better informed. In February, 1932, "the Governments of Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and the United Kingdom" publicly announced that the object of the Lausanne Conference would be "to solve the other economic and financial difficulties which are responsible for and may prolong the present world crisis". Yet to everybody except the politicians it was as obvious then as it was when the Lausanne Conference met four months later that the Conference was not competent to do anything of the kind. The participation of the United States was indispensable for such an object, and the United States was not a party to the Lausanne Conference. The full irony of the matter emerges if one looks again at the first sentence of the official statement above quoted, for the governments therein enumerated are six in number, and do not include the United States. It did not dawn upon high diplomacy till several months later that it would be necessary to convene a world conference to carry out one of the officially propagated objects of the Lausanne Conference. Hence it is that the February statement, issued as the text of the one, has become the text of the other, conference. Charles Dickens, who records how Mr. Winkle, instead of shooting at the pigeon and killing the crow, shot at the crow and wounded the pigeon, could as appropriately have embodied in the *Pickwick Papers* the normal proceedings of high diplomacy as of Mr. Pickwick and his men.

It was at the end of May that the first official news was made known of the projected world conference. It was issued from Washington on May 31st, thus :

"The United States Government has responded favourably to the inquiry of Great Britain as to whether the United States will participate in an international economic conference to consider methods for the stabilisation of world commodity prices. . . ."

The consideration that gave rise to the British proposal was that by its terms of reference (as the diplomatists now saw was inevitable) the "Lausanne" Conference would be divided into two parts: the business of the first being to discuss reparation, and of the second to discuss measures for solving "the economic and financial problems, etc." As it was probable that the United States would not send representatives to the "second part" of the Lausanne Conference, and as the business could not be done without the United States the British Government excellently suggested that a separate Conference be held.

The initial exchanges between London and Washington on that matter were informal and verbal. They were also a little muddled. On June 2nd, for example, it was put about by the official spokesman in Washington that the United States Government was wholly willing to take part in a "second phase" or an "adjourned meeting" of the Lausanne Conference on two conditions: one, that the meeting be held elsewhere than in Lausanne; two, that the subject of war debts and reparations be excluded from the agenda. Did the United States Government contemplate a discussion on the elementary causes of world distress, while stipulating that the most obvious elementary cause be ignored? The answer is, of course, that there was going to be an election.

Of political *gaffe* there is no end. The conference will necessarily register the breakdown of the post-war attempt to pervert the famous dictum of Clausewitz and to keep the war going by political means. Its chief business will therefore be to accept the fact that political war debts are dead, and its second to attempt some arrangement about tariffs such as will help, not hinder, international trade. Yet, on the basis of the pre-election official policy of Washington, the subjects of reparation, war debts and tariffs are specifically excluded from the agenda of the conference. Senator Borah, who has said many good things in the past few months, has observed that such an exclusion suggests Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Those who on this side of the Atlantic hesitate to mention the words "war debts" before the Presidential

election takes place, need only quote Senator Borah for their comfort.

No sooner was the Lausanne Conference over than a deputation from Congress to the White House intimidated Mr. Hoover into issuing a semi-official statement to the effect that the United States would not cancel the debts owed to her. When the conference meets the United States will of course cancel the debts owed to her, as France cancelled German reparation. The analogy is complete, for before the Lausanne Conference met the semi-official French spokesmen stoutly affirmed their resolution not to do what they proceeded to do when the conference did meet.

For nearly three years the world has been lectured by its prominent men—financiers, economists, bankers, business men and even politicians—on the need of common action. The substance of every successive warning has been known in advance and by heart. Mr. MacDonald on June 16th, when he opened the Lausanne Conference, repeated it, but contrived to make it sound new, and to give it a special relevance to the world conference still to come. He recalled the Geneva statistics which had established the fact that in 1932 the world's trade was only half "perhaps less than half" of what it was in the first quarter of 1929; that between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 people in the world could not be given work, a figure more than twice as big as the corresponding figure of 1929. For the *n*th time he pleaded that in face of so great a disaster as that which threatened the whole world and the whole "system" of the world, there could be no separate existence for France, Italy, Germany or the United States.

None of us [he said] can stay out of the work of reconstruction and restoration, because none of us can stay out of the miseries which are gathering about us. If it is proved here or elsewhere subsequently that we have been pursuing policies in violation of the simplest of the economic laws which govern the prosperity of States, of the necessary flow of international exchange, of the maintenance of economic price, and of the ability of consumers to consume, then surely every prompting of wisdom and common sense compels us to return to better ways without delay and pay the temporary price which such a return will exact from us. I believe it can be done if we would have the clearness of vision and steadiness of nerve to do it.

Why it should need either clearness of vision or steadiness of nerve to do a simple, obvious thing which clamoured to be done, and which would benefit everybody concerned, would be a difficult question in any sphere of life except politics. In politics a slight show of commonsense marks a man a hero.

After quoting the experts' recommendations (this also for the *n*th time) Mr. MacDonald boldly offered a formula whereby the contractual engagements could be abrogated without offence to the dignity of contract.

Engagements [he said] solemnly entered into cannot be set aside by unilateral repudiation. But that carries with it a corollary, and that corollary is absolutely essential to the recognition of the principle—namely, if default is to be avoided engagements which have been proved incapable of fulfilment should be revised by agreement. Both sides to all agreements must ever be ready to face facts. And among the facts which we have to consider are not only that the plans hitherto formulated impose impossible burdens, but whether and how they have contributed by their economic, financial, and commercial unsoundness to the economic state in which the world now finds itself.

Before he sat down he rounded off the agenda by repeating the axiom that a European adjustment of debts was impossible without an American counterpart.

If we are to do this, Europe cannot act alone. At no time has that simple commonplace, used too much for peroration purposes, the unity of mankind, carried with it a more severely practical meaning than to-day, and we must all be gratified that after the present phase is over the United States has encouraged us to believe that it will co-operate in the examination of at any rate some of the wider problems, and join with us in devising a policy for the encouragement of trade and the enrichment of the nations.

It was Annexe V of the Lausanne Convention that specified the formal agenda of the work reserved for the World Conference. A list is there given of what the Lausanne Powers regarded as the main items of the "measures necessary to solve the other economic and financial difficulties which are responsible for or may prolong the present world crisis." They are thus set out:

"(a) Financial questions: Monetary and credit policy; exchange difficulties; the level of prices; the movement of capital.

"(b) The economic question: Improved conditions of production and interchange, with particular attention to tariff policy; prohibition and restriction of importation and exportation, quotas, and other barriers of trade; producers' agreements.

The conference emphasizes in particular the necessity of restoring the currencies on a healthy basis and of thereby making it possible to abolish measures of exchange control and to remove transfer difficulties. Further, the conference is impressed with the vital need of facilitating the revival of international trade.

The Lausanne Convention, moreover, fashioned the machinery for bringing the world into conference. It decided to invite the League of Nations to convoke a conference on monetary and economic questions at a date and at a place unspecified; and decided further to "entrust the preliminary examination of these complex questions" to a committee to be constituted by two experts each from Belgium, France, Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom. One of the two experts was to be qualified to deal with economic questions, the other to deal with financial questions. In addition it was decided that the United States should be invited to send two representatives, the one economic, the other financial; that the League of Nations should be invited to send three representatives qualified by their economic competence and the Bank for International Settlements two representatives, both for the financial side of the work.

The famous "gentlemen's agreement" which was reached at Lausanne, but the text of which was not published till July 14th, was in effect the method adopted for suspending action during the American Presidential election campaign. Its real point was that the creditor Powers had reached an understanding among themselves that the Lausanne Treaty be not ratified until a satisfactory debt settlement had been reached with the United States. They had held "conversations", and those conversations had been recorded, to establish a common policy in that sense. What exactly those Powers agreed therein was that, as Mr. Chamberlain later put it in the House of Commons, "ratification would not be possible until they had seen that they could fit their Treaty into a world settlement." He went on frankly to explain what that virtual reservation meant. As it was not possible, he said, to make an arrangement with America at that moment, the European creditor countries "had to postpone ratification until they knew what it was possible to do with that country."

Legally, he admitted, if no satisfactory agreement could be reached with the United States about the European debts, the Lausanne Treaty would not be ratified at all, and the Young Plan would resume its sway. He added that he wished to make it perfectly clear that, although it was absolutely necessary that they should contemplate the possibility of that situation, they were not—and he thought he might say that none of the Powers were—expecting that that was going to be the outcome, and that, as they had “followed the advice that was given to them by the United States, having shown that they could harmonize their differences and could come to an arrangement which, so far as they were concerned, was one of general agreement, America was never going to refuse to play her part in a world settlement which must benefit her, and that they could count on her ready and willing co-operation when the proper moment arrived.”

Ever since the United States Congress, thirteen years ago, deserted Mr. Wilson and seceded from Versailles, there has been a working hypothesis among the European politicians that the United States must be approached timidly, must be humoured, coaxed and flattered, but not openly criticized or invited to do anything good. That policy has hardly connoted a genuine respect for the United States. The thirteen years of practical results have suggested that it was also futile as a technique. But that era also is past. When the November election has safely passed over the United States, it will no doubt be found that there will no longer be any need for tact.

The international situation that now meets the eye in some way recalls the situation of April and May, 1922. At Genoa ten years ago there assembled a great international conference. It met in the slump conditions that had started in 1920. Its object was to consider ways and means of removing the then prominent political, economic and financial obstacles to world prosperity. So far as finance and economics were concerned, a series of resolutions were passed which embodied an excellent doctrine; but which thereafter were all steadily and totally ignored by the Governments whose delegates had

framed them. The main political question was whether the countries which regarded themselves as respectable should enter into relations with Russia. The respectable countries could not agree among themselves; but Germany made a separate treaty with Russia (the Rapallo Treaty, signed on April 16th) whereby those two countries agreed that they should do on their own account what the other countries could not agree to do on any account. They cancelled each other's political debts and restarted diplomatic relations. The interesting reflection is that in spite of the discord, political, economic and financial, which was the only practical result achieved by the thirty-odd Governments after six weeks of conference at Genoa, the world blandly began a boom period in finance and economics which was destined to last six years. The politicians, who had quarrelled with each other instead of helping each other, certainly did not produce the boom; but they could not prevent it. The United States was not represented at Genoa; but the United States was not prominently concerned in the 1920-2 slump or its problems.

In 1932 the forces of world diplomacy, including those of the United States, are massing for another great conference of which the object will be to agree about doing what obviously needs to be done in the common interest: item, the all-round cancellation of political war debt; the institution of a system of co-operation between the chief Central Banks of the world, whereby gold shall be given a chance of performing its appointed function as a standard of exchange; the abandonment of a tariff war in which the countries kill each other's trade.

Will the conference succeed? Perhaps not in the matter of tariffs, which, like war, seem to be a permanent means of human purgation by suffering. But in the matter of monetary gold, success, it seems, is likely because the history of the past twelve months has proved (if proof were needed) that the breakdown of the gold standard machinery is more harmful to the gold hoarding countries than to the others. In the matter of political war debt success seems certain. In August, 1922, the British Government was merely ahead of the times

in proposing all-round cancellation. In 1932 the deed has been done of its own inevitability.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, there is at work a factor of some importance, the full effect of which seems not to have been appreciated abroad. The only reason why the government allowed September 15th, 1932, to pass without giving notice to Washington that the payment on account of principal due on December 15th would be postponed, was that the American Presidential election had not yet been held. It is a matter of simple arithmetic and simple politics to understand that it will be unpractical for the British Government to make any of the payments due in December. The Balfour principle is not the decisive thing. What is decisive is the British War Loan Conversion scheme which will be completed at the end of November. The figures tell their own tale. The sums theoretically due from Great Britain to the United States in December next are \$30,000,000 (over £6,000,000 at par) on account of principal, and \$65,500,000 (over £13,000,000) on account of interest. The total amount at par is over £19,000,000. In the present state of the exchange the actual amount that would have to be paid would be something near £29,000,000. That amount would fall upon next April's Budget.

On the other hand, the precise effect of the Conversion scheme on the same Budget will be as follows. The financial year ends on March 31st. Therefore the saving of interest due to the converted rate will be effected during only the last four months of the financial year, for the new loan dates from December 1st. Now, in a full year the saving in interest would be £30,000,000. One third of that (that is for a four months' period) amounts to £10,000,000. But the net saving will be less than that because the Government will lose the Income Tax that would otherwise be charged on the interest saved. In four months that tax would amount to £2,500,000. The net saving therefore will be only £7,500,000. But in addition the Government paid a bonus of 1 per cent. to those who converted (amounting to nearly £20,000,000) and a brokerage of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to their agents (amounting to, say,

£5,000,000). In next April's Budget, therefore, the Government will lose on the Conversion scheme £25,000,000 and will gain £7,500,000. The net loss will be £17,500,000. It is a matter of commonsense that it will not be practical for the Government, in addition to incurring such an immense loss, to pay nearly £30,000,000 to the United States when the appeal to those who converted was that of a balanced Budget.

The position that will arise in the budget of March, 1934, assuming that the standard rate of Income Tax is unchanged, will be that the Government during the year will have saved £30,000,000 less the tax, £7,500,000. That equals £22,500,000. If one deducts from the figure the net loss carried forward from the year before, it results that in the Budget of March, 1934, the net benefit from the Conversion scheme will by then have amounted to only £5,000,000 (that is £22,500,000 less £17,500,000). It will not be till the Budget of March, 1935, that the benefit of the Conversion scheme will be felt. In that Budget, again assuming that the standard rate of tax is unchanged, the saving will be £30,000,000 less tax, £7,500,000, equals £22,500,000, or far less than the theoretic amount due to the United States.

Those figures show how impossible it will be for the British Government, having carried through the Conversion scheme, at the same time to continue paying the American debt. No serious person on either side of the Atlantic expects the debt payments ever to be resumed. Neither Mr. Mellon, nor Mr. Hoover, nor Mr. Roosevelt expect it: and the election will soon be over.

THE RUSSIAN MENTALITY

BY HAROLD JENKS

IT was in 1929. I was on a steamer on the Volga. What a perfect holiday! A cabin to myself with a bed, not a bunk: a writing table on which every night a half-bottle of wine and a few sandwiches greeted me as I turned in when the dawn was appearing, after long conversations which were in themselves intoxicating. Days of sun-bathing on the top deck and nights of intense discussion, broken by queer silences as the beauty of the wide, gleaming river hushed our trivialities. The strangeness of the surroundings, mental as well as physical, banished all sense of reality, and with it, as in dreams, all feeling of being shocked by the absurd or the incongruous.

Russia was at that time in the grip of enthusiasm for the Five Year Plan. In the course of one discussion I remember saying "The Five Year Plan is the Americanization of Russia. You have taken the outward form of American civilization, a high standard of material comfort, but you have overlooked the fact that the American civilization is the visible expression of the American mentality. Unless you can adopt this mentality you are wasting your time trying to copy the civilization which it has produced. And I believe that if it were possible to throw the American 'soul' on the screen like a spectrum, and if you could then see the composition of such a 'soul', you would consider that you would be degrading yourselves if you tried to substitute the American 'soul' for your own."

During the past three years it has been interesting to watch the Russian mind trying to be American. The process has given some of us who are interested in Russia a slight glimpse of the Russian mind.

I used to get annoyed when a Russian would put an end to all argument by making some reference to the Russian "soul". I would protest that the Russians had not a monopoly in "souls". But gradually I began to realize that Russians had an outlook on life, fundamentally different from our own.

It was not long before I found out that Russian and English humour are very similar. *Alice-in-Wonderland* could have been written only by an Englishman or a Russian. The psychology of humour is still a mystery. However, there is a certain kindliness in English humour which is based on confidence. Both the Russians and the English do not mind being laughed at. In fact, they both rather like being criticized. You have only to pick up any official newspaper in Russia, as the *Pravda* or the *Izvestia*, to notice that the Russian love of self-criticism is not outdone by that of any of the English newspapers. The reason of this is that only the Englishman and the Russian, in my opinion, have the true "superiority complex". To comment on the English in this respect would be superfluous. It is the one aim, perhaps unconscious, of the whole scheme of his education. But with the Russian it would appear at first sight as if this statement were incorrect.

It is quite easy to point to the Russian's admiration of everything foreign: German organization, American industry, English finance. But this is admiration of qualities. It does not necessarily imply a respect for the individual possessing them. Our admiration of the tracking abilities of the Red Indian does not reduce our sense of superiority over him.

I remember once walking at night by the side of a lake in deep discussion with a Russian. (You notice that most discussions took place at night. A Russian does not wake up till it gets dark. This is always a little hard on me, as I do my best work in the morning. You see, I have become sufficiently "russified" to identify talking with work.) At one point in the conversation I said, "In such a case, I should not tolerate orders. I should revolt." And the Russian gave a characteristic reply: "I thought you were superior to being irritated by some inferior person being over you."

I should accept his commands knowing that they would not affect my inner life. I should submit, but have contempt for him."

I think it is Turgenev who makes the remark that the foreigner can easily cow the Russian but seldom, if ever, gain his respect. This attitude accounts for the innumerable funny stories in Russia today caricaturing the Soviet Government. Where we should revolt the Russian submits but tries to salve his pride by making satirical remarks about his oppressor. This is the feminine attitude to authority. But as every real woman knows in the bottom of her soul that she is not man's equal but his superior, so every Russian knows that he is superior to any foreigner. And it is waste of time to try to convince either of the error of this belief.

Apart from humour there is very little in common between the Russian and the Englishman. The latter's love of country-life is the foundation of his essentially sane attitude to life. The former thinks that the peace of the countryside is simply another name for boredom. I shall deal later with the Russian's lack of appreciation of what we mean by peace. He may get a certain romantic feeling of being alone in a large town. But let him be alone with nature and he is thoroughly uncomfortable. His idea of a day in the country, and he takes good care that it is not more than a day, is to be one of a large party which talks the whole time. But in all fairness I must admit that I have thoroughly enjoyed such parties. On one occasion I was out with a party of G.P.U. men, the famous or notorious political police. They were really a crowd of good fellows. (Incidentally if you ever see in Russia a well-built, capable looking fellow with an assured manner, you can lay odds on that he is a member of the G.P.U.) We were in a pine forest, lying on our backs in a temperature of ninety in the shade. We had finished off a repast of black bread and fresh gurkins, quite literally washed down with vodka. One of the party was playing an accordion, and we sang Russian songs which are so thoroughly out of place in present day Russia. Another of the party rolled over till he lay alongside of me. He was a German-Lett, incidentally a

very capable type. The vodka had made him sentimental, which proved that he was not a Russian.

"Only we Germans and you English really love the country", he whispered confidentially. "We love sport, shooting, hunting, fishing. See that fellow? He lives with two other fellows in a miserable room in Moscow. He gets two hundred roubles a month. He was offered a job with a whole flat, a whole flat, mark you, and six hundred roubles a month. And he refused. Why? Because the job was in Siberia. He must have his wife, his theatres and all that sort of thing. His wife go with him? You don't know Russian women. What would you or I do? We would take a dog, a gun, and a fishing rod and would thoroughly enjoy ourselves. He would drink himself to death from boredom. No. The Russians don't like the country. They are town birds and night birds. If a Russian got up at five in the morning to go shooting or fishing his friends would think he had a screw loose."

Then he burst into song with the rest of the party.

But what about the peasants? Russian *émigrés* in Paris or Berlin talk a lot of sentimental nonsense about the soul of the Russian peasant. I have made a point of noticing whether a peasant in Russia has any flowers round his hut. Practically never. Flowers mean work without any practical results. They mean interest in Nature for her own sake. A Russian peasant does the minimum of work to keep alive. And then he lies down and thinks, or more often he simply lies down.

The Five Year Plan included the collectivization of the individual peasant holdings. In 1930 sixty to seventy per cent. of the peasant holdings were turned into the once famous but now menacing Kolkhos, or collective farm. I do not agree with those who say that the unfortunate Russian peasant was forced willy-nilly to give up his holding and throw in his lot with the collective farm. I believe that the average Russian peasant thought that this was another "ninepence for fourpence" scheme. The other fellow would do all the work and he would do the talking on the committees. This view is heresy to those who talk about the Russian peasant being attached to the soil. If the Russian loved the soil, he would show more interest

in Nature. Wild life, plants and domestic animals are merely means of existence for him. The aim of the Soviet Government to turn the peasant into a land "worker" is not such a difficult problem as it would be if the peasant were passionately attached to the soil, as he is in Western Europe.

At first sight it would appear as if the Russian were a social creature. The very word Communism implies this. Now, there is a very curious fact about the Russian language, and the subtleties of a language reflect the peculiarities of those using it, there is no word in Russian for "considerate". Being "considerate" means that you realize your duty to limit your personal inclinations in the interests of others. This is the foundation of any harmonious society: rights are dependent on duties. Take the simple fact of being punctual. Even if it should enter a Russian's head that by being late he would put people to considerable inconvenience, he would feel this to be of insufficient importance to outweigh his trouble in trying to be punctual. I consider that the nature of the Russian is definitely anti-social. It is anarchic. The great strength of the Soviet Government is due to the illusion the people have that there is no one over them. This idea is fostered by the Communist Party. But you may object to this, pointing out that the facts of life in Russia exclude the possibility of such a view being held. I do not think that I am straining the truth when I say that the Russian has an infinite capacity for not seeing the things which he does not wish to notice. We would call it self-deception. We all have it to a certain degree. It is Nature's anodyne to keep us going. Only, the Russian has it in larger doses.

If my contention that the Russian is anti-social is correct then why has he embraced Communism? Because it means freedom for him. But this freedom is not that of the true Communist, who believes that freedom consists in the individual sinking himself in the community. The average Russian sees in Communism not freedom "in" the community, but freedom "from" responsibility. There is no need for him to take care for the morrow. If you are naturally lazy it is preferable to live under a system which provides for your

children, allows you to divorce your wife and discourages very definitely any efforts of thrift. If this system would guarantee me a bath and decent food, it would have certain attractions for me. Do you remember the certain freedom which you felt during the war? There was no need to worry about clothes. Your uniform solved this problem. There was no need to make plans for the future, as the future might terminate any minute. A fatherly government would look after your dependents in case of accident. Now, Communism has all these advantages of war without the disadvantages of being killed or wounded. You can see the attraction the system has for the lazy and inefficient. For this reason I cannot imagine counter-revolution, implying the Capitalistic system, making any headway among Russians. Unless starvation causes Russia to abandon Communism, and this is possible, I believe that the average Russian prefers Communism with an incredibly low standard of living, to Capitalism with the possibility of a high level of material comforts.

It is a very common belief that the Russian is by nature religious. I happened to spend a fortnight at the famous Russian monastery at Petchora in Esthonia. It is close to the Russian frontier. Founded some time in the fourteenth century it has preserved up to the present its mediæval spirit. There is no large town in the district and so the peasants, the men with their beards and the women with their head shawls are in keeping with the ancient setting of the monastery.

Services are held at all times of the day. A peasant in sheep-skin coat and long felt boots, would pull up his sledge and greet me. "Tomorrow morning at five o'clock is a service to—(Here he would name some saint.) Archdeacon Kyril is officiating. You must come. It's a fine service and he knows how to chant."

And he would discuss the service as a critic would a fine play.

The services were crowded, irrespective of the hour of the day. They were glorious spectacles. Outside the deep snow reflected a golden glow as another forced himself into the church. Innumerable candles lit up the mosaic walls, clouded

by the smoke from the incense burners. Priests in glittering robes and bejewelled mitres went through a stately ritual. The congregation was an impassive mass of unkempt peasants standing with their fur caps gripped to their chests. They appeared drugged. This was not a service. It was a wonderful theatrical appeal to the senses. In England most people go to the cinemas for the same purpose, to get away from the prose of life for a few hours.

And yet on other occasions I felt that for these people the church was a House of God, Who was very familiar to them. There was an absence of restraint such as one has in his own home or in that of a great friend. Quite oblivious to the service, some would wander about, light a candle before an ikon, kneel down and pray for a few moments, then, getting up, would force their way through the congregation. But no one seemed to think such conduct strange, least of all the priests who appeared to move in a world remote from ordinary life.

I felt during these services that for the Russian, God is a Father and very human. And my mind would go back to our Anglican services. For us He is the King of Kings. We are on parade, buttons polished and puttees straight.

After the service most of the peasants adjourned to the local pub. Some time later their wives, unconcerned through long practice, would haul them on to their sledges and drive home.

I think that for the Russian there is no necessary connection between religion and morality. The basis of religion is a personal union with God. Morality is a social code which is necessary if people are to live together peaceably. I have mentioned above that I consider the Russian to be anti-social. He believes that his first duty is towards himself. This is essentially the religious type whose chief concern is to save his own soul. The aim of morality is to preserve a given social structure in its existing form. It is the cement which holds society together.

Now, we take it for granted that the preservation of society is naturally one of the main objects of life. I shall try to show later that the Russian does not share our views in this

respect. If I am correct in making this statement, you will see that it is possible for a Russian to be religious and immoral. We, on the other hand, because of our conviction that the preservation of society is of supreme importance, are apt to lay the stress on morality and let religion be merely a moral code. Reformers are immoral. They wish to change the existing state of affairs which it is the aim of morality to preserve. England would break the heart of any reformer. It is so moral.

Communism is essentially moral. It places the interests of society above those of the individual. This is what makes England so depressing to the Russian, and the Englishman so dull. The latter are very good citizens, but very undeveloped individuals. There are many more true Communists in England, though they call themselves Conservatives. The English are the only race which could make a success of Communism, as they have had centuries of training the individual to subordinate himself to society. Love of political freedom and love of personal freedom are incompatible. The one considers society to be of supreme importance: the other, the individual. Lenin knew his fellow-countrymen when he uttered his famous dictum. "Give the Russian sex-freedom and he will not want political freedom."

The Communist Party are beginning to realize that the overthrow of the old régime and the destruction of the capitalistic classes in Russia was a comparatively simple thing in comparison with the task of eradicating from the mind of the Russian workman or peasant the conviction that society is opposed to the individual, restraining him from doing what he wishes. The main aim of the Second Five Year Plan is to convert the Russian from being anti-social into being a true Communist.

Lenin lived sufficiently long with Western Civilization to become infected by the disease of this civilization, which is both cause and effect of its spiritual decay: the mental disease of believing that work has supreme value for its own sake. Luckily for the future of humanity, the Russian is not obsessed by this idea. So there is no need to get alarmed at the prospect

of Russia becoming a huge Ford factory, full of human ants. Russia may be a hive of industry, but most of the bees are drones.

The head of a certain industry in Russia was talking to an American about the new factory which his department was about to build. He mentioned that it was going to be the biggest of its sort in the world.

"How long will it be?" asked the American.

"One hundred and ten metres."

"Then it won't be the longest in the world. There is one in Detroit which is one hundred and fifteen metres."

The architect was sent for and given instructions to alter the plans and make the factory one hundred and twenty metres.

This love of bigness is not something new. The Russian prides himself on having a "large" nature. This applies not only to the material world, but also to that of feeling. A Russian has a capacity for forgiving which sometimes makes us feel quite small. But when this "large" nature is combined with power, as it is today, it becomes megalomania. Most of the grandiose schemes of the Soviet Government are the result of this megalomania.

You know the story about the prize which was to be given for the best account of the elephant. The Englishman went shooting in Africa, the German studied in the university and the Frenchman visited the Zoo. The Russian, however, locked himself in an attic, drank an astronomical number of glasses of tea, and in the course of three months produced his treatise on the elephant. It contained only the following sentence: "The Elephant. Does it exist?"

In other words facts are not so strong for the Russian as some theory which he has evolved out of the depths or mists of his own mind. Facts, the external world, do not interest a Russian. His great interest is "man". Take as an example the workmen's club in Moscow. Money was no object. The workmen could build what they wanted. So they built a theatre with a library attached to it. The world of thought, of emotion, has greater significance for the Russian than the world of action or the world of external facts. The intellectual

position of Communism is Dialectic Materialism: that the mind impassively reproduces what takes place outside the mind. And the joke of the whole thing is that the Russian is the last person in the world to be influenced by facts. His inner life is more real to him than the dead facts of external reality.

What I have written so far are merely isolated features of the Russian mentality. Are these simply superficial peculiarities or are they the manifestations of a view of life, fundamentally different from our own? It never satisfied me to dismiss the peculiarities of the Russian as idiosyncrasies. I always felt that they were linked together in some way. Then quite by accident, as I was reading an article by Lenin on Karl Marx, written in 1914, for the *Granat Encyclopædia*, I came across the following phrase in the section on "Dialectics": "Development, so to speak, in spirals, not in a straight line: development is erratic, catastrophic, revolutionary."

Here, I think, is the key to the Russian mentality. It also solves what has always been a mystery to me that a German should be the prophet of Russian aspirations. Marx putting down in black and white a theory that there are no permanent facts in reality, that all is constant change, that this change or development is not a steady, unbroken, continual process but is due to destruction, was stating an intellectual position which had been for centuries already the natural outlook of the Russian. For the West this idea of development is a new conception which we may toy with intellectually but we can never take it over and make it our view of reality. For the Russian it is so self-evident that there is no point in stating it.

I shall now try to show how the Russian idea of development as destructive and erratic, is the basis of his view of reality, and from this it follows that his interpretation of life is quite distinct from ours, which is based on the belief that development is a steady unbroken process, a gradual realization of characteristics which are not new but have always existed though previously unrevealed.

For us destruction is to be avoided at all costs, for we believe that progress is secured only by conserving the work already done.

We do not believe in miracles. Starting from A to achieve Z, we know that there must not be any gap in the series, otherwise we cannot accomplish our aim. For the Russian to achieve Z, he must first reduce A to chaos. He must destroy A because A can never, in his opinion, change of itself into B. A will always remain A, a definite group of characteristics. If the unity of this group is destroyed then there is the possibility of something resulting from the chaos. It is not necessarily B. It may be Q, or even something hitherto unknown. The main thing is destruction, as this and this alone gives the possibility of something new developing. We fear the unknown. A new step is taken only when we feel assured that we know where that step is going to land us. The Russian loves the unknown. Anything new is always better than the existing. This love of the unknown presupposes a profound confidence in oneself, and a belief that Life is good. There are times when I feel that our attitude to Life is pessimistic. We fear the unknown because we do not believe that Life is good. Our principle of "Safety First" is a renunciation of Life. Luckily for England some of her sons did not have this principle. These men made her Empire.

This destructive attitude to life is expressed in a phrase which one often hears a Russian utter. "Tomorrow I shall make a fresh start." We do not willingly abandon all our previous efforts in order to start something fresh. A Russian can abandon a course of study, an occupation, or an intimate relationship, believing that, having made a mistake, it is useless to try and improve it. He must destroy it and start afresh. This is what makes us believe that the Russian has no fixity of purpose. We believe that we can improve a thing or a situation by retaining the best elements and eradicating the bad ones. A Russian does not believe in improving. He believes in creating. But to do this he must first destroy.

Many observers have noted that the Russian has a fatalistic attitude to life. But this is not the passive fatalism of the East, due to the belief that man is the plaything in the hands of Destiny. The Russian believes that he can alter life by destroying the present situation, but he does not believe that

he can anticipate what will develop out of the chaos which he has made. And therefore there is always the Hamlet-like tendency to question whether it is worth it, which can be mistaken for fatalism.

But there is no sphere in which we can see how a view of development can so effect one as in the realm of ordinary work. All foreigners in Russia are united in the opinion that the Russian is lazy. The Russian is not lazy. Give him work he believes in and he will work with a fury of which we are not capable. Foreigners in Russia are always amazed at seeing some magnificent new constructions, but ordinary things left undone: buildings, gardens, old factories which are in decay for want of a little attention. An infinitesimal part of the energy spent on the new constructions would render these of great use to the community. But they are left to decay, not because there is a lack of material and labour, but because there is a lack of interest. We take a pride in preserving historical buildings and ancient traditions because we feel that we are one with the men of our race in the past.

Russia has a history of over a thousand years. Yet it is considered a young country. The Russian has no history in our sense of the word. He does not believe that he is linked with the past of his race. He does not believe that he is the sum of the past moments of his forefathers' historical trend. He is unique. He had developed; therefore there has been a break with the past. And so he has no deep-seated need to preserve the relics of the past. What we should call an irreverence for the past gives rise to a superficial view that the Russian is a vandal. On the contrary, he is a born artist to his finger tips. But his view of life, his conception of development, that the past is not the cause of the present, which is unique and due to a break with the past, makes him have little interest in retaining the frayed garments of a dead past. The new present situation demands new forms of expression. For this reason he allows anything to decay which belongs to a previous culture.

So today in Russia, anything which is not in keeping with the present conception of civilization, the glory of the Five

Year Plan, has no value for the Russian. But while the new culture is being created the carcase of the past is rotting. So we, foreigners, in Russia with our strong historical sense, with our belief that the present is the sum of past events, have many a mental shock. One day we damn Russia as the most inefficient and hopeless country in the world. And the next day our breath is taken away by some glorious feat of engineering. It is the clash of incompatibles which gives us a mental shock. For we must have unity and continuity if we are to have mental peace. But where we see only destruction and decay the Russian sees development.

I believe that the Russian mind, at present in its infancy, is struggling to express a new view of reality. I do not think that the economic and political experiments of the Soviet Government will have any permanent value or will make any great contribution to humanity. They are merely forms in which the exuberant vitality of a new mentality is striving to find its true expression. Like a child the Russian is playing with toys which we, the grown-ups, really value, economics and politics. At present he does not notice that they are merely playthings. But one day, I believe, he will grow up and give to the world a new culture, which will express his mentality in its highest form.

But I shall never live to see that day. For it will take many decades, if not centuries.

A ROLLING STONE IN PERSIA

BY OWEN TWEEDY

Part I

TO own a lorry after years of mere motors compares, for exhilaration, with the thrill of promotion from long skirts to trousers; and during the month which I spent in Cairo, before my travel companion, Captain Shephard Walwyn, could join me from London, I realized that thrill to the full. My first day in Egypt I bought the lorry-chassis—a 30-cwt. Ford. That was easy. But the problem of the building of the special body which we needed was a far knottier problem. To solve it, I turned to one of my oldest friends in Cairo—a scraggy little Egyptian carpenter who used to make all my household furniture when I lived there. Mohamed Mohamed Omar neither read nor wrote: he knew nothing about motor bodies, and for three days he invariably studied my designs upside down. But suddenly he saw light and at once became a maelstrom of dynamic energy; and for the next three weeks his workshop—a sort of cubby-hole in a slum lane of Old Cairo—positively hummed. His staff was a gross instance of nepotism. An uncle was the hammer-and-nails man; a nephew worked the plane and the chisel; a brother-in-law wielded the saw; and his latest born of six did the glue mixing. My caravan was to be a family affair.

Meanwhile I set about hunting for a servant and in an ill day chose Abdul Aziz Saleh. He was an abject failure. He hit the carburettor with a hammer and mixed the pepper with the porridge; and when I rose in my wrath he saluted gravely, and politely begged to be excused. I took him thankfully at his word; but I later heard—Cairo is a grand place for gossip

—that “he had given me the sack because both I and my plans were mad, and his wife’s maternal aunt had told him that the Desert was full of devils”.

So when Walwyn arrived, although there was no servant, there was a lorry-caravan. Admittedly it was no beauty. Some called it a hearse; others a perambulating henhouse. But handsome is as handsome does; and two months later, after negotiating the Sinai and Syrian Deserts, it carried us in the teeth of a raging sandstorm, into Baghdad. The City of the Thousand and One Nights proved a terrible anti-climax. Gone are all traces of the pageantry of the Golden Caliphs, and twentieth century Baghdad is merely a flat sprawling maze of noisy squalid lanes, pierced by only one decent street—which is always a howling traffic block. So although we left for Persia in another and worse sandstorm, which buried our lunch in grit and made our eyes burn like coals, that night on the frontier I wrote in my diary; “Persia tomorrow, and I don’t care if it snows ink”. Persia started beautifully. The Customs officer gave us endless cups of Persian tea—slightly sugared, slightly scented, and served without milk in tiny coloured glasses—while his minions cleared our luggage with no fuss at all; and instead of being taxed on the horse-power, etc., of the lorry, we merely had to pay four shillings a day for the use of the Persian highway. It was simplicity itself: we bought fifty days’ worth; had two more glasses of tea; and with smiles all round, the Frontier barrier was raised to usher us at last into the land of the Shah of Shahs.

But the Persian rose was not without a thorn. There were villages every ten miles: and each had its Dogberry: and every Dogberry positively thirsted to inscribe the most intimate details about us and our families in a filthy, greasy ledger. Apparently the quicker a Persian Dogberry fills a ledger, the sooner he becomes a sergeant. Anyhow, no country has ever taken so exaggerated an interest in the dreary particulars of my life, and our tempers were showing distinct signs of wear, when Walwyn suddenly recalled dear old Ella Wheeler Wilcox’s muse. “Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone,” he quoted; and so, laughing,

we crawled on through the foothills towards the first rampart of Persia’s mountains.

Physically Persia is like an inverted bowl. The sides are ridged with huge mountain ranges, while the base is a vast central plateau—in the north, steppe-like, like Russia; in the south, an arid desert. The passage of our first mountain range was a climb of six thousand feet in four hair-raising miles; but happily the road surface was tolerable, and to our surprise everywhere road-mending gangs were at work. These gangs speak volumes for New Persian regeneration. Thirty years ago a *Persian-made* road hardly existed, and such *made* roads as there were owed their construction and upkeep solely to successive foreign occupations—Turkish, British and, above all, Russian. But today there is none of that. Persia under the New Shah tolerates no form of foreign intrusion; and now not only are Persians metalling new roads of their own, but Persian road gangs, *paid by the Persian Treasury*, are maintaining the old foreign-made routes.

But in other respects New Persia is less squeamish. In the middle of a highland village, we were suddenly confronted by a platoon of Persian soldiery with levelled rifles. We had to stop; whereupon, without so much as a “by your leave,” eight warriors, armed like small arsenals, clambered aboard our long-suffering lorry. New Persia apparently leaves matters of military transport to the troops themselves, and these gentlemen, having been ordered to a new station, were commandeering us by routine. Although we might have managed a supercargo of three arsenals, eight was out of the question. But what to do? Ella Wheeler Wilcox again! We laughed loud and long; and turning up the numerals in my manual of “Persian Self-taught”, I painfully spelt out the Persian for 1, 2, 3. My pronunciation reduced the platoon to helpless mirth; but they were laughing with us, and all was well. The lance-corporal riposted by counting up to eight. I shook my head and repeated 1, 2, 3. (Loud laughter.) The corporal then shouted four: and I, with the traditional British instinct for compromise, sealed the bargain with a terrific handshake. Three hours later an entirely harmonious company of six

rolled into Kermanshah, where we were to spend the night; and by that time, so cordial was the entente that we were introduced to the proprietor of the hotel—which, of course, was called the “Bristol”—as notables whom Persia should be delighted to honour.

Next day we made our first contact with old Persia. Five miles from Kermanshah lies the famous Tagh-i-Bustan—the Arch of the Garden—which celebrates King Chosroes II who ruled at the time of the Heptarchy in Britain. Though the huge equestrian statue of the King has been sadly damaged by Arab vandalism, the bas-reliefs which flank it are still almost perfect. They are also most entertaining. For when Chosroes went a-hunting, he rode under an umbrella at the head of a pack of animated elephants, coursing like racing greyhounds. Thirty miles on, we came to the, archæologically, far more important monument of Darius the Great, carved in the base of the majestic Bisitun Rock. There are three tablets written in cuneiform script in the Persian, Susian, and Babylonian languages, and from a comparison of the three scripts Sir Henry Rawlinson in 1840 solved the baffling problem of the cuneiform alphabet. The Bisitun rock is to Assyrian and Babylonian archæology, what the Rosetta Stone has been to Egyptology.

Hamadan, our next stop, is the ancient Ecbatana, where Ahasuerus and Esther and Mordecai and Haman used to spend their summer holidays. But already our very elementary knowledge of Persian was making us feel like Lucifer among the Angels. We were with the Persians, but not of them; and so in Hamadan we let it be known that there was a vacancy on our staff for an interpreter-handyman. Three candidates appeared—an Armenian with yellow boots, a Kurd with the most extraordinary smell, and “George”. We chose George. His real name was Mohamed Ali Khan Lotfallian; but such a mouthful was quite beyond our capacity; so we summarily re-christened him, and although at first he was bewildered, even indignant, he was completely mollified when we told him that we had specially called him after the King of England. For George was a snob—albeit a most unornamental snob.

“George,” I said to him after he had been two days with us. “Why won’t you shave? You look a perfect fright.”

George smiled. “I can’t shave,” he said, “I’ve lost my scissors.”

“But,” I retaliated, “Where is your razor?” George smiled again, “I can’t use razors; they make my teeth ache.” George always had the last word.

Our road on to Teheran, though monotonous, was never dull. Kurdish tribes—dark mountainy folk—were moving to their summer camping grounds; caravans—camel, horse, and donkey—were carrying the winter’s output of carpets to the markets of the towns; and great six- and eight-spanned carts—just like covered wagons trekking into the Middle West—jogged along, with their drivers always asleep. And every now and then there would be the scare of a Persian lorry. Lorries are the toys of New Persia. Their chauffeurs drive with superb gusto, and are heedless of all rules of the road. Nor are there any overloading laws in Persia. So the transport owner’s motto is: “Gather ye shekels while ye may, and let Allah look after the bits.” First he stuffs the floor of the lorry with merchandise flush with the sides: on the top he crams as many humans as there are sardines in a tin; he then closes the lot in with rabbit-wire flaps, and, having tied as much more merchandise as possible on to the running board and bonnet, he invites anyone who is sufficiently daring to take a half-price seat on the roof with, maybe, a few fowls or a sheep. The life of the Persian lorry is short and exciting; but the owner does not care. He buys on the hire-purchase system, and Allah looks after the next instalment.

We entered Teheran by the Kasvin gate, and under a piercing blue sky its huge archway and lovely minarets, with their perfect decoration of turquoise blue, umber brown and lemon yellow tiles, had almost ethereal beauty. But ’neath its portals lurked the inevitable Dogberry; and for the next half hour we did family-trees *ad nauseam*, while George ate pistachio nuts—also *ad nauseam*. All too quickly, however, Teheran, like Baghdad, drifted into anticlimax. It is bluntly unlovely. Through what is still an Oriental town modern genius, *à la*

perse, has carved a pattern of huge and garish boulevards ; but, though they remind only of an International Exhibition, the atmosphere otherwise is pungently of the East. For the sole drinking water supply of the population runs unprotected and open to all forms of pollution, in gaping roadside gutters. Then, as though to blind the newcomer to this unhygienic horror, Teheran has organized a system of traffic control after the most modern models. Tin-hatted and white-gloved policemen preside at every junction and, by law, oncoming traffic signals its direction by blowing its horn. One toot means "right"; two toots, "left", three toots, "straight on." The result is pandemonium indescribable, normally ending in the guardian of the law throwing his white-gloved hands to Heaven, and signalling everybody on. And the devil take the hindmost.

But though the newcomer may curse or laugh at this half-baked efficiency, he will soon learn that this New Persia of the New Shah, Riza Khan, is a far better place than the Augean stable of corruption and inefficiency which was Old Persia. Public contracts are no longer merely excuses for court speculation, and taxes are collected centrally, instead of being farmed out to speculators. But in his economic reforms the Shah has been less happy. Today all imports are under license, and every importer must export Persian goods to an equal value. In theory, this Soviet-inspired solution of the import and export equation may sound admirable ; in practice, it is almost ludicrous. I met a much harassed garage proprietor. "By all means stop the import of superfluous motors", he said, "but to stop the import of spares is sheer madness. Persia has no railways, and its transport must be lorry-borne ; and with Persian chauffeurs as they are, every lorry inevitably spends half its time in dock. But not a spare part can we get, unless we agree to export a corresponding amount of Persian goods. And what are we to export ? Persia has nothing except carpets and opium and gum ; and what does a motor exporter know about them ? Do you know that today half the lorries in the country are laid up, waiting for spare parts ?" This new legislation affects private individuals almost more

ludicrously. The grandmother of an English friend of mine knitted him some socks, and eventually the Persian Government notified him of the arrival of the package. They valued it at two dollars ; but before he could get his socks, he had to buy an unwanted carpet.

The Shah himself leads this "Buy Persian" Campaign. One day, seeing a rather flashily dressed youth gaping at the Royal motor, he got out, went up to the dumbfounded boy, and asked him to pull off one of his boots which, he said, was hurting him. Once in his socks, His Majesty continued : "And where did you buy your socks ? Mine were made in Persia." The boy stammered something about a shop. "I know," shouted the Shah. "A foreign shop, stocked from America or France or England. You're a rotten Persian, and it's snobs like you who are ruining my country. Perhaps this will teach you that what is good enough for me is good enough for you" ; and, picking up the boot, he slammed the boy mercilessly on the head.

Riza Khan found Persia a "sick man" and is teaching New Persia that doctor's orders are orders. Sartorially his orders have been drastic. In other days Persian clothes were picturesque rather than practical. So, with a stroke of the pen, he put Persian manhood into uniform. Gone are the swathed turbans, the baggy trousers and the sweeping robes of other days ; and today, by law, all Persians in Government employ must wear either the new uniform or European coats and trousers ; while in the matter of head-dress an order, applicable to every Persian male, prescribes the "Pahlevi" cap—so-called after the Shah's dynasty. The "Pahlevi" is a weird compromise between a French officer's képi and a British railway porter's cap of the 'eighties. Its feature is a very stiff and, for a good Moslem, most inconvenient peak, as it prevents the forehead from touching the ground when praying. In the wilder parts of Persia the traditional peasant's head-dress, a high domed felt skull cap, still persists ; but today every wearer carries in his pocket a sort of Helen Wills visor, with the aid of which his proscribed dome automatically becomes an orthodox peaked "Pahlevi" when word goes round that a

policeman is in the offing. George had an appalling and most inefficient "Pahlevi". It was pale brown in colour, and after rain its peak regularly collapsed into a most unbecoming fringe.

Until it failed this year, owing to lack of public support, Persia boasted an altogether admirable German organization of mail and passenger air services, and thanks to them, my visit to Meshed, five hundred miles east of Teheran, was only a matter of six hours each way, whereas by car, I should have been over a week on a dull and difficult road. My plane was called the Bulbul—the Persian for Nightingale—and was twin sister of the famous "Bremen" which made the first east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic; but I was less pleased to learn that my pilot was a Persian, not a German, as I had expected. However, some Scotch blood courses in my Irish veins, and I had paid my fare: so just as dawn began to tinge the mountain tops overshadowing the aerodrome, I stepped into a tiny cabin and the way lay open to Meshed.

The two chief sects of Islam are the Shiahs, who regard Ali, Mohamed's son-in-law, as their founder; and the Sunnis, who revere Omar and Abu-bakr. Sunnis predominate everywhere save in Persia, where the Shiah creed is the State religion; and Meshed, where the eighth prophet, or Imam, is buried, is the supreme goal of pious pilgrimage. My pilot—whose air-mastership quickly dispelled my first ungracious fears—was a Shiah, and when we stopped midway in our flight for more petrol—which, incidentally appeared almost miraculously out of the desert on the nonchalant back of a camel—he told me casually that his normal freight was a Shiah coffin or two to be buried at Meshed. "There was one booked for today," he said, "an Indian who died a year ago in Karachi; but he must have got mislaid somewhere—probably in Basra. You were lucky." I agreed heartily and resumed my place in the cabin, which so easily might have been a morgue; and away we flew, and three hours later I was looking down from some eight thousand feet at Meshed, sprawling across a wide plain—a picture of sunlight and shadow with here and there a splash of green.

But though, rather journalistically, I had been styling myself "a Pilgrim to Meshed," once I was there I felt far from at

home. The season of my visit coincided with the annual celebration of the feast of Moharram, and I was the only hatted foreigner in a crowd of weird dark men—Persians, Afghans, Turcomans and Bakhtiari—all making their way slowly towards the Golden Dome which, within its superbly-tiled enclosure, gleams over the tomb of the Imam. Their black eyes seemed to flash hostility from under beetling brows, and I felt myself to be an unwelcome infidel, treading their sacred ground. In other days my presence might well have been actively resented: for Meshed used to be relentlessly fanatic and the main stronghold of the religious oligarchy, which in Old Persia could and did interfere in everything, both religious and political. Inevitably Riza Khan was at once at cross purposes with such a power; and in Meshed, apart from discouraging blind fanaticism, he has compelled reforms which are a tremendous testimony to his power. All round the shrine there used to stretch an insanitary wilderness of Shiah tombs. Today these cemeteries are fast disappearing, and in their place the Shah is building a new modern quarter, the streets of which are being paved—*mirabile dictu*—with nought else but the grave stones of the departed faithful!

But apart from its fanaticism, Meshed was otherwise disturbing. An easy two hundred miles to the north lies the Russian frontier, and throughout the ages Meshed has been the "Tom Tiddler's Ground" of the two nations; so much so, indeed, that although Meshed is territorially Persian, everywhere there is evidence of the enemy within the gate—Russian shop signs, Russian newspapers, Russian captions in the cinemas, and in the streets Russian blouses. But the Shah has seen to it that there are also stout Persian battalions within the gate; and twice daily, at sunset and sundown, I could hear from my Russian hotel the reassuring clamour of general garrison parades, ending in the Persian Anthem and a mighty unison of three cheers for the Shah. Doubtless the rest of Meshed, Russian as well as Persian, also heard them; and to all the meaning was the same. Gone are the days in Persia when "there were no Kings in the land and every man did what seemed right in his own eyes."

Walwyn was waiting for me on the aerodrome when my plane landed me back in Teheran, and there was all the fun of a home-coming ; and there was George—unshaved, of course—with a frightful buggy, all tied up with string ; and their news was that in my absence in Meshed, they had got everything ready for the start to the Caspian. We left next morning in brilliant sunshine ; but as we climbed the Elburz range which separates the Central Plateau from the great inland sea, the sun deserted us ; at six thousand feet we were in mist-shrouded moors ; at seven thousand we were in clouds ; and at eight thousand I was sitting on the bonnet wiping driving snow off the wind-screen and wondering which skid would hurl us to eternity off the boulder-strewn mountain ledge which the map called a road. And once over the pass, conditions became even worse. The storm increased ; the road was a butterslide of blood-curdling hairpin turns ; and when night fell, we were still without prospect of shelter. For the rare charcoal burners' villages, where we sent George to solicit quarters, rebuffed him with such paralysing vehemence, that three times he returned gibbering—"Sir, it is not possible." But something had to be done and George must do it. "George", I said kindly but very firmly, "if you say 'impossible' once again, I'll leave you behind with the charcoal burners." It worked ; and from his next parley, George returned with, "Sir, it is possible, and there is a fine hotel". Our suite in the "fine" hotel was a partition in a disused cowshed, freshly vacated by hens. But it was shelter, our braziers worked, and the normal denizens of the place retired before our insect powder. I have often slept far worse.

But next morning it was still pouring, and once out on the flat Caspian littoral, the place was a swamp, and we were finally held up by a wide river in spate, which had carried away the only bridge. We sent George, who by this time was heartily sick of mountaineering, to spy out the land ; but in a minute he was back. "Sir," he beamed, "it is not possible. We must go home to Teheran". I withered him with a look and went off to find out for myself. Happily a German was in charge of the repair gang, and from him I learned that his

job was as good as lost if the bridge was not somehow mended by noon next day, when the Persian Governor of the Province had announced his intention of crossing the river. "And," added the German : "In Persia, Governors are Governors, and punishments meet the crime." Anyhow, next morning there was not only the Governor, but also a bridge. At least the German said it was a bridge. To me it looked more like a crazy pavement, which, at the rate workmen were madly hammering everywhere and anywhere, would shortly be entirely composed of nails. Meanwhile, the Governor was not saying much but thinking a lot ; and the outcome was very Persian. He suddenly turned to me with a superb bow : "Sir," he said, "it is my pleasure, nay my duty, to accord you precedence on our Persian highway". And he waved us blankly on. If anyone were to have a ducking, it should not be he. Our passage was like walking the plank ; but after a terrifying two minutes, all was well. We were in Caspasia.

(To be continued)

ELIOT AND THE PLAIN READER

BY G. W. STONIER

PLAIN READER: Here is another book, I see, addressed to me,* the third in a few months: Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, and now Eliot: there is evidently a movement on foot to educate people in the post-war school. I suppose I shall read the book, if only to pretend afterwards that I have understood *The Waste Land* from the beginning, but I'm not enthusiastic. These straight talks on difficult moderns smack rather much of proselytising. What do you think?

CRITIC: There is a certain amount of deceptive cleverness in them, of course, and the excuse of "talking down" is made to cover the author's—and his subject's—deficiencies. But on the whole they are written honestly and with intelligence. Williamson's little book, like the others, is the work of an admirer. On the first page he thanks Eliot for "the stimulus of his conversation," and you may take the book as expressing not only an admirer's attitude but Eliot's own attitude about himself. That is useful. I hope you won't be overawed. The book is also a pretty full commentary, and discusses ably Eliot's intention and poetic means—a lot of useful material has been pulled together from various sources, from the essays of earlier critics such as Edmund Wilson, René Taupin, and F. R. Leavis.

PLAIN READER: You frighten me with names already. I object to this hierarchy of modern thought: poetry and criticism: damned little poetry and an ocean of criticism. Will you tell me why all this *explanation* is necessary? Isn't it the mandarin's substitute for apology and extenuation? Eliot's poetry seems to me—I speak ignorantly—a sort of Cromagnon skull from which critics have

reconstructed a vast poetic skeleton which in fact exists only in their imagination. I am not used to such poetic reconstructions on the grand scale, which indicate, for me, not the presence of a new and great poetic talent, but a deficiency of creation, in the poet, and the gullibility or dishonesty of critics.

CRITIC: You must allow for enthusiasm. But there is something in what you say. Eliot is "an exacting writer," he "makes no concessions to the reader"—how often that remark is brought out triumphantly by the latest convert! Eliot's is a skeleton poetry. At first sight his influence may seem to have been out of all proportion to the mite he has contributed to literature. Like Byron, he owes his success to having impressed on people a new attitude. Byron's influence was Romantic and popular—it affected thousands of people who never read a line of his poetry: Eliot's influence is classical (but I shall have something to say on that in a minute) and affects, directly, only the few. Byron's is an attitude to life, Eliot's to literature and through literature to life. Eliotism is a minority movement, intense but small of radius, which yet has widening ripples. Without knowing it, you yourself, as the result of reading and conversation, have to some extent been imbued with it.

PLAIN READER: What is this attitude—Eliotism?

CRITIC: It is hard to define. Eliot has described his point of view as being "classic in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion."* But that doesn't help much: it is undefined and suggests merely an odd and unpopular congeries of opinions. Williamson describes him somewhere in his book as "an aristocrat writing in a democratic world." This also tells us little, beyond again emphasizing Eliot's aloofness.

PLAIN READER: Aloofness, yes. That is characteristic. In highbrow company now one daren't mention Tolstoy or the "communication" of art. But I interrupt.

* See the essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in *Selected Essays*, recently published by Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

* *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot*. By Hugh Ross Williamson. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

CRITIC: To understand the peculiarity and force of Eliot's position to-day (I shall have to talk like a lecturer to get in what I want to say) it is necessary to go back a few years and recall his first impact on literature. *The Sacred Word* (essays) was published in 1920—note that he began his attack, like Shaw, with criticism; poetry and criticism have always been with him inseparable. It appeared at a time when English poetry and the criticism of poetry were meandering in the pastures of a would-be pre-war country of the mind. The war had temporarily splintered English poetry. After the war Jack Squire's *Country Boys* were banding to put the splinters together—(this, mind you, was the *vanguard* movement of the time, apart from a few isolated adventures)—to make the return to a leisureliness interrupted only by bad nerves. (You find Eliot neurasthenic and odd, but look up the Georgian anthologies, and read Squire's poem about the little trout-stream under the floorboards in Fleet Street!) In the emotional relapse after the war this poetry was popular, but it obviously corresponded so little with any current reality or tempo of thought, that a change was inevitable; this poetry in any case contained the seeds of its own dissolution. Eliot's sudden appearance as critic and poet made the inevitable change as abrupt as possible. The attitude to literature expressed in *The Sacred Word*, the attitude to life in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, astonished and shocked by their hardness, definition, ellipticism, sardonic seriousness and a pessimism which, though often flippant and dandiacal, yet had a curious twisted thrust. It shocked, above all, by its maturity, for in these books Eliot sprang at once to full stature as critic and poet. There was even an excess of maturity ("I grow old. . . . I grow old . . .", written at the age of twenty), a precocious weariness and cynicism which suited the hang-over mood of the generation that survived the war; and this, allied to an intense if narrow erudition, at once caught the sympathy (if that is the word) of the younger intellectual set, who were without a

leader. *The Waste Land* (1922) made Eliot's leadership certain. Probably those who came most strongly under his influence have forgotten, or never realized, how far Eliotism was imposed on them when they were at a loss, and how little it expressed any real altitude of their own. The shock of Eliotism was successful because it confronted the world of literature at a moment of low tension with a poetry the exact opposite of any poetry then current—the poetry of an intellectual, a Bostonian in exile, whose chief attempt was to reproduce in English certain effects of the French Symbolists, of Dryden and the later Elizabethans. It was an immediate capture by opposites. You will see in Eliot's own verse, when you look into it, that the *capture by opposites*, the surprising juxtaposition, the shock of contrasts, is Eliot's trump card.

PLAIN READER: You are coming to his poetry at last. I find you have to explain, to explain, like all other critics.

CRITIC: It was necessary to recall the first effect of Eliot on readers in order to compare it with his position now. Then his poetry was acclaimed as revolutionary, surprising, odd, a psychoanalytic pattern "as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen"; *The Waste Land* then was a cinematograph of modern society and the human mind, for the first time agonisingly aware of itself. Now it is the classicism, the detachment and formality of Eliot's thought and expression, that is emphasized. He appears now as the *poet of tradition*, each word is answerable for in some earlier context, the stones of *The Waste Land* are comfortably cemented on to the edifice of the world's literature.

PLAIN READER: This is new to me, indeed!

CRITIC: It may well be, though you will find it in Mr. Williamson's book, in the comments of the critics I have already named, and in Eliot's own essays from the start. How are we to explain the general change of attitude? Is it due merely to the normal shift of opinion towards an original artist which begins by delighting in his novelty

and the surface surprises of his art and only afterwards fastens on to deeper and more permanent qualities? With Eliot, partly. But his insistence on traditionalism reveals also his central weakness. He has written of the poetical function: "The historical sense [is] nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet after his twenty-fifth year"; and, "The historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer, and within it the whole of the literature of his own country, has a simultaneous existence, and composes a simultaneous order". This refers obviously to his own practice. How does it strike you?

PLAIN READER: I should have thought a poet needed not the historical sense but the poetical sense. However, I'm not a poet.

CRITIC: The weakness I have just mentioned, but not yet specified, is indeed intrinsically poetical. Eliot is the poet of attitude as opposed to the poet of impulse. He is the great example, with Schönberg, of the modern academic revolutionary, the insatiable but barren experimenter with technique, the tame wielder of paradoxes; in Eliot's poetry, as in Schönberg's music, you will find a text for every possible modern experiment and influence, but rarely will you find true music or poetry. In their work taste is raised almost to the power of genius; but it remains infertile, except in its effect on other artists. But more than that, Eliot is the poet of inhibitions, perhaps the only considerable poet who ever lived in whom the inhibition against writing poetry has been supremely powerful. His mastery of this strange situation is indeed extraordinary. Not to be free to write poetry, and yet to hint magnificently at it; to be the master of the final flat phrase, and yet to suggest new beauties, and obtain a new echo from old ones; to come at the end of a movement (Symbolism), completing its decline, and yet to inaugurate a new movement in literature—to have

done all this with a finality and finish which can be paralleled in few other writers, ancient or modern, is a very remarkable achievement.

PLAIN READER: You mean that his expression of the predicament of the poet in the modern world—the poet not wanted—is in itself enough to explain his influence and worth. I can understand that poets and critics read him with avidity (his technique also excites them), but what about the ordinary reader (like myself) to whom the predicament of modern poets is remote and means nothing, just nothing at all?

CRITIC: The ordinary reader does not seem to come into it—except that it is *his* indifference which is in part responsible for the predicament. You can't expect poets to write freely in an age which ignores them.

PLAIN READER: You can't expect readers to read freely a poet who ignores *them*.

CRITIC: It is a vicious circle. Eliot is a specialist. You may regard specialism in poetry as a mistake and an impossibility, and go another way; though I would remind you that an increasing specialism has been the tendency of literature since its beginning. Music, by far the most specialized of the arts, has long since discarded those moorings to life which still seem necessary for poetry; but that does not prevent music from being a language of art comprehensible to many people, and capable of expressing immediately the deepest emotions. Further, by its very detachment from ordinary meaning, music has developed a whole set of new meanings which are entirely *musical*. All arts evolve along lines which intensify and purify their effect: music becoming more purely *musical* instead of an adjunct to dancing and singing; poetry becoming more purely *poetical* and detached from common meaning and association. Eliot has said, I think, that a poem does not so much express an emotion as create a new one. That is the point. And I see in Eliot's poetry an attempt, heroic in its effort, to create a less personal, more purely poetical

poetry. He has stated something akin to this himself, when he says: "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not an expression of personality but an escape from personality."

PLAIN READER: Eliot's poetry, then, possesses a theoretical interest, in which one may take pleasure?

CRITIC: Yes, and more than that. I. A. Richards has described the particular quality of his poetry as a "music of ideas." We read Eliot with an eye on the future, with the notion that out of his work a new poetry, more vital, more selective and intense may spring. A phrase here and there hints the direction; I remember

In the juvenescence of the year
Came Christ the tiger

In depraved May, dogwood and chestnut, flowering judas,
To be eaten, to be divided. . . .

That is perfect in sound, rhythm, and in its "music of ideas"; it is startling and yet satisfies, it is utterly new to us. If only Eliot could often write like this! His "music of ideas" is more usually a crude clatter, with one key-change which he applies *ad nauseam*. The normal transition of his verse is from beauty to commonplace, depth of feeling to flippancy, poetry to conversation, art to life, the past to the present: in a word, the descent to triviality. The contrast may take the simple form of a poetic tag ironically set:

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about the room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand
And puts a record on the gramophone.

The contrast here, graceful but obvious, is lovely woman—bored typist, Goldsmith—Eliot. But the setting may be more elaborate and capable of far richer effect:

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

And their friends the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. . . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A close examination of this passage reveals a continuous subtle interlacing of contrasted words and ideas. The beginning, which follows a beery goodnight in a pub, is a cautious set-piece. The nymphs are introduced, and with line four the music is suddenly distinct (the line comes from Spenser's *Prothalamion*) like a theme announced in a symphony. Eliot's antiphony (mostly percussion) follows at once with the catalogue of picnic rubbish. The "nymphs" return, this time with the "heirs of city directors"; and so on. There are smaller contrasts embedded in the words which at the first reading one overlooks: the *silk* handkerchiefs, for example, among the bottles and fragments, all of which by a dignified gathering of speech become the "testimony" of river nights. "By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . ." is an obvious makeshift to help the return of the theme line: a Woolworth pearl set on the counter to distract while the jeweller's tweezers are picking out the real one! The last two lines are irritatingly familiar to readers of Eliot's verse.

PLAIN READER: The whole passage seems to me incongruous.

CRITIC: It is. And yet note the effects obtained. The lovely Spenserian line, twice repeated and then varied, is marvellously set, its beauty is articulated in a way which makes it seem incomparably finer than in the original poem. Eliot's method here can only be compared with the habit common among composers of using an earlier theme for variations. This passage from *The Waste Land* is fairly typical of the poem's whole construction—the juxtaposition of images and ideas sardonically unresolved—and illustrates its weakness. It is, to begin with, synthetic and not fused. It depends on a series

of anticlimaxes (and most of his effects are got by a variety of subtle and thumping anticlimaxes—a continual use of the For-she-was-only-a-water-rat method as a serious means of poetic modulation). It relies for beauty on the literature of the past (Spenser's line and the biblical paraphrase) and the archaic dignity of the nymphs, Thames, Lebanon—the life of the past. Eliot is a defeatist, *fin de siècle*—end of all the ages! Here as elsewhere he works on the assumption that poetry is dead, and that poems in the modern world are like old masters hung on the discreetly negative walls of a bungalow. He will not produce fake old masters himself, but in his pictures he will always hint at the past: their timbre, a corner here, a face there, sets old life jokingly among the modern dead. It is not surprising to find that he has half-confessed to this in lines remarkable for their austerity:

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow
For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow
Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow
For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

It is one of the most remarkable passages to be found in all Eliot's writing; but its poetic value is negligible. On the musical analogy, this passage is mere meaningless *atonality*. The literal meaning is plain: of poetical meaning there is none. I should sum up Eliot's contribution to literature by saying that he is the first poet who has worked consistently to obtain a *simultaneity of impression*: the passage from *Gerontion* beginning "In the juvenescence of the year" is a perfect example of this: the other passages I have quoted show how easy it is to fail—and yet how interesting such failure can be.

PLAIN READER: And shall I find all this in Mr. Williamson's book?

CRITIC: No, alas! You will find the exact opposite. He will give you Eliot as a major poet, *Gerontion* as one of the world's masterpieces, *The Waste Land* as the representative work of our times. He does not even suspect the obsession behind Eliot's reliance on tradition, his defeatist "classicism." Least of all does he suspect Eliot the academician. Still, you should read the book. Eliot has made him think. Perhaps that is the one thing in the future for which we shall all be profoundly grateful to Eliot. He has made us think.

CUL-DE-SAC

BY AUDREY LUCAS

WE were discussing children, the success or failure of modern education, which subjects might well be added to a school curriculum, and which omitted. Some of us were in favour of a universal course of typing and shorthand, others laid stress on languages. One father pronounced billiards to be as important as football, another voted for riding, a third considered a working knowledge of the insides of cars to be essential. A fourth remarked, "I should like my children to learn the two lost arts".

"And those are?" we asked.

The reply was unexpected: "Letter writing and conversation".

One's first impulse was to dismiss this as ridiculous, since all of us know how to talk, and how to write a letter; but mature consideration revealed some definite meaning behind the seeming frivolity of my friend's statement. Those arts which he had mentioned are indeed becoming lost, less because we do not possess them than because we no longer know how to make use of them.

As a generation we do not write letters. That is to say, we write business letters, we issue and answer invitations, and, when obliged to borrow money, we usually spare our embarrassment by committing the request to paper; but, as a means of gratifying ourselves, our friends, and, possibly, posterity, letter-writing has fallen into disuse. Instead, we telephone, so putting an undoubtedly convenient instrument to purposes for which it was never intended. For twopence we can speak at length, and on any subject, to anyone we choose; while a letter, although costing a half-penny less, is now considered prodigal of time. The present

generation so often has to be in a hurry, that it inclines always to be in a hurry, and the habit of not wasting time infects even our leisure. Thus, people staying in the country, although what they have to say would lose nothing by a delay of twelve hours, will incur the expense of a trunk call, with its maddening interruptions of "Three minutes!" rather than spend a little more than those three minutes in writing a letter. There may not be the slightest urgency, but they have acquired the ringing-up habit, and the mere fact that the house or hotel in which they are staying is on the telephone sets up a strong aversion from pen and paper. Should there be no telephone, they make its absence an excuse for leaving their friends without news. The telephone, in fact, gets us out of every exertion, for why write even a "Collins", when all that need be done is to call a number, and say, "Thank you so much. I had a simply marvellous time"? In these days any letter that is not concerned with business has become a rare possession, its reception an unexpected compliment: so really unexpected that I have heard a hostess express gratitude to some departed guest, who has spent perhaps sixpence on a toll call to thank her for a week-end's hospitality; forgetting that a few words on paper would, in proportion to the time and trouble they cost the writer, have been the greater courtesy. A Trans-Atlantic call is indeed a mark of esteem; a toll call too often of laziness.

To comprehend fully this growing tyranny of the telephone, one should above all consider its value, or the reverse, as a means of communication between lovers. I know many people today who have lived through a dozen or more *affaires du cœur* without ever coming into possession of a single love letter; and this is a pity, for, although the keeping of such letters may, at times, be an indiscretion or a source of heart-ache, there remains much to be said for the traditional blue ribbons and lavender, with which, in a less hurried age, women sanctified their amorous correspondence. Better, surely, to recapture the tenderness of a dead romance through such tangible proofs of its existence, rather than in the muddled reconstruction of half-forgotten telephone conversations.

The condition of being in love is at best a difficult one. Emotions become unruly, nerves supersensitive, and it is important to avoid the disaster of misunderstandings. For how lovers can misunderstand each other only lovers know! My advice, therefore, to those in love, and wishing to remain so, is at all costs to avoid the telephone.

Take, for instance, the case of two lovers who are temporarily separated. One of them, the woman probably, since women in love are obsessed by a perpetual urgency to reiterate the fact, has, during the course of a long, heart-sick day, thought of a whole collection of sweet nothings which seem to her of the utmost importance. Her lover, she decides, must be informed as soon as possible. As being symptomatic of an almost universal malady, this is natural enough; and should the lady transcribe these ecstasies to paper, as in former years she must needs have done, she would probably give as much pleasure as she receives. But the woman of today, modern in action, although not necessarily in thought, does not do this. She wishes to waste no time, and so she telephones, making a long-distance call. It is possible, in fact probable, that the call reaches its destination at an unpropitious moment. No lover, however ardent, likes to be called from a business conference, or worse still, a hot bath, even to be told how madly he is adored. Perhaps some momentary inflection of his voice betrays this fact. The woman is disturbed, and, before he can explain that he too adores, but is keeping several people waiting, or is himself clad only in a bath towel, the three minutes have expired, and even if they can be renewed the conversation tends to be unsatisfactory. The operator, whose job it is to keep a check on time, cuts in so brutally on the tenderest declaration that it is difficult not to imagine that she has listened to every word. This subject has been beautifully treated by Mr. A. P. Herbert, in a sketch called "Kate and the Call Box", in which a servant girl's farewell to her sailor lover is ruthlessly curtailed for want of another twopence. In this case, a letter would not have sufficed, but when it will, how much the wiser course to send one. The postman may be a tantalising personage, but at least his visits are spaced so as

to give some respite from suspense, whereas the perpetual presence of an instrument which either does not ring at all or rings to no purpose can, under such circumstances, be nerve-wracking.

And here, I think, lies the reason why the telephone as a method of intimate contact should be used as seldom as possible. Life today has become a nervous business, and we owe it to ourselves to protect, rather than to expose, the mental tissues, taking every available opportunity that offers itself to hide away from noise, strain, suspense and their attendant irritations; and I have some hope that we at last are beginning to realize this, and grow daily more inclined to retreat, whenever possible, down some spiritual cul-de-sac where the bustle of modern civilization passes us by unnoticed.

Some evenings ago I called upon a friend, who has discovered for herself a hiding place which is, both in position and in character, a cul-de-sac. I found her concealed in an hotel which has unique distinction as a survival of a forgotten and more leisurely London. Its rooms seem peopled with shadowy Victorians, ghosts from the pages of Thackeray and Dickens; its passages odorous, but not unpleasantly so, with meals of long ago. There are no gas fires, but generous grates, glowing with coal and wood. The waiters and chambermaids are elderly and cosy. The food is serious-minded. One orders a poached egg on toast in preference to *œufs en cocotte*; a suet pudding instead a soufflé. Once inside its hospitable doors it is impossible, and also useless, to be in a hurry. With extreme wisdom it has decided to stand still, tucked away at the end of a cul-de-sac, catering with unruffled solidity to the mental and physical appetites of jaded seekers for peace; and this is wisely done, for, just as there has been a demand for speed, efficiency and noise, all of which commodities have been unsparingly supplied, so there is gradually growing a demand for quiet, and of this the supply is meagre—so much so, in fact, that it has become above the price of rubies.

The modern generation is like a child, who weary of playing with too many toys, turns gratefully to a handful of pebbles or a mud-pie. We, who clamoured so impatiently for our

cars, our aeroplanes, our own radios and telephones, now cry out as loudly to escape from them ; and wise, even in our generation, are learning at last that the indestructible quality of quiet must be self-manufactured. We found it, my friend and I, that evening in the cul-de-sac, and, under its influence were able to indulge at leisure in the second lost art—conversation, as opposed to talking. One talks in restaurants, in night clubs, in rooms crowded with people, but one does not converse. A quite intelligent subject may be started by somebody, but it is almost immediately interrupted by a waiter, a telephone call or an invitation to dance. Such talk is merely a kaleidoscopic jumble, leading nowhere in particular ; and, for such surroundings, it suffices. How different a thing is conversation as the word was understood by slower-moving ages, when a topic, once started, was pursued uninterruptedly to its conclusion, and when, at the end of a few hours so spent, people had the feeling of a task agreeably performed.

Such was the conversation we had that evening in the cul-de-sac. It ambled pleasantly along, but stimulated even in its laziness. Without being in any sense boring, it was sedative. Always, too, it was conclusive, for, although moving from personalities to books, and from books to travel, each separate section of it was completed before another began. The result was surprising ; for, although a hundred evenings spent in the theatre, at the pictures, or at parties, have long been forgotten, this evening of uninterrupted conversation stands out clearly in recollection as an evening well and sanely spent, an evening when no artificial means of amusement were called into play, no money spent in an effort to escape from the boredom that so inevitably outpaces its fugitives.

So, gradually of course, for the growth of all good things is slow, we shall come back to the simpler and more uncostly pastimes of our ancestors. Once more, finding the atmosphere of a country-house party becoming a little oppressive, we shall be able to make that old-time excuse of "letters to write", which nowadays has become so dangerously unpalatable. A generation of Robert Louis Stevensons and Horace Walpoles

yet unborn will become a delight to their intimates, and the mantle of Dorothy Osborne will fall quite naturally on the shoulders of loving ladies of a future generation.

For the change will not, I think, reach perfection in this one. We may make the effort, but our nerves are still too staccato to achieve it ; but this hardly matters, since each generation is born but to mould another ; and if we feel a sense of loss, we can at least console ourselves by teaching our children how to avoid it. Good talk may be a rarity, but it does exist, and every hour which we can spare to listen to it will help to bring it into fashion. The day of the wit may be past, the Johnson may be without his Boswell, but such a condition need not, in fact cannot, be a permanency, for what has once been good will surely become so again. It would be foolish to sigh over a past that can so easily be reconstructed, now the lesson is learned, and, at least, we can promise ourselves the pleasure of teaching it.

THE PROUD WOMAN

BY THOMAS KELLY

MAURYA DOOLIN leant over the half-door of her cottage, scattering handfuls of Indian meal to the hens that clustered around the muddy threshold. When the hunger of the fowls was satisfied she straightened herself, laid the basin aside, and waddled out from the kitchen. Shading the sun from her eyes, she stood for a couple of minutes peering up the hillside at the house of her nearest neighbour. When she was satisfied that no sign of movement was visible around the white-walled cottage of Nora Corrigan she nodded with unusual determination, then went in to where her husband was busy mending the gaps in the wicker-work of the potato basket.

"D'you know what's in me mind, Falvey?" she asked the old man as he looped and twisted a young willow rod into place. "It come to me, like a thing'd be seen to you, all of a sudden. It's right I should be up the hill and see if there's something the matter with the poor crathure above and she without a soul to ask her if she wanted anything."

"That one is well able to look afther herself", Falvey remarked curtly. "That one is too high in her pride to want the likes of you. Why should you go? What did we ever get from her but the black looks and the sharp word?"

"I know, asthore, I know the way she's kept us all from herself and her house. But I'm the nearest neighbour to her, Falvey. And the nearest neighbour. . . ."

"The nearest neighbour", the old man commented bitterly, "gets the worst of the tongue from the other side of the wall."

"I'm well aware of all that, Falvey, but there's not a stir nor a move about her house these days. That's quare, and

she always the one to be dragging and drawing from dawn to dusk. We'd be sorry afther if 'twas dead she was, and we, the nearest to her, never to have moved a step."

"'Twasn't dead she was the day she threatened me with the law if I didn't keep the few lambs from trespassin' on her field. No, she had the great flow of scoldin' on her tongue that time, with her: 'The next warnin' you'll get, Misther Doolin'll be the summons for the Petty Sessions Court.' Why didn't she think then of the day when she might gladly wish to be on civil terms with them that *mearned** her?"

"Still, Falvey, she always kept her side of the fences mended, and never let any of her stock break into your own fields. Anyway, there may be a day when I'll be glad to have the neighbour come in to see how I am. So I'm going up the hill, even if she doesn't want me, to aise the doubt is on me mind. . . ."

Maurya Doolin went up the lane, leaving her husband to complain to himself. It was four hours later when she returned, nodding her head up and down as she made little clucking noises to herself. She took off her shawl slowly, hung it behind the kitchen door, and sat down before she answered her husband's question.

"Is it dead she is?" Falvey asked, a little irritably.

"It's bad—bad all out—that crathure is", Maurya said in an awed tone. "Worse than ever I saw any person that wasn't as good as measured for their coffin. And sorry I am that I didn't go sooner, and no sign of her to be about the house for three days."

"She didn't send for you", Falvey reminded her. "And you know the sort she always was and is, never to mix nor bother with neighbours like a natural person would."

"Now, how could she send for me? Not a shadow has darkened her doorstep since the wakeness struck her."

"Then it's a bad testimonial to a person that they'd be laid up even for one day without a rattle coming to the latch of their door. Them that turns the back hand on their kind when they're well can't expect the neighbours to get troubled

* "Bordered" (Gaelic).

about them when the door is kept closed all day. . . ."

"Well, late as it is, I've done all I could for her. I tidied up the house, fed the pigs and the hens that was near going wild with the dint of hunger, put clean things on the bed for her, and sent Meehaul Sullivan's Jimmy off hot-foot for the docthor and the priest himself. . . ."

"So you think she's going to go this time?"

"A quare look is on her face that'd scare you at first, the likes of a child would be locked in a room and its little eyes to be frightened, waiting for the door to open, afeared of whoever'd come in. . . . One minit she'd be talkin' away to herself the greatest gibberish ever you heard, and then she'd stop and say: 'He'll come soon, won't he? The telegram'll come first, and then he'll be here that same evening.' And the next breath she'd be askin' me who I was, or who was that other woman with me. I got Biddy Rooney to come across and stay with her."

"Brian, is it, she manes about the telegram?"

"It is surely, God help her! The son she slaved and worked for going on for thirty years. The pride of her that all went into her plan to make him a docthor!"

"Aye! Impidence, I'd call it. To make a docthor out of less than thirty acres of land."

"Even if he passes I misdoubt if she'll live to see him comin' home."

"Isn't his last examination on this very day above in Dublin? I heard them sayin' it down in Melia's shop. He should be home to-morrow, but I doubt the docthor part. . . ."

"Oh, they'll have the bad news at Melia's shop. They'll have the stories about Brian's drinkin' and his bettin' and his card-playin'. But they won't have the truth about why his poor mother half-starved herself, worked like a labourer, to make a gentleman of him."

"The plain truth is plain to be seen. Pride and impidence! That one fancyin' herself betther than all around her. A docthor for a son, *moryagh!*""

"It's me and me likes, Falvey Doolin, that's to blame

* "Indeed" (Gaelic).

for what you call her pride and her impidence." Maurya settled herself in the chair, her elbows on her knees, her head in her cupped hands. Falvey eyed her closely as he commented:

"Well, that's a good one! So 'twas the neighbours that made her impident?" he questioned.

"She told me it all", Maurya answered, as she rocked herself gently to and fro, her eyes staring into vacancy, "told me how her match was made with Shawn Corrigan afther she thinkin' she'd spend her days an ould maid. Every penny of two hundred pounds fortune she brought him the day he drove up that lane outside afther the marriage. Even that very day she knew that the women and the girls was all sort of agin her, that they grudged her comin' from outside the parish when Shawn could have picked a wife from nearer home. And the first Sunday she went to the chapel she saw the looks that was turned on her, knew that her black hair and her crame dress, her browny face and her weddin' hat was bein' giped at by the mothers and the daughters that felt there was a slight put on the parish when Shawn Corrigan went beyond it to choose a wife older than himself. And she overheard one voice that said 'twas the two hundred that bought her a husband!"

"Well, sure we all knew it?" Falvey grunted.

"And we let her see that we knew it, Falvey. The tears stramed down her cheeks when she told me of it to-day, and she as sensible in the tellin' as I was in the listenin'. The black looks that greeted her as a new wife comin' to Drum-cashlagh made her think she'd keep to herself, give her mind to her work and her man, for at first she didn't think 'twas the gift of a child she'd be gettin' at all. Then when little Brian was born, she felt independent. So she hardened her mind agin us all. If her neighbours didn't welcome her to the townland, she'd let them see she could do without them. And she'd show them the big thing she could do. We all saw the way she worked, for she was betther in the fields than her man that was always a donny sort, God rest him. Little Brian was still at the school when the decline swept

off his father. But did the poor misjudged woman sit down and cry and let the place go to ruin and desolation as another might have done?

"'Twas then that she thought stronger than ever she'd show the neighbours that she was independent. The boy gave great signs of cleverality, so she made up her mind to give him all the schoolin' he was able for. And when the master said it was worth sendin' him to college, she was ready for that. She'd make a gentleman of her Brian, and what betther way could she do that than to make a docthor of him? So she drew from her share in the bank for the big fees, stinted and shortened herself, saved pennies and shillin's till they made pounds. Look at the years she kept him at the Dublin college!"

"Foolishness!" Falvey ejaculated. "He'd be betther off doing his share on the land. Melia's lad, that's above in Dublin, learnin' the law, didn't write home a cock-and-bull story when he said how Brian was turnin' out a bad egg. . . ."

The toot of a motor horn brought Maurya to her feet.

"That'll be the docthor's car now", she said, as she reached for her shawl. "I'll slip up agin and see what he says about her."

When Maurya arrived at Nora Corrigan's bedside she found the old doctor trying to reason with the invalid who would not tolerate his attempts at ascertaining the cause of her illness. "Why would I be havin' the likes of you?" she queried, "when me own son is just the same. 'Tis he'll be here soon, and 'tis he that'll find out what brought the wake-ness on me, and cure it. You be goin' away now with yourself and lookin' to them that has no sons of their own a docthor. . . ."

Maurya tried in vain to calm her, to explain that the doctor was merely there because her son was detained in Dublin. "And he's a great friend of Brian's, too", she added.

"It's because I'm Brian's friend that I've come to see you", the doctor lied glibly, in response to Maurya's knowing nod.

"Brian'd think it quare if I had any docthor besides himself", Nora Corrigan persisted.

In the stone-flagged kitchen the doctor spoke in low tones to Maurya Doolin. "As far as I can see", he announced, "she's nearly done. Over-work, under-nourishment, worry—enough there to kill a horse. . . . It's a pity about that son of hers. I hear he's simply a waster. Be careful if there's any news of him. Get her to take all the nourishment you can. Anything in the house?"

"The divil a much, docthor!" Maurya explained. "I don't believe 'tis even the egg or the supeen of milk she spared for herself."

"Well, do your best for her. I'll call again, perhaps to-morrow evening. Get her to take some chicken broth. . . . And if there's any news of that son of hers—any bad news I mean, keep it from her as long as you can. . . ."

Maurya watched for the postman on the following morning, intercepted him, and found that he had a letter for Nora Corrigan. "She's terrible bad," Maurya explained, "so any news to come sudden in a letther might make her worse still. The docthor told me to keep any bad news from her. What kind of a letther is it?"

The postman produced the envelope unwillingly.

"It looks the kind of letther there'd be bad news in", Maurya commented, "so I'll take it."

"But it's me bounden duty to deliver all postal packets to the addressee at the address given thereon", the postman expostulated firmly as Maurya whisked the letter from his hand, "unless authority in writing has been duly rendered beforehand to the contrary."

"You can tell them that complains it's docthor's ordhers", Maurya snapped, as she waddled away with the letter. Falvey and herself scrutinized it, noticed the Dublin postmark and the boyish writing in the address: "Belike", she remarked, "it's no good news Brian had to send the crathure. We'll open it, anyway, for how else could I know if I've bad news to keep from her?"

The letter was a short one which ran:

"Dear Mother, I'm sorry to say I didn't pass this time. I just missed getting the obstetrics part, but I'll get it next time. I'm behindhand

with the money for the landlady again. Will you send me four pounds by return to your fond son, Brian."

"The pup! The bloody little cur!" Falvey Doolin spat out almost viciously. "His mother may be a fool, but she has a rogue of a son!"

"You don't brathe a word to man or mortal about this", Maurya cautioned him as she closed and fastened up the letter. "If his poor crathure of a mother was foolish itself, don't forget that there's some blame for it on the heads of all of us. . . . I'll be slippin' up now to see how she overed the night."

Maurya found the sick woman with the look of expectancy still on her face. She firmly declined to take any of the medicine the doctor had sent, but she drank a little of the chicken broth that Maurya brought. A couple of the neighbouring women had stayed with her overnight, for Maurya had arranged things thus. During the day the intervals during which the patient was lucid became rather longer: her questionings as to Brian's arrival more normal. But she refused to see the dispensary doctor when he called during the afternoon, though he essayed a furtive glance at her.

"Well", he told Maurya afterwards, "I'd say she looks rather better to-day. I fully expected her to be much worse. If only you could persuade her to take that medicine. . . ."

"You think she has a chance, docthor?" Maurya asked.

"Naturally I'm not in a position to say anything definite. If I could test her heart, her pulse, I could form an opinion. From her appearance I'd say she's putting up a struggle against going, as if she was waiting. . . ."

"'Twould be the thought of Brian comin' back, docthor", Maurya explained eagerly. "But a letther come this mornin'. We opened it—bad news."

"Ah! Then don't tell her. If she knew!" The doctor blew a short breath, a staccato puff. "Well, I'll be off to those who wait my coming. . . ."

Maurya stood in thought for some minutes after the doctor left. Then she nodded with finality, and went up again to the room.

"Great news I have for you", she whispered to Nora Corrigan. "Your own Brian has sent a bottle for you. He can't come yet awhile for the minit he was made a docthor didn't a high-up man in Dublin send for him, and he won't let him lave till he's cured. But he'll be here in a few days."

"Me own son, is it?" the sick woman gasped. "He sent me a bottle? Where is it?"

Maurya brought from the kitchen the bottle that the old dispensary doctor sent that morning. Avidly the patient gulped down a draught, then closed her eyes. . . .

When she woke, Maurya was at the bedside with a bowl of broth. For the next three days Nora Corrigan improved. The women who watched saw the slow recovery, the disappearance of the staring eyes, the gradual return of something like colour to the cheeks. But Maurya was not quite ready when the patient beckoned her to the bedside and whispered:

"That letther from me son, the docthor? Where is it?"

"The letther?" Maurya temporised. "The letther? Oh, yes. It's below in our house. I've kept it safe. Will I get it for you?"

"Oh, do, asthore. I think I could read it now."

Maurya's face was troubled as she went from the house, but her mind was made up. She would keep up the deception until Nora Corrigan was strong enough to hear the truth as to Brian's failure. So she went across to the house of Meehaul Sullivan and brought young Jimmy with her. Jimmy was a great warrant to write at school. She seated him at her kitchen table, put a sheet of paper, a pen, and ink before him, and commanded:

"Never a word to a living soul about this, Jimmy! I'm trustin' you with a great sacret. Write like this letther, now, and put down these words: 'Dear Mother, I heard from Falvey Doolin of the great wakeness come over you, so I'm sendin' you a grand bottle'll cure you great. The minit they made me a docthor didn't a high-up gentleman here send for me to cure himself, and won't let me lave till he's as cured as a side of bacon from your loving son, Brian.'"

There was a light of triumph in Maurya's eyes as she

placed the sheet of paper in the envelope which had contained Brian's letter, drew her shawl over her head, and set off again to the house on the hillside. As she neared it she met a boy wearing a peaked cap and a leather belt.

"And who would you be now, *avic* ",* she questioned, as she stopped in front of the youth in the lane.

"Tillygrams", the boy said, jauntily.

"Don't say you were at the house above?" Maurya shouted, pointing to the cottage of Nora Corrigan.

"Yis!" the boy smirked at her. "A tillygram for the ould woman that's in the bed."

"Where is it? Give it to me!" Maurya gripped the boy's arm, causing him to squeal.

"I gev it her", he spluttered. "She med me help her readin' it."

"What was in it?" Maurya's grip on the boy's arm tightened.

"Bad news about goin' jail. Oh! Lemme go!"

He wrenched his arm away, dodged the blow which Maurya aimed at him, then darted down the lane as she shouted after him, "You little devil, you! You . . .!"

Breathlessly Maurya scurried up to the room where Nora Corrigan lay. One glance at the open, wildly-staring eyes told her that her recent planning had been in vain. She drew down the lifeless lids gently, trying not to see the last look of the woman that everyone in Drumcashlagh had once called proud. Then she folded the thin arms across the emaciated breast, after pulling the crumpled paper from the fingers that still gripped it. When she came from the room she unfolded the creases of the flimsy paper and slowly deciphered the message: "I'll be jailed unless I've seven pounds quick, Brian."

* "Son" (Gaelic).

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. GANDHI'S action from prison made an extraordinary break in the long-drawn-out wranglings by which the future of India is being shaped, through the interplay of East and West. For once wrangling ceased; both sides spoke their last word and spoke it in the best of their character. To the average Westerner it must have seemed the sheer clash of reason with unreason; but British statesmen never for an instant departed from an attitude of perfect respect. More than that; they made India feel that their attitude expressed what they felt. Mr. Gandhi from his prison wrote, "If you persist in a certain decision which you have announced, I starve myself to death as a protest." From the Western standpoint, it was presumption to the point of lunacy that a single individual, holding no office, and confined for resistance to the laws, should pretend to influence declared policy by a threat of suicide. If anything were needed to heighten the absurdity, it was that Mr. Gandhi objected to Britain's provision for the "untouchables", and claimed to object in their interest. Separate representation was being accorded to these thirty millions of despised persons. This, according to Mr. Gandhi, set up a barrier between them and the great Hindu community of which they were an oppressed fraction, and so took from Hindus the duty of making that reparation for ancient injustice which, according to Mr. Gandhi's teaching, ought to be made.

He would die rather than see an alien remedy proposed for an injustice inflicted by Indians on Indians, which ought to be remedied by a purification of Indian religion.

It was, in short, one of the moments when the East is hardest to understand, and when it is hard to avoid at least the shadow of a sneer. (Picture Lord Curzon confronted with this situation.) Lord Willingdon and Mr. MacDonald avoided this, not I think on purpose, but because Mr. Gandhi's utter sincerity imposed itself. Nobody disputed the prisoner's title to seek to deflect policy—and it is needless to say that no one doubted his readiness to lay down his life. There was, in fact, no arguing. The answer simply given (after courteous deprecation of the proposed consequence) was that honour and duty bound the Government to do justice according to their lights, and that they must adhere to their decision unless another solution were proposed, which they and the untouchables could accept as just.

It is possible that either Mr. Gandhi or the Government may have foreseen what would happen. Yet I do not believe it. I think Mr. Gandhi meant no more and no less than he said throughout; it was the passionate appeal of a religious reformer, counting it all-important that his religion should have opportunity to remedy its own vices. The British may have seen—for they knew that Mr. Gandhi was in earnest—how their steady decision would put on all Hinduism the responsibility for the saint's life. But I think that the strength of their attitude lay in absolute conviction that they stood for what all men in all nations can understand—plain honour. At all events India, instead of shrieking revolt against a foreign decision of Indian matters, set itself seriously to save Mr. Gandhi's life. The prestige of holiness has seldom been so effective. An alternative was reached which the untouchables accepted. To that extent Mr. Gandhi has won, for he has forced his fellow Hindus to deal fairly with the outcasts in this political matter; and in matters spiritual other results may follow. But to a certain extent Mr. Gandhi is beaten, for the settlement of the

**The Prestige
of Holiness**

constitution imposed by British authority now becomes, at least in one point, an Indian settlement; and though the cry will go on that Great Britain is seeking to divide India and envenom differences, it will be much harder to suggest this plausibly, or to invoke Mr. Gandhi's authority for that view. Lord Irwin's work has lasted, and grows—through men who work in the same spirit.

It looked as if the preliminary discussion of disarmament, suggested by England, would not take place, because France and Germany could not bring their pretensions within measurable distance of each other. One says, pretensions; but it should be remembered that France's pretension is to maintain a treaty for which England and America were no less responsible than she, and which has already been greatly modified against her wish and to Germany's advantage. To read much of the English comment, one would suppose that M. Clemenceau had been dictator absolute at Versailles. Yet it is not so long since 1919 but that we can recall how all the world believed dictatorship to be vested in Woodrow Wilson; and that a man called Lloyd George counted for all that the enthusiastic flag-waving support of England could give him.

Our rights in the settlement made at Versailles are no less than those of France, but so also are our responsibilities. We share the honour of having brought into being the League of Nations, and not ours is the disgrace of having deserted our own creation. Yet that achievement was, at best, no more than a beginning—a pledge, complex and far-reaching, which must be slowly and laboriously carried out. The difficulties of fulfilment were such that America on the mere suggestion of them declined the task. We have not run away yet; but we boggle at accepting implications which every year proves with increasing force to be inherent in the Covenant, if it is to have reality. France alone, so far as public affirmation can go, has offered to accept the essential—that is, sanctions for the Covenant and an international means of enforcing them. The return that she has got is an accusation of seeking to establish

hegemony. I dislike words that are not generally familiar. Hegemony means leadership. At the Treaty of Versailles the leadership of the world rested with the English-speaking peoples, had they chosen to exercise it.

The victors had put their hands to the execution of that thing for which the war professedly was fought; they had established the freedom of oppressed nationalities and unwillingly subjugated provinces. They re-drew the map of Europe, clumsily no doubt, for they were not archangels, and in some instances (Hungary being the worst) brutally, but in the main desiring to do justice. Such a settlement could not be left simply to maintain itself; but America refused to take any share in supporting it, and England declined to join alone with France in a guarantee. What was France to do? Disarm? Her own lost provinces were restored, but she knew well enough that to let the settlement be destroyed in the East was to create precedent for the West; and so when the restored Poland had to fight for its life against Bolshevik invasion, with Germany in its rear, France helped Poland to win what Lord D'Abernon, as good a judge of Europe as there lives, calls one of the decisive battles of the world. England had definitely refused to send a single man to protect the re-enfranchised nation; and leadership was thrust on France. It has not always been exercised with perfect wisdom, but if Poland and Czechoslovakia have had a chance of establishing themselves, they may thank France, and, in moderation, they do. They look up to leadership where it exists. "Spend me and defend me" is an old Irish saying, and not an ignoble one.

After a time it was seen that the strain was too heavy to be left unshared, and the result was Locarno. Today some at least of our prophets are saying that England must not be counted on to stand by the pledges given at Locarno; and this is said as an inducement to make France lessen her armament, bringing it nearer to the German. The reason is expressed in terms of emotion. France must understand that Englishmen find the German outlook and temperament more congenial than the French.

When a country chooses to be governed by emotionalism instead of clear thinking, its emotions are necessarily inconsistent; there is ebb and flow with a vengeance, and whether the present tide be swayed more by feeling for the Germans or by dislike of the French, I do not pretend to decide. But if the French had so pledged themselves to defend English frontiers, and the English, feeling themselves insecure, were told that France was not prepared to act on its guarantee because sympathies had altered, very hard things would be said of the French, and very mean motives assigned to them. The truth is, of course, that England regards the guarantee given at Locarno as purely for the advantage of France—because England feels secure against Germany. It never enters the mind of Englishmen that France is insecure, because the task of protecting a string of new nations had been left to her.

One of the prophets foremost in the threatening admonitions directed to France has a right to say that in his eyes no nation can claim consideration as a good European for supporting the decisions of Versailles. Mr. Garvin denounced them in the *Observer*, when it was unpopular to do so; and though I cannot join him in putting the blame on France for what follows from that Treaty, I profoundly agree that European statesmen who get together in the hope of reducing armaments are treating symptoms, not the cause. The real task for Europe lies in revising the Treaties of Versailles and of Trianon. It is not to be expected that the vanquished will settle down tranquilly under a dispensation ordained by the victors; but justice could be done by an assembly in which combatants and neutrals combined to modify and alter the lines so roughly and hastily drawn in 1919.

If this sounds Utopian, it is no more so than the very project of a League uniting all nations, or than that later pact abolishing war. Yet we are all agreed in theory that the only way to avoid ruin is on lines pointing clean away from the old egoisms of diplomacy. They entail surrender everywhere of

**The Pledge
of Locarno**

**Maintaining
the Treaty**

**A League
Police Force**

the members to the whole body; but already France, the member most accused of grasping individualism, has formally proposed devolution of military power and is now renewing definitely these proposals. A plan to supersede national militarism by international armament surely deserves a better hearing when it comes from the military nation whose strength is greatest; and we have no justification for assuming that France intends or implies that this force shall exist to maintain in perpetuity what was done at Versailles. If there is to be a police force controlled by the League, there must also be a tribunal "not only to interpret but to revise treaties in the light of new facts." I take these words from a man whose adherence to the French contention has greatly impressed me. They are written in the first number of *The New Commonwealth*, the organ of a Society for the promotion of International Law and Order. Such societies pullulate, but when Mr. George Barnes gives to this one the weight of his name, it is worth notice—the more so because he is allied to M. de Jouvenel. Mr. Barnes was one of the outstanding figures in the Labour Party in 1906, when it became a serious force in the House of Commons, and as years went on his prestige in the House increased. At the end of the war, he was one of the British ministers delegated to the Peace Conference, and he tells us that he pointed out in those debates the need for "the nucleus of an International Force to guard the peace." "The way to permanent peace", he writes now, "is through the pursuit of justice, guarded by a supreme international authority with an overwhelming force at its disposal, ready to over-rule all national forces." Justice implies a tribunal, and for the creation of this the Covenant has provision. There is no provision for a force: the League has hitherto believed that conferences could replace force. Now, this most typical product of British democracy, a working man educated first by long experience in trade union work, and then by parliament and administration, frankly faces the fact that "justice can never be reached other than in peace under law", and that law, and therefore justice, are everywhere maintained by force. Mr. Barnes is an idealist, but one who faces all the facts; no

man could be clearer of emotionalism. Probably it cost him searchings of heart to support the War in 1914; but I should be much mistaken if he were in the least degree affected by the wave of feeling which urges people to say that we had better never have fought at all. That is the form which British emotionalism takes at present; and it represents mankind as a mob hoodwinked into a beastly business where they worked without purpose or conviction as parts of an ill-regulated machine. Emotionally, England seems ready to go back on what it did in 1914.

This state of mind is tolerated because the country does not feel itself in danger; but it is well that we should be reminded what the War was really about and in what spirit it was fought and endured. I am sick of hysteria; it is refreshment to turn to the Princess de Croÿ's *War Memories*. Their chief merit is their truth to what was best in the temper of the time—its courage, its self-sacrifice and its constancy: and she shows these things in the extreme case of non-combatants, who took all risks to save life; over whose very bodies the war passed, and could not break their spirit. She does the world a service in making us feel that, if it were only for what was at stake in Belgium, the war was worth fighting. But perhaps for English people it means more to say that she worked with Miss Cavell, was tried with Miss Cavell, and would have been shot with Miss Cavell, but for potent family relations, and the entreaties of highly placed Germans whose son's life she had saved.

I should like to think that Quentin Durward took the name of his Isabella de Croye when he married her; and was an ancestor of the Princess. Anyhow Scott found the de Croyes great people in Flanders when Froissart was writing. They have always been of the marches, and though they are Belgian subjects, the Princess's home was at Bellignies, two miles across the frontier. Mons is about fifteen miles away, in Belgium; Maubenge, in France, about the same. She had an English grandmother, was in England till the eve of war, and left only on August 1st; swift glimpses of passing encounters bring

out the complete sudden unexpectedness of the whole thing. Bellignies was at once turned into a military hospital under the Red Cross, she being a trained nurse. Till August 21st there was only preparation ; then British troops began to arrive. By the 24th they were streaming back in retreat from Mons. Next day the chateau was von Kluck's headquarters, and till September 15th, when Maubeuge fell, it was in military occupation on the edge of battle.

Then the War swept forward, leaving the hospital full of German and British wounded ; but leaving also the fields and woods and villages full of stray men and officers cut off from their units and lost behind the enemy's lines. Report of them came to the Princess and her brother, who at once put their hands to work for which the penalty was death : and from that September till the next they were head and centre of an organization for hiding these men and getting them across to safety. But the gist of the book is not to show what he and she did : it is to show how in that area priests, women and children shared the risk and sustained the courage of their leaders. If the main narrative drags at one point, it is for the honourable reason that the writer has been unwilling to limit her record of instances of simple devotion. There are things that over-ride literary considerations. But the drag is short, and then comes the story of the Princess's first meeting with Miss Cavell when the danger had grown so near that the work must stop. Both women agreed on that ; but word came in of other fugitives ; so the work must go on ; both women agreed on that also. Then we have the narrative of the Princess's arrest and the trial of the whole batch, Miss Cavell and the rest ; the atmosphere of the court and the prison : and then the years of imprisonment, which ended when the Princess was let loose in a Germany that had broken to pieces. It makes as moving and as inspiring and as instructive a story as I have ever read, which from first to last concerns itself far less with the writer's own mind than with the minds of those about her.

Looking back on it, some things stand out. One is com-

**Miss Cavell's
Co-Workers**

paratively a detail, and concerns English soldiers. Those with whom the Princess had to do were part of the old Regular Army, and cannot be taken as typical of the battalions which most of us knew : but no one who ever wore that uniform can read this book without pride. There is very little comment, but simple touches which recall the officers' care of their men and the men's loyalty to their officers and to their service. Volumes would say less, for this lady has the power of seeing essentials and so recording them that truth itself seems to be speaking.

The same quality gives weight to the judgment of Germany which emerges from her book. Truth is generous and we have instances of German kindness, gratitude, humanity and even of delicacy ; but throughout the whole runs generous resentment of that brutality which Germans cultivated as a mark of manhood. The other side of the picture, the other part of the judgment, gives us the temper which rose up against this brutality. It had a hundred manifestations ; I pick out the shortest to quote. As she was exercising in the prison-yard, men prisoners were hauling a cart with rations. One very small Frenchman, having manœuvred himself out of sight of the warder, " turned and said my name interrogatively, and when I nodded confirmation, he whispered cheerfully, ' Allez, Madame, ne vous en faites pas ! On les aura ! ' It was the first time I had heard this military slang, but I understood it, and it cheered me."

Irish politics do not need chronicle, but there has been a curious episode in the evolution of Irish culture which concerns the English-speaking world, because the English language is and has for some time been its medium. It has seemed good to a group of writers that Ireland should have its own Academy of Letters ; and since somebody must nominate its first members, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Shaw thought they were adequate to the responsibility—which few persons would care to deny. They gave themselves plenty of room and prepared a list of thirty-five persons, to be recognized as at least provisionally, and for

**The Irish
Academy
of Letters**

the time being, immortal. But the list departed from precedent (I think) in containing two categories, distinct in quality; for I do not gather that (as in the Royal Academy) associate is a probationary term, or that Mr. George Moore, Associate, may hope one day to be like Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a full Academician. It all has to do with the difficulty of defining what is meant by "Irish"; and members, I gather, are supposed to be more Irish either in themselves or in the character of their work than associates; though how exactly the line is drawn between George the First and George the Second, I could not undertake to say. On the whole, however, I concluded that the Associates were there for purposes of compliment, and very flattered I was to be in the list with Miss Helen Waddell and—rather surprisingly—Aircraftsman Shaw. But the Members had all the appearance of a fighting team, and Mr. Yeats, who launched the institution with an eloquent discourse in Dublin, trailed his coat more than once all across the platform. The enemy indicated was the censorship; and Mr. Yeats and Mr. Shaw (not the peaceful aircraftsman, but the militant) arranged their battle, with A. E. and James Stephens prominent on the staff. Mr. Joyce was put foremost in the ranks, ready to continue the Dublin war from Paris; but Mr. Yeats evidently relied most on the new young writers of prose fiction who found their themes in "the troubles"—Mr. Peadar O'Donnell, Mr. Sean O'Faolain and, more especially, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Frank O'Connor—these last two writers of most real talent.

Naturally also, he laid much stress on Mr. Liam O'Flaherty whose *Puritan* he declared (here the coat trailed defiantly) to be deeply religious and "the best Irish novel since Maria Edgeworth". I wonder if he had forgotten *The Real Charlotte*, for which I should unhesitatingly claim that rank. But at all events one of its authors, Miss Edith Somerville is, as she should be, on the list of honour, and where she is remembered Martin Ross cannot be forgotten. Except Miss Waddell's there was no other woman's name: Lady Gregory, Mrs. J. R. Green, and

Irish Women Writers

Katharine Tynan, who would all have been there of right, are recently dead. Yet one name was I think perhaps overlooked, for it is long since *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* were written: but to my mind they have taken their place along with *The Flowers of the Forest* and other secondary but lasting glories of the lyric in that dialect which Scotland shares with Ulster, as it shares the Gaelic. Still I am not sure that their authoress, Moira O'Neill, would, if invited, have wished to join in that company. Mr. Yeats told us that he expected indignant refusals, but only two, I think, have so far been made public. Professor Daniel Corkery, who has written most interesting criticism of Irish work in Gaelic and of Anglo-Irish thought (I disagree with most of the latter) and also some beautiful short stories, declines for "a hundred of reasons"; but these he does not express. Mr. Sean O'Casey declines also because "the censorship of dull authority embattled in this Irish Academy of Letters will be much more dangerous to the Irish authors of the future than the *Domine dirige nos* censorship exercised by the State and the Church." So there you are. Coat tails shall not go untrodden on, while Ireland is Ireland. As to the official censors, they opened the campaign at once. Next morning after Mr. Yeats's lecture, the work of an Academician figured on their index—its author being a distinguished poet, Mr. Austin Clarke, who had incautiously ventured into the less obscure dialect of prose.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



The complete transformation which a short period of four months has wrought in American Presidential prospects is reflected in a final survey of the campaign by IGNATIUS PHAYRE, who is now convinced that the United States is about to have another President Roosevelt at the White House.

DR. E. J. DILLON is probably the oldest living contributor to the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, his first article having appeared in the 'eighties. There are few aspects of foreign affairs on which his authority is so great as the past history of the relations between Japan and the Western Powers, which he has not only chronicled, but played a material part in shaping. At the moment when the League is about to consider the Lytton Report on Manchuria the inside knowledge of one who has been described as the real author of the Treaty of Portsmouth, which followed the Russo-Japanese War, will throw a valuable light on the situation.

The appearance of the new Asquith biography invites consideration of the place that the former Liberal chief will hold in history, a subject on which SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, as both a historian and a Parliamentarian of experience, has special competence to speak, so far as a contemporary may.

When the American election is over, the taboo which the exigencies of the campaign placed on the discussion of debts and the affairs of Europe will be raised, and the World Economic and Financial Conference, which is the subject of an article by Mr. GEORGE GLASGOW, will come immediately to the forefront. Mr. Glasgow, who has written much on diplomacy as well as upon finance, has twice this year affirmed his belief in the revival of world trade, which, however, still waits upon some rational agreement among the nations.

A new contributor, MR. HAROLD JENKS, brings a long and intimate knowledge of Russia and the Russians to the study of the mentality of that people. MR. OWEN TWEEDY, happy always in his casual wanderings in the Near East, presents an entertaining picture of Persia as it has developed since the accession of Riza Khan. The name of MR. G. W. STONIER, who interprets the poetry of T. S. Eliot for the plain reader in the form of a dialogue, will be familiar for his literary criticisms in this review; and MISS AUDREY LUCAS makes her first appearance with an essay on an aspect of modern manners.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE CREED OF D. H. LAWRENCE

by C. HENRY WARREN

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited and with an introduction by Aldous Huxley. *Heinemann.* 21s.

"My great religion", said Lawrence, in a letter written as early as 1913, "is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. . . . All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without the fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or whatnot. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around—which is really mind—but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing".

Lawrence stood by that creed to the end: stood by it against incredible odds and with all of his astonishing power. And, in a civilisation as sophisticated and cerebral as the present, it was inevitable that such tenacity to such a creed should extort severe and damaging penalties. It made him a lonely man—so that one by one his friends dropped away, unable to follow him to the extremity of his belief: it made him a restless man—so that he was forever moving from one country to another in search of that Ultima Thule where

belief in the blood should be the common creed, never completely happy in any country, never at home: and it made him a bitter man—so that he raged against friend and foe alike, and in the end came to regard almost the whole world as his enemy.

Yet these voluminous letters (too voluminous, perhaps, for the general reader, since so many of them are concerned almost solely with literary matters) show that he had chosen his way of life and was determined to take the penalties. The letters begin in 1909 and end only a few days before his death; and the years between are one long and painful progress towards the final desperate isolation. In 1912-1913, in Italy and in Germany, he was as nearly happy as he was ever to be, and his letters at that time reveal a clarity of vision, a gaiety, a bright objectivity they rarely touched again. Then came the war and a painful, intolerable gloom settles down on him: it was Lawrence's spiritual purgatory. Already the penalties of his creed were being exacted to the uttermost. No use to seek refuge in the little Cornish village: the hounds of war and law were on the scent and hunted him out, suspicious of his rebellious ideas and his German wife and heedless of his sick body.

Then, the superficial calm of peace at last restored, he set out to discover

new worlds: Ceylon, Australia, Mexico. And always at the back of his mind was the conviction that, if only he could find the right place and the right people, somewhere he might found a sort of colony, a *Blutbruderschaft*, a harmony in isolation, where, in defiance of the crazed and evil world, the friends might work out their own salvation. But even that conviction, he slowly discovered, was founded on illusion. There was nothing left, now, but to cultivate his own strength in isolation. "We don't know one another", he wrote, to a friend once bound to him with the closest bonds—"if you knew how little we know one another. And let's not pretend. By pretending a bit, we had some jolly times, in the past. But we all had to pretend a bit—and we could none of us keep it up. Believe me, we belong to different worlds, different ways of consciousness, you and I, and the best we can do is to let one another alone, for ever and ever". But this continual throwing off of dead friendships, this courageous process of disowning, hurt and deeply hurt. And out of that hurt, that chagrin, came *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The Escaped Cock*, *Pansies* and *Nettles*. What we have to decide in ourselves is whether we think these works are worth what they cost; and that will entirely depend upon whether we agree, or whether we disagree, with Lawrence's creed of the essential wisdom of the blood. A brief review is no place in which to attempt any assessment of the rightness of this agreement or disagreement. But if we do agree, we shall have to confess that the savage pilgrimage of this prophet of the blood, as it is here revealed in his letters, stands for all time as a virulent and most painful testament to the folly and the evil of the life which most of us to-day are living.

AS A MAN GROWS OLDER, by Italo Svevo. Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.

For Pirandello a human being presents not merely so many aspects but rather so many quite distinct personalities. For the author of *Confessions of Zeno* these different personalities are a torment of conflict. "What do I mean to myself?" is the question that permeates Zeno's tortuously winding nature. But in *As a Man Grows Older* everything is relatively simple and direct both in an inner and an outer sense. Emilio Bretani, a bourgeois of Trieste, has an accidental encounter with Angiolina, a pretty young girl of the people. On the surface, nothing can be more banal than the subsequent adventure. Beneath the surface, though, there lurks that atavistic sting of passion which, after all, underlies every phase of seamliness as both the primary and the ultimate urge of life.

The episode is seen through Emilio's eyes, and so it ceases to be merely sordid. Yet he is never blinded by self-deception; he is not one of those who can lie to themselves. He knows when and why he is base; he is not sustained by Nietzsche's arrogant challenge "Beyond good and evil". With extraordinary sensitiveness Svevo has registered the effects of passion not only upon Emilio but upon his sister Amilia, the old maid who falls so suddenly in love with love. Her dreams of wish-fulfilment might have been taken from a Freudian text-book, yet she remains a figure of flesh and blood. Her death is a masterpiece of coldly watchful realism and forms an astonishing foil to the amative distress of her surviving brother. For the rest, this book, like its predecessors, shows Italo Svevo as a veritable master in those annals of introspection that belong to literature.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

MR. LUCAS LOOKS BACK

by GERALD BULLETT

READING, WRITING, AND REMEMBERING, by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 18s.

MR. LUCAS must by now be heartily sick of being called "urbane", so I will content myself with remarking that this is possibly the most good-tempered and least egoistical book of personal reminiscence that was ever written. Here, quite evidently, the author is writing in his shirt-sleeves and to please himself. His rambling narrative is unsensational, unorganized, and for the most part intrinsically unimportant; and his style is as easygoing as familiar talk at the fireside. He has no startling confessions to make, no personal grudges to work off; he hints at no scandals in high life, and claims no inside information about anything. Indeed he makes no claims for himself at all; his manner is less that of an established author, even a modest author, than of a workaday journalist who has tried his hand at this and that in the literary line—at the essay, at biography, at anthologizing—and is delighted to find that now and again he has brought it off. After some forty years of professional writing, he can still write like an amateur. His reminiscences are haphazard, conversational in tone—the table-talk of a genial clubman. They concern less himself

than the people he has met, people whose names occupy the best part of fourteen columns in the index. You cannot help liking the man who wrote these pages, nor fail to infer that he has worked hard for his success; but that he is among the two or three best essayists of his day is a fact that they do not allow you to guess. In further support of the illusion that this is no man of letters talking to you, but merely a fellow who has done a bit of writing now and again, Mr. Lucas expresses literary opinions so slight in substance, so conventional, so little illuminating, except of a certain ingenuousness in himself, that one is often inclined to suspect irony where (as one realizes on reflection) irony cannot be intended. On his day, indeed, he is the perfect ironist; but it would be mistaken ingenuity, I am afraid, to try to read irony into his remarks insisting on cheerfulness as the *sine qua non* of fiction. "All these years later," he says, after telling us of his early favourites in literature,

All these years later, I still want books to be cheerful and amusing. Authors may be as satirical and ironical as they please, but directly they become pathological I drop them. This is not because I am afraid of facts as facts, but because in my opinion the novel is not the place to expose them. Moreover, the half-truth is a nuisance, and

not even the sternest realist would be allowed to tell all. The result is a carefully selected parade of detail; a compromise between science and fiction, which, to me, who hate compromise, is nauseating.

So many hares are started in this confused statement that it is difficult to know which to chase first. Is Mr. Lucas objecting to the temper or to the technique of his imaginary modern novelist? It is not disputed that the obtrusion of pathology in fiction is bad art, but what has that to do with the question of cheerfulness? As for the half-truth, is it only the unpleasing half-truth that is pernicious? Is one partial view more worthy of respect than another partial view? If the first duty of a novelist is the careful falsification of life in the interests of cheerfulness, if the art of fiction has as little to do with literature as has that of the pastrycook, what are we to think of Tolstoy, Hardy, Meredith: three not inconsiderable writers who had the audacity to put tragedy as well as comedy into their pictures of life?

In such pronouncements Mr. Lucas seems to present himself as the "typical Englishman" of the *Punch* tradition; and it is in the same character, I can only suppose, that he commits himself to the astonishing judgment that the poems of Robert Bridges "lack the breath of life". These things, however, are the merest incidentals in a charming, gossiping book, whose lively pages are further enlivened by generous quotations from the work both of himself and of others. With the most engaging unselfconsciousness Mr. Lucas gives us examples of his juvenile verse. He smiles at them, remarks their sententiousness, but does not affect to think ill of them, as a less candid (and less modest) man might have done. Many pages are occupied by extracts from the little volumes of

skit and satire which he produced in collaboration with C. L. Graves, *Wisdom while you Wait*, *Hustled History*, and the rest; there are numerous pieces of light verse, including some gems of his own; and there is a wealth of diverting anecdote. All is told simply, and with a quiet humour. On the subject of sitting for his portrait he says: "More serious was the attempt of William, now Sir William, Rothenstein, in his studio, where, a year or so ago, I sat on three afternoons while he measured, recorded and talked. The talk was excellent, and the picture, when finished, was a perfect likeness—of Beerbohm Tree." Apropos of his own performances at the microphone, he asks "Did anyone listen to me? I had no evidence" . . . adding, with a double-edged modesty: "Among the new pleasures of life, that of switching-off the wireless can never be underrated." And I wish there were room to quote entire the hitherto unpublished description by Henry James of a volume of his own stories (see page 184):

The Finer Grain consists of a series of five Tales, representing in each case a central figure (by which Mr. Henry James is apt to mean a central and a lively consciousness) involved in one of those greater or less tangles of circumstance of which the measure and from which the issue is in the vivacity and the active play of the victim's or the victor's sensibility. Each situation is thereby more particularly a moral drama, an experience of the special soul or intelligence presented (the sentient, perceptive, reflective part of the protagonist, in short) but with high emphasis clearly intended on its wearing for the hero or the heroine the quality of the agitating, the challenging personal adventure. In point of fact, indeed. . . .

But a fragment must content us here. This, Mr. Lucas assures us, "is not an imitation. It is genuine Jacobean."

A VICTORIAN PIONEER

by R. S. RATHRAY

THE LIFE OF MARY KINGSLEY,
by Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan.
12s. 6d.

PERHAPS the highest praise that one can bestow upon Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Life of Mary Kingsley* is to state that he has written a biography worthy of that great woman. In doing so, he has never succumbed to the temptation—and in the case of so extraordinary a heroine this must have been great—of indulging in phantasy or rhetoric, but has depicted "that unforgettable personality"—mainly through her letters and in excerpts from lectures, speeches, and books—with a fine restraint which strikes his reader as almost reverential.

When Miss Kingsley died, just nine months after the outbreak of the South African War, and still under thirty-eight years of age, she was already a notable public character, whose opinion in West African affairs had to be reckoned with not only by chambers of commerce, missionary bodies, and officials on the West Coast, but by the very pundits of the Colonial Office. And yet, the solid experience and brilliant intuition which gave her full title to be authoritative had apparently been gained in eight short working years.

Mr. Gwynn has probably done well to devote almost the whole volume to this brief glory of her public activity. He has done so, moreover, without obscuring the part undoubtedly played by

heredity and environment in the shaping of Miss Kingsley's life work. She herself, perhaps, did not set very much store by the latter, although consciously acknowledging all she owed to her ancestry: "I come from a generation of Danes . . . who later were soldiers in the Low Countries and slave owners in the West Indies . . . I am convinced that I have somehow strayed out of the eighteenth century into modern life." The deep undercurrent of "melancholy" which one can nearly always detect through all her banter and almost tearful laughter was, perhaps, unknown to herself, due to some emotional privation which seems to have underlain her personality.

Mary Kingsley was the daughter of the somewhat eccentric but gifted brother of Charles and Henry Kingsley. The father bequeathed to the daughter not only his interest in primitive religion, but also his adventurous spirit. She had acquired a diversified and somewhat original education, by extensive reading in his library, through intercourse with men of learning who used to frequent her parents' house, and finally by acting as "underworker" to her father in his researches. She was, therefore, well equipped, when at the age of thirty, she went to West Africa to study fetish and fishes. The story of her adventures and travels which can be read in her own books and in Mr. Gwynn's biography fill one with astonishment not less than admiration.

Imagine a primly dressed Victorian spinster, wandering alone among the most primitive tribes in West Africa, making her way by a perfect combination of daring, subtlety and skilful trading, and returning with rich stores of scientific information about the most vital phenomena in the lives of those with whom she had fearlessly consorted. Add to this the fact that the discoveries which she made display a power of dispassionate judgment, a depth of intellectual and moral insight and an unimpeachable veracity which have left their validity unimpaired to this day.

An overpowering sense of justice and the concatenation of circumstances forced her later into an arena of public controversy. At length, disappointed and deeming herself defeated in her efforts to rouse the Colonial Office to abolish the hut-tax in Sierra Leone, she sailed, in 1900, for Cape Town to die some months later of enteric while nursing Boer prisoners.

Mary Kingsley's influence in the realm of West African administration and of anthropology may be summed up in the statement that certain maxims which, when she first enunciated them, appeared paradoxes are now accepted almost as platitudes. Our very success, on the grand scale, in Northern Nigeria when Indirect Rule was based on Mary Kingsley's formula itself constitutes a certain danger. We are perhaps over-ready to apply this exact pattern to other parts of West Africa which differ in almost every respect traditionally and historically from the great Mohammedan emirates. In doing so we only get a variation of that form of government which Miss Kingsley dubbed "a mongrel thing".

Mr. Gwynn's book will certainly ensure that Mary Kingsley's name will not be forgotten.

THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK,
by Cherry Kearton. *Longmans.* 6s.
**MODERN EXPLORATION, SPORT
AND TRAVEL,** by Norman Davidson.
Seeley Service. 18s.

MR. CHERRY KEARTON is always interesting and instructive, whether on the films or in his accounts of the wild life he loves too well to destroy. In this attractive little book he describes the adventures of various African animals which come to drink and to struggle for existence at jungle pools. The story centres mainly round the gigantic crocodile and the little impalla, the former ending his murderous career at the jaws of his fellow reptiles; the gazelle, after getting lost and after many adventures in which she finds a friend among zebras, at last rejoins her own herd.

The author does not fall into the common mistake of making his animals think like human beings as do so many of those whose stories are based on distorted natural history. The illustrations from his own photographs are as excellent as we would expect them to be, and consequently far better than most of those in books of the kind.

Modern Exploration, the sub-title tells us, is "a record of adventure, exploration, and sport in all parts of the world, derived from personal accounts of explorers, travellers and sportsmen". Asia is omitted, except for the interesting peninsula of Kamchatka, and perhaps reserved for future treatment, but the volume is a useful summary of the contents of some half dozen books published by the producers. The chapters relating to West Africa and Baffin Land are perhaps the most valuable, as we have heard less of these countries than of the Sudan, East and Central Africa, and the Amazon. The illustrations are well reproduced, like all Messrs. Seeley's publications.

R. G. BURTON.

NAPOLEON AND HIS AGE

by JOHN HALLETT.

NAPOLEON, by Jacques Bainville.
Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.

TALLEYRAND, by Duff Cooper. *Jonathan Cape.* 12s. 6d.

JOVIAL KING, by F. M. Kircheisen.
Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 12s. 6d.

FASHIONS in history change. The heroic school of historians gave place to the constitutionalists, the constitutionalists to the economists; and the economists have now given place to the biographers—who are, after all, merely historians who look at their subject not from the angle of battles, or constitutions, or movements of trade and population, but from the angle of personal idiosyncrasies and psychological analysis. But through every change of literary fashion Napoleon reigns supreme—the greatest figure of the last period but one of modern history. He was the perfect theme for the hero-worshipper; he provided solid and ample matter for the constitutionalist; he served the turn of the economist with his continental blockade; and he still remains in undiminished glory to feed the fancy of the biographer-psychologist. He suits the present-day school of history, indeed, almost better than any; for the Napoleonic period has bequeathed an unprecedented wealth of contemporary personal

memoirs. It is from such material that each of the three books under review—one French, one English, one German—is almost wholly compiled.

It may seem at this time of day a daring thing for a writer, who has no new material and no special point of view to present, to offer to the public a new one-volume life of Napoleon. But M. Bainville, who is perfectly served by his English translator, Mr. Hamish Miles (though less well by his proof-reader), emerges triumphant from the ordeal. Since Dr. Holland Rose's scholarly biography, now more than thirty years old, no *Napoleon* half so authoritative or half so readable as this has appeared in this country. The author devotes himself, as has been hinted, not so much to the political (and still less to the military) as to the personal; and his is perhaps the most human Napoleon yet placed before us. We have a remarkably clear vision of the hero's unrivalled force of will and quickness of intelligence when set upon a goal; of his occasional irresolutions; of the recurrent streak of vulgarity (the term is a hasty approximation and is avoided by M. Bainville, but the reviewer has fewer words at his disposal than the biographer pages); of his amazing insight into what lay immediately before him, and equally

amazing lack of any distant vision; and of the supreme dramatic sense which made every phase of his career, including the last, a masterpiece staged for the benefit of his contemporaries and of posterity.

Mr. Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand* is a not less brilliant study of a less well-worn theme. M. de Talleyrand, Abbé de Périgord, Bishop of Autun, Prince of Benevento, who as a young man received the blessing of Voltaire, and in his old age was Louis-Philippe's Ambassador to London, the lover of the most, and the husband of one of the least, distinguished ladies of the Napoleonic period, has surprisingly escaped the attentions of the catchpenny biographer. His very complexity has perhaps saved him. His character was altogether detestable; and his greatest asset, in the words of a witty Polish Princess, was "a marvellous art of making one forget his past when he talked about the present." But "in M. Talleyrand," as Metternich remarked, "one cannot but separate the moral man from the political man." At almost any stage of his career it would have been better for Europe if his advice had prevailed. He was a man of the eighteenth century; and he was a good European before he was a good Frenchman. Throughout his association with Napoleon he schemed, as far as he could and dared, to moderate his master's growing megalomania. He was faced with the familiar dilemma of resigning and condemning himself to impotence, or of executing and occasionally mitigating a policy which was fundamentally antipathetic. His natural duplicity made him, if not more comfortable, at least more adroit than most in this embarrassing situation.

In *Jovial King* ("Merry Monarch" having been earmarked in English for

another sovereign), Herr Kirchhausen has the least hackneyed subject of the three. Jerome, Napoleon's irresponsible but charming youngest brother, went into the navy, played various pranks, and at the age of twenty married an American heiress in Baltimore. He was compelled by his brother a few years later to disown his wife (the marriage of a minor not being good in French law) in order to marry Catherine of Württemberg and become King of Westphalia. Herr Kirchhausen is a specialist on the Napoleonic régime in Germany; and his description of King Jerome's court is easily the best part of the book.

THROUGH THE MENIN GATE,
by R. H. Mottram. *Chatto and Windus*
6s.

THE longest essay in this book, the record of Mr. Mottram's personal experience in the War, has been previously published, and it is not therefore necessary to review it at length. The most impressive part of it, apart from the unpretentious vividness of the style, is the account of his experience in dealing with the claims made by civilians against the British Army in France. It is perhaps natural that, in this situation, he should have seen more quickly than most men the exhaustion and demoralization of all concerned. Almost all the other pieces here collected are occasional pieces of journalism, naturally of a high order but all to some extent propagandist in tendency, and therefore not artistically interesting. There is, however, one short story, "The Morning After", which is complete, and displays all Mr. Mottram's gift of vivid and subtle imagination coupled with quiet fidelity of style.

A. M. W.

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI, by Violet Hunt. *The Bodley Head.* 18s.

No one but Miss Hunt could have written this strangely fascinating book. It is not only that she was born and cradled in Pre-Raphaelitism, that voices were hushed when, as a child, she crept into drawing-rooms where ladies in soft rich stuffs sat gossiping — but not hushed so quickly as to prevent a child of preternatural intelligence from catching words that she was later to string together into this story of tragic fatality,—but it is because she has in herself a certain strangeness, a kinship with birds and beasts, an imagination that can pierce through the veil that for most of us shrouds that world over the border with its ghostly happenings, its obscure instinctive promptings, that alone explain attraction and aversion between two such natures as Rossetti and his wife. It is the writer of *Tales of the Uneasy*, not only the daughter of a pre-Raphaelite painter, who can tell as no one else could the tale of poor Lizzy.

Perhaps the body of the book should be read first and its Introduction last. Just as in a Henry James novel, with the clue in the last chapter, the reader who goes straight ahead may be floundering all the time in a maze. So here, the Introduction may puzzle and put off readers, who try to grasp the impression produced on the author's mind as a child, without knowing in detail the events that produced it. But the story once read, there can be no question of the truth and quality of the impression. And then the incidental pictures, that handsome pair, young Millais and Walter Deverell, the beautiful boy whom poor Lizzy was fated to love in death if not in life, going out into the streets to rescue the "fallen" and incidentally to persuade them to

sit as models; the visits, on that quest, to the bonnet-shop in Cranbourne Alley, where the "Stunner" with the wonderful red hair could be seen through the window; the decorous approach through Deverell's mother to Lizzy's; the afternoon call in Bermondsey; the subsequent sittings to Deverell and then to Rossetti; the Rossetti household, all so gifted, Christina, the poetess and saint "doubled regrettably with a disagreeable woman"—but there could never have been much sympathy between the austere Christina and her present chronicler, who understood so well that side of pre-Raphaelitism which Buchanan attacked in his "Fleshly School of Poetry." And then the meeting between Millais and Mrs. Ruskin "when the love that fell between them was so obvious that even the servants wondered"; and the old house by the river where Rossetti again and again painted his Lizzy, ruthless as to how he wore her out and then again tender in his care of her when sick, but all along in an instinctive revolt, which Miss Hunt so well realizes and understands, against marriage with the sick girl, whose coldness in the heyday of youth and beauty had for so long held him at a distance. It was all very well for Holman Hunt to boom through his "patriarchally bearded lips" to the writer's mother. "No, I never see Gabriel now; he behaved very ill to that poor girl he married"; but would Hunt, or any other man of warm blood and sound health have rushed with ardour into the arms of a consumptive? There is another side to the tragedy of the lovely girl languishing unto death because her lover would not marry her, and that is the tragedy of the lover, thwarted and frustrated until love was dead and longings turned elsewhere. And it is just because Miss Hunt realizes vividly

that second tragedy that she is the best biographer who could be chosen to write of the wife of Rossetti.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, by Kathleen Campbell. *Thornton Butterworth*. 15s.

EVERY biographer of a popular figure is apt to find one of the most fascinating issues of his task in tracing the secret feminine influence behind his hero's public career; and no one could attempt even the most casual portrait of the first Duke of Marlborough without becoming committed to a whole-hearted tribute to the qualities of his Duchess.

But Sarah Jennings was a great deal more than Marlborough's helpful and devoted wife; for more than twenty years of stormy political, religious, and social conflict she exercised a controlling power behind the throne. The spirit of her age is embodied in her story, which offers irresistible attractions to the biographer. Mrs. Campbell has had predecessors in telling that story, and, no doubt, she will have successors; but, unless any considerable amount of new material is forthcoming, there will be no need for a new "Life" of the Duchess for many years to come. In her own words, "interpretations vary, though the originals be changeless"; but Mrs. Campbell has interpreted her heroine with such quick and various insight, from so many points of view, and set her so firmly in the tempestuous atmosphere of her time that it seems unlikely that the documents now withheld at Blenheim and Woburn will ever shake her authority to any appreciable extent. This is a finely-executed, admirably written, and intensively humane biography, a portrait

on the grand scale, with all its subject's beauties and blemishes recognised and conferred.

Marlborough's Duchess was indeed a woman of her time, and *the* woman for her time. She came to the Court of St. James's at the age of thirteen, as companion to the little princess, who was afterwards Queen Anne, and she lived in courts for forty years. For at least half that time she was the trusted confidante and counsellor of her Sovereign. They called one another by pet names; communicated by cipher, and Anne, whose nature was "simple and affectionate, neither capable or desirous of questioning what she was taught", was only too ready to rely upon a friend who, even if she might be sceptical and materialistic by temperament, was impeccably fearless and direct. The time came when Sarah's influence was superseded, but while it lasted, she supported the Queen with fortitude among the turbulent waters of Whig and Tory, Stuart and Hanoverian, Protestant and Papist conflict.

The author disclaims the desire to be "picturesque", but she attains that quality without pursuing it; and she contributes two novel and provocative theories of great pith and moment. The first concerns Sarah Jennings's long and rather unintelligible reluctance to accept the Duke of Marlborough's addresses, although she was clearly in love with him. Mrs. Campbell, having made a careful study of the letters then interchanged, suggests that John Churchill's first offer to his "inamorata" did not include the honourable bond of wedlock, and the suggestion is well-supported by the tone of the correspondence. The other suggestion concerns the sudden and violent vacillations of temper to which the Duchess became addicted, especially in later life, vacillations entirely out

of harmony with her usually shrewd, loyal and affectionate nature. The explanation put forward is that the Jennings family were subject to a form of mental malady, which, in Sarah's case, developed into what is now known as paranoia, a not infrequent trouble in middle-aged womanhood. Both these theories are valuable contributions to the study of their subject's character; but the outstanding quality of the book is its rich, harmonious completeness.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE SEVENTH CHILD. A Retrospect, by Romilly John. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THERE seems to be no end to the writing of books about childhood and adolescence. Mr. John is fortunate in having rich material to draw upon, and I must pay willing tribute to the tact and sincerity with which he has written the description of his thoroughly interesting childhood. The son of Augustus John had a most unconventional upbringing. The account of it reads like a happier version of the Sanger family's vicissitudes in *The Constant Nymph*. Mr. John's memory is remarkable, and he has a knack of portraying an appearance in a few lines. For example, here are his parents as he saw them when a child:

The clothes worn by my mother were quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere; they were long and very flowing, and she wore a broad-brimmed, black hat with an enormous ostrich feather. This was in an age when the usual dress must always have seemed strange to the unhackneyed eye, and never beautiful even to the accustomed, so that surprise was soon eclipsed by admiration. . . . My father was also extraordinarily handsome; he was, as a personality, to say the least, over-

whelming; and it is more than possible that his clothes, at this *rencontre*, were almost as unorthodox as Dorelia's."

From France the family returned to England, and lived in an old Dorsetshire manor house, where they had all manner of exciting adventures and more than their share of eccentric visitors. The brothers invented numerous games and cults, and Alderney Manor furnished an admirable setting for them. Then came school, first of all in an uncongenial English preparatory establishment, and then in an even less satisfactory school in France, where Romilly and his brother suffered for being English. That was the end of the writer's official education, although there was a half-hearted attempt later on to qualify for Cambridge, and brief attendance at a technical school. In the meantime, Romilly's training involved him in a series of odd encounters. There was his apprenticeship to John Fothergill, who was at that time owner of the Spread Eagle Inn at Thame. There were also various literary enterprises, and walking tours, and trips abroad, and, as a delightful and recurring *motif*, glimpses of the John family's life. There is a particularly engaging picture of Augustus John, driving a car: "Augustus's driving had one fatal flaw; he was apt, especially in good country, to forget he was engaged in it, and to allow the car to whizz on unregarded, while he looked back over his shoulder at the distant view."

The Seventh Child is a book full of amusement and charm and without a vestige of sentimentality in it. Mr. Romilly John has an excellent and scrupulous prose style, and his career as a writer will be watched with considerable interest.

ERIC GILLET.

BELIEF AND DESPAIR

by RICHARD CHURCH.

A TALE OF TROY, by John Masefield.
Heinemann. 5s.

FAREWELL, MY MUSE, by Clifford
Bax. *Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d.*

ONLY recently President Hoover said that what America needs is a great poet. He should read the "Valedictory Note" with which Mr. Bax prefaces his Collected Poems. Its last words are "whenever someone asks me whether I think that another great poet will soon appear among us, I incline to answer that poetry represents a bygone phase in the history of the human mind." He, therefore, bids farewell to poetry. He says that the enthusiasm and impulse to write verse have not fired his brain for the last eight years, and that his poetic life is closed, so that he is able to view it objectively, and to offer without emotion or hope, the work of his youth and early manhood to an indifferent world, to a civilisation from which also the joy of poetry has departed, since "people are growing cleverer and less instinctive with every generation; and now their lives are complicated with so many mechanical inventions and banal amusements that they do not so much lack the leisure to read poetry as the depth and simplicity of mind to feel it."

The first impulse of every living poet must be to agree with Mr. Bax. Last century Tennyson commanded a retaining fee of £7,000 a year from his publisher, and Browning could be offered £120 for a sonnet. Today, with one

or two exceptions, even famous poets get their work published only if they are also novelists or critics. Poetry is a commodity that cannot be used by publishers in the modern publicity machine. They cannot advertise it in booming letters that fill the pages of the Sunday newspapers. Book clubs cannot recommend it because it is usually sold in 3s. 6d. doses, while the clubs cater for 7s. 6d. worth. It cannot find a place to rest amid the excitement of "books of the month", and the bandying about of the words "genius" and "masterpiece". Libraries will not stock it.

So *Farewell, my Muse*, says Mr. Bax, forgetting that every other poet, after the first flush of youth and success, has said the same thing. John Keats lamented that the world was too fashionable and shallow to appreciate poetry. Shakespeare, bitter and black-hearted, wrote *The Tempest* and retired prematurely to enjoy something more tangible than the maddeningly elusive compensations of poetic labour. Does Mr. Bax really believe that human nature has changed? Has it not merely put on a new coat which happens to be tight and to prevent the wearer from making natural primitive gestures, the gestures of poetry?

Mr. Bax answers the questions himself, for his own poetry is one long, passionate and beautiful denial of his unhistorical pessimism. Again and again his work proclaims the un-

changing simplicity on which the shifting modes of sophisticated life are built. Our sudden pre-occupation with machinery and the rhythms of the machine is only one of these modes; and they grow old, and their rags and filth fill us with shame and despair. But the limbs beneath, since they are the human race and are alive, are still clean and vigorous, still capable of the divine gesture. Mr. Bax really believes that, or he would not bother even to collect his poems. As he says in one of the latest of them, thereby giving the lie to his gloomy preface,

"Memory may score the soul; but there was truth

In man's old tale of everlasting youth".

This is the central theme of all his work, and notably of his best and longest poem "The Traveller's Tale", a highly architected story of the individual and racial development of human consciousness through the medium of re-incarnation. For Mr. Bax is not the "weeping philosopher" that his preface suggests. He believes that the spirit of man is fighting for better knowledge and mastery of itself; and this belief, fostered by thought and scholarship, is the foundation of his work, and gives it a rare unity.

"For ages", I murmured to savage old earth,

'Man has but lived by the life in your veins—

An embryo, a shape without will; but beware

The birth and the adult rebellion of man!"

One of the exceptions I mentioned above is Mr. Masefield. His work sells. It is, therefore, scorned by the latest critics who have put poetry among the soteric cults. Yet Mr. Masefield is a rue poet, whose tenderness, passion, and enthusiasm have survived both the

Macmillan

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[All prices quoted are net]

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passing of youth and the dangerous approach of success. For during the tumult of a large audience, an elder poet must have sensitive ears, tuned by past miseries, in order to detect the ghost-voice of poetry, the whisper of Logos, that Word which was in the Beginning, and which made his youth a glorious madness.

The *Tale of Troy* is as rich and intense as any work that Mr. Masfield has done. It has in addition, a sparseness that he has often lacked before. He breathes the "pure serene" of the country of the Iliad as though it were the air of his boyhood. His telling of the *Tale of Troy*, and the jealousy of kings, and the sufferings of queens, is simple but subtle, sensuous but wise, beautiful but austere. He still strikes out such lines as

"With all that world of murder on our backs
We bore our load of misery from Asia."

He can still create a scene and a moment, as when he makes one of the Grecian host describe the waiting outside the gates of Troy, until the treacherous Horse within the town should disgorge its bellyful of spies.

"A temple bell jangled within the city,
A lesser bell tinkled; then all was silent.

And all this time the little owls from
Ida

Came hooting over us; and presently
A mighty, savage owl perched upon
Troy

And snapped his iron lips, and flapped
and screamed,

Almost we saw the yellow of his eyes.
Then he launched forth, stealing into
the air."

The poet and the mighty myth support each other, and the result is a poem rich with tragedy and the ever-young excitement of great deeds.

THACKERAY: A PERSONALITY.
by Malcolm Elwin. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

MEMORIES OF A MISSENT YOUTH. By Grant Richards. *Heinemann*. 15s.

ODD MEMORIES. By R. S. Garnett. *Blackwood*. 7s. 6d.

FACED with a book like Mr. Elwin's *Thackeray*, the reviewer, unless he be a literary encyclopædist, is largely at the author's mercy. He cannot be expected, in the nature of things, to have the same particularised knowledge which the author possesses through his researches, and so he must take it for granted that his author is an honest man, though he knows that there are authors and authors, and among them many willing and eager to wield a brush well impregnated with whitewash.

In the case under consideration, Mr. Elwin is at pains to reconstruct for us the personality of Thackeray—not the most lovable among English authors as the uninstructed think of him. But then, as Mr. Elwin points out, a misunderstanding on the part of his daughter of a remark once made by Thackeray prevented the writing nearer to his own times of a definitive biography, and such a work is still to seek. There were, moreover, many reasons why misconceptions, even falsehoods, gained credence after Thackeray's death, apart from the fact that in his writings the cynic and the satirist are plainer to behold than the man of deeply sensitive feeling, the devoted friend and the self-sacrificing father.

Mr. Elwin's book is, therefore, to be welcomed, even if, as was hinted above, he is partisan in his representations. It is so easy to accept the critical and unfavourable view of Thackeray as an arrogant snob, not knowing the truth about his lifelong struggle for money, the tragedy of his married life and, besides these things, his lack of self-

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confidence, his acute self-criticism, and his generosity of nature. It is enough to say that Mr. Elwin's book is well worthy of the great figure that inspired it. The fruits of his manifest labour are to be found as much in his scholarship as in his understanding; and for the student of Thackeray his biographical summary and detailed bibliography will prove no less invaluable.

Lovers of books will always find it well worth their while to read publishers' memoirs, when those memoirs are as delightfully written as these of Mr. Grant Richards' youth. In the present instance it is more than worthwhile, for, as his publisher points out, this is the record of a young manhood in which the "hero" made his own going from sheer zest for the life he had chosen for himself. That zest and the naïveté of the boy that was Mr. Richards in the 'eighties and 'nineties live again here so delightfully described that the reader is more than willing to forgive the priggishness of which Mr. Richards accuses his ghost. Prig he may have been, perhaps, but that he was infinitely more than this the friendships of his youth attest. And for all we know, perhaps for all he knows, it may be as much to his naïve conceit as to his more easily manifest virtues that we owe the welcome presence in his pages of the personalities of the 'nineties, illuminated like his own by the light of memory cast back on a youth, "misspent" maybe, but rich in a great deal of that which makes life worth living.

And R. S. Garnett—reading his book, one is conscious of the loss occasioned by his death last July to the world of men as to that of letters. Here is a humour, a kindliness, a sense of fun which, for all one knows, have gone for ever from the world of letters with the passing of this representative of a

generation. Do we take ourselves too seriously now, or is it only when we are old, as the writer of these memories was, that we can afford to go easy and take our fill of the laughter of life? Which ever it be, Mr. Garnett succeeded in achieving a broad humanity as well as eminence in letters. Perhaps this volume with its wealth of fun, its kindliness and, now and then, its unashamed approach to tears, may show us what sometimes our literature lacks. More immediately, as a book of memories, it forms a worthy successor to *Some Book-Hunting Adventures* and lovers of literature apart, it will bring laughter and happiness to him who is wise enough to procure it.

JOHN LINNELL.

THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER, by the Marquis of Zetland. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

THE Marquis of Zetland opens his *Epilogue* with these words: "It may be said of Evelyn Baring, first Earl of Cromer, that even before his death he became a figure in history. He was known throughout the world as the maker of Modern Egypt. His claim to this title rests on events which have been set forth with detached impartiality in the pages of his own graphic survey of thirty years of Egyptian history." And he goes on to show that Cromer left out of those pages as much as possible of what redounded to his own credit. In this book the balance is adjusted and the hero enters his Iliad. The Marquis of Zetland has spared no pains. The book is a solid testimony to his worth as an official biographer. He has seen his subject, human and historical, as a whole. He has made plentiful and excellent use of the private correspondence placed at his disposal and has sometimes gone for his sources to men who knew Cromer

personally and who knew the Egypt he had to contend with. He frequently quotes the "Biographical Notes", the autobiographical memoranda of Cromer himself. The result of all this is a steadily moving piece of history and a steadily advancing realization of a fine human character, of a man almost blunt in the silence of his deliberations, a man of action gifted among many wobblers and men of "moral vapidité" with the capacity for making firm and wise decisions, a man born to govern and govern well because of his large human sympathies for the governed.

The correspondence of Cromer, which can be tasted in extract in this book, leads one to believe that a collection of his letters would be well worth having for several reasons. They would certainly be found good reading. Lord Morley, as the Marquis of Zetland points out, found Cromer's *History of Modern Egypt* a further illustration of his belief that "a man of action, when he wrote about his own affairs, like Cæsar, or Napoleon, or the old Duke, wrote better than anybody."

One cannot quite say the same thing about the writing in this book. The biographer has allowed his pen to step it a little too highly at times, and his anecdotes are sometimes flat and undistinguished.

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THERE are two possible ideals in education, between which pedagogues must always be divided—that of individual excellence and that of good citizenship. The virtues typical of the two are not entirely compatible, and but for the fact that human nature is only reliable in being inconsistent educators would be subjected to a very painful dilemma.



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MINISTERS' POWERS

The Report of the Committee on Ministers' Powers (of delegated legislation and judicial or quasi-judicial decision) was published in May 1932, and now a wealth of detailed information on the subject is provided in two further volumes of memoranda and minutes of evidence which have just been published. Report. 2s. 6d. (2s. 8d.)

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Two volumes of the Monumental Survey of the ancient monuments of Herefordshire have now been completed. Vol. I. S.W. Herefordshire, was published in 1931, 4to., pp. xlviii+295. Map, Plan and 201 plates. Vol. II, now ready, deals with East Herefordshire, 4to., pp. xxxv+266. Map, Plan and 190 plates. Price 30s. each (30s. 9d.) "A model of thoroughness and historical flair." —MORNING POST.

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In view of this saving fact, however, it is possible to arrive at some compromise between the conservatism, steadiness and docility of the ideal citizen and the originality, independence, and irrepressible unorthodoxy of the ideal man or hero. The relation of the two ideals in education will vary from time to time, and the degree in which they shall influence educational practice will be the subject of intricate and often heated discussion.

The author of this book, being a person of great originality and high courage who has been brought up and has lived in a civilization where almost all the emphasis has been laid upon the virtues of the good citizen at the expense of individual excellence is naturally biased in favour of the latter; almost all his writings hitherto have been directed to advancing the cause of this ideal in education and in life, and he has had considerable experience in the endeavour to put this ideal into practice. The present book is still concerned with the same theme, and it is further evidence of the intellectual honesty which has characterized the previous ones that in it the author fearlessly admits the necessity of modifying his favourite principle in some respects in order to make modern civilized life possible. Moreover in a person of his political views it requires some courage to say, as he does, that the danger to individuality is just as serious under a communistic system as under a capitalistic one. Not, of course, that Mr. Russell is satisfied with the degree of encouragement at present given to individuality here—far from it. Yet the fact that he does frankly and indeed forcibly envisage the dangers of an entirely free system help to make this book a more balanced piece of work than we have had from him. If we are given less opportunity to admire his

sarcastic wit, we are enabled to admire more than ever his power of honest and constructive thinking.

ALAN M. WELLS.

BROADCAST MINDS, by Ronald Knox. *Sheed and Ward*. 7s. 6d.

FATHER KNOX sets out to attack the scatter-brained philosophies, delivered "in the fruity tones of the B.B.C.", which are finding such favour with broadcast minds, i.e., with "scattered minds and minds that scatter". The weakest part of the book is the beginning, which speculates too morbidly on the results of broadcasting. Fr. Knox, for instance, sees the man of the future unable to read because of his ingrained habit of listening. But the book becomes more reasonable when it proceeds to the actual attacks on B.B.C. philosophers as represented by their printed books: on Professor Julian Huxley, Lord Russell, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Gerald Heard, Mr. Langdon-Davies and Mr. Wells.

The word *reasonable* above was meant to apply to the philosophical worth of Fr. Knox's argument, certainly not to the tone of that argument. Sometimes the book reads like Lord Macaulay at his loudest. Certain pages burst with hyena laughter, and even the quietest smile cruelly. But whether fierce or less fierce, the laughter is cleansing. Fr. Knox often knows more than his victims—at least on the subjects represented—and has the advantage of a fixed and controversially equipped philosophy to start with.

To illustrate the wit of the book is unnecessary considering its author. Even the index is bright with the same salt: e.g., "Lamb, Charles, influence on Mr. Heard" or "Pessimism rebuked by Lord Russell; indulged in by Lord Russell". G. T.

SELECTED FICTION

THE GODS ARRIVE, by Edith Wharton. *Appleton*. 7s. 6d.

THE HOUSE UNDER WATER, by Francis Brett Young. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

THE RAKONITZ CHRONICLES, by G. B. Stern. *Chapman and Hall*. 8s. 6d.

THE temptation to write a novel about a novelist becomes at last irresistible. "What subject," the plausible fiend whispers into the novelist's ear, "What subject do you know better? You write about bankers without even having an account, and about adultery though as innocent as one of Mr. James Douglas's little ones; you imagine vices and virtues you have never experienced. But the novelist, he is yourself. "Here", pursues the fiend, "no imagination is required." This is of course the devil of it. And the path to a sentimentalizing or savaging of one's trade or oneself is deliciously easy. This is why fiction is full of armchair novelists who could never write a line, painters who could never paint—the whole list of aloof beings who wear velvet coats, understand women and grow beards, notorious for the way the sunlight catches them, but who are as incapable of one creative thought as a public statue is.

It is true that some good portraits of novelists have been done in novels. Miss Edith Wharton's *Hudson River Bracketed* to which *The Gods Arrive* is a sequel, did manage to present in Vance Weston a plausible picture of young genius struggling against the commercial forcing of his art. Vance Weston, who had, in a prejudiced sense, let his helpless young wife die in the first book and indeed found her illness curiously stimulating, is shown in the second, gradually and unconsciously

breaking the spirit of his mistress. He is not completely real in this book, being in part a convenient vehicle for Miss Wharton's own opinion of literary circles in London, Paris and New York; but she at least abjures the picturesque view of genius and presents an understandable and likeable character, at once excitable, restless, ingenuous, cruel, and in a great many things pleasantly ignorant. She knows all the moods—evil and propitious. She perhaps overdoes his waywardness and his fondness for disappearing, but she definitely arouses our sympathy. The most living characters in the book are the British colony of exiled Colonels and spinsters living with the pathos of a feeble defiance near a small Riviera plage; and Halo, the young woman

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who defied society, as she thought, for Weston's sake. She is a courageous, intelligent, sensitive and spirited young woman who is made to see that she has really gone against her own essentially conventional nature. There is sometimes a suggestion that Miss Warton is making a case; but her case is always that of the satirist who, by ironical and sympathetic dissection, exposes the comedy that ensues when frail human natures try to live to plan. The only dull things in the book are her literary circles.

Griffith Tregaron of *The House Under the Water* is a genius of another kind. He is a romantic figure in a romantic book, but he holds the romance down to earth by the convincing vehemence of his personality. He has good Welsh and peasant Provençal blood in his veins, and the blend has made him a flamboyant gambler and sensualist, a man of theatrical disappearances, and a domestic tyrant. On the negative side—and in making due use of this Mr. Brett Young shows his shrewdness and accomplishment in building up character—Griffith Tregaron has one fatal characteristic: he is short. From this defect springs his sense of inferiority, making him conscious of his peasant blood, twisting his judgment, so that he morbidly suspects those whom he should trust and trusts those of whom he should be suspicious. He is therefore a fore-ordained loser of his vast winnings. At the beginning of the story he sets up romantically as a country squire in the Welsh mountains, quarrelling with his neighbours, and by the end he has gone through two fortunes. His wife is a no less notable creation. A Neapolitan of noble family and once beautiful, she is resigned to her lot, but as the years advance, she falls back upon her race's absorption in cynical intrigue, on behalf of her son

and daughters. With one possible exception the whole family are finished characters. The author has not withheld justice nor mercy. This glamorous book is, however, captivated by its own glamour. We have seen a number of brilliant pictures but not one burns itself deeply into the mind. Mr. Brett Young is a novelist with a lot to tell, and has the mastery of how to tell it—but he has little to say.

In a sense the dominating and insatiable character is the theme of Miss G. B. Stern's three novels, *Tents of Israel*, *A Deputy was King*, and *Mosaic*, here reprinted as trilogy. For it can be called a trilogy in spite of certain irregularities in family tree. What grandeurs and miseries she recounts of these dominating creatures who feed on the lives of others as genius does and die alone. Perhaps none of the three novelists goes into the very depths of these problems as, for example, Thomas Mann has done, but they offer to the reader a surface of remarkable richness.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

"TRINC!" by Francis Watson.
Loval Dickson. 7s. 6d. net.

QUEER STREET, by Edward Shanks.
Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

HELEN'S LOVERS, by Gerald Bullett.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net

THERE is really little to connect these three books, for one is a volume of short stories, one a very long novel, and one a curious creation, half-realistic, half-fantastic, in which a modern English youth and an even more modern American girl find themselves back in the Rabelaisian world in the forest of Chinon. The contrast between a world of cocktail bars and lip-stick and the world of Panurge and Pantagruel, between a life in which the unspoken

watchword is "Do what the Hell you like. What does it matter?" and one in which the established motto is "Fay ce que vouldra," affords Mr. Watson some excellent material for fun and satire, realism and fantasy, and a good deal of modern as well as Rabelaisian wit. It is not often that anyone attempts a book like *Trinc!* in which the atmosphere of both a mediæval and a modern world and the balance between realism and fantasy have to be carefully sustained and in which wit has to be blended with seriousness and flippancy with a good deal of knowledge. It is not easy to create conversations between Pantagruel and a modern American girl, even though she has read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and can be taught nothing. It is perhaps even more difficult to change in a twinkling, with conviction, the modern scene for a Rabelaisian world on the banks of the Loire, to jump from the cocktail bar and bright discussions on sex to the old fairyland of Zenomanes and Friar John and long talks on Plato and the Book of Job, and to combine with all the satire and romance some humanity and understanding of modern everyday life. Such books must be done with brilliance and assurance, without the slightest dullness or faltering, if they are to be done at all. Done badly, they can belong only to the limbos of the bastard arts.

Trinc! is well done; there is no faltering. From the moment when Jo and Martin lose themselves in the underground passage and find themselves in front of Mrs. Barbuc's house and the motto over its doorway "Fay ce que vouldra" there is scarcely a moment which is not either brilliant or delicious. The satire is neat and sharp, the Rabelaisian scenes break off at tantalising moments.

Mr. Shanks has succumbed to the

fashion for fat long novels. There was a time when novels, like ladies, had to be slim. Why? It was the fashion—it was done—it was the thing; and for a long time slimness became a synonym for beauty. As a result there were many spurious beauties and many spurious masterpieces. But the fashion has changed and now ladies, like novels, must be plumper, and plumpness becomes the synonym for beauty and only long novels are masterpieces. Again, much spuriousness in both flesh and fiction.

Queer Street is not spurious, but like many very long novels it might have been shorter. Poets learn very early the need and meaning of strict economy—in words; in becoming novelists they often forget their lesson and expand themselves, as though with relief, over too many pages. *Queer Street*,

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which describes a modern Bohemia and in particular a Soho night-club and its inhabitants, is like a tree which needs pruning. It has too many branches; it lacks shape. Its very subject demanded a quicker, lighter, bolder treatment. Instead it is written in a leisurely, careful, and almost academic style; the conversations have a literary flavour; and there are many unnecessary—and sometimes ludicrous little tags—all of which needed pruning sternly. "And smiling, he walked out on his very long legs." On what else, indeed? The conversations are too often shallow and boring, leading one nowhere.

"Have a cigarette," Phyllis offered. "I wonder where they are. Oh! yes!" She found a crumpled packet and peered into it with a dubious look. "Only three left," she said. "Never mind; George is sure to have some when he comes in." She lit Bab's cigarette and her own, and sat in the armchair, curling her long legs under her. "What have I been doing? I went for a walk this afternoon, till it was worse than staying at home."

True, people do talk like this; indeed, exactly like this. But mere fidelity to observation is not enough. What Mr. Shanks does not display is fidelity to imagination: an unexpected defect in a poet.

Nearly all the virtues that Mr. Shanks lacks belong to Mr. Bullett. Like him he is a poet, but he has not forgotten the lessons that poetry has taught him. He gets his effects with a minimum of words and effort; he never sprawls, wanders or digresses; yet his stories are finished and satisfying: and they say in a few pages more than Mr. Shanks says in hundreds. "Cry sake stop that sniveling, Alfie, or I'll skin the bloody back of yer!" says one of his characters, and though this again is

exactly how people talk one feels that this is not merely reported stuff; it is not merely *like* life; it *is* life. There is precious little of the academic or literary air about Mr. Bullett. His stories very often resemble the lives he portrays, as though they had taken their very colour and atmosphere from them: humble, quiet, undramatic, grey little stories of old men, children and unhappy women. Occasionally there is a change of tone, atmosphere, style, and the result is a story like *Fiddler's Luck*, a fairy tale as delicate and sweet as some of Hans Anderson's. Even if there were any doubt about Mr. Bullett's being a poet at heart this story would dispel it.

H. E. BATES.

BLACK MISCHIEF, by Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

POOR TOM, by Edwin Muir. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

WRIT IN SAND, by R. B. Cunningham-Graham. *Heinemann.* 6s.

A NEW island has been put on the satirist's map. You will seek as vainly for Azania in your atlas as for the Island of Lilliput, but Mr. Waugh assures us—and has provided a frontispiece map to prove it—that his island is of considerable dimensions and situate off the coast of Italian Somaliland. Be that as it may, Basil Seal had heard of it; and, finding it increasingly difficult to keep the dun from the door, he took his leave of Sonia and Alastair—"Shall I come to dinner?" "Yes, do. We're in bed."—and Lady Metroland, pinched his mother's emeralds and set forth. At the time of his arrival Azania was in a state of unrest, consequent on the recent accession to the throne—not unaccompanied by much graft and bloodshed—of Seth, "Emperor of Azania, Chief of the Chiefs of

Sakuyu, Lord of Wanda and Tyrant of the Seas, Bachelor of the Arts of Oxford University," an impetuous young man set on the modernization of his country. I would not, if I could, describe the plot further. You must read it for yourself. Suffice it to say that in Mr. Youkoumian, M. Ballon, Sir Samson Courteney, Dame Mildred Porch, Black Bitch and the rest of this motley assembly Mr. Waugh has created a company that for sheer power to compel laughter is unsurpassed even in his previous books: and the satire underlying the farce is as merciless as ever.

It is a strange transition from Mr. Waugh's objective world to Mr. Muir's study of two brothers. The story is simple. Mansie and Tom Manson, two working-class Scots, born in the country, living in Glasgow; Mansie takes up with Tom's girl, after Tom and she have parted for good. Tom takes to drink, falls off a tram; after some weeks of illness, dies of a tumour on the brain. Told objectively there is little more in it than that. But Mr. Muir's vision is not skin-deep, and it is in the state of Mansie's mind and Tom's mind that he is interested and compels our interest. It is a pity, I think, that he has not confined himself to Mansie. By first working up our interest in poor Tom and then transferring it to Mansie, he has spoilt the book's unity, and I finished it with a feeling of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Cunningham-Graham possesses an intimate knowledge both of his subjects and of the art of writing, and this collection of six stories, written in the author's eightieth year, combines with the experience of age the enthusiasm of youth and in its manner is as modern as 1932. *Writ in Sand*, a brilliantly executed circus-picture, gives the volume its name and is, I think,

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the best thing in it, though the briefly told epic of Tschiffely's ride with Mancha and Gato from Buenos Aires to New York runs it a close second. Fascinating sketches of Joseph Crawhall and the Duke of Frias with the Tangier pack—"a collection such as it would be difficult to match in any country, with its three couple of mangy-looking foxhounds, from Gibraltar, with several mongrels of undecided race that Mataburro always referred to as 'the bastards,' and three or four half-bred fox-terriers,"—the Ash Wednesday procession at Camara de Lobos, and a delightful reminiscence of the author pursuing a Paraguayan train on horseback and delivering to the driver a forgotten letter complete a most attractive and entertaining volume.

HELEN GOSSE.

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, edited by Aldous Huxley. (*Heinemann.*)
 AS A MAN GROWS OLDER, by Italo Svevo. (*Putnam.*)
 READING, WRITING, AND REMEMBERING, by E. V. Lucas. (*Methuen.*)
 THE LIFE OF MARY KINGSLEY, by Stephen Gwynn. (*Macmillan.*)
 THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK, by Cherry Kearton. (*Longmans.*)
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 FAREWELL, MY MUSE, by Clifford Bax. (*Loval Dickson.*)
- THACKERAY: A PERSONALITY, by Malcolm Elwin. (*Cape.*)
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 BELINDA GROVE, by Helen Ashton. (*Gollancz.*)
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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DISARMAMENT: THE DECISIVE PHASE

BY PROFESSOR ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE coming weeks and months will be the most critical period in international politics since 1919.

As was bound to happen if a serious effort was to be made, the Disarmament Conference has widened its frame and developed into something like a new Peace Conference. Meanwhile the problem of international economic relations, which was left on one side in 1919, has compelled attention and the first governmental World Economic Conference will be meeting in the spring. Thus, after fourteen years of groping and bungling, the moment is approaching when definite decisions must be taken. Are international relations in the post-war world to be organized on lines of co-operation? Or will the nations relinquish the effort as too difficult and relapse into the armed competition of the generation preceding 1914? The following pages are written in the belief that the experience of the last fourteen years has not been wasted, that the very real difficulties which have revealed themselves are not insuperable, and that the opportunity has at last come for a comprehensive settlement which will bring general appeasement.

Before examining these difficulties, there is one major question to be answered. It is the question which Armistice Day and its ceremony of remembrance brings forcibly home year by year. The great mass of mankind in every civilized country desire peace and abhor war. Why then have the statesmen not succeeded in giving effect to their wishes? If the common people, who constitute the public opinion of civilized humanity, are almost unanimous in their aspiration for a better organized world, why do the statesmen, who claim to be the interpreters of public opinion, fail to satisfy this

passionate yearning? Why, on the contrary, do they constantly tell us that it is public opinion, as expressed through parliaments and political parties, which prevents them from concluding arrangements which personally they would be ready enough to agree to for the sake of stabilizing peace? What is the explanation of the curious paradox that, in a world in which there is an overwhelming demand for peace, fear, suspicion and ill-will should still be so predominant in political and economic policies? It is easy to seek an answer by looking round for a scapegoat—the weakness or corruption of individual statesmen, the petty play of party politics, the machinations of the armaments industry, the impersonal malevolence of the capitalist system. But none of these is sufficient to explain why public opinion on the side of peace, which is potentially overwhelming, has not been effectively mobilized for practical policies.

The real explanation is to be sought elsewhere. It is not that the pacifists have been thwarted by the militarists: it is that their efforts have been largely nullified by their own wrongheadedness. The peace movement has in fact been its own worst enemy. Intent on their ideal, its adherents have been slow in learning the right methods to employ for attaining it. They have too often let their imagination run away with their political judgment, adopting tactics which, in the more familiar field of domestic politics, they would be the first to recognize as hopelessly impractical. Thus the emotional drive which is the strength of the peace movement has, for lack of wise intellectual direction, proved also its greatest weakness: for it has led peoples and parties in different countries to concentrate on policies congenial to their temperaments and traditions and advantageous to their special material interests, and thus to break line with their fellow-idealists in other countries. What results from this, of course, is not pacifism or internationalism, but a subtle and peculiarly repugnant form of nationalism. There have been numerous examples of this in our own country in recent years. One only can be mentioned here for the sake of illustration—a manifesto issued in the early part of this year, over a number of

well-known ecclesiastical signatures, in which the Lord's Prayer was invoked in support of the policy, quite properly favoured in Lombard Street, of the "clean slate" at the Lausanne Conference. It would be hard to conceive a more adroitly infelicitous appeal to those for whom it was intended. As one read it in cold print, one could almost see Mephistopheles grinning over the benevolent writer's shoulder as the lines were penned.

Such blunders, however, are becoming less frequent. Fourteen years of trial and error have brought an increasing realization that international politics are not a theme for romance or day-dreaming or vague exhortations, but a branch, and by far the most difficult branch, of that art of politics in which we are considered to excel. The time spent in learning this lesson has not been wasted. If human affairs could be conducted according to plan, the intellectual preparation for a co-operative organization of the world should have preceded the establishment of institutions supposed to embody this idea in practical form, just as Rousseau preceded the French Revolution. As it is, theory and practice have perforce proceeded side by side, and the world has been the sufferer. But there are signs that the period of amateurish sentimentalism is drawing to a close.

Let us now turn to the substance of the problem.

The task that was attempted in Paris in 1919 was to devise an organization which would prevent a recurrence of the events of 1914. "Never again" was the watchword which inspired the framers of the League of Nations Covenant and the peoples who applauded their work. The League of Nations has not functioned according to the plan of its framers, and the task of the Disarmament Conference is to adapt it to circumstances as they have developed. But it may be useful to recall exactly what it was expected to do. The gist of the Covenant was summed up in the British official commentary (Cmd. 151, 1919) in the following six points:

- (1) Limitation of Armaments.
- (2) A mutual guarantee of territory and independence.
- (3) An admission that any circumstance that threatens international peace is an international interest.

(4) An agreement not to go to war till a peaceful settlement of a dispute has been tried.

(5) Machinery for securing a peaceful settlement with provision for publicity.

(6) The sanctions to be employed to punish a breach of the agreement in (4).

"All these provisions", continues the official commentary "are new, and together they mark an enormously important advance in international relations". It should be added that the Covenant scheme, comprehensive though it was, was deliberately left loose and flexible—that is to say, it was drawn up on British rather than on French lines. The object was not to create a complete and final world constitution but, in the words of the commentary, "to establish an organization which may make peaceful co-operation easy and hence customary, and to trust in the influence of custom to mould opinion".

Reliance on time as a healer has not been borne out by events. This has been due partly to unforeseen developments in general politics, partly to defects in the Covenant machinery itself. In general politics there have been three major unforeseen developments. The first was the refusal of the United States to enter the League. This completely altered its character, turning it into a sectional instead of a universal organization. Incidentally, it left Great Britain in an unpleasantly false position, our obligations towards our fellow-members cutting across the closer association desired by British public opinion with the United States. The second unforeseen development was the unsatisfactory character of portions of the Peace Treaties and the difficulty of creating conditions permitting of their revision. The third was the fact that economic problems took vengeance for their neglect at the Peace Conference by becoming the dominant concern in international relations.

Of these three unforeseen problems the two last—Treaty Revision and World Economic Relations—are still for the most part unsolved. But the first, the abstention of the United States from the League system, has been met in a most unexpected way by the development of a special American policy,

based on the Kellogg Pact, which in some ways goes further than the Covenant itself. This is only one example, though a very striking one, of the chief general lesson learnt from the working of the League system—namely, that in an increasingly democratic world policies and methods cannot be drawn up on hard-and-fast lines, but must be adapted to the outlook and general attitude of individual peoples or groups of peoples. It is because the Covenant, elastic though it is, is not elastic enough that it needs to be supplemented by special measures adapted to particular regions and circumstances.

Let us now examine one by one the six points of the new system embodied in the Covenant. We shall see that the real problem is not that of securing agreement on the principle, but of devising methods that take sufficient account of the diversity of political conditions in the post-war world.

(1) *Limitation of Armaments* has a long and voluminous history since the League first touched it in 1920. Have we not been told that the roneo documents prepared for one Geneva Committee alone were sufficient to pave a pathway from Geneva to Warsaw? But the gist of the record can be told in very few words. The only results actually achieved so far in disarmament were arrived at at the Washington Conference of 1922 for the five chief naval powers, and at the London Conference of 1930 for the three chief amongst them. These results were due to good political relations between the powers concerned. The failure of France and Italy to sign the London Treaty of 1930 was due to political difficulties which are still unsolved. Conversely, the darkening of the political horizon in the Far East has endangered the continuance of the disarmament provisions of 1922. As Mr. Stimson has pointed out, the treaties concluded at the Washington Conference form a single whole. Disregard of the political treaties must result in reconsideration of the disarmament treaties: for disarmament depends on mutual confidence.

The same principle holds good in Europe. But here the requisite confidence has never yet existed. Thus, not only has it been impossible to arrive at a reduction of land armaments, but the provisions for the one-sided disarmament

effected at the Peace Conference have become unworkable. It is an open secret that the disarmed countries have larger forces than are allowed them by treaty, but no action has or can, politically speaking, be taken against them. The solution must be sought not in the technical but in the political field.

Incidentally it is worth remarking that one of the most striking instances of rigidity in the 1919 arrangements was the provision that universal compulsory military service should be abolished in the defeated countries. This was due to the mistaken British idea at the time that compulsory service was a cause of "militarism". More familiarity with the constitutional history of Germany, France and other West European countries would have revealed that the exact opposite is the case and that universal compulsory service, on a short-term basis, has come to be regarded as a bulwark of democracy against militarism properly so-called, that is, the political domination of a professional military caste. Thus the French proposal to break up the Reichswehr and to institute something like the Swiss system throughout the Continent will, if adopted, undoubtedly strengthen the democratic movement in the defeated as in other countries. It is in fact a return to the ideas of Jaurès and of the German Liberals who opposed Bismarck in the 'sixties of last century.

Guarantees of territorial integrity have had a chequered history since 1919. President Wilson regarded the guarantee article of the Covenant as the sheet-anchor of the new system. It was principally on this issue that the United States Senate rejected the Covenant, and feeling in the United States, the British Dominions and in Great Britain itself has steadily come round to the same view. It is not now politically possible to ask the English-speaking peoples, either individually or collectively, to guarantee a world-settlement. The Locarno treaties set a practical limit to what Great Britain is prepared to guarantee, and even these do not bind the whole Empire. Thus, technically speaking, we have almost reverted to the nineteenth century position: for the Rhineland Pact is an enlarged version of our old obligation towards Belgium. But the reason for this is not insularity or indifference among

the English-speaking peoples. It is really the opposite—the impossibility of deciding in advance, on behalf of vigorous democratic communities, the action to be taken in circumstances that cannot be exactly foreseen. Guarantees of the kind contemplated in 1919 have, in fact, proved incompatible with parliamentary institutions of the British type or with the psychology of the American people.

It has taken the French and others some time to realize this, but they have now at last allowed a world-wide system of guarantees to drop out of the picture. But a Continental system of mutual guarantees is retained, or rather re-introduced, for an excellent reason. For, in this case, the alternative is not voluntary co-operation against the law-breaker, but an old-fashioned system of competitive alliances, such as exists, openly or secretly, between France, Belgium, Poland and the Little Entente countries on the one hand and an opposing group on the other. There is a tendency in this country to ask whether a new European Pact is needed. The answer is that such a Pact, entered into at the moment when Germany's demand for equality has been conceded, would automatically entail the end of the system of alliances which has grown up on the Continent since 1920 as a substitute for the effective working of the Covenant system. It is not likely therefore to be strongly resisted by Germany, who leads the weaker party in the new European Balance of Power: and since it is proposed by France, agreement between the two chief Continental rivals should solve the problem. To anyone who wonders why the Continental democracies should accept obligations which we consider undemocratic the answer is easy. The problem of security presses upon the Continental peoples with an urgency which we in this country cannot appreciate. Rightly or wrongly, we consider ourselves, to use a Geneva phrase, "producers of security" in any scheme of mutual assistance. There is not a nation on the Continent which does not look upon itself in the light of a "consumer of security". Thus the common man from Bordeaux to Riga would regard an effective Continent-wide guarantee not as an obligation but as a relief—provided always that Great Britain,

whilst detached, remained keenly interested in its operation.

The third principle in the Covenant is that "any circumstance which threatens international peace is an international interest". This has been fully accepted by public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. One has only to turn to nineteenth century practice to realize what an immense advance on pre-war thinking and policies this involves.

The fourth principle, the agreement not to go to war till an effort at peaceful settlement has been made, has been far outstripped by events. For the Kellogg Pact involves an obligation to abstain altogether from other than peaceful means for settling disputes. Previous to the Kellogg Pact this principle had already been introduced into the East European Locarno Treaties. It is now proposed to re-introduce it, in the form of a collective assurance. Again it may be asked why existing pledges should be repeated. The answer is that circumstances alter cases. The Germany which signed the Locarno agreements in 1925 and the Kellogg Pact in 1928 was neither politically nor morally the Germany of 1932. To reaffirm an obligation under changed conditions is virtually to undertake a new obligation.

Thus the making of such an agreement or declaration would certainly contribute greatly to a real revival of confidence throughout the Continent: and this in its turn would at last inaugurate a first considerable stage of military disarmament. Moreover, the solemn renewal of the Locarno assurance is equally important in relation to British opinion: for it is inconceivable that the clear violation of a pledge thus freely given would not immediately mobilize public opinion in this country on the side of the victim of aggression. In such circumstances, the peoples of the Continent can trust us to take the measures most appropriate to the particular situation. The fact that Continental statesmanship is at last revealing an understanding of the character and processes of British public opinion is one of the most hopeful features in the new international situation.

The fifth principle in the Covenant is the provision of machinery for securing a peaceful settlement of disputes.

Such machinery was very inadequate before 1914. There is sufficient of it now—perhaps even more than sufficient. But the difficulty has been that it has not been made full use of for the disputes which are the chief causes of bitterness, particularly on the Continent. Here we touch the thorny question of Treaty revision. Is the *status quo* to be stabilized by new pacts and assurances, it will be asked, without any immediate prospect of the reconsideration of the unsatisfactory portions of the Peace Treaties? This is a difficulty which must be frankly faced. Let it be noted, to begin with, that there has already been a considerable measure of Treaty revision. Thus, a glance at the Treaty of Versailles reveals the fact that Part 7 (Penalties), Part 8 (Reparation), Part 10 (Economic clauses), Part 11 (Aerial Navigation) have all been greatly modified, whilst Part 5 (Military, naval and air clauses) is in process of being re-negotiated.

But these revisions, important though they are, do not touch the main cause of unrest, which arises in connection with the territorial clauses. On this point, frankly speaking, certain sections of British opinion have shown a singular lack of realism. It is urged, for instance, that the Polish government should be compelled to negotiate on the question of the Corridor. But who is to compel it, and by what means? And how could a government which yielded to such pressure, whether open or secret, maintain itself in power in face of its own public opinion? There are undoubtedly frontiers in Central and Eastern Europe which ought to be revised in the interests of general tranquillity: and the statesmen in the countries concerned are well aware of the desirability of arriving at a permanent settlement which will heal the wounds of the war. But it is as impossible to carry through a delicate negotiation of this kind in the present atmosphere as it would have been, for instance, for Great Britain to have ceded Heligoland to Germany after the Kaiser had described himself as the Emperor of the Atlantic. To ask for the revision of frontiers simultaneously with a security pact is to ask the impossible. The only possible procedure is, first to create conditions of mutual confidence and then to negotiate. Stresemann, who

was a realist, understood this better than some of his successors. He frankly admitted that the eastern frontiers of Germany must some day be revised, but promised that they should not be revised by force : and the atmosphere at Locarno was such that his declaration excited little or no resentment among Germany's eastern neighbours. We need to get back to Locarno and to start from the point where Stresemann left off.

The last principle in the Covenant scheme is that of sanctions. On this point British and American opinion has undergone a complete change since 1918. We have almost forgotten that the original American conception of the League, sponsored by leading Republicans like ex-President Taft, was that of a League to Enforce Peace or that it was Lord Robert Cecil (as he then was) who declared to Colonel House that " unless some form of coercion can be devised which will work more or less automatically no league of peace will endure ".* The French, on the other hand, have remained steadfast to the ideas of 1918, and have re-introduced an element of this into their latest plan. No doubt these suggested provisions for " an armed league " will lead to a complicated negotiation : we would prefer a wholesale scrapping of offensive weapons : the French would rather stock them in Spain or elsewhere. But the Conference will not break down on this issue, because it is really of secondary importance. For, dump or no dump, everyone admits that the really effective sanction in the post-war world is economic : and economic measures require the active support of public opinion. Thus we are brought back to the point from which we started—the need for a system sufficiently flexible to make allowance for the free play of public opinion, especially in the English-speaking countries whose naval and economic power is preponderant.

Our examination has shown that, in spite of the defects which time has revealed in the Covenant, there exist to-day the scattered elements of a co-operative world organization in the Kellogg Pact, the Locarno agreements and the Covenant of the League of Nations. But there is no automatic machinery to hold it together. Ultimately, its sole effective binding force

* The Intimate Papers of Colonel House, iv. 40.

is public opinion, which, in practice, means public opinion in the English-speaking countries and in certain countries in Western and Central Europe. And public opinion in the English-speaking countries cannot be controlled beforehand by any form of pledge that can be devised.

Does that mean that the system is so loose as to be unworkable ? Clearly not, for if that were so, the British Commonwealth, which is even more lacking in central machinery, would be doomed to disintegration. It is not the looseness of the new international system which endangers its working, but the lack of that which holds the British Commonwealth together, a common political outlook. It is on this supreme need, rather than on propaganda against armaments and other symptoms of the old order, that the peace movement should have concentrated. Is it possible to provide for the heterogeneous peoples gathered together in the proposed new co-operative system a driving power sufficiently strong to overcome age-long habits and to reconcile age-long differences ? For the moment, all that unites them, in so far as they are united at all, is a common fear of war, based on the memory of the last conflict, and a glimmering apprehension of the still greater horrors foreshadowed for the next. This negative philosophy may, and indeed, in present political circumstances, can suffice to bring the Disarmament Conference to a successful conclusion and to carry the World Economic Conference through the first stage of a new world-task.

But something more than this is needed if the foundations of a permanent new system are to be laid. This line of thought cannot here be developed further. Suffice it to say that any man's judgment on whether this new system will prove practicable depends ultimately on whether he believes that we have reached a point in human history in which the play of power, which must always exist in human affairs, will henceforward be carried on along less barbaric and destructive lines than through mutual slaughter. Is Science, the master-power of the modern world, to be the friend or the enemy of mankind ? That, in the last analysis, is the question which the Disarmament Conference has to answer.

CHANGE IN AMERICA

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE greater the electorate, the simpler must be the political issues which it can decide. American elections, in magnitude the greatest of them all, compress issues to the utmost simplicity. Mr. Hoover was elected four years ago to retain prosperity. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt has now been elected to give the American people a change. Issues there have been, but these did not decide the outcome. There was no choice between two systems of political thought. There was not even the dominating factor of two contrasted personalities. President Hoover was not popular, yet Governor Roosevelt did not arouse great enthusiasm. He was no crusader with an awakened nation behind him. Neither his policies, nor his personality clinched his victory. He won because the country wanted a change.

This over-simplification would not make difficult the task of interpreting the election if one could go on to say what change it is that the American people wanted. But this it is impossible to say. There is only one clear though not instructive answer : they wanted a change from Republican mentality and from the Republican personnel at Washington. They had lost patience, not so much with policies as with faces and voices and phrases. Above all they had lost any belief once possessed in the destiny of the Republican party to bring good times. That is, America voted for a change from, and not to, something.

Indeed the fulfilment of this undefined promise of change is all that one can predict from the election. There will, there must be a change. This must entail more than a change of faces, voices and phrases. The Democrats must justify their

election by trying out new policies. They must engender new ideas, new remedies for such problems as unemployment, farm relief and industrial stagnation.

The natural source for information as to what this experimentation may be like would be the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt and the platform of the Democratic Party. A comparison between the platforms of the two parties ought to give a clear lead. But these sources are singularly unsuggestive. Between the two platforms there are certain differences, but on closer examination they are found to be mostly differences in method rather than ideas. The speeches of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, too, were different, but closer examination again shows hardly any difference in principle. Mr. Hoover invented and tried to underscore differences. He painted Mr. Roosevelt as a reckless radical, aiming at the foundations of American economic welfare. He even fitted him out with a completely contrasted philosophy of politics. But the country did not believe him. Nothing Mr. Roosevelt was saying or advocating was recklessly radical, and whatever he said was about as devoid of new political philosophy as could well be imagined. When Mr. Hoover made his sensational prediction that the grass would grow in the streets of a hundred cities and weeds in countless farms if the Democrats were elected, they could recall his trumpeting early in his term that the depression had already ended. No prophet ever confronted more disbelief.

The differences between the two platforms were slight, but a reference to two of them will supply the chief material for a discussion of what the American elections will mean to the rest of the world. These were in the questions of debts and tariffs.

The two debt policies were not much different, but the Democrats had one idea which was missing from Republican doctrine. They admitted a connection between debts and tariffs, and while they opposed cancellation they did so with a pledge of making it possible for Europe to pay. President Hoover admitted the possibility of debts being reduced, but promised this would only be done in return for corresponding advantages in trade.

Tariffs, then, were a subject where real differences are discoverable. Much of the European comment since the election has underscored the hope that the Democrats would introduce a liberal tariff revision, and so co-operate with other countries for the revival of world trade. This comment may prove to be correct. But for the present it must be accepted with great reserve. True it is, the Democrats once were a low tariff party, as against the steady protectionism of the Republicans. In past days, apologists for the American political system used to say with relief that there was at least this distinction left between the two parties. But even this distinction began to fade. Democratic Congressmen were discovered to be in favour of low tariffs which hit industries in the other fellow's constituency, but ready enough to protect those in their own. Log-rolling for higher tariff rates was just as notable among Democratic members as among Republican.

No error would invite more disillusionment in judging the outcome of the election than to read into it a change from the American protectionist credo. The American nation has not begun a basic transformation of its tariff ideas. It still is protectionist. All that it has done is to choose as President a man for whom tariffs are not so sacrosanct as they were for President Hoover. Mr. Roosevelt is willing to lower them somewhat if he can make advantageous bargains with other countries. This idea of bargaining for advantage, and lowering tariffs as part of the process, is a change if you please. But it is not a change in philosophy. Mr. Roosevelt pledged himself to continue the protection of American agricultural products. He also promised that tariffs should continue to protect American industry. Mr. Roosevelt knew his America and he wanted to be elected.

The American people have not yet learned the economic truths about tariffs and international payments, and it is not unkind to doubt whether Mr. Roosevelt and many of his friends had given it long and arduous thought. Former Governor Alfred Smith adumbrated a scheme for reducing debts which he laid before the American public a year ago,

and was acclaimed for astuteness and statesmanship at the time. The scheme was to let off countries from their debts to the amount of the increased American exports they accepted. If it is economically impossible for countries to make these payments now, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Smith thought they could afford to buy additional American exports.

Such thinking over debts is not confined to Democratic statesmen. Republicans and Democrats alike have the *idée fixe* of exports. No authoritative American statesman has yet tried to convince the American people that they must choose between being a great exporting nation and being a great creditor nation, and that they cannot expand exports if they are to be the financial heirs of Great Britain. American economists have said it, and have suggested it might be judicious for America to have a visible adverse balance of trade. But to the general run of the American people, and their politicians as well, they appear to be talking nonsense. American industry has always striven and strained to sell exports, and it has grown wealthy. The inscrutable fact that during the war America ceased to be a debtor country has not been analysed by the public, and Mr. Roosevelt, whatever his personal views on the subject, said nothing educational about it during the campaign. Nor did what he had to say suggest that he has himself decided which destiny America will accept.

We are told he is planning to raise the price of farm produce in America, and sell the American food surplus abroad at lower prices. He is reported to be worried about the effect this will have abroad, fearing it may be considered dumping. But he is not reported to be worried about the effect it will have at home, where the consumer might be expected to ask why the food that costs him dearly should be forced upon the foreigner at lower prices, and the foreigner enriched at his expense.

Another puzzling tit-bit of information is a scheme Mr. Roosevelt proposed for negotiating tariff reductions with other countries. He would seek out those fields of manufactures which America makes more economically than the other countries and fields where other countries manufacture more

economically than America, and then agree for an increase of trade to an equal amount in each field. For an increased purchase of American exports he would agree to a corresponding increase of American imports from each foreign country. This scheme shows Mr. Roosevelt's preoccupation with exports. It may have manifest disadvantages for individual countries. They may need to sell much more to America than they buy. And if they are to be financed by American loans they will not be able to repay those loans unless they have an export balance, to which America might have to contribute. Nor does this scheme take into account that the reorganization of world trade and the consolidation of America's own position as a lending nation may make it essential for her to curtail exports, at least to avoid the huge export surplus of boom years.

It would not be fair to assume that we have heard the whole of the tariff policy of the new administration, or can measure what the Americans will in the end be ready to do in economic co-operation. The Democratic leaders will be wiser in framing actual policy than they were on the platform making campaign speeches. And the education of the public to new ideas of world economics can be more safely undertaken after the election. This process of education, indeed, becomes one of the greatest duties which lies before Mr. Roosevelt. And he is in a happy position to undertake it. He has the good will of the country, and he has, above all, a Congress which will follow rather than thwart him. Perhaps a most hopeful feature in an otherwise unpromising outlook is that Mr. Roosevelt himself is willing to learn. His friends pay him a tribute when they say he is a man who knows what it is he does not know, and is glad to consult experts. Mr. Hoover unquestionably suffered from the faith that he already was an expert. At any rate, his nature was to resent an inference that he did not know. He was a hard President to cross, and so to enlighten.

But this warning against expecting too liberal and enlightened a tariff policy from Mr. Roosevelt is only another way of saying that popular education takes time, and that the people whom the new President must please as well as lead cannot

change their earlier ideas all at once. The election was not fought over tariffs, and Mr. Roosevelt will hardly claim he has a mandate for sweeping changes in American tariff policy. Here is the kind of thing he said during the campaign. At Boston, October 31st, he confined his remarks on the tariff to the following passage :

But there is one final objective of my policy, which is more vital and more basic than anything else. I seek to restore the purchasing power of the nation. That and only that will put the people back to work. We need to restore our trade with the world. Under Republican leadership we have lost it, and the President of the United States seems to be indifferent about regaining it. Moreover, we need to give fifty million people who live directly or indirectly upon agriculture a price for their products in excess of the cost of production. That will give them the buying power to start your mills and mines to work to supply their needs. They cannot buy your goods, because they cannot get a fair price for their products. You are poor because they are poor. I favour—and do not let the false statements of my opponents deceive you—continued protection for American agriculture. I favour more than that. I advocate measures to give the farmer an added benefit, called a tariff benefit, to make the tariff effective on his products. The most enlightened business men likewise favour such a benefit.

* * *

Since it is impossible to be clear about the specific help to be expected internationally from the new Administration, one must fall back on the more abstract hope in the word "liberal". For it is true, granted the word "liberal" is not used in the sense of English politics, that Mr. Roosevelt is a right-wing liberal, and his election is a right-wing liberal victory. Many prayed that Mr. Hoover would prove to be a liberal in disguise, but he certainly ended a full-chested conservative in all domestic issues.

What is more, Mr. Roosevelt, it would seem, will have to stay liberal, at least for four years. It happens to be his inclination, but it becomes a political necessity. He dare not be too pronounced in his liberalism, for he must not estrange the strong section of the business community which accepted him in the comfortable conviction that he is a safe man. For this reason conservatives may get some of the key positions in the Cabinet. But Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to estrange the non-party liberals and those of the Republican party who

supported him and made his election possible. The first two years in any President's term of office are dedicated to preparing for the mid-term Congressional elections two years later. After that, presidential policy is altogether dedicated for another two years to winning a second term. A President cannot really cut loose and be himself until that harbour of a second term is reached. Until then he is always the candidate, always thinking of votes. It is a defect in the American system. It curbs constructive statesmanship. In times of crisis it is a painful and disturbing weakness. But Mr. Roosevelt by now should have decided that he won his victory through liberal support and that if the Democratic party is to be victorious four years hence he must consolidate himself as a liberal leader. He will want to continue to hold such progressive Republicans as Senators Norris and Johnson. Then, too, Mr. Roosevelt captured the more radical vote, and will not overlook the fact. Most of the men and women who were expected to vote the Socialist ticket, not from conviction, but as a gesture of despair about both traditional parties, voted for him. Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, counted on a million and a half votes, and the newspapers predicted two million for him. They recalled that the late Eugene Debs polled nearly a million in 1920 and that the late Senator La Follette, as joint candidate for Socialists and Progressives in 1924, polled more than four million. It turned out that Mr. Thomas received just over half a million. It is noteworthy that a country in which one-fourth of the families are destitute and are being supported by the other three-fourths, either through family loyalty or through private charity or state assistance, should show no greater determination to change the social system itself. But the votes of fundamental protest against destitution went to Mr. Roosevelt, and he will hardly disregard them.

Internationally the term liberal, if not defined, is at least a good omen. President Wilson was a liberal, and the Democratic party still counts a horde of members who keep the faith which he awakened. But this liberalism will be an attitude rather than a policy. The Wilsonian policies have been

rejected past redemption. What has not been rejected is the generally favourable view of the desirability of international co-operation. The atmosphere should be friendly. The tone of voice should be a degree warmer. Mr. Roosevelt himself has never taken a lead in matters of foreign policy, and will need time to master its problems. But he can fall back on able advisers, men like Colonel House, Frank Polk, Owen Young, John W. Davis, Norman Davis, Newton D. Baker, all with practical knowledge of foreign affairs. Most of them hark back to the Wilson days. Norman Davis for the past year has been invaluable as America's unofficial ambassador-at-large while delegate to the Disarmament Conference, and has had an influence in many capitals which ultimately will be widely known and acclaimed.

But the substance of American foreign policy will remain intact. Nor would it be generous to President Hoover to suggest that in the realm of co-operation for peace and disarmament, and above all in the Far East, a change is desirable. President Hoover's administration will not be condemned for selfishness or lack of courage in these fields. And Mr. Stimson, as Secretary of State, will not be an easy man to replace. Mr. Roosevelt will find a man who will be more popular, and understand better the essential art of getting on with the public. But his successor will have marked ability if he leaves a better record. With his stand on Manchuria, and with his elucidation of the Peace Pact, Mr. Stimson has made an impress on American foreign policy comparable to that of John Hay, and deeper than that of any Secretary of State since Hay.

More and more the partisan outlook on foreign affairs has weakened in America, and, while there is no accepted tradition of continuity, something like it is slowly forming. When President Wilson took only Democratic delegates to Versailles he not only defeated the Versailles treaty in the Senate, he taught all future Presidents a bitter lesson. Mr. Hoover learned it. He sent Democrats to the London Naval Conference and to the Disarmament Conference. And he used the services of Mr. Norman Davis even during the campaign

without a thought of the gain which might accrue to his opponents.

* * *

Europe has followed the "noble experiment" of prohibition in America with fascination, and it will watch now to see whether the gangsters, bootleggers, and mass corrupters of municipal politics vanish from the scene with the passing of the Prohibition amendment. They will have to wait, for amendments to the Constitution are not easy to be rid of. Amendments or their repeal require the support of three-fourths of the States. Thus thirteen states can block repeal; and unless a constitutional convention is summoned, the repeal must first win through both Houses of Congress with a two-thirds majority before being submitted to the States. In either case, time is needed. Nor is it certain that thirty-six States will decide to ratify the appeal. Unquestionably, a three-fourths majority could be found in a popular vote, where the cities could poll their strength against the rural Middle-West and South, where prohibition sentiment survives. But the United States will be reminded of the somewhat archaic fact that its name denotes a Federation, and that in these matters states tally, not individuals.

Without the repeal of the Amendment, the utmost that Congress can do is to prevaricate legally about what is an intoxicating beverage. The Eighteenth Amendment omits the definition and the Volstead Act at present supplies the deficiency. It sets the limit of alcoholic content at one-half of one per cent. The new Congress can and undoubtedly will raise this percentage so as to legalize beers and light wines. It will not be accurate to say that beer and light wines are not intoxicating, but Congress can excuse itself on the ground that it has an undeniable mandate to repeal prohibition.

But this will not do away with bootlegging, though it will be the beginning of that long process. Americans have become spirit drinkers during prohibition, and they have drunk to get "the kick out of it". The whole outlook on drinking will have to change before the market for whisky and gin disappears. But spirits are dear, and beers and wines will be cheaper, an

economic argument which will expedite the change in habits. Respectable citizens, too, will experience more trouble now than before in explaining to themselves why they "have a bootlegger" at all. So the trade in spirits will drop, and no doubt many bootleggers will willingly switch over to lawfulness and the selling of beers and wines. But some, no doubt, will go on supplying spirits, and liquor gangs will remain, along with the many other gangs not dependent on liquor revenue.

The campaign in America did not work up any popular fervour against lawlessness and corruption. Even here it was not a crusading campaign. The horror of the Lindbergh tragedy did not hold over to influence either party or its candidates. This naturally puzzles foreign observers of American affairs. Corruption and crime may not be so widespread as many foreigners believe. But in the great cities where corruption is admittedly serious beyond exaggeration, crusades can really not get at it. Corruption and gangsterism have their origin in conditions, and these cannot be changed by mere indignation. Modern America has always had its corrupt municipalities, and prohibition has merely given scope to lawlessness. The scope will be lessened when prohibition passes. But the basic weakness of municipal government will remain. Indeed, the legalization of beer and wine will at once bring back openly into politics the same elements, the brewers and the retailers of drink who always were there before prohibition.

* * *

All three of the great democracies of the Western world have held elections within thirteen months, all of them elections chiefly influenced by the depression. In two of them, France and the United States, the result has been a moderate liberal victory. Only in Great Britain did the elections bring Conservatives into office, and here it was a reaction against a left-wing government. There has been no sign on the horizon either of Fascism or revolutionary Socialism. In all three countries the results can certainly be read as a vote of confidence in the institutions of democracy, and, particularly in France and the United States, as a vote for a generous spirit in home

and world affairs. In America, where the blows of the economic crisis have hit individuals more violently than in England or France, the reaction has not been to a more violent political outlook. And this justification of democracy in a testing time of stress is a contribution to the world which America now has made. It is the first, and undoubtedly the most important meaning of the election.

HIDDEN GRIEF

That time you hid your grief,
Who other times would show
Your heart of hearts to me,
It was as though

In a loved land,
Whose hills and vales I know
And fair familiar walks,
You fenced about
And would not let me go
Into one guarded wood of whispering leaf,
Lest I should trespass so
On lonely grief.

And I, shut out—
Musing because,
Silent itself, the wood was circled round
With every singing sound
Of the heart's April ;
With green pastures known
And breathing airs more native than my own—
I, so withstood,
Longed more
Than all rich other countries to explore
Those whispering shades,
Sad, silent glades ;
Your grief so near to me, not understood.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

MR. DE VALERA'S REPUBLIC

BY HUGH A. LAW

IT is now some nine months since, by the vote of the Dáil then recently elected, Mr. de Valera became President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State. During this period he and his colleagues have enjoyed the reality as well as the show of power, their majority though small being sufficient, and the Opposition having shown itself anything but eager to precipitate another dissolution before the country should have learned by experience the consequences of Republican-Labour policy.

In the article which I contributed to the May number of this Review I tried to give some account of the motives which had chiefly swayed the electorate, insisting particularly upon the promises made by Fianna Fáil that, if returned to office, it would put an end to emigration, would find work for all the unemployed, would reduce taxation by £2,000,000 a year through economies easily realizable, would retain the Land Annuities for the benefit of the farmers, would, in short, as one election placard, I think, declared, provide "better times for all". Mr. de Valera and his friends, we were further assured, had "a plan".

It is therefore pertinent to enquire how far these promises have been realized and what is the character of the Plan which (one may assume) is now in operation. He would indeed be a brave man who should assure any gathering in town or country to-day that the better times had arrived, or that any one of these promises had been fulfilled in the manner anticipated by the electorate. It is true that emigration has ceased and that there is even a reverse movement observable, since quite a number of those who failed to find or to retain jobs in other countries have of late returned to Ireland. But everyone

knows that emigration had ceased for all practical purposes long before the Election, as a consequence of restrictions enforced by the government of the United States, and that the return of earlier emigrants is evidence, not of prosperity at home, but of an increasing unemployment abroad.

The Land Annuities have been "kept at home"; but of any resultant benefit the farmers are, to put it mildly, not acutely aware. Taxation, far from being reduced, was increased by the last Budget by some four million pounds, and, by all the signs, the worst is still to come. As for unemployment, common report, the growth of outdoor relief or "home assistance", the proceedings of local authorities, deputations to ministers, official figures compiled from labour exchange records—all testify to an alarming and swiftly progressive increase. The very trades that normally employ the largest number of hands, directly or indirectly, are those which have suffered most.

Apart from State-aided housing schemes, building appears to be at a standstill, and difficulties, already great, have been increased by tariffs imposed upon almost the entire range of raw material, of which the domestic supply is either unsuitable, as with home-grown timber, or insufficient as with slates, or non-existent as with most constructional metals. Work at the docks, upon which so many of the poorest inhabitants of Dublin and other cities depend, has fallen off with the catastrophic decline in exports. Messrs. Jacobs, the biscuit manufacturers have, I believe, already transferred a considerable part of the business formerly done here to the other side of the Channel. The still more important firm of Arthur Guinness and Company has had to restrict its activities, with results incapable of exact measurement since they affect not merely those directly in the employment, but also the growers of barley, maltsters, carters and labourers. The Great Southern Railway Company, already staggering under the load of unremunerative branch lines imposed upon it by the Railways Act of 1924, by roadway competition and by a standard wage-rate 140 per cent. over pre-war level, has been doubly hit of late by the imposition of five shillings a ton duty on

British coal and, still more seriously, by the almost complete stoppage of the cattle trade. When it is remembered that for years past receipts from passengers, merchandize and livestock have progressively declined and that even in respect of 1931 no dividends were paid on the ordinary or preference shares, it will be realized that this company, the largest single employer in the Free State, is not far from the point at which its very existence as a working concern must be in peril.

Worst of all, because of most widespread concern, is the plight of agriculture. Figures published by the Department of Local Government show that of the £2,453,441 collectable as rates in the current financial year, only £460,461 had been paid during the six months ended September 30th. In many counties the percentage outstanding was well over eighty; in one over ninety. In some measure this is probably an indirect consequence of the Land Annuities campaign with its atmosphere of debt-repudiation; the Irish countryman making, as a rule, no very clear distinction between the various demands of official persons, whether the ultimate recipient of the money be the holder of land stock, the Irish Treasury, or the county council. But to a much greater extent it is doubtless due to sheer lack of means. One of the largest farmers in the South of Ireland has just published a letter sent by him to his rate collector.

You are aware [he writes] that for many years I have regularly paid you rates in full out of lands which, in the depression of the last eleven years, must be of no value to me or to any other farmers employing labour. All these years I have paid you and my workmen out of money borrowed from my bank or out of capital sold out. This year I meant to pay you out of grazing money due next week, but I don't suppose the cattle can be sold to pay it. If I get it I will pay you at once. Our government has lost our market for cattle, has shaken our credit so that I cannot go to my bank for the rates as in former years, has taken my outside surplus in increased income-tax, and calls upon employers to go on giving employment, after taking away the means of paying for it.

Nor is the small man in much better case, except in so far as his employees are unpaid members of his family. Broadly speaking, the Irish farmer, big and small, looks to his livestock as to the one source from which cash is readily obtainable. And now, just when the grass is failing and he must sell at all costs

—if only that he may pay the shopkeeper something on account and thus get credit over the winter—prices fall and fall; not for the cattle only, but also for the eggs and poultry on which his wife has counted on making something towards the family budget.

The moment chosen for precipitating this crisis appears singularly unpropitious, and it is not easy to discover in the random doings of our Executive anything that can be called a Plan; unless we give that name to a jumble of fixed ideas conceived and applied without regard to time, logic, or circumstance. Tariffs, they seem to say, are often useful for the protection of particular industries; therefore let us have more and more tariffs, even though many of them resemble the luggage of Alice's White Knight. Wheat is good; therefore let us grow wheat at the taxpayer's expense, regardless of climate at home or prices abroad. England has treated us badly in the past; therefore let us be instant in quarrel now. Freedom is a fine thing; therefore let us count ourselves slaves, so long as there remains any limitation upon our sovereignty, whether this be imposed by the nature of things or for good reason agreed to by ourselves.

Surely few governments have so sacrificed substance to shadow. For though much of our present distress is due to causes beyond their control, yet no impartial judge could, I think, acquit our rulers of having rendered a difficult situation ten times more difficult. When they took office agriculturists the world over were already in desperate straits, and competition in the urban markets of Great Britain was keener than ever before. On the other hand, the Free State had, somewhat unexpectedly, contrary to the long established usage of England, been given certain preferences in those markets. There was every reason to expect that if she played her cards with the most elementary prudence, she would receive, through Ottawa, far more important and permanent advantages. Yet this was the very moment selected to remove her from the top to the bottom of the queue. More than this—having a choice of several methods of raising the issues of the Oath and inter-State payments, the Executive deliberately selected

the only one which not merely sacrifices all immediate advantage (since the farmer is still obliged to pay the Land Annuities* and since the State is driven to use the money in partial, and quite inadequate, compensation of his losses), but is only too likely to forfeit the goodwill of British customers for years to come.

Let me try now to answer, if I can, three questions which are often asked here, less often, but now and again no doubt, in Great Britain. What, apart from these immediate controversies, does Mr. de Valera really want? How far does his policy, whatever it is, commend itself to the Irish people? Does the Free State desire to remain part of the Commonwealth?

No very simple reply can be given to any one of these questions. Thus, we know that Mr. de Valera's ultimate ideal is an all-Ireland Republic, related in some special but undefined fashion to Great Britain. But, since (given British acquiescence) "Ulster" still blocks the way, and since Mr. de Valera himself has evidently abandoned any idea of "blasting a way through" in that direction, the more immediate problem is whether his second choice is the establishment of a Republic in the Twenty-Six Counties or the maintenance of Dominion Status subject to such modifications as may render it more acceptable to his left wing. His utterances and actions, viewed as a whole, are compatible with a later move in either direction. One may remark, on the one hand, the studied insults offered to the late Governor-General, which are the more inexplicable, because Mr. McNeill was a model of official propriety and Mr. de Valera, it is fair to add, is rarely lacking in personal courtesy; on the other the fact that the vacant office is apparently to be filled and, further, that one of the Ministers who caused some scandal by quitting the French Legation rather than be found in the same room as His Majesty's representative in the Free State, subsequently, while at Ottawa, joined very properly in the loyal messages to the King and signed a Treaty with Canada "on behalf of His Majesty's government in the Irish Free State".

* Since this was written the Government has promised a partial moratorium for the most impecunious.

Again, while the proposed abolition of the Parliamentary Oath and the marked favour shown to the I.R.A.—a Bill is now before the Dáil which provides pensions and gratuities for those who took arms against the Treaty in 1922—have a decidedly Republican flavour, it could be plausibly argued that these are measures artfully designed to kill Republicanism by kindness or at the least to win over its adherents to more constitutional courses and so prepare the way for general acceptance of the existing régime. But Mr. de Valera is a man of mystery, and I have no skill to read his mind. One must be content to know that for the moment the question does not arise, since he has expressly disclaimed any mandate for immediate withdrawal from Commonwealth membership.*

The mind of the electorate is far less subtle and, though necessarily complex, easier of analysis. In it these high constitutional issues play but a small part; for most of us are, and must always be, far more constantly concerned with our bread and butter. I should say that the prevailing mood is mainly compounded of disillusionment, disappointment and dismay—disillusionment because the hopes of February have vanished, disappointment because each fresh break in negotiation makes the longed-for settlement more difficult than ever, dismay because all are suffering and fated to suffer more. Thousands of people who voted for Fianna Fáil candidates last winter must now bitterly regret it. Nevertheless the cry that Mr. Cosgrave is “playing England’s game” has probably not been without some effect. Nor would it be wise to ignore the attraction of Mr. de Valera’s personality. Just those qualities which make Mr. de Valera useless as a negotiator help also to make him a popular hero. The crowd loves those high-sounding phrases, those absolute conceptions of freedom, unity and so forth, those dearly familiar appeals to ancient passion, in which he abounds.

* If one turns from the political to the social and economic, the puzzle is even greater. Given a completely free hand, what kind of social order would Mr. de Valera desire to create? If, as he has sometimes hinted, it is a simpler, less commercialised National life, then why these tariffs to promote just that ugly and cruel industrialisation, which we have so far in the main escaped? And if Christian journalism and a diffused well-being for all classes then why this association with Bolsheviks, for whom the Christian socialist is the worst and most dangerous of all possible rivals?

If and when the question of whether she desires a Republic is asked of her, what will the Free State reply? Quite obviously, unless a vast change occurs in public sentiment, no even approximately unanimous answer can be expected. In spite of its obvious drawbacks, in spite of its putting an end to all hope of union with the North-East, if Mr. de Valera should decide for a Twenty-Six-County Republic, Fianna Fáil will undoubtedly follow him. The attitude of Labour is somewhat doubtful. But it stood firm for the Treaty in 1921-22; and there seems to be no sufficient reason to believe it has changed its mind. On the other hand, anything whatever which looks like being aimed at England is assured of the support, physical and other, of the I.R.A. and its kindred associations. These have all the appearance of possessing unified leadership and a common objective—the establishment of a revolutionary state on the Russian model. Their leaders are openly contemptuous of Mr. de Valera’s political idealism, and show little more affection for a “bourgeois” Republic than for an “Imperialist” Free State. Yet for some time to come extreme nationalism seems likely to serve as, at any rate, a useful stalking horse. Recent events in Spain and Mexico—to say nothing of Russia itself—have not tended to render Communism more acceptable to a country which, as was shown by popular participation in the recent Eucharistic Congress, is still fervently and staunchly Catholic.

It is generally believed that the I.R.A. has secured additional recruits and arms since Mr. de Valera took office; and not long ago appeared likely to dominate the position completely. If free speech still exists to-day and if free elections may still perhaps be permitted in future, it is thanks to the counterweight of the Army Comrades Association. This body, as its name suggests, was originally formed to protect the interests of ex-service men of all ranks of the National Army. But in view of the too evident intention of the I.R.A. and its allies to reach their end through violence and of the organized intimidation which Mr. de Valera, to do him justice, has condemned, but which he seems unable to prevent, the Association, under the leadership of Dr. O’Higgins, brother of the Minister

of Justice murdered in 1927, lately decided to enlarge both its membership and its scope. Its appeal for volunteers pledged to assist the authorities in the maintenance of public order and to resist Communism by all lawful means has evoked a magnificent response. There is, I am told, now no county without strong branches of the Association, the particular value of which lies in this: that it offers a rallying point for that great silent, scattered majority of quiet folk who have in the past so often lain at the mercy of organized ruffianism. At any rate nothing has done so much to dispel the fear of finding ourselves back again in the horrible condition of 1922-3 as the courageous action of the Army Comrades Association.

If now we take the forces so far enumerated as approximately cancelling out, we are left with two bodies of opinion whose reaction to such a question as I have supposed it is very difficult to predict. The first is represented by Parliamentary Labour, by whose votes the present Executive is now sustained. In the critical days of 1921-2 this Party stood firm for the Treaty, and there is no sufficient reason for supposing it to have changed its mind on this issue. But its personnel has altered a good deal in the interval and some of the allusions of the present leader have a strong flavour of republicanism. The second and more important is that of those voters—proportionately fewer than their like in Great Britain, but still numerous—who cannot be counted steady adherents of any political group. For my own part I do not doubt that if these could be got to understand all that is at stake and to realize the consequences which must inevitably follow from a breaking away, a great majority would vote for remaining within the Commonwealth. Innumerable ties, quite unconnected with the present or any conceivable treaty—ties of blood, language and literature, still stronger and more numerous ties of social habit and economic interest—bind us to Great Britain and her sister nations. It needs no great mental exertion to discover how much that Irishmen of all kinds and classes now take for granted we should sacrifice by becoming aliens to the Commonwealth. Unfortunately, of no democracy can it safely

be presumed that a majority will bring to bear even that minimum of steady thinking which the resolution of the simplest political problem demands.

Few of my countrymen have yet realized that the Imperialism they hate—not without cause—is as dead as the Pragmatic Sanction. We forget but too easily the profound constitutional changes of the past thirty years and take no account at all of the still more important revolution in English thought. One need not be very old to remember a time when Englishmen, looking at the map, would congratulate themselves on the vast sum of their “possessions”, not without envious glances at such portions of the world's surface as still, in defiance of Providence, “belonged” to lesser breeds of men. To-day they are far more disposed to lighten than to increase the burden of Empire; as witness Egypt, Iraq, India and Ireland herself.

On the other hand, there is little or no positive ill-will towards England, unless it be among the most ignorant and fanatical of the I.R.A. Many of us, when we are thrown with flesh and blood English people, discover that we like them very well. Whenever we stop to think, we realize that we have precious little to gain and a good deal to lose through marooning ourselves on a Robinson Crusoe Republic. But we do not often stop to think. Thus the old spell-words still have power, and our controversies, foreign and domestic, too often resemble that “dim weird battle of the west” where

“ . . . friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew.”

For I sometimes think the Druid madness is still upon us and that this island verily lies, as Standish O'Grady—that odd and lovable genius—used to say, under a Great Enchantment.

TROLLOPE AFTER FIFTY YEARS

By ARTHUR WAUGH

I

THE present month marks the fiftieth anniversary of Anthony Trollope's death, on December 6th, 1882; and many voices are sure to be raised from many pulpits in tribute to his achievement, and to challenge its rank, after the sifting influence of half a century, in the long regiment of English fiction. In the multitude of such counsellors there may well be wisdom; and yet it might perhaps be reasonably claimed that there is no place where Trollope should invite consideration more intimate and sympathetic than in the pages of *The Fortnightly Review*, the magazine of which he himself was virtually the founder, and with whose early struggles he was so closely and personally concerned.

For, to one looking back over the interval of nearly seventy years, it is not difficult to trace in the foundation of *The Fortnightly* a crucial incident in Trollope's literary career, furnishing on the one hand the realisation of a dream which had long kindled his imagination, and on the other a swift disillusion, which fixed the rest of his working life in an orbit from which it was never again to stray or deviate. A brief glance at the circumstances may establish the connection, and perhaps help to a clearer understanding of the rather remarkable and entirely unmerited vicissitudes to which Trollope's reputation has been subjected in the years that lie between. Such vicissitudes are the common fortune of every popular reputation: Trollope's had to face them earlier than most, and was earlier vindicated and restored. The record does honour to his memory, for he had nothing to be ashamed of in the event, and only his early misfortunes to regret.

When *The Fortnightly Review* first saw the light, in May, 1865, Trollope had just completed his fiftieth year, and stood on the summit of his career. He had had a long time to wait for his success, and he had made his way through many discouragements, under the handicap of an abnormally sensitive and self-conscious temperament. The story of his unhappy boyhood has been often told: how he grew up, the son of an impoverished home, bitterly alive to his own shabby awkwardness, and abused by a headmaster (who ought to have known better) as the untidiest young scamp upon the school roll. He left Harrow at 19, having learnt little but a sense of his own inadequacy, and was forthwith thrust into a clerkship in the General Post Office at a salary of £90 a year. Upon the next few years of his life in London he looked back later with disgust, not untainted by shame. The most illuminating of his biographers* believes that he exaggerated their squalor, but for our present purpose it is the effect, and not the actual detail of the experience that counts.

It is enough that by the time he escaped to a freer post in Ireland, at the age of 26, Trollope had suffered such a sense of degradation that the chance of riding about the country in the course of his duties, and the opportunity of meeting congenial and hospitable society, filled him with ideas, and awoke in him a keen ambition, inherited from his mother, to try his fortune as a novelist. He found publishers for what he wrote at once, but only the smallest public. For years he made hardly anything out of authorship—perhaps even less than he had lawfully earned—for he was still too shy to press inquiries upon his publishers, when once they had assured him that his latest book had followed the others into their catalogue of failures. By the time he had written *Barchester Towers* he was still content to accept £100 on account of half-profits, and he considered that he had made a good bargain when Edward Chapman, standing in front of his fire, and flourishing the poker as a weapon of defence, agreed to pay him £400 for the copyright of *Dr. Thorne*. "I considered it to be a sale", said Trollope, "and it was a sale"; but it was scarcely riches.

* *Anthony Trollope*. By Michael Sadleir. Constable & Co.

The appearance of a new magazine was the turning-point, and the success of *Cornhill*, and of Trollope himself as a contributor, may well have been the germ of *The Fortnightly Review*. Trollope saw the prospectus of *Cornhill*, with Thackeray's name as Editor, and wrote to offer a short story. The publishers countered with a proposal for a full-length novel, and an offer of £1,000 for the copyright, provided the first instalment could be ready in six weeks. In spite of other commitments Trollope promised to be ready, and delivered his manuscript with his usual punctuality. Thenceforward he never looked back. The connection raised both his reputation and his earning power. From this time forth, for a period of about twelve years, his income averaged £4,500 a year, a third of which he laid by against a rainy day. He now knew his own worth, and began to dream dreams of commercial enterprise and financial authority. And the first of his fancies was the foundation of *The Fortnightly Review*.

II

The Fortnightly Review is justly proud of its high beginnings and of the illustrious little company which launched it on its long career; but it is nevertheless a matter of history that it began with a false start, and that the enthusiasm of its sponsors was soon upset by internal conflict and misunderstanding. Some of its misfortunes were due to mistakes in policy, and some to the premature confidence of its programme; like so many brave adventures it was a day in advance of its time. The only serious error of the promoters is reflected in the title; a fortnightly publication is not only a nuisance to the trade, but a confusion to the public. Nobody remembers when its appearance is due. After eighteen months the scheme was abandoned, and the review was issued once a month. But in the meanwhile, the capital subscribed, some £9,000 in all, had been lost, Trollope's own contribution of £1,250 of savings included; and the board of management was at loggerheads. "It was a venture", Trollope recorded in his *Autobiography*, "in which some of us trusted much, and from which we expected great things. There was, however, in

truth so little combination of ideas among us that we were not justified in our trust or our expectations. We carried out our principles until our money was all gone, and then we sold the copyright to Chapman and Hall for a trifle".

The experience undoubtedly put an end to Trollope's hope of making a fortune as a business man, although there was never an author with a more business-like gift, when it came to the ordering of his own day's work. But, of course, it was a hopeless enterprise to run a magazine with a committee, and it was apparently premature to imagine that the public was ripe for a periodical in which the burning questions of the day should be discussed impartially over the signatures of public characters of directly opposite views. The policy of the open signature was welcomed; it spread abroad, and gave a further impetus to the claims of individualism with which the political and social atmosphere of the hour was full. But the mid-Victorian public, when it bought a paper, did like to "know where it was"; the Conservative resented the intrusion of Liberal precepts; the Churchman was shocked by the suspicion of agnosticism. Chapman and Hall broke up the policy of a committee altogether. John Morley was appointed editor, and where he edited he imposed upon his paper the stigmata of personality and conviction.

The Fortnightly Review became for the next fifteen years the intrepid champion of the new Liberalism and of free thought, and the sworn foe of middle-class ignorance and complacency. Trollope, who had stipulated from the outset that the paper should publish no word reflecting upon the divinity of Christ, may have watched with dismay the adventurous course of the fighting vessel he had once hoped to control; but, if he cherished a secret disappointment, he kept his sentiment to himself. Henceforward he shut himself up in his study, and pursued his activities as a novelist uninterrupted, except for a morning's hunting, or a gathering of friends in the evening, when the day's work was done. He was no recluse, for his official duties took him out into the world, and in his own way he enjoyed the company of his fellow-men. He still retained something of that shyness which he owed to his early

discomforts, and it often expressed itself in grumpiness and quick temper. He was the bane of publishers' clerks, and the terror of printers' devils; but even they saw enough of his good nature to realize that he had the kindest heart. As for his friends, they all knew him for a man of impregnable honour, and simple generosity—a very present help in the day of tribulation.

He ordered his life with rigour; and his authorship became as much a matter of routine as his office duties. He rose at five-thirty in the morning, did about half-an-hour's revision of his last day's work, while his judgment was freshest, and then went on to fill some ten quarto sheets, carrying in all about 2,500 words. This meant a grand total of about 700,000 words a year, for which his pecuniary reward, when the last account was closed, was not less than £80,000 in all. He was proud of these rewards, because he accounted them the well-earned recompense of industry, and a means to ease and comfort. He wrote frankly of his occupation as "this trade of authorship", and he was not ashamed to assume it as a trade. He may be fairly regarded as the first author to treat literary property, and the production of literary property, systematically as a matter of bargain and sale, following the machine-like methods of the factory, the stock-market, and the retail counter, all working together to a common end.

Of course, in saying this, we would not suggest that Trollope was the first successful author to set a high value upon the commercial rewards of authorship; the difference was in the method of the pursuit, and in the undisturbed concentration of the worker. It was also an accident of the time. For more than a hundred years before the passing of the Reform Bill, the opportunities of the author had been steadily increasing; and, by the time that Trollope began to write, they were entirely transformed. The Age of Johnson saw the young author hedged in on every side with obstacles to his prosperity. The booksellers were their own publishers; and they hunted in packs, and not as single spies. There was a system of rivalry between different groups of booksellers, but it was concerned with the affairs of successful authors only; the

beginner was left high and dry, the lonely artificer of his own fortunes. To get his work before the public, he needed, first, a patron, and, then, a company of backers, pledged to buy copies of his book, as soon as it was printed. To collect these, he was forced to the humiliating business of hanging about the vestibules of the "great"; there was no way to success but the stony path of solicitation.

But, when the booksellers began to break up their groups, and to constitute themselves individual sponsors of single authors, the sense of rivalry grew so acute that the single author became the dominant partner in a contract. To secure at least one such successful author as the nucleus of a business became the first step in the bookseller turning publisher, and the author was not likely to refuse the opening opportunity. In point of fact, the leading authors of the hour were soon besieged by offers, and almost invited to dictate their terms. None of them was squeamish. Byron, while, in the telling phrase of Sir Walter Scott, "managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality", was never too proud to exact the last accessible sovereign from his man of business. Dickens, the most generous-hearted creature of a naturally liberal and generous-hearted age, could drive a hard bargain, when there was a contract to be signed; while Thackeray, for all his assumed superiority to the vulgarities of trade, was observed to be bitterly jealous, when he contemplated the colossal sales and corresponding emoluments of his great rival, the popular idol "Boz".

But all these men took the profits of literature in their stride, and had absorbing interests outside them. As patrician idealist, as the "inimitable" leader of a band of theatrically-minded enthusiasts, and as the typical clubman and censor of social manners respectively, they found in the world around them a recreation and a relish, which served as a brilliant foil to the drudgery of dust and deskwork. Trollope alone, during the laborious years when his fame was in the making, eschewed all such recompense and consolation. "This trade of authorship" became the motive force of every day's methodical and self-sacrificing toil. He kept up his tale of words,

and stored up his pile of sovereigns ; and he was contented and proud of his performance. If he had also kept his satisfaction to himself, he might have preserved his dignity alive. But the " Autobiography ", which he left to bear witness to his pains, was turned by the snobbery of his critics against his own sincerity. And the result was an immediate and devastating loss of credit and esteem.

III

Anthony Trollope died on December 6th, 1882, and his " Autobiography " was published in the following year. He was only sixty-seven when he died, but he had long since begun to speak of himself as a spent force. " I have got to be old ", he wrote, " and nearly worn out by the disease of age "; and indeed the ravages of asthma, and his persistence in sticking to his work, and allowing himself no rest, had tired him before his time. His contemporaries concurred in his own estimate. " The systematic way," wrote Mrs. Oliphant, " in which Mr. Trollope grinds out his work is very funny. It must have answered, for he seems extremely comfortable ; keeps a homely brougham ; rides in the Park, etc." There is an air of indulgent superiority about the reference. No doubt, Trollope had outlived his hey-day, but he had still his following and his vogue. The general public, at any rate, had not yet deserted him ; it flocked to the libraries to read the story of his life ; and it recoiled from the " revelations " with gestures of shock and disapproval. " Was this indeed the truth ? Did a distinguished novelist regard his calling as a trade ? Did he work at it like a copying clerk at a desk ? So many words a morning ; so much pay for so many words ! Why, this man was a shopkeeper, not an artist ! He was clearly intolerable in the company of men and women of breeding. And now one came to think of it, his characters *were* very middle-class ; his interests very trivial ; he lacked the nobler elements of drama and romance. Strange that the public should have been hoodwinked by his second-rate mind and indifferent taste for so long. Well, at any rate, he had written his own epitaph now. Trollope was dead, and to be forgotten." So the public,

following its usual sheep-like file, disappeared over the hill, in search of a fresh feeding-ground.

There is a queer paradox about this change of front ; which, as a matter of fact, had been gathering its impetus for some little time past. It was indeed, in point of fact, an integral symptom of the middle-class reaction against its own social triumph. For a whole generation the vast middle-class of professionalism and trade—the class to which Trollope belonged—had been pressing its claims against the vested interests of the class immediately above it, the class to which there still clung, like the faded regalia of a mummy, the last vestiges of feudal authority and power. The battle was now won all along the line ; the old adage that " money talks " had once more proved its truth ; the best places in the body politic were falling into the hands of the middle-class ; and the old, dignified county families were retiring behind their ramparts, pulling up the drawbridge, and leaving the usurpers to make the best they could of responsibilities as yet unrealized.

And now, having won what they wanted, the middle-class were discontented with their booty, and indeed a little ashamed of their success. They had secured the spoil, but they could not capture the spirit. The class they had ousted had despised trade, and they began to suspect that it was a little despicable themselves. They were sinking into that lowest form of snobbery—the snobbery that is ashamed of its origin, and querulous about the very ideals for which, and by virtue of which, it fought its way into power. In effect, as soon as it had closed the shop-door behind it, Trade turned its back upon its own business, and affected an air of inconsequent oblivion to its pre-occupation. Like Mr. Farmerson, the ironmonger, when Mr. Pooter remonstrated with him about the door-scraper at the Lord Mayor's reception, it replied with *hauteur*, " No business in company, if you please." And the next step was to demand that there should be no business in literature, no business anywhere outside the office, and as much of that as possible delegated to underlings. Sir Anthony Gloster might be " not least of our merchant-princes " ; his son would be a prince, pure and simple, with all taint of

merchandise washed out. It was a provision of the social creed that to "talk shop" was a proof of vulgarity. The phrase has survived to our own time, and is not dead yet, though commercialism and publicity have long since invaded every class of the community, and the factory and the counting house are the favourite lobbies to the House of Peers.

So, when this particularly virulent form of snobbery came into contact with Trollope's honest confession of his manner of work, it decided at once that Trollope was an impossible person. Hitherto, Society had overlooked the fact that authors were paid for their work, because, after all, as it agreed, an author's earnings were like a professional man's fees. He had to take them, because unfortunately he had not been endowed with an unearned income, to enable him to live upon the wits of others, but he took them (conceivably) with a shrug of the shoulders, and an easy air of nonchalance. At heart, of course, he was an artist, with all an artist's natural delicacy. But here was a man who gloried in his commercialism, and shook hands with himself over his bargains. ("He thought it was a sale, did he? How unspeakably vulgar! Please don't talk to us of Trollope. Nobody reads him now.") And, in effect, very soon nobody *was* reading him, and the world of the circulating library, not without prompting from the critics of the press, was off upon a new trail of interest altogether. The fashion was set against mid-Victorianism in every shape; it turned its eyes backward, and, with a wistful regard for the untenanted ramparts of the feudal castle, it reverted with all the energy of the "sedulous ape" to the standards of the past. The substantial comforts of its fathers, the stucco villas, solid mahogany furniture, heavy gold-framed engravings—all the once cherished treasures of its home were found to be ugly, vulgar, and intolerable. It reacted in every sort of direction. At one moment it was filling its shelves with blue Oriental china and peacocks' feathers; at the next, it was covering the countryside with bastard Tudor maisonettes, mullioned windows, timbered gables, and gates of beaten iron-work. An escape from the supposed materialism of the present into the imaginary romance of the past was the universal panacea of

library and theatre. The bugles of fiction sounded the same retreat: the strings of every orchestra re-echoed the recession. Off one stage Christian martyrs were driven to the lions: on another the imprisoned victims of Richelieu's wrath waved helpless hands through iron bars. Doublet and hose, cap and rapier, tinsel and limelight, the pageant of pretence overflowed into the printed page. It was an orgy of pastiche, but an orgy not lightly to be dismissed. In spite of a good many inevitable absurdities, it evoked a large amount of excellent writing. The high priests of the cult talked mysteriously of the *mot juste*, and even the evening newspapers were fastidious in their choice of epithets. One sophisticated weekly was written exclusively in Tudor archaisms; every sentence began with "'Tis" or "'Twere", and there was a prizeless competition among paragraphists in quest of the most demoded allusions. It was a subtler sport than the modern crossword, but unfortunately so few readers had knowledge necessary to enjoy. The principal organ of the brotherhood had a circulation of less than a thousand copies.

IV

The fashion had a long run, for it was supported by notable ability; but eventually, as was inevitable, the wind changed suddenly and completely. Like the innocent child in the story of the Emperor's clothes, some naive looker-on exclaimed with conviction: "But this is all nothing but sham," and then the truth was realized. "Sham" indeed it all was. "'Tis"-es and "'tweres", "maugres" and "withals" were native forms to Tudor poets; to Edwardian prosemen they were the merest masquerade. The same was true of the imitation timbered cottages, and the hybrid villas ("Queen Anne in front, and Mary Ann behind"). What were they all but sham? And what were all the pretentious historical novels, with their toy pibrochs wailing above the din of fight, but a "sham" sanctuary, like the flat fortress above the Avon valley at Bath? "At least," said the critic, "the mid-Victorians were sincere; and sincerity is the life-blood of art and letters in every age and every land. Their stucco houses were not beautiful,

perhaps, but they were suited to their purpose, substantial, commodious, convenient. You could stand upright in their bedrooms, sit down at ease in their armchairs, and dine comfortably off their broad expanse of tablecloth. They were homely, and that was what they set out to be. And what, after all, was the matter with the native English home, in the days of Peel and Palmerston, of Disraeli, Gladstone, and the fine, old, fortifying Evangelical English Sunday?"

Then somebody reopened Trollope's *Warden*, and was surprised to find it rather good. He went on to *Barchester Towers*, and was compelled to acknowledge that it was better. He talked about it at the club, and inquiries were made at the libraries. Of course, the publishers had long since disposed of all their Trollope stock, and sold the stereotype plates into bondage to the smelter; but the inquiry was reported, and the report sent rival publishers pressing printers for estimates. (For publishers are members of the public themselves, and follow like sheep in the wake of the bell-wether.) In a flash, Trollope had come back again into his own, and there was a new school of novelists imitating him before the year was out. The Cathedral close, the village dispensary, the simple, virginal romance of clean-minded, self-respecting provincials—all the old Trollope chess-table of Knights and bishops, castles and pawns—especially of pawns—was set in order once again, and the game, played once more according to the rules, had still its ancient power, even among the clinking cocktail glasses, and the braying, syncopated jazz. That is the saving grace of the good thing; if it is really good, no change of fashion will ever banish it altogether. The wheel of Taste returns upon itself.

And, of course, the art of Trollope is good; the best of it is very good, and even the worst bears somewhere about it the birthmarks of its parentage. There are the superficial faults of technique and sentiment—plain for everyone to see—yet largely matters of fashion. Sometimes the machinery creaks; the stage-manager peeps out between his characters; the event is anticipated before its hour. There are also the demanded concessions to the prudery of the time—the downcast eye, the

hushed whisper, the responding gush of protestation. People do not mould their unions now through confidences of such shy restraint; but—(and here is the final test of every story)—they did so mould them then; and Trollope's art, wherever it is leading, is always honest and sincere. His world was circumscribed, to be sure, but within its limits it was impeccably true to its time. Its hub was the English middle-class home, and its circumference the borders of the country parish. But within that circumference it comprehended every side of indigenous life; it understood and sympathized with every variety of motive. Like the art of Jane Austen, it did not despise the day of small things; and, since the life of each succeeding generation is composed of an infinity of trifles, in themselves the inalienable heritage of human nature, its appeal outlives the clamour and claim of a whole wilderness of noisy and pretentious records, topical some and some historical, melodramatic, manufactured, artificial, whose problems and interests die with the cooling of the emotions that set them astir.

For, even granting that Trollope deals in trivialities of life and character, the multitude of his interpreting touches builds up the picture of an age, and the age was one profoundly concentrated upon problems of deep social and moral import. As Mr. Michael Sadleir says in his masterly analysis of mid-Victorian standards, their essential elements were "moral thoughtfulness and a high sense of duty towards community discipline." The passionate belief in the integrity of the English home, the categorical imperative of parental authority, and the right of society to punish offenders against its narrow code temporarily broke the structure down. "Intolerance and pomposity" over-balanced themselves, and toppled over into a morass of ridicule,—and until the echoes of that misunderstanding were scattered to the winds, the popularity of Trollope was bound to be in eclipse. But the problems which his age strove and agonized to solve are perennially recurrent problems, destined never to be obliterated by the sponge of fashion. They remain, however differently they may present themselves to succeeding generations, dominant features of social and moral conduct. In point of fact, the challenged

"triviality" of Trollope's world is largely superficial; the cause of the quarrel against it is the fact that Trollope accepted its standards, and drew it, as it saw itself, in faithful outline and in modulated colouring.

It may be true, as a very shrewd critic has said,* that he "has breadth rather than depth, clearness rather than delicacy of perception and delineation"; but he was saturated in the tradition of his time, and it was a tradition based upon character, and regulated by discipline. However absurd the prejudices and scruples of some of his characters may seem (and nobody was more keenly alive to their absurdity than himself), they remain contributions to a debate which is eternal in every community; and the ideas they offer reassert their appeal, even where their authority is most contemptuously challenged. Finally, when they are presented through the behaviour and example of vividly alive and natural figures, sincerely and acutely observed in action and reaction, they are bound to hold the imagination and to provoke inquiry. The honourable struggle of middle-class England to prove worthy of the responsibilities which the political change and social emancipation of the mid-Victorian era laid upon it, is portrayed in the pages of Anthony Trollope with knowledge, with conviction, and with a humorous, indulgent sympathy which is little less than devoted. So long as English men and women care to understand that formative and troubled period in their country's history, a period to whose example the future is almost certain to return when yet another reaction sets in, so long will they continue to read Trollope's novels. And so long as the novels are read, their author's reputation will surely take good care of itself. For the fiction which goes to life for its inspiration has always carried the secret of survival in its heart.

* Thomas Secombe.

SHAREHOLDERS AND TRUST COMPANIES

BY S. HUTCHINSON HARRIS

"THE loss of confidence"; the phrase reverberates on every side.

When, following the Hatry crash, in 1929 the top-heavy American boom tottered and finally came crumbling to the ground, and then again interest reverted to this side of the Atlantic in the crises in the affairs of such fine old companies as, to name only one, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, to be transferred to Sweden after the suicide of Ivar Kreuger, a financial editor wrote:

Mr. Kreuger's reputation has disappeared, after one month's investigation of his past. The blow to investment confidence is the greater because of the respect in which that financier was held, even in quarters usually conservative in the distribution of financial praise . . .

Every country has tried to protect itself against this "industrial risk" by increasingly stringent definition of its company and commercial law and by prescribing formidable penalties for transgressors. Unfortunately, the law is always retrospective. It succeeds in curbing the mean type of thief, except when the public goes mad in the last stages of a boom . . .

It would be disastrous, however, if investors and the general public were to resolve, because trusted financiers have failed them, never again to trust any man. Were such a policy universally acted upon, life would indeed be miserable, brutish, and short. There are two desiderata without which international trade and finance cannot be carried on at all. The first is enterprise and the second credit . . .

Without credit, which is faith in a financial context, there is no trade. It is precisely the absence of trust between man and man, nation and nation, which is prolonging the present crisis.—(*Financial News*.)

Much wisdom as these words contain, it is not to-day primarily a question of an individual here and there. It is a question of the whole of the machinery of our company finance. It is a question of the "System", with the sinister significance which that word came to hold in America. For its branches have spread, and the seed has germinated in England. And

as he ruefully regards his losses, the shareholder is getting a glimmering of the fact. It is not that the spirit of adventure, that the love of a gamble, is dead. We see its vitality on every hand; a Committee sitting to reconsider the question of gaming; the success of the hospital and other sweepstakes; the increasing demand for State lottery tickets; the new companies still being successfully floated for dog-racing tracks. And we see the Stock Exchange, anxious about its profitable pre-eminence in the world of speculation, earnestly debating measures for re-attracting the public, discussing the reduction of commissions, advertizing, the provision of guarantees.

For what success is it entitled to hope? The speculator and the investor have justifiably been scared by their increasing knowledge, and by the repetition, on a greater scale, of their long succession of losses. And they have begun to appreciate their cause. They are not lacking in enterprise, and few will dispute that it is to the interest of the State that the deeply ingrained propensity for speculative adventure should be directed towards industrial enterprises rather than the roulette board. Mr. Hargreaves Parkinson shows in his analytical tables, in his recently published *Scientific Investment*, that nearly ninety per cent of the shareholders in our large industrial companies hold less than 500 shares apiece, the average holding being about £400, over sixty-seven per cent holding less than 200 £1 shares apiece. As he points out, the great inventions of the last century-and-a-half demanded the accumulation of "unheard of hoards of capital": "That the standard of living of the average worker was four times as high in 1920 as in 1820 must be attributed, in no small part, to nation-wide co-operation in investment." These investors are satisfied that the servant is worthy of his hire; they do not grudge the jobber or the book-maker his turn, or the banker and promoter their commission. Where, then, is the flaw?

The position of the accepting and the issuing house in the enterprise of commerce was well stated by Sir Robert Kindersley in his evidence before the Macmillan Committee on Banking. Attention was drawn by the Chairman to the preponderating proportion of foreign names among the very

limited number (Sir Robert Kindersley put it at some half-dozen) of important houses of this character in the City; and on being asked to justify the function they fulfilled, he explained how their widespread international ramifications, rendered possible by this concentration, enabled them to keep up an expert intelligence service, and thus they were able to conduct successfully throughout the world the otherwise somewhat hazardous business of acceptance on the narrow basis of one-eighth per cent commission. And he went on to describe how this knowledge and this experience in turn placed them in a favourable position to render services as issuing houses.

Through the enormous amount of attention directed since the War to questions of international finance and money, the general public is now somewhat more informed about the machinery of credit, of that vast wheel represented by entries in books amounting to huge figures, which bear little relation in their growth in modern times to tangible wealth, owing to the revolutions of this wheel. They begin to understand a little how, while this wheel is smoothly turning, the posting of these figures is highly remunerative to the banker at a small commission, and the nature of the scare when grit gets into the machinery and it becomes necessary to take stock of the relation of the figures to tangible wealth should the wheel be stopped. Such a stoppage in the wheel of stock speculation in America and elsewhere has given the investor pause, and has increased his uneasy sense that beside the obvious and respectable wheel there is another wheel, that, to use the language of the kitchen, there are wheels within wheels. He is learning that in the stock market the dice are heavily loaded against him. He knows what he pays for gratifying his taste at Monte Carlo. He knows that the racecourse is not beyond reproach. But as he has seen time and again the quick growth of financiers' fortunes engaged in the same enterprises as himself beside his own losses, he distrusts the game.

It is no longer that there is not money to invest. Money is again plentiful, as is shown by its price in the market. But faith is not. Can it be restored? It is not, it must be repeated,

a question, as the writer quoted above represents it, of a rogue here and there. Spectacular as £500,000,000 is made to appear in the popular press just now in the Insull case, the average investor knows that that is a paper figure in a structure of cards. Probably none knows better than Mr. Insull that had he attempted to withdraw at all largely the personal fortune of £30,000,000 of which he speaks to place it in tangible assets elsewhere, it would have disappeared, together with his Utility "Empire". The English investor had been bitten too many times to take a great hand in the latest American gamble.

The investor accepts the risk of the rogue here and there as he does the disclosed underwriting commission. But he does not believe that he is getting a fair deal in company finance, and the nature of the "System", as it has taken root in the City here, is dawning upon him. It is worth while, then, to pause for a moment to review some of its salient features, before examining the nature of its growth on transplantation.

It may be treated for convenience as contemporaneous with the rise to power of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who, although representative of his financial compeers, is regarded as having excelled them all. He has been described as the greatest financial genius in a century. "The business boss," says Lincoln Steffens, in his recent *Autobiography*, "is the sovereign. In all my time J. P. Morgan sat on the American throne as the boss of bosses, as the ultimate American sovereign". "My conclusion," he tells us again, "was that there was indeed such a thing in America as sovereignty, a throne, which, as in Europe, had slipped from under the kings and the president and away from the people, too. It was the unidentified seat of actual power, which, in the final analysis, was the absolute control of credit; political power and business power and money were only phases of the business man's political control of the function of money-lending, of credit-lending."

How did J. P. Morgan achieve this position? There were two main instruments, the voting trust and the holding company. "Morgan now committed himself," says Mr. Winkler

in his *Life of J. Pierpont Morgan*, "to a course from which he never deviated: he determined to control every railroad into which his financial genius breathed life. He would control either through ownership of stock by himself and his friends or through a 'voting trust'. The voting trust was a spiral device by which one man or one small group could hold the proxies of millions of stock owned by others. Through it, Morgan was to make himself a 'one man power in American finance.'" The control through a holding company was obtained by giving bonds to the public in place of shares, and amalgamating in a holding company the comparatively small amounts of voting stock.

Morgan did not personally sit on a great many boards. To quote Lincoln Steffens again, he was "a boss of many railroads, banks, corporations, and life insurance companies; he was an officer in very few." The great boards of directors were bodies of "very honourable men, picked for distinction in all lines of business, with financiers predominating," known in the blunt American language as "dummy directors." It was elicited in the evidence given before the Congress Committee to investigate the concentration of control of money and credit immediately before the War that firm members or directors of three institutions, Morgan & Co., the First National Bank, and the National City Bank, together held 341 directorships in 112 corporations having aggregate resources or capitalization of \$22,245,000,000. What can the individual do to safeguard his own savings against such forces, operating, not with their own savings, but with the control of those of others, including his own, as in the case of his life insurance?

As one examines the recent developments of company finance in England there is no feature described above which has not its counterpart here, due allowance being made for the geographical and other differences in the two countries, and our discreeter veils. And unfortunately the parallel goes further. The history of post-War rationalization is the history of the American merger. The "wrecking" policy, by which American financiers in a past day made huge fortunes at the expense of the unfortunate European investors whose

capital enabled their railways to be built, finds its counterpart in the case of industrial companies here to-day.

To understand this method in its simplest form, the simile of the wheel of credit may be replaced for a moment by that of the concertina. Here we actually use the same words for the process, the alternation of deflation and inflation. It is simple and very profitable—for the insiders. The financial boss with his staff is entrenched at the base, and between him and the front there is a network of intersecting trenches, until at the front the public sees alone the irreproachable line of "utility" directors. Only those with inside knowledge can venture to operate on the bear tack. J. P. Morgan, Senr., Mr. Steffens tells us, made money by selling on a falling market, but he bought too on the way down and so ended, he and his bank and his "crowd," in possession of enough stock at sacrifice prices to give him the control. Then he could "reorganize" the railroad and other companies he had chosen as, in the long run, good; he could finance and direct the running of them. He made his bear profits, got his banker's commission on the reorganization, the banker's interest on money lent, the banker's profit on underwriting and floating the new stocks and bonds, and, best of all, the control.

Is it any wonder that the individual shareholder is tending to take refuge behind the big battalions? Mr. Hargreaves Parkinson tells us in his *Scientific Investment* that there is a certain advanced school of thought which contends that the small private individual will be slowly but relentlessly compelled to relinquish his initiative in the business of direct investment. Similarly the City Editor of *The Times*, when commenting on the formation of the Association of Investment Trusts, told us that "the investment trust offers, perhaps, the best solution of the difficult problem which confronts the small or uninitiated capitalist who desires to invest his money, but because he is immersed in his own business has not the time, the knowledge, or the opportunity—all factors essential to success—such as the professional investor commands".

But does he receive a fair proportionate share in regard to

the last factor? Suitable service as the investment trust may perform for the timid investor, who may well be content to pay the toll of directors' fees and office expenses, and to forgo a portion of the earnings in order that they may be "dug in," and thus contribute to the stability of the conservative trust, it has to be remembered that this is not its only function. No hard and fast line can be drawn between one form of financial trust company and another. As Mr. Parkinson points out, there is no form of company with regard to whose operations its shareholders know less than is the case with the investment trust company, which does not publish an account of its investments; and he proceeds, "that these loose arrangements have worked well in the past is due entirely to the high standard of skill and probity which has obtained among the investment trust promoting and directing houses, with very few exceptions. If, however, a boom were ever to occur in new investment trust securities, the possibilities of abuse would be alarming." It is an interesting speculation how far the losses of investors in such concerns as the Parent Trust Company are due to the respectability lent to this form of investment by the more conservative companies. Mr. Parkinson's warning is the more necessary in that a new generation has replaced to-day its fathers who had the lesson of the Hughes investigation into the management of the great American insurance and trust companies. This investigation arose from the discovery, "by accident" (only owing to a personal difference with the president, it has been stated), that young Mr. Hyde, owning 51 per cent of the small amount of controlling stock of the Equitable Life Insurance Co., had been using its great accumulated resources for underwriting organized by himself and his friends, by means of three subsidiary trust companies.

As has already been said, there are no hard and fast lines between one form of trust company and another. It is to be hoped that some day some enterprising statistician with time on his hands will prepare a statement of the result to investors in trust companies as a whole, setting the capital losses against the dividends distributed. Awaiting that, the conjecture may be hazarded that it will prove to be a minus quantity. The

financial trust is a smaller wheel in the mechanism of credit than banking, but this is compensated in the collection of profit on its revolutions by being designed with a less fine tooth. The function of the more conservative trust as employed in the system here is that of the voting trust and the holding company. And this is a real menace to the individual shareholder.

For the protection of the shareholder in trust companies, and thus incidentally, it has been stated, for the "smaller investor" as well, an Association of Investment Trusts has recently been formed. The names of twenty gentlemen have been published as the founders and original committee of this Association. Over two hundred companies are said to be involved, with a capital of over £300,000,000, and it is stated that £2,000,000,000 may eventually be controlled. As the eye takes in more readily a complicated design through a diagram than through a description, investors are recommended to study the ramifications of the power of control through this Association by the ready means of a chart. It is not unusual for these directors to sit as directors of some twenty companies, more than half of them investment trusts.

One of the most serious dangers which may possibly arise from this concentration is that of an acceleration of the influence of financiers on boards of industrial companies in place of men experienced in industry. It induces a tendency to look upon business as a matter of figures, and as a means of financial operations. This is the main cause of investors' heavy losses. "Mostly financiers," says Mr. Steffens, speaking of the American boards of directors; and under the system it is becoming the same here. Yet as the successful Mr. Henry Ford pertinently writes, "A business cannot serve both the public and the money power. As a matter of fact, the money power has always lived more by exploiting or wrecking business than by the service of the business."

Has the individual shareholder no option but to transfer his holdings to trust companies? Though Mr. Parkinson tells us that there is a school of thought that believes that this is inevitable, he also tells us that in 1928, when the abnormally

rapid formation of new investment trusts was the subject of widespread comment, the capital raised in London on behalf of all investment trusts was only approximately £30,000,000 out of a total of £369,000,000. The weight of numbers is still with the individual shareholders, and yet they are powerless to use it on account of their total lack of cohesion and organization, in face of the interlocking described above. It is astonishing that in this age of unions and federations shareholders, so numerous, and jointly so wealthy, have lacked any adequate *point d'appui* of their own. The formation of the Association of Investment Trusts has been followed by the formation of a Shareholders Protection Association, the advent of which has been widely announced in the press. It is certainly rendered the more necessary by the Association of the Investment Trusts. Will it receive any better support than its sectional predecessors have received from shareholders in their sporadic efforts in the past?

There is no question of the services it could render as an institute for the collection and dissemination of information, as a meeting-ground for shareholders anxious about the affairs of their companies, for whom the occasion of their meeting at the company's annual meeting, when the time is largely monopolized by the chairman, had been found inadequate, by the publication of a journal in which the shareholders' views could find independent expression, and in the provision of officers who with growing experience would become increasingly competent in assisting members, and in placing their views before directors when there is a considerable body of agreement among them. But will it secure sufficient support? The aims of shareholders are so diverse, and they are themselves so scattered, that no very long or very vigorous life can be expected for it if its members merely regard it as a possible sanctuary in times of trouble. One of its earliest protagonists appealed some months ago for some "patriot" to come forward and found "this League of Mercy." If that is the spirit in which its members regard their obligation to their distressed fellow-citizens, if the management rely on the breadth of their base in voluntary service throughout the country, rather than

their services in a consultant's parlour, there will be more ground for hope.

"The Association of Investment Trusts has been formed," they tell us, "to develop protective and constructive powers which have gradually been acquired during the last fifty years by the trust companies, and to provide a central organization through which they can speak with one voice when interested in any particular problem or default." "It cannot be too definitely emphasized," says the Shareholders Protection Association, "that the primary object of the Association is the protection and promotion of shareholders' interests, and that, where advice and assistance can be of utility to any company, the Association will freely and unrestrictedly give it: where, however, the policy of those in control is inimical to the interests of the shareholders, then the Association will offer no less energetic opposition". For their grievous losses in the past "the remedy is for shareholders to unite among themselves to replace individual weakness by the strength and power of organization, to provide through associated effort effective means of protecting and promoting their interests."

With the great accumulated experience of the members of the committee of the one body, and the weight of the great sums of the savings they have in trust, and with the widespread appeal to the people, still smarting from the recent loss of their investments, of the other body, surely in co-operation they can do much to promote the stability in future of that limited liability joint-stock enterprise which, although it has made such giant strides, is, after all, a comparatively modern institution.

THE RED SCOURGE IN CHINA

BY O. M. GREEN

IN all the well-deserved praise of Lord Lytton's report on the Sino-Japanese conflict, one part has certainly not received the attention it demands: that is the sections dealing with the internal chaos, and especially the terrifying spread of Communism, in China. Three closely written pages—a large proportion of a report which had to cover such wide ground—are exclusively devoted to the genesis and present extent of the Red movement, and to the Government's almost insuperable difficulties in overcoming it; and it is abundantly clear from the Report and from various remarks of Lord Lytton's since he came home, that no settlement in Manchuria can be satisfactory unless accompanied by settlement in China. Communism is for China the most formidable part of the task of internal reconstruction. After twenty years of experiment in every sort of administration, the final issue before China to-day is, Communism or Nationalism? And victory for the Communists would mean half Eastern Asia under the Red Flag. The West is for the most part entirely unconscious of the enormity of the danger.

Even eighteen months ago the Communist influence was largely confined to the south of the Yangtze. Recently it has extended widely to the north of the great river, particularly in the provinces of Hupeh, Anhui, Honan and Kiangsu. Altogether it is calculated that an area of 300,000 square miles containing about 90,000,000 people and some of the best land in China is, in varying degrees, dominated by the Reds. When Sir John Hope Simpson was doing his wonderful flood relief work along the Yangtze last spring, there were placards on the river bank not many miles above Hankow, indicating where the Communists' territory began, and the relief workers had

to deal with them as with an independent State. Though the bulk of the Communist forces are mere bandits, the controlling mind at the back is invariably Red, and, if the Communists captured Nanking, it would make no difference that their rank and file knew nothing of Marxian doctrine.

Since last summer General Chiang Kai-shek has been campaigning with 600,000 men against the Reds north of the Yangtze, while the Minister of War, General Ho Ying-chin, has been driving at their headquarters in South Kiangsi in co-operation with the famous 19th Route Army, which did all the fighting against the Japanese at Shanghai, struggling painfully up from Foochow. Some successes have been reported. But it is slow work moving armies over the roadless face of China. Thrust back here, the Communists overflow somewhere else, and their net loss is small. As General Chiang said recently, the problem is three-tenths military, seven-tenths administrative. And there's the rub. Nanking's greatest difficulty, a prime cause of China's troubles to-day, has always been to get its orders obeyed in the provinces; and, added to their ascendancy over the peasants, the Red doctrines appeal more and more to disgruntled young intellectuals.

If the Kuomintang had possessed a modicum of statesmanship and common sense, Communism might have been stamped out. When Peking fell in June, 1928, and all China was for the moment unified under the new Nationalist Government at Nanking, the prevailing enthusiasm was unparalleled. The country was sick of wars, all thinking men were frightened by the narrowness of the escape from Moscow's claws, and the business classes, encouraged to believe that the Kuomintang stood for constitutionalism and democracy, were only eager to help. The obvious course was to pen up the Communist forces in their mountain retreat in South Kiangsi and starve them into surrender, while devoting all energies to financial reform and the resuscitation of trade. But while one may gladly acknowledge the earnest goodwill of individual Nationalists, the Party as a whole appeared incapable of practical effort. Innumerable trumpery reforms poured from Nanking,

dealing with such trivialities as clothing, birthday presents, and how much to spend on a funeral, but no sign of reduced taxation and disbanding of the colossal armies, estimated at 2,500,000 men, which devour China. The solid business classes, who might have been of the greatest service, were rigidly shut out of all share in the administration. Worst of all, the Kuomintang, overriding the deep-grained instinct for local autonomy, the custom of China through three thousand years, which Dr. Sun himself had specially enjoined, attempted to bind the whole country in one cast-iron bureaucracy under the surveillance of District Councils, the infamous Tangpu, whose extortion and barefaced plundering of wealthy estates is a scandal all over China. At the head, an extraordinarily cumbrous system of government by Committee (an evil legacy from the Russian days) darkened counsel and paralyzed action, while throughout the country big generals and small ruled like the robber barons of the days of Front de Bœuf.

Between militarists and politicians China was bled white. Tax bureaux sprang up like mushrooms. If, with great effort, the merchants got one tax abolished, it reappeared next day under a new name. A farmer bringing produce, say, to Hankow might have to pay at a dozen tax bureaux in as many miles. In many districts taxes have been wrung from the wretched provincials fourteen or fifteen years ahead. Small wonder that the peasants "took to the hills" (otherwise turned bandit) in ever-increasing numbers. It was either that or starvation. In March, 1929, civil war broke out again and continued practically without intermission till October, 1930. Honan, the principal theatre of war, became known as "the grey zone", a term that needs no explanation. In the spring of 1930 a friend of mine wrote to me of a visit he had paid to a once flourishing little market town, Iyang, in Honan. In the previous twelve months it had been looted seventy-two times by rival armies and three-quarters of its wells were stuffed with dead bodies. On the top of these miseries came the appalling floods of 1931, when a tract of the Yangtze valley as big as England was submerged seven or eight feet deep in water for several weeks, and at least as much, if not more, in

the aggregate, in the basins of the Huai River, Yellow River and Grand Canal.

Such conditions are Communism's most fertile ground. Descending from the mountains, the Communists spread rapidly over southern Kiangsi and Hunan, and overflowed into Fukien and Kwangtung, their progress everywhere being accompanied by hideous devastation and massacring among the well-to-do, Government officials, and members of the Kuomintang who are the special object of their hatred. A report written for the People's Convention at Nanking in May, 1931, by General Ho Ying-chin, now leading his fourth campaign against the Reds, estimated—and from independent reports his figures appear conservative—that since the middle of 1928 the Communists had massacred over 260,000 people, burned 220,000 houses and destroyed £47,000,000 worth of property; in addition, at least 1,500,000 people had fled from their houses. A further report from Kiangsi last June stated that three-quarters of the province was wholly under Red control and in the previous few months 570,000 refugees had received public relief; but this was only a fraction of the destitute, the others being kept by friends and relatives.

These reports, however, are only for Kiangsi and Hunan. At the annual meeting of the British Chamber of Commerce in Hankow last April, the chairman gave a detailed account of the Red forces operating throughout Hupeh province. "Hankow is in fact an island", he said, "upon whose shores the waves of Communism are encroaching like an ever-rising tide". Since then General Chiang Kai-shek's great campaign has pushed back the Communists, and in September he was reported to have bottled up the principal Red Army westwards of Hankow. But, in the usual inconclusive fashion of all Chinese civil wars, the success was not pressed, the Reds slipped through and were back within twenty-seven miles of Hankow in October.

In Honan, early last summer, an official report estimated the number of victims of Communism, dead or fugitive, at over 3,000,000. Each district affected was named, with its losses as far as they could be ascertained. In Anhui we have

no exact figures, but from abundant missionary reports it is clear that the destruction is great. Through this province last summer the Communists got within eighty miles of Nanking. In Fukien they very nearly captured Amoy last April, when foreign men-of-war were sent to take off foreign residents. The attacker then was Sun Lien-chung, murderer of Miss Nettleton and Miss Harrison. He does not call himself a Communist, but inscribes his banners as "The Protecting Party for Saving the Government", just as other bands call themselves "Big Swords", "White Lilies" and the like. But, as said above, the impelling force is always Red.

The core of the Red movement in China is in southern Kiangsi and Fukien, now a solid Communist State, roughly 400 miles long by 150 wide and embracing the important towns of Kian, Tungku, Futien and Juichin. Over five hundred villages and country towns are stated to have been completely Sovietized, little local governments managing their own affairs but always responsible to the central authority. Wherever the Reds penetrate they destroy all title deeds and landmarks and redistribute the land among the peasants. Small shopkeepers (and that, in China, means something inconceivably small) are spared. Wiser than their Russian prototypes, the Chinese Communists do not attempt to force the peasants to work for the State, but merely exact a tribute of one-fifth of their produce.

The chief authority of this so-called "Soviet Socialist Republic of China" is a Central Executive Committee, with seven Ministries. Under these are a number of District Commissioners, and papers have been captured describing an elaborate system of branches and cells, and special departments to seduce shipping, railway and industrial workers, which extends over all the principal towns of China. Even Peking, once immune, has had to organize special defences against Red contamination. Thus far Communism has spread more among peasants than town-workers, partly because of the lure of redistributed land, partly because officials can keep a closer watch on the towns. But, as all China rests upon her peasants, the danger is but little diminished.

The organization of the Red forces is particularly interesting. The flower of them numbers probably not more than 140,000, if so many, of effectively armed troops, north and south of the Yangtze. These are highly drilled, very efficient and carefully kept for emergencies. The chief generals are Ho Lung and Chu Teh, both old associates of Dr. Sun, trained by Galens. Chu Teh is undoubtedly a born leader. His intimate associate is Mao Tse-tung, director of political activities, once a student in France and one of the earliest Chinese Communists. The combination of names "Chu-Mao" is a terror throughout China.

Next among the Red Forces come the Flying Columns, who rove about plundering and killing; then the Red Guards, peasants armed with swords and spears to prey on the rich; lastly the Women's Corps, trained to "vamp" the Government troops and seduce them to the Red banner. Whatever success the Women's Corps may have, the alacrity with which the ill-paid Government troops, whose pay is often months in arrears, desert to the Reds has wrecked many an assault and provided the Communists with much-needed arms. At all times the Reds are most difficult to pin down. They are very mobile, know the country well and, if in danger of being cornered, hide their arms and pose as ordinary field labourers.

That there are many Russians with the Communists in China is doubtful, though on good authority some are said to be working in the Red arsenal in south Kiangsi. White men are as conspicuous as a skyscraper in the interior of China and the officials keep an anxious eye on every entrance. But that the Third International is in constant touch with the Chinese Communist Party is unquestionable. There are some eight hundred Chinese students in the "Sun Yat-sen Chinese Workers' University" and the "Stalin Eastern Workers' Communist University" at Moscow (both liberally endowed by the Bolshevik Government) and from them a steady stream of native agitators is poured into the Far East. The Comintern maintains an agency in Shanghai, as does the Pacific Workers' Union, another Communist organization. But both these

received a bad shock a year ago through the arrest of Noulens, or Ruegg, and his wife, which uncovered the bases of the Third International and led to the flight of several of its best agents in the Far East.

The Noulens had five joint and seven or eight individual aliases, and accounts for a large total in seven Chinese banks. Of the mass of papers and books seized at their lodgings, the majority dealt with the Red revolution in China, the remainder with similar plots in Korea, the Philippines, Indo-China and the Straits Settlements. Important arrests were the result in all these countries. The closeness of the connection between the Third International and the Chinese C.P., as well as the monthly subventions received by the latter from Moscow, were shown in every paper. The Noulens were handed over to the Chinese Government and eventually sentenced to death last July, after a very careful trial, the sentence being instantly commuted to life-long imprisonment. Thousands of lesser Chinese offenders have gone to the strangling-post without ceremony.

The exact numbers of the Chinese Communist Party are not known; estimates vary between 70,000 and 300,000. Training is strict and a candidate must prove his or her "purity" under searching tests before being admitted to membership. Where Soviet rule prevails, revenue is collected chiefly by land and business taxes. A People's Bank and a Workers' and Peasants' Bank in south Kiangsi and Fukien, and several popular schools, as also a number of public dispensaries, have been opened. Freedom of marriage and abolition of the "gift money" required by the bride's parents are enforced, and, of course, a dead set is made at religion in all forms and creeds.

Naturally, the Communist dominion wavers at the fringe under the intermittent pressure of Government attacks. But wherever it goes it causes such confusion by destroying all records and title deeds that the Government is faced with the greatest difficulty in restoring order. There are the usual divisions within the "C.P.", between the "Stalinites", all for terrorism and extremes, and the "Trotskyites", more for

evolutionary methods. In such controversies victory is usually to the extremists. In any case the spread of the Red influence does not appear to be affected. Hitherto the Communists have been staved off from the biggest towns. But if they captured a seaport, through which they might get arms and munitions from Russia, Nanking's days might well be numbered.

The gravity of the situation is immensely increased by the fact that Mongolia is virtually a Russian province. Its allegiance to China had been growing ever weaker since the Manchus' downfall, and, after a series of adventures too long to detail, it set up a People's Revolutionary Government in 1921 and called in Russia, who has since reorganized it as the Socialist Soviet Republic of Mongolia, affiliated to the Soviet Union, with a Mongolian Red Army officered by Russians. The base that this will give the Bolsheviks for propaganda in North China is obvious. China has protested, but in vain, Russia maintaining that Mongolia is free to do as she pleases. That the growth of Communism in China and the fear of its linking up with the Mongol Reds and the strong Russian influence in north Manchuria is a big factor in Japan's stubbornness, cannot be doubted. Lord Lytton clearly feels as much, and admits that the fact is no small excuse for Japan. Her dread of "dangerous thoughts", otherwise Communism, transcends everything, and there are many Japanese who believe that Communism in China will win.

So do not a few Chinese. It is impossible to open a Far Eastern newspaper, foreign or Chinese, without finding something about Communists, their outrages, their plottings, or suggestions for coping with them: and undoubtedly Nanking's one desire is to achieve some face-saving arrangement in Manchuria in order to concentrate all efforts against the Communists. Before taking the field in July, General Chiang Kai-shek held a consultation at Kuling (a summer mountain resort on the Yangtze) after which a new policy was announced—not extermination of the Reds, but to outbid them in popular favour. Prisoners of the rank and file (apart from convicted Communist leaders) are to be helped to start afresh on their

farms, while every effort must be made to redress grievances and improve conditions of life.

Most significant is the argument of Dr. Hu Shih, "the Sage of modern China", whose fearless criticisms of the Government are famous, that the present distribution of land must be accepted; old proofs of ownership are so completely blotted out that restoration is impossible; the Government must convince the peasants that it is not fighting for the landowners against them. The case thus put may be regrettable, but it is plain common sense. No other course is feasible.

That General Chiang and his fellow realists are in deadly earnest, is sure. That they can succeed, without help, is hardly believable. None of the promised administrative reforms appears yet to have been realized. In fact, the problem is too vast and Nanking's control even over matters well within its reach is too puny. On the other hand, a firm offer of help by the League of Nations—which possesses the inestimable advantage of being above any suspicion of axes to grind—as urged by the Lytton Report, would not improbably act as a general tonic. The problem is largely psychological: the Chinese are helpless in face of their troubles because they are well-nigh hopeless and because nobody seems to care what becomes of them. If that impression were removed, they might be nerved to make a fresh start. The other part of the problem is, as usual, an empty Treasury. But the merchants and bankers would find the money fast enough—as they offered to do in 1928—if they were assured of its being put to a practical use.

The peculiar tragedy of the Sino-Japanese conflict is that both parties have the strongest motives for coming to terms, if only "face" did not keep them apart—China, in her anxiety to be free to wrestle with the Communists: Japan, hardly less interested in that than in the recovery of her lost trade. Herein wise counsel may find a bridge. But no amount of persuasiveness alone will bring peace in China. Tangible, practical measures alone will serve, and they are urgently needed. For "Communism *v.* Nationalism" is an issue not for the Chinese only, but for all the world.

A ROLLING STONE IN PERSIA

BY OWEN TWEEDY

Part II

THE Caspian itself—like all large waters—is dull: but its shores are fascinating. But at once I had the odd illusion that I was back in Africa. Hour after hour our track snaked its way through a tunnel of jungle, literally wall-papered with creepers: the villages were palisaded: the huts, straw-thatched like candle extinguishers; fishermen worked from dug-out canoes: and everywhere brooded the dank silence of decay. The going, naturally, was terrible, and once again nightfall caught us in the open without prospect of shelter. It was bitterly cold, and we were dismally resigning ourselves to an arctic night on our camp beds, when suddenly a voice hailed us from the darkness. It belonged to a local tax collector who, like us, was stranded. When he heard our dilemma, he slapped his chest with obvious relief. "Indeed I am your man," he said, "six miles ahead is a fine village and the headman has a fine house; he will be our host and our night will be blessed. You see, he is three years in arrears with his taxes!" After that life became chaotic. The headman thought we had come to arrest him; his "fine" house was a "Heath Robinson" shack; and when, after climbing two rickety ladders, we were escorted across a flimsy verandah to the guest room, it was nothing but a mud-walled gloryhole. But, tax collectors or no tax collectors, Persian hospitality is perfect. In half an hour there were carpets on the floor, and in a saucepan on a brazier we were scrambling twenty-four eggs—they cost 2½d.; and, take it from me, the only way to eat eggs is by the dozen in soup plates with a spoon.

But after supper life again became complicated. Bitter experience had taught us both that to share a room meant sleep for neither. For I snore. And if Walwyn woke me, I got furious; while if he had to listen wide-eyed, he got furious. But by this time, we knew what to do; and this time, I lost the toss. So out I went on to the verandah and, watched by all the males and females of the village, retired to sleep—and to snore. Unfortunately beneath the verandah was the family stock-pen; and, after what time I know not, my snores woke first two cows, then two calves, then six goats and finally two perch-loads of the loudest chickens in Persia. My night was far from blessed. Indeed, sleeping or waking I was haunted with the thought that I was an inmate of Whipsnade.

Next morning we left the jungle; and for the next two days trailed monotonously through flat rice country; and rice, whether in puddings or in landscape, is frightfully dull. So in the end it was a relief to us all to turn our backs on the Caspian and to start back over the mountains to Teheran. George was in tremendous form and sang shrilly hour after hour in the rumble. It was all something about a lady who walked like a panther and cooed like a dove; and eventually I got so sick of it, that I turned to destroy him. "George," I said, "whoever she is, she'll never look at you with a beard like that." But George once more got the last word. "Sir," he said, "she likes bearded men. Only the strong are bearded." My only satisfaction was that I had at last solved the mystery of the lost scissors.

Once back in Teheran, our one desire was to leave as soon as possible for Shiraz—six hundred miles to the south. But Teheran, like Circe, has odd manners with guests. We could not move without official permission to travel; and that meant Dogberries and red tape. Dogberry I, after two days of inactivity, passed our passports to Dogberry II, who, when we visited him, first disclaimed all knowledge of our application, and then, when Walwyn found the passports lying on the very next desk, sighed patiently and referred us to Dogberry III. In the evening of the third day of our wanderings, Dogberry IV gave us our permits and we were free.

Teheran to all intents and purposes is an oasis ; and ten miles south of it we were engulfed in brown volcanic country, which persisted drearily for a hundred miles until Kum, the next oasis, and, after Meshed, the holiest Shiah town in Persia. It contains the tomb of Fatima the Immaculate, who was poisoned by Haroun-el-Rashid, the hated Sunni ; and her shrine is a first-class object of Shiah pilgrimage. Like Meshed, Kum used to be a hotbed of fanaticism : but today times are changed. A delightfully tolerant policeman amiably escorted us on to the roof of a Persian bath, from which we enjoyed, unmolested, what he called "an unbeliever's view" of the Mosque and its beautiful golden-domed shrine ; and later he took tea with us in a café overlooking the town square—complete with bandstand—where Riza Khan has laid out a public garden on the site of the old unsightly cemeteries which used to sprawl in the shadow of Fatima's tomb.

Kum marks the dividing line between the steppe-like north and the aridity of the south ; and for the next one hundred and eighty miles to Ispahan, we toiled agitatedly through undulating, scrubby and boulder-strewn desert. But our long days on the bumpy, monotonous track were amply compensated by the fun of our caravanserais in the evenings. We would arrive, with the rest of the world, at dusk—lorries, carts, wagons, camels, donkeys, pack-horses ; everyone tired and hungry, but everyone boisterously good-tempered with the thought of good food and sleep ahead. At once, for a small extra fee, the two best guest rooms would be ours : and then mine host would produce carpets and lamps and braziers and butter and eggs ; and while half the village helped us spread our camp gear, George and the other half got on with the cooking. And later, we would sit out under the stars, while silence—the silence of the desert—crept up to us like a tide. And next morning, everyone would see us off, and our bill (inclusive) was never more than four shillings. An absolutely perfect life.

Until supplanted by Teheran a century and a half ago, Ispahan was the Persian capital. It was built by Shah Abbas the Great in the spacious days of our Elizabeth, and round

the Great Maidan, which is about the size of six football grounds, he concentrated everything—the huge bazaars ; the two great Mosques—the Shah Abbas and the Lotfallah ; and facing the latter his own Imperial Residence, the Ali Kapu Palace from which, surrounded by his court, he used to watch his nobles playing polo in the Maidan below. For polo was invented in Persia. The main thoroughfare of the town is the Chahar Bagh—the *Champs Elysées* of Ispahan—where the élite enjoy the cool of the evening. Unlike Mustafa Kemal in Turkey, Riza Khan has not legislated for the modernization of feminine Persia, and the Persian lady is still quite mediæval. She wears a black all-enveloping shroud, and above her eyes a black shade, which looks just like a beak ; and, still further to intrigue the opposite sex, she draws her shroud across the bridge of her nose until all one sees, if one is bold enough to look, are two heavily kohled black eyes. It may be a very safe attire, but it is not lovely. Indeed, those leisurely processions strolling under the tall, whispering poplars of the avenue, reminded me only of a flock of squat black crows, bucketing up and down over a freshly reaped cornfield.

But today Ispahan is beauty in decay. The glory has departed ; dilapidation is everywhere ; and from the great sixteenth century masterpieces which Shah Abbas bequeathed to posterity, vandals have filched the beautiful tiles wholesale for the rapacious markets of the West. But here again Riza Khan had stepped in. All historical monuments are now under his care ; and everywhere workmen are repairing what is, however, irremediable damage.

After a week the South called us on, and off we went into an even more desolate desert of endless flatness, across which our bumpy road stretched taut like a rope. In other days the long Ispahan-Shiraz stage was a bandit's paradise and the terror of every caravan ; but today, thanks once again to Riza Khan, the traveller moves without a qualm. The new Shah, like Marshal Lyautey in Morocco, realized that elusive banditry was proof against shock tactics and must be tackled by attrition. So he built a chain of police posts all along the route, and we were, in fact, rarely out of sight of protection. It was our

happy chance one boiling day, to be able to do something to show our gratitude. A woe-begone police patrol had foolishly started with empty water bottles, and we watered them—most originally. As our tanks were packed with the baggage, we syphoned the water down their throats through an india-rubber tube. They were vastly impressed. “Of a truth,” said the corporal, “your car is a devil—but a good devil. It has wheels and not legs; but no cow could give sweeter milk.”

A hundred miles north of Shiraz, the desert gave way to broken country of valleys and rivers, and that night the nightingale sang me to sleep. And next morning we reached Persepolis. Earthquakes and fires and Mongol and Arab vandalism have left nought but ruins of the great Achæmenian palaces and halls; but on their vast stone-faced platform against their background of towering granite they are still magnificent. Persepolis was the Washington of Darius and Xerxes and the setting of their great occasions of state; and Xerxes, certainly, loved the place as much as the great Louis ever loved Versailles. Above one of the winged and bearded man-faced bulls which decorate his Gate of Honour, he has voiced his pride: “I am Xerxes, the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of the many-tongued countries, the King of this great Universe.”

It is thirty-five miles from Persepolis to Shiraz, but the distance took us six hours. We drove carelessly fast, as one will at the end of a long stage, and first, to George’s consternation, we killed a goose. “Kill a goose; ill luck let loose.” And sure enough, another mile on, we crashed our front spring in an enormous pothole. We shored it up somehow and crawled on; and when at last Shiraz opened below us in its well-watered plain, we both said “Thank God!” in unison. We were not the first to be thus grateful. Throughout the ages every traveller with the dangers of the Ispahan-Shiraz stage safely behind him, has given similar thanks; and the gate by which we entered Shiraz is piously called “Teng-i-Allahu-el-Akhbar—the Gate of God the Omnipotent.

Like Meshed, Shiraz is a garrison town, and our stay coincided interestingly with the departure of a battalion for service

against the Kurds. The troops, though shod in anything from elastic-sided Jemimas to gym-shoes, marched surprisingly well in staccato German fashion; the time was sent by a comic band of three—two penny whistles and a clarionet; and after the troops came all the beggars of the town. Persia is full of beggars; but Shiraz is, *facile princeps*, their spiritual home; and one Shirazi beggar will always survive in my memory as a unique specimen. We were in the bazaars when I suddenly heard:—

“i, I; a.m., Am; a, A; p.o.o.r., Poor; m.a.n., Man; y.o.u., You; a.r.e., Are; a, A; r.i.c.h., Rich; m.a.n., Man.”

I looked round to see a mass of rags and filth following me. But not a word of English did he understand, although he went on spelling his patter for the best part of a mile.

Our next stage was to Tabriz: and past Ispahan we turned northwest into grand mountain country, which was real relief after the desert plains. Our road was through Daulatabad, where George lived, and he insisted that we must lunch in his house. I am afraid our acceptance was faintly patronizing, but as we approached Daulatabad, our pose was quickly shaken. George suddenly became violently excited. “Do you see that village up there? That belongs to my aunt. And that forest over there? That’s my cousin’s. And that farm down there? That’s mine.” And in Daulatabad itself our passage was greeted with low reverences. But the salutations were for George, not for us. Then his house. . . . It was the size and style of a small Buckingham Palace.

The rest of the story is rather like a fairy tale. George’s grandmother was daughter of Shah Nasruddin; and in Persia, apparently, all descendants of Shahs—and, as Shahs normally had at least fifty wives, there were a good many descendants—were princes. Anyhow, George was the Prince of fable, masquerading as interpreter-handyman. Then lunch. . . . It was served in a beautifully carpeted room as large as a tennis court, and in the middle, on the floor, round an enormous white table cloth, was ranged a series of sausage cushions to support our elbows, while we reclined like Roman Emperors. Then the food. . . . First, enormous brass platters, each piled

high with pyramids of rice, were placed opposite us : round each were grouped smaller plates and smaller pyramids of chicken's liver, raven's gizzard, cow-heel and other delicacies : finally, each of us was given what looked like a highly polished brass ping-pong racket, with which we helped ourselves out of the pyramids, both large and small. Never have I had more on my plate at once. Indeed, at the end of the meal I felt exactly like a captive balloon. When later we left for Hamadan, we asked George to thank his mother, the Princess, for her hospitality, and to say that we hoped she thought that we had looked after him all right. The answer was very Persian. She was delighted with everything—especially the naming of her son after our own King. It reminded her, she said, of old times.

Two days later we struck the Baghdad-Teheran road at Hamadan, but a hundred miles short of Teheran itself, we swung northwest again towards Tabriz, five hundred and fifty miles away. Until quite recently there was no direct travel to the town, and visitors normally took a Caspian steamer to Baku, continuing to Tabriz by Russian railway. Today, however, the direct route is being improved and, with luck and good management, it is possible to reach Tabriz by car. But many fall by the way. Twice we found lorries overturned in the ditch, having skidded and carried away with them acres of road ; and one bridgeless river which we had to ford wheel-deep, was studded with derelicts, like islands on a Scottish loch. But we survived : despite one very trying night in a roadside village. We had bought a chicken and cooked it overnight for lunch next day ; but about midnight I woke to the echoes of a ghastly crash in my room, which had been selected as temporary larder, to see at least twenty huge slum cats wrestling with our next day's meal. These cats destroyed a treasured illusion of childhood. Persian cats to me had always been long-haired, smoke-blue aristocrats. But those aristocrats of our London cat shows, I now know, have not a drop of Persian cat-blood in them. The cat in Persia is an ordinary cat, and a very unpleasant one at that. Breakfast next morning found me not only tired, but covered with

huge welts, the size of half-crowns ; and when I showed them to George, he only laughed. " You've been bitten by the ' enemy of the stranger ', a very famous Persian bug which is only to be found in this village. You see you are a stranger. It's the cleverest bug in the world," he added pompously, " I never had a bite. You see, I am Persian. He knew."

Tabriz like Meshed, was very Russian with smart shops and caviare at sixpence a bucket ; and, to replace a suddenly seatless suit, I bought a grand outfit for thirty shillings. But otherwise Tabriz behaved badly. We had an earthquake, quite a violent one, which shook us thoroughly ; and next day one of our back wheels suddenly disappeared in a wide and apparently solid thoroughfare, and we had to dig a hole—which I am sure is still there—the size of an elephant's grave, before we were clear again. But the most disturbing feature of the place was that no one could tell us anything about our route through Kurdistan to join the Baghdad road at Kermanshah ; and the only available map was dated 1883.

It was late in the afternoon of our second day from Tabriz that we skidded, in torrents of rain, into Sakkis, the headquarters of Northern Persian Kurdistan. It is a fine stone village clustering on a hillside like a Palestinian hamlet ; and, thankful for a roof over our heads, we congratulated ourselves on the certainty that in no case could the remaining one hundred and fifty miles to Kermanshah be worse than what we had already gone through.

We never saw those one hundred and fifty miles : for Sakkis was to us what Moscow was to Napoleon. Our road on into the south ran sheer into what in normal times was a babbling stream ; but the storm had not only turned it into a raging torrent but—which was worse—had broken the only bridge. All Sakkis sympathized with us, and all sought some way out of our dilemma. A horseman was sent across to test the depth at the normal ford ; but in the end the horse had to swim. A second well-wisher mobilized a buffalo team to haul us through the water like a whale. Thank goodness, the rope broke when it took the strain, and not when we were in mid-channel. A third planned a raft ; but when we discovered

that he proposed to make it with packing cases, we assured him that we could not trouble him to such an extent. It was a cruel disappointment, but there was nothing for it but to turn back in our tracks.

This eleventh-hour failure somehow took the joy out of our party. Sadly we passed through Tabriz: nervously we swept by the home of the "enemy of the stranger"; and at last we regained the main Teheran-Baghdad road with a stop planned at Hamadan, where we would say good-bye to George. Our last evening as a team was a gala night, and for dinner we had soup, chicken, onions, sardines, and tinned grape fruit—a real repast. And afterwards George, with a shyness which was quite captivating, gave us each a silk handkerchief as a parting gift, and showed us the presents which he had bought at Tabriz for all the princesses at Daulatabad. There was a dress for his mother, stockings for his elder sisters, a pair of very tight riding breeches for his brother, and, for his youngest sister, a doll which opened and shut its eyes. George insisted that the doll must have a name, and asked us to christen it. We did: and then, somehow, I found myself launched into a sort of after-dinner speech. "George," I said, "we were quite right to call you George. You are a King among companions. And what better can we do than to call your doll Mary, after our Queen." George was delighted, and I really think that when we left him next morning, he was sorry that the trip was finished. I shook him warmly by the hand and asked him if he had enjoyed himself. "Very well," he said. "And have you learned anything?" "Yes," he replied, "two things—to swear like an Englishman, and to get up early in the morning." I laughed and said rather pompously that I hoped he would go on getting up early. George shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm never going to get up early in the morning again. I am going to go and live on my farm and watch my cultivators cultivating."

His days of masquerade were over. He was again the Prince.

FRENCH GRAVES OF ENGLISH KINGS

BY G. L. MERCHANT.

OF the five English kings who have met their death in France, four have left their bones on French soil: William the Conqueror was laid to rest at Caen, Henry II and his turbulent son Richard at Fontevrault; then, after an interval of five centuries, James II was interred at Paris. In no case have their tombs escaped violation.

Nothing in the Conqueror's life was more lurid than the manner of his leaving it. Old chroniclers have packed the tale with drama. It was "when the corn was ripe on the ground, the clusters on the vines, and the orchards laden with fruit in full abundance" that William rode out of Rouen to spread fire and sword through the Vexin. Brought back, fatally injured, to the priory of St. Gervais, he died there six weeks later, as the great bell of the cathedral was ringing for prime. A strange scene followed. "The richest rode off to put their possessions in security, while the servants, finding their masters gone, made off with their goods." The dead king lay unattended. It was left to a simple knight, Herlouin by name, "through pure good nature and the love of God," to charge himself with the last rites. At his own expense he engaged embalmers, watchers and a vehicle; then, taking boat, he conveyed the body, first by water and then by land, to the royal city of Caen.

In the western quarter of that city stands the abbey church of St. Stephen—one of the foundations by which the Conqueror had procured the papal assent to his marriage with Matilda. Thither the cortège was led from the city gates by the abbot Gilbert, followed by a throng of clergy and townsfolk, singing as they went. But an alarm of fire being raised as the procession moved through the narrow streets, "clerics and laics

rushed on the instant to extinguish it," while the monks proceeded alone to the abbey; there, between the altar and the choir, the grave had been dug, and thither the rest of the mourners, having extinguished the conflagration, followed them. A panegyric was pronounced by the Bishop of Evreux in which he made an appeal to the congregation to forgive anything wherein the dead king might have sinned against them. The appeal evoked a protest. From the crowded nave, Ascelin the son of Arthur, mounted on a stone, raised "*la clameur de haro*." This was an ancient Norman custom by which a complainant was entitled to resist any invasion of his rights. "Clerics and bishops," he cried; this ground belongs to me. It was the site of my father's house. The man for whose soul you pray took it by force to build on it this church. I neither sold, nor pledged, nor forfeited, nor gave it. It is mine by right, and I demand its restitution." The plea, audacious as it seemed, was attested by his friends, and Ascelin the son of Arthur was invited to come forward. A hasty consultation was held and the claim allowed. Pockets were turned out, the disturber appeased with the payment of sixty shillings down and the promise of sixty more, and the service proceeded. But a further reverse occurred. The corpulence of the Conqueror exceeded the dimensions of its narrow stone coffin; efforts to enclose it led to unpleasant consequences, the congregation hurried to escape from the malodorous air and left the monks to bring the ceremony to an abrupt conclusion.

Of the Conqueror's kin, only his son Henry and his half-brother Odo attended the service. Rufus "had sailed for England ere the king had well-nigh breathed his last." But having secured the crown, he showed a belated regard for his father's memory by sending "Otho the goldsmith and a great quantity of gold, silver and precious stones, with instructions to adorn the tomb in a manner worthy of admiration."

But fate was relentless still. Twice the tomb was moved by the canons on the plea that it obstructed the services. In 1562, the Huguenots swept away the shrine, broke open the coffin and scattered the bones. A single thigh-bone was rescued by one of the monks and preserved till 1642, when a new tomb was

constructed to receive it. This was removed to another part of the church a hundred years later. Again, at the Revolution, the tomb was rifled and the last relic lost. At the beginning of the last century, a marble slab with a modern inscription was placed on the site of the original grave. This, happily, has remained undisturbed, and at a solemn service held in 1927, the nine-hundredth anniversary of the Conqueror's birth, a wreath was laid on it by the mayor of Hastings to the accompaniment, softly rendered, of "*God Save the King*."

Hardly less dramatic than the end of the Conqueror was that of his great-grandson, Henry Plantagenet. Stark and even heroic as Henry was, the foes who had relentlessly beset him through his stormy reign closed in upon him at last and, in a final scene, set among the fair meadows of Touraine, they forced the last indignity upon their fallen antagonist.

It was to Colombières, on the banks of the Loire, that Henry came to hold a last parley with his old enemy, Philip of France, and his own unfilial son Richard. There, broken in spirit and racked by pain yet refusing to dismount and sit, he was held up in the saddle by his friends while he made abject submission to his rival. A sudden peal of thunder intensified the poignancy of his humiliation. Then the old lion of Anjou was lifted into a litter and borne along the road to Chinon.

No other fortress of the district suggests to the same degree the despotic sway of the Angevins as the castle-height of Chinon. It might pass for the very symbol of domination. With its towered walls overhanging the face of the rock and the broad waters of the Vienne serving as its moat, it stands like a merciless sentinel, holding the command of a triple valley. It was to this bulwark of his broken power that the fallen king was brought.

One favour only had he asked and obtained as the price of his humiliation—the list of those who had conspired against him. Arrived at Chinon, he had at once sent his chancellor, Roger Melchett, to procure the document. He returned with it in the evening. With no foreboding of its terrible contents, Henry bade him sit by his bedside and read him out the names.

"Sire," said Roger, as a glance at the list disclosed the fatal truth, "May Jesus Christ help me! The first name written is the name of Count John your son."

Henry could have borne all but that. In his extremity, the dying gladiator proved but human after all. "Can it be?" he cried; "John, my darling child, my very heart—has he forsaken me?" The news seemed too crushing, too unnatural to be true. "Let things go now as they will," he moaned as he turned to the wall, "I care no more for myself nor for the world."

Seven days he passed in a delirium, cursing the day that he was born and the sons he had begotten. Only one, the base-born Geoffrey, remained faithful to him and watched, with almost a woman's tenderness, at his bedside. "Shame, shame on a conquered king!" was the cry that constantly escaped from the fevered lips. At last, conscious that the end was near, he begged them to carry him into the castle chapel, and there, laid before the altar, he confessed his sins, received the viaticum, and so passed away.

Seven miles from Chinon stands the great abbey of Fontevrault, an almost royal foundation, singular in the fact that it admitted inmates of both sexes—monks who supported the house by their labour, nuns who added to their spiritual exercises the care of leprous and the reclamation of fallen women; the supreme authority over the whole community being committed to an abbess. So distinguished a foundation was it that this high office had been held, a few years previously by an aunt of the king. Hither, by river bank and forest track the body of Henry was brought to find its last home among these ministering sisters, fulfilling thereby the prophecy of a nameless monk, "*inter velatas velabitur*," "he shall be shrouded among shrouded women." Decorated with such sorry trappings as the moment supplied—a strip of gold lace torn from a lady's dress served as a diadem—he was laid to rest in that portion of the abbey-church that afterwards took the name of "the Graveyard of the Kings," and where, as we shall see, other members of his house subsequently joined him, their tombs grouped around a pillar on which was set a statue of Notre Dame des Rois.

But before the body was finally committed to the earth, while it still lay in the choir, Richard appeared. At his coming the cloth was removed from his father's face; he gave it one last and inscrutable look, "showing neither grief nor joy, penitence nor wrath; he spoke no word either good or bad but, sinking on his knees, remained there for the space of a Paternoster." But ere he turned to go, so bystanders averred, a stream of blood was seen to flow from the dead nostrils, proclaiming the son his father's murderer, and only ceasing when he left the church.

Ten years passed and then Richard himself was brought to lie by his father's side. He, the great Crusader, the "honour and glory of Western warfare," was fated to meet with an inglorious end. Treasure-trove had been found in the viscounty of Limoges. A peasant had turned up with his ploughshare a golden ornament. This was probably some relic of Gallo-Roman paganism, but rumour magnified it into a find of immense value—"an emperor with his wife, sons and daughters all of pure gold, seated round a golden table." Richard, though offered a share, demanded the whole and, on refusal, laid siege to the castle of Chalus, where the treasure was deposited. The defenders were few and ill-equipped. On the summit of the castle a single Bowman mounted guard, warding off the missiles of the besiegers with a frying-pan. This man, seizing an arrow which had fallen within his reach, fitted it to his crossbow and discharged it at Richard as the latter rode round the siege works, piercing him in the shoulder. Richard endeavoured to pluck out the missile with his own hand but the wooden shaft broke off, leaving the iron head embedded in the flesh. An operation performed by lantern-light made matters worse, mortification set in, and on the eleventh day, having made his peace with God, the king died at dusk.

The marksman, whose identity is doubtful since his name is variously given as Guy, Peter Basil, Jean Sabraz and Bertrand de Gourdon, though pardoned and even enriched by Richard on his deathbed, was subsequently flayed and hanged.

It was to his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, "in whom, after God, he placed all his trust," that the thoughts of Cœur de Lion turned as his end approached. He was her favourite son; it was she who, during the Third Crusade, had taken out his bride Berengaria to join him at Messina; it was she who, when he was held to ransom in Germany, had raised the price of his release and, despite her seventy-four years, had taken it, in bags stamped with her own seal, to the emperor.

Now summoned from Fontevrault, she arrived in time to bid her son farewell and to receive his depositions for the disposal of his remains. His body was to be embalmed; the brain and viscera were to be given to the Poitevin abbey of Charroux; his heart to his faithful city of Rouen, and his body, vested in his coronation robes, was to be laid, in token of penitence, at his father's feet in the abbey church of Fontevrault.

So to Fontevrault, to the Graveyard of the Kings, the way was taken, Eleanor accompanying the cortège. She was now past fourscore; more than fifty years had passed since she had dazzled Antioch by her beauty and scandalised it by her amours. Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, who chanced to be visiting France in the interests of his Chapter, was brought from Angers to perform the last rites. On his way to Fontevrault he halted at the little town of Beaufort la Vallée that he might visit Richard's widow and break to her the news of her loss. She, apparently, had not been invited to the funeral. She had played little part in her husband's life; crowned Queen of England in the isle of Cyprus, she had never set foot on English soil nor is it likely that she ever learned the English tongue; at any rate, the only English utterance of Richard's which has been preserved does not suggest him as a competent instructor, "Ha de debil, he speke like a fole Breton!" During many years they had lived apart, but now, when the final separation came, the depth of the love which the lion-hearted troubadour had inspired in her was manifested in the extremity of her grief.

To-day, as one enters the church of Fontevrault by the western door and gazes down the spacious nave, where the light falls from the cupolas above, towards the sculptured

columns of the apse, one sees, lying beneath the dome of the choir, four recumbent figures, the sole monuments in the great basilica—four frayed effigies, ashen-grey but for a rare patch of faded colour, pathetically yet magnificently housed in all the beauty and dignity of the Romanesque. Henry, Richard, Eleanor, and with them another queen who, a decade later, was to raise further tempests, King John's wife, Isabella of Angoulême. The first three are of tufa, the last of wood. It is questionable if any of them are true portraits. The two kings lie on draped biers, vested in royal robes, with crown and sceptre, sword and spurs. Henry is tall and broad-shouldered; his attitude is calm, even majestic; there is no hint of bull-neck or bandy legs. Richard's figure measures six feet; the face is bearded, but the expression is too placid for that of a "splendid savage," while Eleanor wears the composure almost of a saint as she reads from the open psalter in her hands.

It is owing to a sequence of miracles that the effigies stand as they do to-day. In 1504, and again in 1638, the position of the tombs was changed. Then, in 1793, the full fury of the Revolution burst upon the monastery. The mob, inflamed, it would appear, by the peculiar dignity of the foundation—the four daughters of Louis XV were educated here—broke into the church with axes and hammers, shattering as they went, till the cry of sated vengeance was raised, "The royal abbey is fallen at last!" It was only by pure chance that the effigies were spared. They were first taken to the neighbouring priory of St. Laurence; then, on the demolition of that house, were brought back and placed in the Tour d'Evrault, the ancient kitchen of the abbey. Meanwhile the abbatial buildings had been turned into a house of correction; the nave of the church was walled off and converted to secular uses, the choir and transepts served as a chapel for the prisoners. Eighteen years later the effigies were removed from the kitchen to the cellar. There they were discovered in 1816 by the English antiquarian Charles Stothard, who suggested their removal to Westminster. Louis XVIII was prepared to give them up, but the Angevins protested. They were, however, rescued

from the degradation of the cellar, and placed in a small chapel in the south transept of the church, but were left unguarded and often served the visitors as seats. Twenty years later Louis Philippe refused a second request for their transference to England, but conceived the unfortunate idea of placing them in the Louvre; they were accordingly removed to Paris, where they were repainted. In 1866, on the eve of the French Exhibition, Louis offered them to Queen Victoria; a strong feeling, however, was shown against their deportation, and the Emperor was obliged to retract his offer. The Queen acquiesced, but expressed the desire that the church should be restored to Catholic worship and the effigies replaced in the position which they occupy to-day.

And so we leave them, sleeping beneath the dome.

The heart of Richard—*cor inexpugnabile*—which he had bequeathed to the city of Rouen, “en remembrance d’amour,” was received with great joy by the Canons of the cathedral and placed by them on the south side of the choir, encased in a sumptuous shrine of gold and silver, set above an effigy of the king. The shrine, alas! was sold in 1250 to provide the ransom of St. Louis, captured by the Saracens at Damietta: “It was not the first time,” it has been gracefully observed, “that Richard paid the ransom of the brave.” In 1734, consequent upon the raising of the sanctuary floor, the effigy disappeared and was believed to have been destroyed, but, a hundred years later, it was brought to light beneath the pavement of the choir, sadly maltreated; the projecting features had been levelled with a hammer and the cavities of the figure filled in with cement in order that it might serve as a foundation stone for the new floor. A little later, at a lower depth, the heart, “shrunk to the semblance of a leaf,” was recovered, preserved in two cases of lead, the interior, lined with a thin leaf of silver, bearing a simple inscription. These are now shown in the Treasury of the cathedral, and their dimensions—the outer casket measures seventeen inches by twelve by six—give colour to the statement of Gervase of Canterbury that the heart was of unusual size, “*grossitudine præstans*.” The effigy,

now restored to the ambulatory of the choir, bears little resemblance to that of Fontevault; it has neither beard nor moustache; it is not vested in full royal robes but in two garments only—a long blue mantle covering a red tunic. The hair has been painted a sandy red.

Of the relic bequeathed to Charroux, nothing is known.

The Revolution, which had exercised such a dispersive force over his predecessors, was not likely to deal more leniently with James II. That monarch, after abandoning his throne and incidentally dropping the Great Seal into the Thames, was granted an asylum by Louis XIV at St. Germain-en-Laye, twelve miles from Paris. There he died on September 6th, 1701. The same evening his queen retired to the house of the Ladies of the Visitation at Chaillot, the foundation of another royal exile, Queen Henrietta Maria. But before she took her departure she had the satisfaction of hearing a herald sound trumpet before the palace gate and proclaim her son, in terms of Latin, French and English, King James III of England and VIII of Scotland.

It had been James’s wish—“in order to show his detachment from the vanities of this world”—to be buried quietly in the church of the parish where he died; but his adherents, believing that the restoration of the Stuarts was assured, decided to embalm the body pending its translation to Westminster and to deposit it provisionally in the convent of the English Benedictines at Paris. This was a confraternity of English refugees who had elected to share the exile of their king: its church was appropriately dedicated to St. Edmund, king and martyr. At the dusk of the following day, therefore, a modest escort of three mourning coaches and sixty guards bearing lighted torches set out for Paris; a halt was made at Chaillot and there the king’s heart was solemnly committed to the keeping of the sisters; then the procession, crossing the river, passed up the rue St. Jacques to its destination, where, after an interchange of Latin speeches between the king’s almoner and the prior, the coffin was placed in the chapel of Lord Cardigan, next the choir.

There it remained for nearly a century. It is rather strange that Dr. Johnson, who was the guest of the convent in 1775, should make no mention of it nor of the wax mask which hung against the chapel wall. Its ultimate fate, however, may be presumed from a statement made by an Irishman named Fitzsimons; this runs: "I was a prisoner in the convent of the English Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques at the time of the Revolution. The body of King James lay in one of the chapels, enclosed within three coffins—two of wood and one of lead. The sans-culottes broke these up in order to make bullets of the lead. They accepted money from the prisoners, and said that James had been a good sans-culotte, and that they would bury him in a public grave with the rest of the sans-culottes. But what became of the body I cannot say." Some thirty years later, King George IV caused extensive enquiries to be made as to its possible whereabouts, but without result; by that time the convent had been transformed into a *lycée*; it is now a conservatoire for the teaching of music and singing—the Schola Cantorum.

Other Jacobite communities had pleaded for relics of the king whom they regarded as "more than hero, little less than martyr." His brain was acquired by the Collège des Ecossais, other portions by the English college at St. Omer and by the parish church of St. Germain-en-Laye—the latter given by the queen herself "for the consolation of both French and English and to preserve the memory of so great a prince in that place."

All these relics have met with misadventure. The heart, which was enclosed in a gilt casket, the gift of Louis XIV, perished when the convent of the Visitation (it stood near the present site of the Trocadero) was dissolved and dismantled at the Revolution and finally obliterated by Napoleon when he cleared the ground with a view to building there a palace for his son, the King of Rome. The relic of St. Omer, discovered behind the wainscoting of the chapel, was scattered to the winds. At the Collège des Ecossais, near the Halle aux Vins, the Duke of Perth erected in the ante-chapel a monument of black and white marble supporting an urn of gilded metal,

within which a leaden case contained the brain of the late king. The monument, though shorn of its embellishing figures, still remains with its inscription stating that this seminary, the authorized custodian of His Majesty's Journals, is fittingly privileged to be the custodian of the brain which compiled them. The urn has long since disappeared, but the leaden case, after having for a time been lost, was accidentally recovered at the making of a passage. It remained in the possession of the college till the first year of the Great War when (according to information given to the present writer by one of the sisters) it was mysteriously abstracted, being taken, it has been conjectured, to Scotland. Though deprived of its relic, the building is not without its historical interest. Founded in 1326 by David, Bishop of Moray, it was one of the endowed hostels of the early university, supporting four poor scholars; it was rebuilt in 1665 and became a centre of Jacobite influence in France; at the Revolution it served as a prison, St. Just being among those confined in it; it now shelters an orphanage kept by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Only the relic preserved at St. Germain-en-Laye has escaped dispersion. A tablet of white marble inserted in the pavement before the high altar marked its resting-place, while a mural epitaph challenged denial that the late king was "second to none in valour, equal to any in faith." On the rebuilding of the church in 1824, the casket was unearthed, and after being housed for a time in a temporary structure, was transferred, by the direction of King George IV, to the reconstructed church and placed in one of the chapels beneath a monument of white marble, bearing a more modern inscription. The new tomb appears to have been neglected. Queen Victoria, visiting St. Germain in 1855, was much concerned at the condition in which she found it, and gave instructions for the renovation of the chapel and monument. To the inscription on the latter she added the pathetic dedication, "*Regio cineri pietas regia*"—a Queen's duty to a King's dust. It is, indeed, the last vestige of our royal dust which remains unscattered on the soil of France.

BEYOND THE CITIES

BY FRASER SEAFIELD

WILLIAM LUTTON began life as the son of a modestly wealthy merchant. As such, he steered a slow and uncertain way through Lower School and High School, displaying an ability in his lessons, an ability in direct proportion to the amount of time he spent studying. Unfortunately, the older he became the less did topics of an academic nature interest young William. Finally, during the second year of his University life, he discovered that the University had no further use for him: merely because he had forgotten, amid the distraction of other things, to assimilate enough knowledge with which to pass his examinations. This was rather annoying, for the moment. However, his indulgent father found him a job with a banking house, at the same time slightly increasing his pocket money, and so things did not seem altogether too discouraging. Indeed, young Lutton enjoyed life more than a little; at least, up to the time when he lost his job with the banking house.

Then, very conveniently, the War came along: and Lutton went to war. He did rather well in the Air Force; he won a few decorations; had a good time in Paris, when on leave; and was sorry, on the whole, when the Armistice came around. After being demobilized in England, he spent the remnants of his army pay, cabled home for passage money, and mildly wondered what next was to occupy his time.

Not inclined to any very concentrated form of sin, and much less capable of any continuous effort in the business world, Lutton wandered aimlessly around Canada for the next two months; this, much to the annoyance of his father. Eventually his haphazard ramblings brought him in contact with some pilots of the Government Aerial Forest Patrol, and he applied for a position in their service. After satisfying

themselves concerning Lutton's ability as a pilot (which ability was very marked) the same Government furnished him with a machine, and forthwith sent him far into the north-west frontier to a little outpost station on the shores of Emerald Lake. Except for a temperamental wireless set, which connected this aerial base with the outside world, there was nothing—nothing except two aeroplanes, two mechanics, the other pilot and the cook; also a certain job of forestry patrol which had to be done each day.

This particular year was the year when prospectors discovered gold north of the famous Red Lake claims. Not far from the Air Force base on Emerald Lake a supposedly rich strike had been made. Money was needed to develop this claim, and Lutton subscribed some 4,000 dollars—which amount was all he could extract from his father—towards the formation of a company. But things move slowly in the great north woods, and no machinery was brought to the location until the following summer.

Lutton was becoming tired of doing one job well. It was his nature to do work thoroughly for a little while; but it was also his nature to weary of unchanged occupation over a space of time.

One morning, having transported provisions to a group of men who were fighting fire on the shores of a distant lake, Lutton was winging his homeward way in the direction of Emerald Lake. Three thunderstorms, which had been threatening for some time, had massed themselves in impenetrable banks along the southern horizon, and he decided that it was impossible safely to reach his base. Swinging slightly to the eastward, he circled Island Lake: throttled back his motor, and swung downwards to land on the water near a sand-bar, where a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company showed white through the trees. Lutton had put in there before, when the Hudson's Bay Factor, a half-breed Indian, had fed him sumptuously on moose-steaks, new potatoes, brown bread and tea. "A good place to wait for the weather to clear," thought Lutton, as he beached his seaplane on the sand-bar.

This was at eleven o'clock of a summer morning.

The Hudson's Bay factor greeted Lutton with a hearty welcome and a beaming countenance. In one hand he held a whisky bottle: in the other an empty glass. "Have a drink," he proffered, after effusive greetings. "Our York-boats just came in today; I'm sampling the two cases of whisky, before they're traded out to the Indians for furs. Have a drink."

"Thanks," replied Lutton: "thanks, a small one. Flying and drinking don't go together, you know."

"Take a good one," encouraged the factor. "It's going to rain all day. You'll be stuck here until tomorrow morning. Take a long one."

The factor's prophecy proved correct. All afternoon the thunder rolled among the hills, and downpour after downpour swept over the little trading-post in quick and blinding succession.

After a hearty mid-day meal, the factor, Lutton, and the cook sat discussing such things as forest fires, new-found gold, and the falling price of beaver-skins. The cook, a not too tidy white man of the obviously unintelligent sort, was the first to become drunk: when he related at great length how he had switched from the infantry to the Air Force during the war, and expatiated on the worth of himself in the capacity of a pilot. The factor, although a hard man to drink under the table, had started sampling good Scotch whisky early that morning, and was soon bellowing songs of an unclean nature.

At four o'clock Lutton got up and walked carefully to the door. A gust of rain-wet wind greeted him as he stepped outside to examine the weather. He returned to the table and poured himself another drink, saying, "I can't get back tonight, even if it does clear up in half an hour. Here's a go."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the factor.

"Give us 'nother drink," mumbled the cook.

At six o'clock the sinking sun broke through the bank of dispersing clouds. It gleamed across the shimmering lake and bathed the rain-soaked trees in rays of glittering gold and silver. Then someone suggested a ride in the seaplane. To

the muddled minds of these three drunken men, this idea seemed excellent.

"Sure!" said Lutton, staggering to his feet. He was the least intoxicated of the three. "A flight'll sober us up. Good idea. . . . Good for the liver to fly around after drinking. Let's go."

"I'll fly the a' 'plane," chimed in the cook as he made for the door, only to fall crashing over an intervening chair. But, nowise perturbed, he clambered to his feet and added, "I'll show youse two guys how I can fly a . . . a . . . a nairplaine. . . ."

No one seems to know who was at the controls of the seaplane that afternoon. Whether it was the cook who thought he was a pilot, or whether it was the pilot who thought he was sober enough to fly, still remains a mystery. The machine took off from the surface of Island Lake, and swung in great erratic circles above the heads of some startled Indians who were encamped on a nearby island. Then it sped away northwards, just clearing the tops of the tall poplar trees. Returning again, it swept incredibly low over the waves. Then one lower wing dipped into the water as the seaplane banked to turn. The machine seemed to halt for an instant: swung in a sudden arc; wavered for the fraction of an instant, and struck the lake with a loud report that went reverberating through the hills.

Five minutes later a group of ten or more Indian canoes surrounded the slowly sinking wreck, the distorted remnants of what had been an aeroplane. Lutton and the factor, entirely sobered by the shock and their immersion in the cold waters, were trying to extricate the cook from the crushed and battered confines of the seaplane's cabin. The blood from a cut across Lutton's forehead kept running into his eyes. The factor's left arm seemed to be broken and hung limply by his side. The cook's body was wedged between two twisted longeron supports, and all efforts to free him were in vain. In spite of an attempt to hold up the machine, by attaching such ropes as were available, it gradually settled lower and lower in the waves. Then the terrible death-

shriek of the wild-eyed cook was cut short, and ended in a spluttering gurgle, as the aeroplane sank from sight in eight fathoms of oily water.

During the course of the next three days, the shattered machine had been lifted from the bottom of the lake, by means of grappling-irons and chains, and dragged ashore. A doctor, who acted as coroner, had been flown to the scene of the disaster; and had pronounced the cook's death as "accidental." A little Indian graveyard, which was enclosed by a pathetic decaying picketed fence, received the cook into its narrow confines. He had no known relations who might have wished to be present: so the doctor repeated as much of the Lord's Prayer as he could remember, while two Indians shovelled the earth on top of the rough hewn, spruce-wood coffin.

During the burial proceedings, a much-bandaged and disconsolate Lutton sat on the beach and conversed with the factor. "Here endeth my career as a pilot," he was saying, as the doctor came up. "The Government will cancel my licence for all time, after this episode."

"If," suggested the factor, following a lengthy silence, "you can't find anything better to do, come back here and I'll outfit you for a winter's trapping. An old Indian called 'Iskoeis' is looking for a partner to help him on his trap-lines. He'd be glad to take you on."

"Thanks," said Lutton ungraciously; little thinking that he would soon accept the offer.

Lutton returned to headquarters and was discharged from the flying service. For the first time Lutton's long-suffering father refused him either money or aid. A persistent effort of six week's searching for a job proved unfruitful of success. His money was running low. Something had to be done, and done soon. Even as people revisit the scenes of a battle, as crowds are attracted to witness an execution, so Lutton seemed to be drawn back to the lonely Hudson's Bay outpost where his mishap had occurred. Rather than struggle along in a city, he returned to the assured welcome of his friend the factor. "A winter in the woods," he argued with himself,

"a thousand dollars or so for the catch of furs; the possibility that the gold mine near Emerald Lake will be operating next summer." It seemed the only thing to do; and so Lutton returned.

True to his word, the factor supplied him with a complete and carefully selected trapper's outfit. There were the three sizes of traps, an excellent rifle, two pairs of warm Hudson's Bay blankets; besides cooking-utensils, and sufficient concentrated food for many months. The old Indian, Iskoeis, furnished a tent, his own equipment, and a team of husky dogs. In the early part of November, just after the first big snowstorm, Iskoeis and Lutton lashed their traps and supplies on the dog-sleigh, slipped their feet into the thongs of their bear-paw snowshoes, slung their rifles and haversacks over their shoulders, and disappeared between the pillared corridors of the inscrutable and impassive forest.

There, in the brooding solitudes, Lutton lived for six months, with only Iskoeis for companion. There he learned the language and the folklore of the old Indian's people. There he lived, almost as the primitive forerunners of the human race once lived—fighting the cold, killing the fur-bearing animals, and eating their flesh. Lutton learned to respect the savagely beautiful forces of nature, and finally even learned to love her untamed moods. The veneer of civilization was slipping slowly from him, and the world of men and cities, the world of uninteresting toil and unsavoury atmospheres he began subconsciously to consider as something to be avoided. It is bad for an educated white man, whom no one interest holds, to develop a dislike for evening dress and all that goes with evening dress. For such a man, it mostly means that in the wilderness he is often discontented, while in the cities he is often dissipated. Just such was the fate of Lutton.

In the springtime he returned to Island Lake, and marketed his share of the furs they had taken. The winter had been a profitable one, and Lutton was richer by some two thousand dollars. Then he went to the City of Winnipeg, to taste again the distraction of a quasi-social life, and also to look for

a job or a profitable investment of his winter's earnings. He tasted social life among some old acquaintances—and found it immeasurably boring. He also tasted strong liquors; and these too often. He invested money in the mining market, and the value of the shares he had purchased immediately began to drop. The gold mine near Emerald Lake was still in its unproductive development stages. Lutton began to feel the neurotic despair of those who think that no effort on their part can possibly divert things unto their immediate or future favour. He was sick of cards and dancing; weary of seeing other men immersed in their work while he had nothing; disgusted with the turn of affairs which had thrust him among the ranks of “drifters,” of the “hangers-on” who fritter away their time in hope of better things. Capable in action, but incapable of inaction, Lutton left the city, and doggedly returned once more to the Hudson's Bay Post on Island Lake.

There, with the help of two Indians, he built himself a log cabin, and settled down to a long summer of indolence and discontent. The factor supplied him with foodstuffs, and also sold him whisky; the fiction magazines supplied him with a kind of ineffectual distraction: and in this fashion he endeavoured to exist. Then, about the first of August, he married an Indian girl. This girl was pretty enough, as natives go; the primitive marriage ceremony was in no way permanently binding—but this union was an accurate indication of the depths to which Lutton was descending. He realized all this, but had ceased to care a great deal. Usually he went to bed about half, or completely drunk. The Indian girl was a good cook, and clean. Her former Indian sweetheart swore a vengeance upon Lutton and all his kind; but no one paid much attention to this, because the law, as enforced by the Royal North West Mounted Police, is too stringent for any possibility of a murder being left undetected.

And so the long bright summer days dragged on.

About the end of September it became obvious that the Indian girl would present Lutton with a baby, before very many months; a baby of whom Lutton was obviously not the father. Dissipation and despondency had reduced his

nerves to a state of constant and increasing irritability. When Lutton discovered this fact, he cursed the native woman in no uncertain terms, struck her across the face, and left her weeping in the cabin. Then he went to visit the factor.

All evening he sat drinking his host's strong liquor. Presently he began denouncing the Government, and all the workings of his native country. Eventually he even included the factor in his harangue of drastic criticism. He claimed that the factor cheated the Indians beyond all bounds of reason; he claimed that the factor was wholly responsible for his own present state of drunken idleness. The factor, somewhat annoyed, and concluding that Lutton was insupportably intoxicated, dragged him to the door, and thrust him outside, sprawling on the ground.

Lutton clambered to his feet and staggered homewards in a towering rage. Next morning some natives found that the throat of the Indian girl had been cut from ear to ear while she slept upon the bed. Lutton lay insensible in a corner of the cabin, sleeping the sleep of a drunkard, and near him lay a gleaming, blood-blotched hunting knife. The factor came, and shook Lutton awake. Lutton's dulled and blood-shot eyes surveyed uncomprehendingly the contents of the room. The factor cross-questioned him, but he claimed to remember nothing—he said that he did not even remember having visited the factor on the previous evening.

“I didn't kill the woman!” Lutton savagely exclaimed, as he heaved himself to his feet. “I may be a drunken fool, but I'm not a murderer—at least, not yet.”

But, as he closed the cabin door upon the gruesome scene, a wavering doubt beset him. He remembered his anger of yesterday; the wild and distorted phantasms, products of the vacuous summer which he had spent in a state of half-drugged slothfulness. “I did not kill her!” he again repeated aloud; but to himself, “My God! I wonder if I did.”

The factor was genuinely sorry for Lutton. “News travels quickly, even where there are no newspapers,” he counselled him. “The Mounted Police will be on the job before a

week is out. You know the bush, and you've got all the necessary outfit; I'd advise you to clear out, to disappear at once. Hit for the deep woods and don't come back till spring, or later. They'll prove you guilty if you stay, and you haven't a leg to stand on. Every Indian in the encampment will swear you killed the girl, and even all I can say won't carry any weight."

Lutton sat disconsolate, staring at the floor between his feet, but seeing nothing. A grim despairing defiance descended upon his mind, like the defiance of a weary and hunted wolf. At length he replied, "All right: I'll go. Anything is better than the summer I've spent here. Get me a supply of provisions, and I'll leave this afternoon."

II

One month later found Lutton far from the Hudson's Bay Post in a strange and unmapped region. It was only after he had built himself a little log-cabin, and had laid out his triangular line of traps, that he discovered another man was operating in the same locality. This other person proved to be a white man, and as he knew nothing concerning Lutton's past life, it was safe to make friends with him. Lutton introduced himself, under the name of "Jenkins", and these two men spent many of the long dark winter evenings in each other's cabins. The other man was not inquisitive; he accepted Lutton for what he seemed to be. One of the dogs, belonging to this other man was (contrary to the nature of most husky sleigh-dogs) very affectionate, and also unusually clever. This dog would sometimes carry notes, notes attached to his collar, between the cabins of the two white men.

"If," casually remarked Lutton one night, "you happen to see any North-West Police wandering about, just send your dog over to my camp—without his collar. Will you please?"

"Sure!" the other man acquiesced, "I'll remember." Although he mildly wondered at Jenkins's interest in the movements of these police, he asked no questions. Friendship in

the woods is friendship, and does not concern itself with what may or may not have happened in the past.

One morning in early January, just as a pale grey light began to gleam in the eastern sky, Lutton was strapping on his snowshoes, preparatory to making an inspection of his trap-line. Suddenly a dog bounded through the powdered snow. Lutton patted the dog's head, and bent down to look for the customary note attached to his collar. There was no collar. For an instant Lutton paused, looking in the direction of the sunrise, where the shadowy trees notched the brightening clouds of morning. "At last," he said, half aloud. "At last, the Police—curse their dirty souls!" He then ordered the dog to go home, and hastily harnessed his own dog-team to the sleigh, on which were loaded all his provisions. Following which, he slipped a cartridge into his rifle, called to the dogs, and fled northwards amidst the dissolving shadows of the night.

He drove his team, twisting and dodging through the massed and shaggy tree-trunks of a spruce swamp. Soon he emerged upon the open spaces of a muskeg. Down the centre of this muskeg he pursued his course, leaving a clear-cut trail in the virgin whiteness of the snow. Just as he came to the beginning of a forest-clothed hillock he swung to the right and circled backwards behind a ridge of enfolding pine trees. Then he halted his dogs and climbed to the crest of the rocky ridge. Below him lay his new-made trail, which broke the surface of the wind-swept snow and showed black like a river cutting its well marked way through fields of standing corn. Lutton cocked his rifle and waited. Presently a team of dogs emerged from the confines of the spruce swamp, and paused at the edge of the muskeg. Two men, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police (at present only mounted upon their snowshoes) also appeared. They halted and held a brief conference, then unslung their rifles, and began to follow the trail across the open area of the quiet muskeg.

Abruptly a shot rang out and shattered the weighty silences. A frightened ptarmigan sprung up in startled flight. One of the policemen staggered and fell on the surface of the snow,

clutching a broken knee. Lutton bit his lip, and slipped another cartridge into his rifle. The other policeman dropped behind the halted dog-sleigh to search the ridge for any glimpse of movement. Five cold and noiseless minutes passed. The wounded man had crawled to refuge behind the dog-sleigh. Lutton's naked hands began to numb in contact with the cold steel of his rifle barrel. He could have killed both men easily ; but he did not wish to kill, only to delay. At last, he sent a bullet singing beneath the nose of the lead-dog, who, lurching to his feet and followed by the other dogs, pulled the laden sleigh ahead, thereby exposing the two policemen who were crouched behind. The unwounded man leapt to his feet, but even as he did so, another well-directed bullet split his ankle-bone, and he halted in his footsteps.

Lutton slid down the ridge, and untethered his waiting dogs. "That'll hold them till I make my get-away," he muttered, as he swung his dog-team westwards to begin his long and solitary flight through the frigid swamps and forests of northern Canada.

The end of February found him still pursuing his dogged way across the cruel Barren Lands. His provisions were completely gone, but he managed to subsist on an occasional partridge, and other small game which his rifle enabled him to secure. Once he had even shot a moose, at sunset : but the wolves had devoured the carcass before he could return the following morning to reclaim his kill. Then, his supply of cartridges gave out ; and the dogs began to starve. How far he had gone, travelling westward, always westward, he had no way of knowing. Considering the number of days upon the trail, it must have been at least a thousand miles. But even yet he feared to swing southward in the hope of striking some outpost settlement, and he still went wide of the few Indian villages which lay along his path.

Finally he began to kill off his lean and famished dogs, to eat their flesh. Then, when there remained only one of these, he flung discretion to the bitter winds and turned south in the meagre hope of finding human abodes. But by this time he was hopelessly lost : and the cruel spectre of starvation placed

its quiet feet in every mark that his snowshoes left upon the lonely snows.

A certain night his ebbing strength deserted him. He left the last remaining dog harnessed to the sleigh, and fell asleep in the snow, protected from the cold only by his two inadequate blankets. The following morning, when he regained his senses, he found himself incapable of walking ten consecutive paces. Only the instinct of self-preservation prompted him to throw himself on the now empty sleigh, and to command the dog to march.*

Slowly, as the dog forged ahead along the unbroken, untraced trail, the sleep of death began to descend upon the body and the spirit of Lutton. Death by freezing and starvation is very gentle, in its final stages ; it lulls the soul from out of the body as the mind of a child drifts into dreams.

The famished husky dog struggled onwards valiantly towards the crest of a ridge. Then the sleigh became wedged between two rigid tree-trunks, and the animal could not dislodge it. After a few minutes of futile lurching and struggling, he sat down in the snow, and raised his nose towards the sky to send a long-drawn, dismal howl cutting through the frosty winter air. It was the disconsolate howl of his wolf-forefathers ; but an experienced ear could note a subtle difference.

Far down the valley an Indian paused to listen, and then, displaying the curiosity of all his kind, turned in the direction from which the sound had come.

By the time the red wild roses had begun to dot the hills of June, Lutton had almost regained his normal strength of body. The Indians had nursed him well, if crudely, in their tattered moose-hide teepees. He had given them his rifle and his dog-sleigh in exchange for his new lease of life. The Indians were content with their reward ; more content than was Lutton, for he still remained a hunted, haunted creature. "The Mounted Police never lose their man" was no idle boast of a fireside ; and this Lutton knew. Yet he clung to the hope that his drastic flight across the Barren Lands and

* The technical expression is "Mush !" probably derived from the French-canadian word "marche."

forests of half a continent had effectually shaken off his pursuers. He finally had dropped his former name of "Lutton" and was known to all whom he met as Jenkins.

Joining a party of geologists, Jenkins accompanied them in the capacity of cook, until two months later their travels brought them near the little mining town of Musclow, which lay in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. There, with three hundred dollars in his pocket, he deserted the geological survey, and, urged by some strange impulse, turned his footsteps towards the straggling line of buildings which marked the location of a new-found gold mine.

Mining towns, like mushrooms, spring up in the night, flourish for shorter or longer spaces of time, then as rapidly disappear. After all the gold is mined, after all the men have gone, the wilderness gently reclaims her own, and soon no scar remains to show that men have toiled and hewn and hacked to build a stronghold in the solitudes. Such a town was Musclow, and when Jenkins wandered down the main street early this September morning, the new and half-built lumber houses indicated that the settlement was in its early stages of existence.

In the course of a few days Jenkins came in contact with a man named Marlowe. Marlowe was erecting a grocery store and was in need of a little more capital to complete and stock the building; also he wanted the assistance of a capable person. Jenkins produced his three hundred dollars, and a bargain was struck at once. One week later a sign appeared above the rough frame building, a sign which said:

"MARLOWE & JENKINS,
High Grade Groceries."

This particular vein of gold proved rich beyond expectation. The town of Musclow grew by leaps and bounds, and the business of Marlowe and Jenkins did likewise. A branch line of the railway now connected the town with the outside world, and in three years' time it could boast of a population of nearly twenty thousand persons. Electric light illuminated the houses and the streets. Jenkins, who was considered one of Musclow's most prominent citizens, because of his new-found

enthusiasm and his comparatively superior education, had been elected a member of the Town Council.

Then Marlowe, whose health was failing, sold his share of the business, and sought a warmer climate. Jenkins, tasting the first consecutive success he had ever experienced, was an altered personality from the rather shiftless and haphazard character of former times. To him the success of his now greatly enlarged grocery store, and the affairs of the expanding Musclow, were of vital import. Finally, in view of his prosperous business and his dynamic interest, Musclow elected him Mayor. On the evening of his election, Jenkins delivered a glowing and cleverly-worded speech to the crowd of inhabitants who thronged the town hall. He was indeed a changed man; as different from his former self as Dr. Jekyll was from Mr. Hyde.

After the meeting was over, a mildly pretty woman, of early middle age, came up and spoke to Jenkins. She examined his face with a pair of large and questing eyes. "Where have I seen you before?" she asked.

Jenkins instantly remembered the woman as a youthful acquaintance, and quailed to the depths of his spirit, as he answered, "Where? I . . . I don't remember."

Then the woman smiled and said, "Oh, *now* I know! You are the little boy whose father had a summer place close to ours on Lake Simcoe, back in eastern Ontario. But I think the name was Lutton, wasn't it, not Jenkins?"

With a mighty effort Jenkins controlled the emotion of his voice and asked, "May I escort you home, Miss . . . Miss ah . . .?"

"Miss Reynolds," the woman replied.

It appeared that this Miss Reynolds had come to Musclow with her painter's paraphernalia in order to sketch the foothills of the Rockies, where their flower-strewn and forest-covered undulations began to lift in quick succession towards the snow-capped peaks beyond. But in spite of her artistic preoccupations during the subsequent two weeks, Miss Reynolds, with the cleverness of all women who are worthy of the name, discovered and dissected everything of importance concerning

Jenkins's past life ; even unto and including the death of the Indian girl. Then she proceeded to surround this newly acquired series of historical mishaps with an aurora of genuine sympathy. Possibly because she had spent the past fifteen years of her life trying to direct the attention of the artistic world to her not very remarkable and rather ill-composed landscape paintings, possibly because of this and other things, she was more than usually ready to appreciate the cause of an unfortunate outcast. Most certainly she was weary of continually burning incense at the altar of that implacable image called " Art ", and of receiving no smile from its inscrutable marble lips. Of recent years she had wondered vaguely whether striving for unattainable fame was really the primrose path for woman. " He " (Jenkins) " has such an engaging smile, when he cares to smile," Miss Reynolds mused, as she turned to examine her appearance as reflected in a mirror. " I think I would like to marry him."

And she did : just ten days later.

Of course, Jenkins had proposed, in the orthodox fashion. Although he did not fully realize it, this was one of the few intelligent moves of his lifetime. Jenkins retained his assumed name, and Mrs. Jenkins proved to be all that he had visualized as a wife ; but still, he had no way of appreciating the skillfulness with which she prevented him from doing the things he ought not to do, and gently steered him into ways of worldly discretion. Mrs. Jenkins was a very clever woman, after her own fashion.

One year later, Musclow presented Jenkins with another term as Mayor, and Mrs. Jenkins presented him with a son. The day following this double event Jenkins, radiating acute satisfaction and beneficence, made his way to the central branch of his large and prosperous grocery stores, in order to proclaim a half holiday for all his employees. The only cloud in Jenkins's azure sky was the fact that the mine in eastern Canada, the mine which he had financed to the tune of four thousand dollars, was paying increasing dividends, and he, under an assumed name, could claim no profits. " Well, anyway, sufficient unto the day are the profits thereof "

Jenkins philosophized, as he entered his store and watched the white-aproned clerks serve the steady stream of customers.

A stranger had followed Jenkins through the door, and now came up behind him as he stood complacently surveying his little domain.

" Achmûn kié-estos teewunt am yea-ah wista ! " said the stranger, addressing Jenkins' back. This speech, being interpreted, merely means " What a fine display of goods you have " ; but the language was the language that Jenkins had learned from the old Indian Iskoeis, twelve hundred miles and eight long years away.

" Iykiss, kié-estos," Jenkins answered, taken totally off his guard. Then he wheeled around to face the stranger. Unwittingly he had responded in the language of that ancient band of Indians who live along the shores of Hudson's Bay, and with whom he had lived in his trapper's days. The store swam around, and faded before his eyes. The images of a wrecked seaplane, a murdered native woman and two wounded " Mounties," swept across his brain. A gripping premonition seized his heart, and perspiration broke out upon his forehead.

" What," he finally managed to stammer, " who . . . what can I do for you ? "

" Let us go into your office," suggested the stranger.

When they were seated there, the man continued. " I am an Inspector of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, Mr. Lutton : or Mr. Jenkins—if you prefer that name ; and our organization has been looking for you a good many years. I now arrest you in the name of the law," the Inspector went on, producing a warrant. " You are wanted for. . . . "

" I didn't kill her," Jenkins exclaimed : using the old words which had haunted his mind for many years. " I did not . . . "

" Nobody said you did " interrupted the Inspector. " Would you like to hear a story ? Well, then : three days after you had fled from the Hudson's Bay Post, two Mounted Police were sent to investigate. These men had a warrant and instructions for your arrest. Naturally, when they found that you had decamped, they wasted no time examining incidentals,

but began following your trail. The next day Inspector Nevins came along to collect the evidence, and very early he established the fact that an Indian youth had murdered the girl in question. Finger prints, and an intelligent inquiry around the encampment soon settled the matter: following which the Indian youth confessed—and was hung."

"The charge on which I arrest you, Mr. Lut. . . . Mr. Jenkins, is the charge of resisting the law. You saw fit to shoot and to wound two of our men; and although they managed to get back to civilization, and are still alive, this action of yours constitutes a serious offence; a very serious offence."

Lutton buried his head in his arms. The vision of his futile voluntary exile and all his drastic privations, descended upon his mind and enclosed it with a cloak of gaunt despair.

Eventually he asked, "What will the sentence be?"

"I don't know," the Inspector answered, almost sympathetically. "Seven years, at least, I should think."

Lutton was transported to the City of Edmonton, to await the Spring Assizes. His wife and baby accompanied him, and were allowed to visit his cell twice each week. The best lawyer in Edmonton was summoned in Lutton's defence. "I will do my best, of course," the lawyer said, "and by a stroke of luck I might present your case in such a light that a fine of money would be imposed in place of a term of imprisonment. In British countries the law deals harshly with those who try to defy it."

"What would the fine amount to, supposing you could manage it?" inquired Lutton.

"Not less than ten thousand dollars," replied the lawyer.

"Oh . . ." said Lutton despondently. "Well, . . . don't bother, then; because my total liquid assets only amount to three or four thousand."

The lawyer went away, and the steel-barred door clanked behind him.

The day previous to his trial, Lutton received a letter, the contents of which stated that now he had been located, the directors of a certain company begged to inform him that

the accumulated earnings of a mine near Emerald Lake, in which he had invested four thousand dollars, now amounted to eighteen thousand dollars, and would he kindly instruct them what procedure to following concerning the investment or disposal of this amount.

Lutton sent for the lawyer and showed him the letter. "Go ahead!" he pleaded, a new triumphant note ringing in his voice. "Go ahead, and see me through!"

The lawyer, who has since become famous, pleaded a case so eloquent in Lutton's behalf that even the attendant newspaper reporters were impressed.

"Twelve thousand dollars, or seven years' confinement," the judge pronounced.

Mrs. Lutton buried her head on her husband's shoulder. Presently she raised her sparkling tear-wet eyes to his, and said, "We will have to be married again, you know; my married name is Jenkins, not Lutton."

Unheeding, the occupants of the court room shuffled and clumped away.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is odd to think how much more the German elections of this second week in November mean to us than the far more widely advertised contest in the United States. How many times the German electorate has been called upon to declare its will during this twelve-month, few foreigners could exactly recall; whereas about the United States we could not be ignorant that this recurring debauch of suffrage-seeking oratory was due for November. While I write now, the tumult and the shouting show no sign of dying, except from sheer exhaustion; the mountain is convulsed with throes of parturition; we are still uncertain as to the colour of what will be born. Only this is assured, that whether white mouse or brown mouse, mouse it will be so far as Europe is concerned. There should be a preference here for having a President with whom the Senate will be predisposed to agree, for that makes effective co-operation between America and Europe (for other purposes than passing resolutions) at least formally possible. The Executive would have some reasonable prospect of obtaining ratification for any step in external affairs that it might take. Yet this is largely academic, for there is no indication that the United States has either the will or the power to assist Europe in its difficulties. It might conceivably advance to the point of guaranteeing that, in the case of war, any State declared an aggressor by the League of Nations will not be able to get munitions from America; but whether Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt is the likelier to lead so far away from what are

alleged to have been George Washington's counsels, it is not easy to be sure; and in any case before the proposal can come up for serious acceptance or rejection, Europe must have got a long way further to rational organization.

Now the significance of the German elections, which went through so rapidly and efficiently, is precisely that they mark a setback to unreason. Hysteria is on the ebb. **Germany After the Elections** Herr Hitler was carried very high by a wave of sheer emotionalism, and sought to entrench himself at or beyond the extreme limit touched by that flowing tide. The military leaders, with Hindenburg's support, challenged his pretensions, at the risk of generating a further and fiercer sweep of the flood. It has not come. The elections mark plainly that Hitlerism has claimed more than it had constant backing for. On the other hand, there has been no temperamental swing to the other side. A modicum of reinforcement goes to the Junker barons, but the Nazis are still by far the largest party. On the other hand, Communism makes a notable advance. The indication is plain for a government which will have the Nazis behind it, and will therefore include Herr Hitler, but will not put this inexperienced revivalist in control of policy.

It is in the supreme interest of us all that Germany shall have a strong government, because only a strong government can be moderate in national claims. The barons without Nazi support must press their demands on France and the Little Entente beyond hope of acceptance. With it, and free from the fear of being outbid, they can negotiate seriously. This country has chosen for itself, or has attained by natural adaptation, the rôle of mediator. In so far as it has a doctrine, it stands for the view that security must be reached by disarmament; but it realizes that this view is not shared by the nations that feel insecure. France, accepting the intellectual leadership of Europe—a very different thing from "hegemony"—has formulated proposals. The question of most interest to Europe is the reaction of Germany to the system of ideas which the French proposals embody.

Their exponents begin by recognizing facts which limit the effectiveness of the original conception on which the League was planned—as a federation of nations, all expressing their will by vote, and all votes equal. Not all the world came into this; but a looser formula was invented and virtually everybody signed on to that. There is then an outer ring of all nations pledged against aggressive war, and this includes Russia and even (although the Pact carries Mr. Kellogg's name) the United States. Secondly, there are the nations outside the Continent of Europe, and notably Great Britain, which is indeed committed by its signature at Locarno to defend either France from aggression by Germany or Germany from aggression by France—with similar provisos as to France and Italy which are now often overlooked. It is understood that Great Britain will not contemplate any further commitments to assistance in a war by land.

There are also the trans-oceanic members of the League whose intervention to keep the peace would be unlikely. Lastly, there is the third class of European nations with territories up against each other, and looking at each other through flimsy barriers, not only on the ground's surface, but as a remarkable German film, *Kameradschaft*, has reminded us, under the ground. The problem of disarmament really concerns these nations. At this point France and Italy will have some chance of agreeing, for Signor Mussolini has recently said with his accustomed emphasis that the League renders itself powerless by spreading its embrace too wide. How can it keep the peace in South America? How can South America help it to keep the peace? He did not name Japan or China, but that complication cannot have been out of his mind.

We are therefore faced with the fact that France has made proposals—and not only of her own devising; it is stated that M. Benesh for Czechoslovakia and M. Politis for Greece have been in collaboration with the French. Now, these two men represent small states which have been notably successful under adverse circumstances. It appears further that before the elections German opinion at least applied itself seriously

to this new development. Now that the elections are over, both the German Government and the French will be confronted with a signal that neither of them can disregard—a hundred Communist deputies in the Reichstag. That flood is not easily stopped at any frontier, and unless Europe can give itself some sense of security and some relief from outlay on war, that flood will spread.

The moral is that Englishmen, being the inevitable mediators, should seek to rid themselves of the mental complex which carries them to regard all French proposals with suspicion, as being too ingenious. When America says, "Let us all forswear war", or again "Let us all reduce armaments by a third", England tends to say, "This is plain honest talk, that anyone can understand"—disregarding the fact that such simple solutions will not apply to a highly complicated entanglement. No doubt the French in planning their scheme have kept France's interest, present and future, well in mind. But the main interest of France is security at a cheap rate, and there is no use in asserting that with the world constituted as it is, security can be had without armaments somewhere in reserve. Where they are to be kept, how they are to be controlled, is not easy to say; but the French refuse to regard it as impossible to find a central control; and they put forward what is at least a basis for discussion. Any such scheme may be approached in the temper of destructive criticism, or again with the determination to make it workable. There is no doubt which is the course for a good European.

Nothing can be less helpful than to go on repeating that French armaments must be reduced and that Germany's claims must be met reasonably. If they are to be met, they must be met internationally, by a court constituted to review the findings of that tribunal which sat at Versailles; it should be one of England's objects to bring about the constitution of such a revising authority. But these new findings will need to be protected—if possible, by an international force. If not, it is of supreme importance that neither Germany nor any other state should be able to use the argument of the *fait accompli*.

Poland's position to-day would be stronger in essentials if she had not relied on that argument to secure gains that were not essential—notably at Vilna.

Mr. Churchill's new book *Thoughts and Adventures* is a volume of detached studies, and to say that about most

**Mr. Churchill
as Writer**

authors would be to dismiss it as unlikely to hold attention. But since the said Mr. Churchill is the most exciting writer since Macaulay, I see no reason why this book should not go on like Macaulay's essays. There is a most variegated bill of fare. Some people will pitch on his observations about cartoonists and their power to create a physical legend which has no relation to reality—for instance that his father, Lord Randolph, was duodecimo size, in spite of the fact that he measured five foot nine and a half; or that he himself habitually wears a hat too small for him (the genesis of this illusion is given). Others may delight more in the adventures proper, such as his flying experiences, or again in the brilliant telling of a spy story, which in the end was not an adventure at all. For my own part, I am for those which most completely portray the man—though for that matter, there are few indeed which do not bring him almost physically present to us. That is the secret of his success, he flings himself into a subject so wholeheartedly that we really do experience with him. Take, for instance, the story of Sidney Street, when a criminal called Peter the Painter with two or three accomplices defied the whole force of London's police—pioneers of modern enterprise, but lacking the motor car to make their getaway. Mr. Churchill is well placed to tell the story, for he was on the scene—partly because he thought it his duty as Home Secretary to oversee these unusual proceedings, and still more because, as he now admits, curiosity stimulated this sentiment. He has never been able to keep out of the middle of things, and, as he knows now, this propensity took him to the wrong place when his Antwerp adventure was tried out. But, if inconvenient at times for the administrator, this same itch to see and to handle has been invaluable to the writer—for he has gone

slapdash in; with the same slapdash energy he recounts what he planned and what actually happened. I dare say that on a survey of him as a man of action, he may be held to have failed at times in judgment, though never in industry or in audacity. But my concern here is with the writer, and one essay in particular illustrates both his qualities and his defects.

He is writing of "Mass Effects in Modern Life", and he sets out to prove, or at least to suggest, that modern conditions are "hostile to the development of outstanding personalities". He handles his theme rhetorically—that is nothing unusual with him; and I protest against the connotation of disparagement which this word now carries. Good rhetoric is invariably effective with a normal intelligent audience such as the House of Commons, which can be critical but is not high-sniffish. Eloquence is good rhetoric; it is a manner of utterance which differs from ordinary prose speech, not in the same way as poetry does, but with an analogous difference. It is meant to rouse emotion, even when it most appeals to reason; and Mr. Churchill, whether in speaking or writing, has given scores of examples. But the danger of rhetoric is that a man may be carried away by his own improvisation till he loses that close touch with facts which the writer has no excuse for failing to maintain; and here, to be frank, I think that Mr. Churchill loses it.

Our experience of European war actually furnishes him with material to illustrate his thesis that modern life presents

**Great Men
of To-Day**

us with an "array of blameless mediocrities" living in a world where "public opinion is formed and expressed by machinery". "The Armageddon through which we have recently passed displays the almost complete elimination of personal guidance." This remark is made in a generation that saw Lenin; that still can see Paderewski, the pianist, turned Prime Minister for a time and now quietly back at his music; Pilsudski, that other and grimmer Polish leader; Masaryk, the exile back to his country and leading it securely for a longer period continuously than any statesman in Europe; Benesh, his Foreign Minister, whose position as the eloquent brain of a little State can only

be paralleled by that of Venizelos ; Kemal Pasha, who re-made Turkey—and Italy's Duce. I should like to know what period of European history showed a more startling and variegated crop of leaders, who indeed have nothing in common but the romantic gift of leadership. It is true that Mr. Churchill limits his observation to "the more advanced peoples". "Mass effects and their reactions are, of course, more pronounced than in more backward and primitive communities" (such as Italy!). The "uplands" which have "no fine peaks" are defined as being Great Britain, the United States, France and Germany.

Without dwelling on a comparison in point of civilization between the Middle West and Lombardy, let us examine the record. Admitting that the English-speaking armies found no leader whose influence with his troops recalled Marlborough's or Turenne's, surely Foch, Pétain, Mangin and Gouraud did in their different ways dominate the scene : and as for Germany—even to the last Ludendorff was a leader, and if he failed to do the hardest of all things and preserve leadership in defeat, what about the old hero who did that and stands still foursquare to all the winds that blow ? Mr. Churchill's rhetoric is picturesque, but the facts have a finer splendour.

Again, outside of warfare, we have only to turn to another page in his book—one of the most entrancing—for a vivid picture of Clemenceau at the war's grand climacteric. Was he a blameless mediocrity ? Come back to the English-speaking communities and let it be granted that the war did not show America in its most heroic aspect : still, Woodrow Wilson with a singular gift of eloquence gave the world a lead whose value is discounted now because he failed to carry with him his own people : yet I think his personal quality is to-day as much underrated as it was exaggerated in the past.

In truth what hampered him, what hampered his much greater contemporary Theodore Roosevelt, and may defeat the younger Roosevelt, whose victory over physical disaster has had a heroic touch, was not any consequence of modern tendencies ; they were

**Some Big
Figures**

constrained by formulas embodied in legislation a hundred years old. Neither individual forces nor mass forces get free play in the United States, except when war conditions strike off their shackles. It is not fair to judge modern democracy by the archaic institutions of North America. The British Commonwealth offers a much fairer test. If we take the Dominions, I suppose that South Africa belongs to the "less advanced" category of nations, and so was not disqualified from producing Smuts and Botha—men who had nothing in common but their nationality and their quality of outstanding leadership, yet whose personalities, working together or working apart, have done more to shape history than all the caucuses and combines of their day. In Ireland we have so industriously killed off those who left mediocrity gasping that nobody can assess the full worth of Michael Collins and Kevin O'Higgins. Mr. de Valera is left to us, and I agree profoundly with the farmer's wife who said to me "Who would ever have thought he could do that much mischief in two months?" But nobody can say that his is not a personality capable of effecting remarkable (if remarkably inconvenient) results. However, this also is the case of a country, certainly not more civilized than Italy, and probably quite as backward as Bohemia. Let us take the very flattest part of the "arid highlands", England itself, where above all the scenery should be unimpressive, a dead level of democratic attainment. I remember in the War that a Scotchman, well placed to know, said that whenever there was need for information about some remote, unlikely and dangerous country, it was seldom either vagrant Scot or Irishman that proved to know all the local brigands, but in nine cases out of ten, some decent slow-tongued Englishman. One such is just back, I see, from living ten or twenty years as an Eskimo : I met another lately who could use the Ashanti drum language. Why does Mr. Churchill want us to believe it is so dull a world ? If there is an institution more correctly and respectfully British than another, All Souls College is the one : and one of its Fellows was Lawrence of Arabia. It does not make the landscape any less pictorial that he should now be Aircraftsman Shaw.

Yet perhaps I was wrong about All Souls, and the House of Commons outdoes it for sheer Britishry—especially since it was purged of the Irish. There have been **Parliamentary Giants** giants there, by general consent, but according to Mr. Churchill, Lord Morley lamented their total extinction. I cannot set up my judgment against his, but certainly the feeling of all I knew there was that Mr. Lloyd George was something rather exceptional: nor should we have offered Mr. Churchill as an example of dull mediocrity. These are personages whom I must be allowed to regard as considerable, even when compared, say, with Peel or Bright or Harcourt (all of whom would, I think, have been giants to Morley); and it is true they are not in office, possibly not likely to be. But both have held power, Mr. Lloyd George perhaps as much of it as any man in Europe; and though Mr. Churchill never reached the summit, life has compensations. Nobody who has lived as he has lived, and can write as he writes, will ever be flattened out by any steam roller, capitalist or communist. He tells us that "public opinion is formed and expressed by machinery"; he elaborates with copious rhetoric his description of the process; and yet, if he could only put down his pen and think for a minute, he would recognize that Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Kipling have each by work in a study affected the mind of their generation far more deeply than all the Northcliffes and Beaverbrooks put together.

In short, far from agreeing with Mr. Churchill that we are all on the way to become white ants, I regard this as an age of rampant individuals among whom he is one of the most rampant. But there is one **Poetry in the Doldrums** province of our common realm which seems to me somehow sadly deficient in acknowledged champions. Poetry is in the doldrums. Heaps of young men and women have extreme technical accomplishment, and are doing extremely little with it. I rather wish Mr. Churchill would give up painting and take to writing verse; for whenever he gets hold of any machine, his disposition is to let her rip. We

rather need that: and I am confirmed in my view by looking through Mr. Moults selection—*The Best Poems of 1932*. It is limited to work that appeared in periodicals during a twelvemonth and so the longer flights are ruled out; they cannot be let rip, spatially—but emotionally, lyrically, why not? Well they don't. Mr. Wilfred Thorley's "Pigeons" has a lift of wings, and in Miss Freda Bond's "Over the Hills of Fortingale" the pylons go striding—(it is well there is some one who can see the significance of this much abused feature in landscape, which in a few years will be valued by artists as the once equally abused telegraph poles are): Mr. Edward Ashcroft makes a good "Song for Telemachus", and Mr. Anderson M. Scruggs writes a sonnet on a negro settlement which suggests how the sprawling negro houses "still keep their olden friendship with the earth", as if they had grown on it like mushrooms.

No stiff starched houses such as stand
Aloof from earth upon a white man's street.

There is vision in this praise of a "primal wisdom" in that ancient race—

Something that penury cannot efface,
Nor long unfruitful years of aching toil.

But when all is said, I find my account completely nowhere but in Mr. W. H. Davies's poem, that gives answer to the question "What is the properest time to die?" and has no use at all for dying either in spring, summer, autumn or winter. And a very good answer too, with a gallant lilt in it, that might raise the heart in this green-sickness generation.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



Of the two subjects which at the moment engross world opinion, almost to the exclusion of all others—disarmament and the chaotic condition of the world's economy—the first is dealt with in this number by one who is as well known at Geneva as he is at Oxford. MR. ALFRED ZIMMERN is professor of international relations at the University, and every summer conducts a school of international studies at Geneva; while his own convictions and sympathies are deeply concerned in finding some solution of this intractable dispute.

Whether or not the present poverty of the world is due to war debts and the American tariff, as Mr. Roosevelt's most enlightened lieutenants held during the recent election, it is certain that for some time to come the attention of British readers will be anxiously concentrated on news from Washington. It is these larger consequences of the election which MR. RAYMOND SWING discusses in estimating the changes to be expected from the Democratic victory. MR. SWING is the London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and of one of the greatest dailies in America, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

An interval of seven months since MR. HUGH LAW last wrote on Ireland has only confirmed the words in which he then summed up the situation: "Ireland is now in peril of imitating the dog in the fable who dropped his bone into the water while growling at his own image". Mr. Law is not optimistic, and he is an observer of much experience. Not only was he elected to the Free State Parliament, but he sat for many years at Westminster in former days, and his father was a Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

MR. ARTHUR WAUGH, who has a congenial subject in the Trollope revival, is one of the *Fortnightly's* most regular contributors. MR. HUTCHINSON HARRIS has written a good deal on finance and investment, has published a book on the Hudson Bay Company, and, in particular, has always been much concerned for the protection of the interests of the investor.

MR. O. M. GREEN pieces together the serious picture of Communist activities in China of which hitherto there have only been fragmentary accounts; MR. OWEN TWEEDEY continues the story of his wanderings in the new Persia; and MR. G. L. MERCHANT's theme arises from an intimate interest in the highways and byways of old France.



THE ACT OF UNION

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT.

RAMILLIES AND THE UNION WITH SCOTLAND, by G. M. Trevelyan. *Longmans Green*. 21s.

WE now have the second instalment of Professor Trevelyan's great work on the reign of Queen Anne. A great work it will certainly be accounted, if not only by reason of the author's rare combination of erudition and powers of exposition, but also for its still rarer catholicity. The titles given to the first two volumes—*Blenheim* and *Ramillies*—might seem to suggest that Dr. Trevelyan is primarily a "drum and trumpet" historian. Of course, he is nothing of the sort; yet his titles and his treatment do represent a reaction against the narrow view popularized by those who looked to J. R. Green as their master, that all the talk about "battles and sieges and the doings of selfish conquerors and ravagers" ought to be omitted from "history," and attention concentrated on social and economic evolution. Dr. Trevelyan knows better: he knows that history is primarily (though by no means exclusively) concerned with the history of States, their inter-relation, their growth and decay, and that in this political history war has, in the past, played an immensely important part. But while emphasising this deeply significant aspect of human activity, he does not ignore the others; in a word, his treatment is *catholic*.

The present volume takes us from 1704, the morrow of *Blenheim*, down to the abortive Peace negotiations of 1709. The period is not merely full of stirring incidents, but pregnant with permanent significance. Among the former we may note the Defence of Gibraltar (Oct. 1704—April, 1705) of which Dr. Trevelyan gives a vivid description; Peterborough's brilliant but profitless campaign in Spain; Marlborough's great victories at *Ramillies* and *Oudenarde*; and the capture of *Minorca*. Marlborough himself judged the victory at *Ramillies* to be in its consequences "of greater advantage than that of *Blenheim*" and he was evidently right. *Villars* wrote of it as "the most shameful, humiliating and disastrous of defeats." Of *Oudenarde*, Dr. Trevelyan rightly says that it "had just failed to be a *Sedan*."

But these matters, important as they are, do not exhaust the interest of this volume.

The reign of Queen Anne is memorable in British History mainly for four things: first, for the second in that long series of wars between England and France which only ended with Wellington's victory at *Waterloo*. Those wars established England as the greatest of World-Powers. Secondly, for the rapid development of that peculiarly English form of democracy which is technically known as "Representative Government."

sentative Government" or more accurately as "Parliamentary Democracy." Thirdly, for the completion of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland, and lastly and not least for the uniquely close connection between literature and politics. About the last, typified by the career of such men as Defoe, and Swift, Bolingbroke and Addison, there is not much in the present volume; there will be, I anticipate, much more in the next. Nor does Dr. Trevelyan lay quite as much stress as I should have expected on the development of the Cabinet system during this period, though he does note (p. 167) "the forcing of Sunderland into the Secretaryship of State against the Queen's wishes in December, 1706" as being "a memorable step in Constitutional practice." He goes indeed so far as to say that "during the autumn and early winter of 1706 the Queen lost the decisive battle in the war that she waged all through her reign for the independence of the Crown in the choice of its Ministers." But on the Constitutional side (apart of course from the Scottish Union) the most interesting pages in this volume are those which record the "emergence of the best modern traditions of the permanent Civil Service," and, in particular, the development of the Treasury as the key to the working of the new Constitution.

To my thinking, however, the most valuable chapters in the present volume are those which deal in considerable, though far from excessive, detail with the accomplishment of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland. Mr. Leslie Stephen justly characterised the Act of Union as "the most successful piece of statesmanship of the century." The best contemporary account of it—known to me—is Defoe's,

while Swift wrote of it in jesting vein:—

"The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her 'entirely-English heart,'
For want of which by way of botch
She pieced it up again with Scotch.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united States,
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with shirts of frieze;
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses."

Such frivolous comments would, perhaps, be out of place in an epic narrative; so I quote them for the benefit of the readers of *The Fortnightly Review*! The subject has been already treated in the standard histories of Mr. Wynn and Lord Stanhope, and in Burton's *History of Scotland*, but Dr. Trevelyan's account of this most important episode will henceforward, I predict, hold the field. He gives us, first of all, an admirable analysis of the social and ecclesiastical State of Scotland in the days preceding the Union. He then describes the political antecedents of the Union—the "Act of Security" and the "Alien Act," the long drawn out negotiations, and finally the passing of the Union Treaty into law. On one point, much discussed, Dr. Trevelyan writes with equal brevity and good sense. He rightly dismisses Lockhart's theory that the Union was the outcome of wholesale bribery of individuals as "absurd," though he deems it "idle to pretend that no money passed to ease the passage of the Union." Of course it did; as it did a century later, to ease the passage of the Irish Union. But all this is put in proper perspective by a concluding sentence: "The Treaty was carried, as it was also opposed, for grave public reasons earnestly considered by men who were not indifferent to their country's interest nor, it may be admitted, to their own."

THE PROBLEM OF DISARMAMENT

by REAR-ADMIRAL D. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE AND CAPTURE AT SEA IN WAR, by Admiral Sir H. W. Richmond. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

THE problem of Disarmament before the world to-day resolves itself, as Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond says, into consideration of Reduction of Armaments by all to the lowest level consistent with national security. Unless it is clear what armaments are maintained to do, it is impossible to judge to what extent, if any, they may be reduced, nor can the effect of any change affecting the maritime rights of belligerents and neutrals be truly assessed. At a time when statesmen and others are weighing these questions in the interests of world peace and economy, a book by this distinguished naval writer should be specially valuable.

The book deals with principles only. But those who grasp the principles so clearly expounded, can themselves apply them usefully to the many technical questions involved in any proposals for reduction by agreement, or for changes in maritime law as we know it. A few years ago, the same writer made out a strong case for limiting the size of the world's warships to 7,000 tons with no resulting loss of security. There were many scoffers at the time, but it may be noted that now it is common to hear 10,000 tons quoted as a reasonable limit, a considerable drop from the

35,000 tons insisted upon as essential for battleships in 1922. In the present book it is merely stated that there is all the difference in the world between preparation for *war*, and preparation for *a war*. May we not conclude that huge battleships which owed their origin to long preparation for a definite war are not necessarily required by any nation in its defence armament under post-war conditions?

In discussing the broad lines of Imperial Defence, the writer divides the danger to be guarded against into attack on the Empire's floating trade, and invasion either of the home country or of one of the outlying Dominions or Colonies. He explains the various methods open to an enemy to carry out his design, and shows, with wealth of apt illustration from the past, the most politic and economical method of using our naval, military and air resources to counter it. He shows how, so long as the navy is strong enough to keep our communications open, a small army whose numbers are based on the "peace" requirements of the Empire, is strong enough to take its part effectively in the operations necessary to counter either form of attack. In these operations he does not regard the air force as a separate service, but as an arm of either the naval or military forces of the Empire, as the case may be.

The author touches on many controversial topics. He believes that a

method of using air forces defensively has got to be found, as it has been by other arms; he has no use for meeting air attack on our commercial ports and shipping in harbour by reprisals in kind. Though he sets great value on co-operation of aircraft with the coast flotillas, he denies that their surface vessels can be replaced by aircraft, or that any economy would result from so doing. He considers it wrong to undertake that our destroyer flotillas will be reduced if submarines are abolished, since there are not enough of them now to carry out their normal functions against surface craft. He has much to say about the risk of relying on treaties which can only be enforced in war by neutrals. That we were morally and materially unprepared for the submarine attack on merchant shipping in the late war he puts down to our belief that a then recognised rule of naval warfare would be respected.

The last four chapters are devoted to showing the futility of interfering, on grounds of either ethics or war efficiency with the well tried rules governing blockade and contraband, and the capture of enemy merchant ships at sea. To abolish the first two he describes as setting a higher value on financial interests than on human life. The arguments of those who profess that we, with our vast floating trade, would gain more than anyone else by the proposed immunity of private property at sea, or by the abolition of rules of contraband and blockade, are pulverised by irrefutable logic.

THE GREATER BRITAIN, by Sir Oswald Mosley. *B.U.F.* 2s. 6d.

THIS is an exposition of the English variant of National Socialism. Its appeal is assured to the young men of the intelligentsia who have turned

from the academic gradualism of Fabianism to the romantic-realism of, say, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, by way of a course of the philosophic violence of M. Georges Sorel. Likewise there is much in it which should touch a responsible chord in the hearts of that larger section of the community which, washing its hands of the "Old Gang" yet eschews Communism.

Much of the book is composed of an explanation of the politico-economic programme which formed the basis of the New Party. This programme forms part of the larger and definitely Fascist ideology with which Mosley has since identified himself, and which he now sets forth in detail. Mosley calls it "*rationalising democracy*".

The unfortunate thing about it all is that probably the majority of average Englishmen will be put off, by a not unnatural distaste for Fascist theatricality, from doing justice to the brilliant and constructive qualities of many of the ideas expounded by Sir Oswald.

The book contains, in addition to the cogent exposition of the ideas upon which Mosley would build up the Greater Britain, a searching analysis of the mistakes of the "Old Gang" politicians leading up to the Crisis. There is also a frank chapter on the Mosleyite moral philosophy in its relation to citizenship. All this is brilliantly done.

The book is a dynamic exposition of that political modernism—English variant—which is sweeping the Continent at the moment. Whether one takes the view that Mosley is a political genius, as his own following does, or that he has spoilt his political chances by impulsiveness and lack of judgment, as his critics hold to be the case, the fact remains that his book, as such, makes stimulating reading.

C. F. MELVILLE.

MUSIC AND ITS LOVERS, by Vernon Lee. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

MODERN COMPOSERS, by Guido Pannain. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

STRICTLY speaking *Music and its Lovers* is not a book on music at all but an empirical study in psychology. It may briefly be summed up as the result of a questionnaire submitted by the authoress to various persons in England and on the Continent as to their reactions to music. The answers have been collated and the result submitted to a penetrating analysis by the authoress herself.

In the space at our disposal it is unfortunately impossible to indicate the main points of this very interesting questionnaire. Perhaps from the musical point of view the most important problem set to the various listeners was to determine whether, in listening to music, they listened to it as pure sound, forming their judgments accordingly; or whether they viewed music more as a medium for conveying other ideas or images, sometimes, even, philosophical concepts. Since we live in a country and at a period when especial stress is continually being laid on the extra-musical attributes of music, it is of particular interest to note that Vernon Lee has come to the general conclusion that the more musical her listener, the less was he generally inclined to rate music in anything but terms of sound. For our part we are not at all surprised, having always been convinced of this truth, which may, however, come as something of a shock to our educationists and dealers in so-called musical appreciation.

Another fact emerges as a result of this questionnaire; there is no agreement whatever among listeners as to what is best in music. *Quot homines tot sententiæ* in fact. No sane man would have expected a result in any way different; but in view of the efforts

so persistently made to standardise musical merit it is refreshing to have a scientific demonstration of the practical impossibility of any such proceeding. To sum up, this is an exceedingly interesting book, which should by no means be overlooked by those interested in psychological reactions.

Modern Composers is a collection of articles by a well-known Italian musical critic, most admirably translated by Michael Bonavia, on most of the outstanding personalities in present-day composition. Certain names which one might have expected to find included are not there, notably those of Delius, Malipiero and Prokofieff, but on the whole these essays provide a very comprehensive survey of contemporary music.

It cannot be said that the author is unduly optimistic. Strauss is summed up as "the most elegant incarnation of democratic hypocrisy that ever masqueraded as a musician: the orator, the genius of windy nonsense." Schönberg's dodecaphonic system is described as "nothing more than a provisional budget drawn up by an illinformed accountant." The author recognises Stravinsky's outstanding natural gifts, but feels, as so many of us do, that he has been untrue to his own temperament in all his later works. Kodaly, Ravel and, rather unexpectedly, our own Vaughan Williams seem to be the composers for whom Signor Pannain feels the greatest sympathy. The few quotations given above will suffice to convey some idea of the author's pungent and very personal style. For this reason it is to be hoped that this book, whether one agrees with the author's opinions or not, will be widely read in this country where there is far too much muddled thinking and loose writing about music.

FRANCIS TOYE.

PHIL MAY, MASTER DRAUGHTSMAN AND HUMORIST (1864-1903), by James Thorpe. Harrap. 30s.

MR. THORPE does not claim to have known Phil May—he does not tell us that he ever met him. Belonging to a later generation, he can approach his subject only as a hero-worshipper who worships from a distance, the two great heroes of his boyhood having been, as he tells us, those very dissimilar figures, Phil May and W. G. Grace. But he writes well, and has taken great pains, and sought information at the source. Phil's elder brother, Mr. Charles May, "now hearty at the age of eighty-five", has helped him. He is able to tell us a great deal about his family history and early struggles which will be new even to the most intimate of his friends; and a number of those intimate friends of his who survive—more particularly those of them who were his colleagues on the staff of the *Daily Graphic* in the early 'nineties—have supplied many characteristic and entertaining anecdotes, and so enabled him to produce a really life-like portrait: a portrait very like that which was printed in a certain so-called "Dictionary of Biography", compiled by members of the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, and distributed at a *Daily Graphic* "birthday dinner" in 1893:

MAY, PHIL.—A rare specimen of the native artist discovered by W. L. Thomas during one of his world-famed expeditions. Some difficulty has been experienced in adapting Phil (as he prefers to be called) to domestic habits, and even at the present time he will sometimes disappear from the purlieus of Milford Lane for lengthened periods, to appear again in an entirely new and original overcoat. He is of wandering habits and tastes, and it is said that

his native barbarism sometimes betrays itself in bar performances.

Mr. Thorpe does not quote that playful skit. It is quite likely that he never lighted upon it, as very few copies of the Dictionary are in existence. But he quotes a good deal of evidence in proof of its accuracy; and it is a faithful, as well as pleasant picture of Phil May in the fresh and joyous days when, after taking Australia by storm with his cartoons in the *Sydney Bulletin*, he took London by storm with those Summer and Winter Annuals which I, for a little while, had the pleasure of editing. The faithful and graphic description which Mr. Thorpe gives of those receptions of his which, at that time, used to draw half Bohemia to his studio in Holland Park Road, on Sunday evenings, is quite in tune with it.

Those were great days, and it may seem strange to some people that Phil May is so seldom mentioned in recent records of the literary and artistic movements of the 'nineties; but the explanation is a very simple one. Phil was never "in the movement". Alike as a man and as an artist, he always stood aloof from movements. His interests and his way of life, as well as his artistic methods, differed, *toto caelo*, from those of such representative aesthetes of the period as Aubrey Beardsley. He was as serious and conscientious an artist as any of them; but his art and his private life always struck one as two things utterly unrelated to each other. He did not pose, as the aesthetes did. He was as incapable of posing as of preaching, delighted in innocent practical jokes, and always seemed more at his ease in such Bohemian resorts as the Savage and Eccentric Clubs than in any artistic circles; and it was only to a few sympathetic friends that he

could ever be persuaded to talk about his art.

All this is well brought out in Mr. Thorpe's excellent monograph: a monograph full of good stories and enriched by a large collection of Phil May's best sketches. The career, at first so promising, ended tragically. It would have been impossible for an honest biographer to avoid all reference to the weaknesses which brought about the tragedy; but Mr. Thorpe has treated them with the reticence which good taste and the indulgence due to genius demanded.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

LETTERS AND THE SECOND DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. *Dent. 7s. 6d.*

A FRIEND observed to me, a few days ago, that there were two men whose enjoyment of living was so great that they ought to have been allotted a double length of life. The one, said he, was Arnold Bennett, the other, Mr. Pepys. Each of them, as it chanced, may at present enjoy at least a second span of life in the thoughts of those who care for them: Bennett in his *Journals*, Pepys in the volume under review.

It has often been said, and said rightly, that the general reader imagines the Pepys of the delicious Diary as a quaint little middle-aged man. The truth is that when he began it he was twenty-eight and that when he ended it, believing himself to be about to go blind, he was only thirty-seven. His Second Diary, contained in this book, covers no more than nine months and was written when he was over fifty. The Letters, on the other hand, begin when he was twenty-four and continue

up to within a month of his death at the age of seventy-one.

The editor (Mr. R. G. Howarth) is aware, as his Introduction shows, that the Pepys of this book is not the Pepys of the famous Diary, and it is only fair to warn the reader that this is true. The Second Diary holds no amusing confessions and, although it is very far from dull, deals almost exclusively with public affairs. Again, Pepys in his Letters, many of which are immensely interesting, writes ceremoniously and never forgets his dignity. He exhibits, in fact, great skill in the turning of elaborate compliments. Nevertheless, a reader who knows that he will not find the sparkling intimacy of the First Diary, may be confident that here is a magic carpet which will carry him back to the Seventeenth Century. Here, for example, he may picture Mr. Pepys inviting Dryden to visit him at Clapham—"to a cold Chicken and a Sallade, any Noone after Sunday, as being just stepping into the Ayre for two Days"; may hear Sir Isaac Newton discoursing, with extreme modesty, upon a problem which Pepys had submitted to him; may meet again our old friend Will Haver; may increase his respect for Samuel when he reads a letter, written during the Plague, which ends with the words "You, Sir, took your turn at the sword; I must not therefore grudge to take mine at the Pestilence"; and may watch, as the years pass, the steady deepening of the friendship between Pepys and John Evelyn.

Many people smile with an air of superiority upon Mr. Pepys. A study of this book would probably convince them that in scholarship, integrity, kindness and even literary faculty he would make most modern people look exceedingly small.

CLIFFORD BAX.

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON, by Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 15s.

A GREAT deal of angry or sentimental nonsense has been written about the bull-fight, the anger mainly proceeding from shocked Anglo-Saxons, the sentiment rising like syrup to the lips of the French pseudo-primitives. It might in fact be laid down as an axiom that no one can really understand the bull-fight's full gamut of drama, horror, grandeur and misery, unless he has Spanish blood. Even those foreign writers who are dispassionate are, because of their lack of passion, excluded from understanding, and inevitably write from outside with no intimate knowledge of the art. For the ceremonious killing of the bull is an art, even though at the moment a decadent one.

Mr. Hemingway's book breaks to some extent with the foreign tradition. I do not think he profoundly understands, but quite apart from the opinions it contains and the attitude it embodies, *Death in the Afternoon* is, as far as I know, the first exhaustive presentation of the art of bull fighting in all its shades, processes and tempers that we have in English. He knows the meaning and reason for every step in the drama, for every flourish of the cape and every placing of the dart. He knows the varieties and niceties of technique, the schools of thought, as others know the intimate technique of boxing; he is familiar with the commerce of the profession, its customs, its way of living and way of dying. And he imparts this lore in a lively style cleaned from excess by the keenness of the craftsman. His happy sardonic humour is in excellent and infectious spirits. There is a great deal of opinion and digression in the book—none of it boring—but there is a great deal more knowledge. His

eighty-one good photographs really do illumine the points of his text.

The book has one defect which is crucial, though it does not detract from its immediate value. Mr. Hemingway stands as it were in the ring. He is a highly gifted reporter. Accordingly he has neither time nor space for the historical aspect of the bull fight. He finely sees that the whole display is a tragedy; he argues very plausibly, but less happily, that the disembowelling of old broken-down horses, gives to the display aesthetically what it needs—the element of the comic and grotesque. The horses call forth that primitive animal-human ridicule of the lame and old—and in Spain it is not uncommon for a crippled old man to be stoned or knocked over in the more remote parts of the country. But later he explains that if the picador were properly paid and owned the horse he rode, not a horse would be touched in the ring. Now what an historical survey of the bull fight would have shown is that the bull was originally killed by noblemen mounted on the finest horses, and it was not until the Spanish aristocracy, at the beginning of the national decadence, engaged professional bull-fighters and commercialisation began, that the fine horses and horsemanship went. Only in Portugal was the tradition maintained. It is carried on to-day. Accordingly, we want to know at what point the rôle of the horse changed, thus changing the whole character of the display which, now thoroughly commercialised, is patently decadent to students.

In the Portuguese bullfight, which perfectly expresses that nation's sense of art in the feints and flourishes of comedy, the horse completely dominates the play. Ariel afflicts Caliban.

It would have been interesting to

have had Mr. Hemingway's opinions on the differing schools. As for the present decadence the essence of the matter is that bulls are being bred lighter and to some extent easier that the bullfighter may show more elaborate virtuosity. It is the note of decadence. Yet in spite of official disapproval from Republican leaders—in the main, Europeanised men—and the ever increasing popularity of football, the national passion remains strong. At the back of the competition between the bull and the bull there lies a deep spiritual and political conflict between Europeanisation and tradition. Mr. Hemingway, product of the most "modern" country in the world, is, of course, all for tradition and the bull. But if, like many of the muscular school, he is a sentimentalist, he is a sentimentalist with genuine knowledge. His incidental portraits of bullfighters and their hangers-on are excellent and his lack of self-consciousness gives his book the ring of authentic experience.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE LONSDALE ANTHOLOGY OF SPORTING PROSE AND VERSE, Seeley Service. 10s. 6d.

THE COLLECTED SPORTING VERSE OF WILL H. OGILVIE, Constable. 12s.

THE great merit of an anthology is that it cannot be entirely bad, and the Lonsdale anthology contains gems of sporting prose and verse. It is always far more difficult to judge any exhibition of the worthily second-rate than a really good show. Taking it on the whole, as shown by the *Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse*, our sporting verse is deplorable and our garland of selected prose rarely reaches a literary standard higher than that of deliberately skilled writing.

There is more stuffed trophy of words than real fire about it. Mr. Eric Parker stresses that this anthology is a personal choice and not the responsibility of Lord Lonsdale. It is difficult to accept this as an extenuation, for the grim fact remains that a very much better anthology of sporting verse was compiled by Mr. E. B. Osborn and published in 1930. The prose selections are no better. Here and there we get flashes of virility such as a bare page of Masfield, from "Reynard the Fox", but on the whole the book is not representative. In some odd way it seems to be Edwardian, a hang-over from the turn of the century. There are a few good selections among the moderns, notably Mr. Bernard Darwin on golf, but on the whole they are a disappointing lot.

It is perhaps unkind to expect Mr. Parker to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but he might at least have turned out a bit of decent leather. Sportsmen as a whole are not a very articulate clan, and it is open to doubt if the true appeal of sport can be legitimately rendered in verse (except by outstanding genius) without automatically suggesting the incompatibility between the world of action and the realm of poetry. One's enjoyment of sport is largely a matter of aesthetics in last analysis, but the emotions are healthily primitive and it is inherently wrong to write of them in the higher journalese in terms which are smug and genteel.

The Collected Sporting Verse of Mr. Will H. Ogilvie is in a different category. It is on occasion more than good, but terribly uneven. Some of it has the real fire in it and far too much is simply horsey "tumpity-tump." You get an occasional bit of almost perfect going and then the poet changes foot on the top of a bank, or gets you

gated among a series of stanzas that might have been written for Christmas cracker mottoes. He needs one swift kick from Pegasus to land him into something which is going to last. There are all the gaits of Barham, Robert W. Service and possibly Adam Lindsay Gordon, but there is above and beyond this a real sense of poise and a more than occasional real note of poetry above his facile rhymes and banjo rhythms. He is so nearly good, so often, that it is a matter for honest distress that his collected works are so voluminous and yet that no one poem gets through the heavyside layer into real poetry. As it is he is a writer of extraordinarily quickening sporting verse and the sporting reader will forgive him all shortcomings in the arts for the sake of his immeasurable zest. The book is delightfully illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards, and is sure of a very real welcome from all hunting and riding people.

HUGH B. C. POLLARD.

THE HISTORY OF PIRACY, by Philip Gosse. *Longmans*. 15s.

To both the author and the publishers our thanks are due: to the latter for the clear, generous printing (a nice piece of reproduction from the American "plates"), for the substantial paper and pleasing binding, and for the informative maps and titillating illustrations; to the former for an admirably lucid presentation of the difficult welter of facts—his linking is neat and deft—for keeping the essentials essential and yet employing skilfully those dramatic and human particularities which ensure life and liveliness, and for a capable, workmanlike style lightened with good-humour here, there with an irony almost gallic in its pungency and its airy lightness.

Dr. Gosse treads with the assurance and economy of a complete familiarity with his subject. He has collected books on pirates (and other scamps and scoundrels) for, I believe, something like fifteen years: indeed, his relevant library is the best in the world, including as it does even rare MSS. Eight years ago he brought out a *Pirates' Who's Who*, wherein he treated of minor rogues in a few lines and major figures in several pages: probably the most entertaining who's who ever written, for it is *written*, not merely compiled. His *Sir John Hawkins*, 1930, though well received by the critics, did not obtain quite that success which was its due.

Concerning the *History of Piracy*, let us make the only three adverse criticisms that we have to offer. The *Bibliography* should have been described as A Reading List, for Dr. Gosse must certainly know of the books on the Spanish main, by the Poet Laureate and Mr. James Rodway. He quotes Mr. C. L. Kingsford's essay on the Beginnings of English Maritime Enterprise but omits the excellent *Pirates of the West Country* (included in a volume issued in 1925), and he ignores my own out-of-print *Pirates, Highwaymen, and Adventurers* (1927). His reasons for treating Classical Piracy so very briefly are inadequate: Professor H. Ormerod's *Piracy in the Ancient World*, as readable as it is scholarly, should have persuaded him to be more discursive. And, though this is hardly an objection, he might have said much more about the pirate in literature.

Otherwise, the whole book is a joy both to the person avid of information and to that other who considers human nature more important than historical fact.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

DEEP WATER AND SHOAL, by William Albert Robinson. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

TIGER MAN, by Julian Duguid. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d. net.

BOWSPRIT ASHORE, by Alexander Bone. *Cape*. 7s. 6d. net.

THESE three books, all telling of adventures of a most unusual kind, afford an interesting contrast in style. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, paying a friend's tribute to the quiet effectiveness of Mr. Bone's art of understatement, has a fling at the violence of much modern writing, which seems to suffer under the malign influence of the cinema. It is a tendency against which Mr. Duguid, the author of an otherwise admirable story of tiger hunting in the Brazilian jungle, would do well to guard himself. Mr. Robinson, on the other hand, tells a plain tale, but his course was obvious; for this book with the colourless title is nothing less than the record of a voyage round the world in a tiny sailing boat. Such a narrative, if the writer will but faithfully set down the detail of his daily experiences and of unforeseen incidents, is sure to provide us with exciting reading.

There have of late been several round-the-world voyages by lonely navigators, and one sometimes wonders what spirit of unrest drives men to such perilous undertakings. At least in Mr. Robinson's case it was not a stunt, and there is no nonsense about scientific objects. He speaks of realizing a dream of his youth, of the fascination of cruising in search of remote islands, visiting strange peoples, and experiencing the glamour of an altogether new world. In short, his motive is just what one would expect in a gallant youth. The cockleshell in which he thus tempted fate was a sailing boat thirty-two feet long, the shortest vessel that has ever made such a voyage. So we are assured by Mr. Weston Martyr in an introduction

George Allen & Unwin

The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen

By JAN SORENSEN *Illustrated*. 18s.

The first official biography of Nansen since the two volume edition of the nineties.

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A lively and entertaining book by the noted ear and throat specialist.

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By EMIL LUDWIG *Illustrated*. 7s. 6d.

Mussolini, his early life, theories and beliefs, are here revealed in his conversations with Ludwig.

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By LORD IRWIN 12s. 6d.

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By LEO KOHN 16s.

The first scholarly treatise on the Irish polity. The result of many years research.

So this is Poland

By F. W. von OERTZEN 10s. 6d.

"This is an interesting book, well written and well translated." *Times Literary Supplement*.

of exuberant praise, both of the book and the exploit, and no one knows more about ocean sailing in small boats than the author of so many tales of the southern seas. In one of them he has visualized the long voyages in outrigger canoes of Polynesian natives, who must have crossed thousands of miles of the Pacific in these primitive craft centuries before Columbus sailed to America. Mr. Robinson had, of course, the advantage of modern scientific instruments and knowledge, though he knew no more of navigation than what he had learned in evening visits to a New York library.

It is obvious that such a narrative will teem with variety of incident. At one island Mr. Robinson could not escape partaking in a cannibal feast, at another point he was dodging water-spouts for a whole day, while on the Arabian coast he suffered capture and had to fight his way through hostile tribesmen. But the manner in which he managed his tiny craft is interesting above everything. He averaged about a hundred miles a day, sometimes making as much as one hundred and ninety miles on the trade wind; and he rode out numberless storms and hurricanes, though repeatedly it depended only on accident that he came out alive. Few people are likely to begin such a book without reading to an end, and, on second thoughts, perhaps this plain tale reveals more of the writer's gift than it pretends to.

Mr. Duguid's story, we are told, is essentially biography, though he adopts the form of a novel. Its predecessor, *Green Hell*, won the author a reputation for vivid narrative, and these adventures of the same rather remarkable man in the forests and marshes of Brazil, where he hunted the jaguar with the native spear, are not less exciting. Mr. Bone's book is no more than a collection

of sketches. He writes in an easy and engaging style, and has the love for his ship of a sailorman who learned his trade in the old days of the wind-jammer. By contrast, there are some realistic chapters on rum-running, which the author found a dreary, trying business.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

THE STRICKEN LUTE, by Roger B. Lloyd. *Lowat Dickson*. 8s. 6d.

ABELARD is as difficult a subject as the biographer could choose. Mr. George Moore's novel, and the magnificent letters of Heloise (also translated recently by Mr. Moore), have fixed the story for a modern reader as one of the great love tragedies of the world. Mr. Lloyd started with the disadvantage of having to oppose legend with fact, and the facts here are none too plentiful or easily found. In his book the proportions of the love tragedy are small; some of its magic has gone; that was inevitable. Further, he had the task of combining several Abelards into one: Abelard the theologian and dialectician, Abelard the lover, Abelard the enforced monk. The evidence of Abelard's personal life and character is comparatively slender: to give a large portrait of him the biographer must himself create. Mr. Lloyd, probably wisely, has not attempted this. He keeps close to his material, and allows his background to amplify the effect. The figure he shows us is necessarily small, but authentic. The dialectic battles of the eleventh century have their own excitement, and Mr. Lloyd with something of a referee's eye follows the excitement, noting where Abelard scores over an opponent, where one withdraws and the other triumphantly advances. In itself the argument between Normalism and

Realism has receded into history; the biographer must reanimate the enthusiasm of that arena. Within limits, Mr. Lloyd succeeds in this. His chief fault is that he tends sometimes to generalise the combatants—"he looked round the audience, and there, to his horror, he suddenly caught sight of the tall, slim figure of Abelard." That sort of writing, the biographer's genre, puts the reader's eye at the wrong end of the telescope, where every young man looks tall and slim, or short and fat: how much better merely to have written "he caught sight of Abelard." It is a small fault of writing, of course, but detracts from the vividness of a picture where detail in any case is precious. *The Stricken Lute* improves steadily as it goes on—no mean achievement, considering the difficulties of the subject; Abelard's last years, less familiar to many readers, are given the full weight of tragedy.

G. W. STONIER.

LAST POEMS, by D. H. Lawrence. *Orioli (Florence)*. £1 10s.

These three hundred new poems are very few which any admirer of Lawrence's work would wish omitted, and there are very many which he would immediately admit among the best poetry Lawrence ever wrote. They are taken from two MSS. books found among his papers after his death. They have been edited by Richard Aldington and Giuseppe Orioli and grouped under two headings: "Last Poems" and "More Pansies". The latter group mainly consists of what Mr. Aldington deprecatingly calls "occasional pieces" in that brief satirical form perfected by Lawrence in his *Pansies* and *Nettles*; whilst the former consists of poems more or less in the earlier, statelier manner of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*.

It is disconcerting to find Mr. Aldington deploring the "More Pansies" group as being expressive of the "irritability of the consumptive"—"trivial and spiteful": there is hardly a poem to which this slipshod criticism would apply. Lawrence himself has drawn the distinction between the "pansies" of poetry and the "immortelles"; and in this new collection we have examples as good as before of that swift, flying verse in which he set down his just exasperation at the prejudices and blind follies of mankind. We do not scoff at the dragon-fly because it is not an eagle; and Lawrence would have been the first to admit there is no comparison possible between the winged, stinging creatures of his so-called "occasional pieces" and the noble, sweeping flight of his "Birds, Beasts and Flowers". Lawrence's poetry, like his prose, must be considered as a whole, since all he wrote was part of him, flame of the fire of his life, journeyings in his adventure of being. As he says in one of his new poems:

"Thought is the testing of statements
on the touchstone of conscience
Thought is gazing on to the face of
life, and reading what can be read.
Thought is pondering over experi-
ence, and coming to conclusion,
Thought is not a trick, or an exer-
cise, or a set of dodges
Thought is a man in his wholeness,
wholly attending",

and, since all his poems are his own deep thoughts, it is no use trying to measure them (as critics try to do to-day and as lecturers will try to do to-morrow) as though they were metrical tricks or poetical exercises.

These poems, then, as Mr. Aldington writes in his Preface, are "a kind of diary of the last year of Lawrence's life; and it is inspiring to see how he

learned to acquiesce in the inevitable coming of death, seeing therein that oblivion in which life must be dipped before it can attain its final transfiguration—for "only in sheer oblivion are we with God". For it was always his contention that if one desired to breathe the true breath of life, one must "breathe all alone, in silence, in the dark"; and that would never be finally possible until death had carried one into the ultimate silence. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Lawrence in these last poems much occupied with silence and with loneliness—"feeling oneself uninterrupted in the rooted connection with the centre of things"—and with the "glistening, garmentless beauty" of the moon rather than with the "hostile sun". But what is, perhaps, surprising, even when one remembered the almost more-than-human fire that burned in the man, is his tenacity to the very last to a vision of a world changed beyond all knowing from the robot-ridden, machine-driven civilisation of to-day. Those who love art more than life will turn here to such poems as "Bavarian Gentians", "Trees in the Garden" and "Red Geraniums and Godly Mignonette", sighing, perhaps, that a man of such genius should wantonly choose to waste it; but those who put life first and believe that in Lawrence modern life found its most fearless fighter, will turn to "The Triumph of the Machine"—that daring vision of a world saved at last from the machines, because of a few men through whose hearts "they will never roll"—and be filled with gladness that such a man was born in their time:

"Then, far beyond the ruin, in the far, in the ultimate, remote places the swan will lift up again his flattened, smitten head and look round, and rise, and on the great vaults of his wings

will sweep round and up to greet the sun with a silky glitter of a new day
and the lark will follow trilling, angerless again,
and the lambs will bite off the heads of the daises for friskness.
But over the middle of the earth will be the smoky ruin of iron the triumph of the machine".

C. HENRY WARREN.

MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH AGENT,
by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam.
9s.

THERE may still be many opinions about the value of Mr. Lockhart's mission to Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution. Of the manner in which he has told of it there can be one opinion alone. Whether as history or as autobiography, his memoirs are the best that have yet come from a country which has been an inspiration to Englishmen innumerable, pro-Russian and anti-Russian, and before and after revolution.

Their immediate value is in the light they throw not only on such obscure details as the so-called "Lockhart Plot", but on the whole course of Allied diplomacy before the disastrous intervention of 1919-1920. Several of the Americans closely concerned have already described the comparatively rational vacillations of their own Government in face of a revolution which came at an unfortunate moment of a most difficult war. The incredible futility of the two-faced British policy is here for the first time made unmistakably plain. Mr. Lockhart is temperate in judgment (though, regretably not always careful of minor detail—he makes Conradi a Russian

and Jacques Sadoul, Jean). It is less, however, by his own judgment than by his clear account of Bolshevik progress and his quotations from diaries, telegrams to and from the Foreign Office, and conversations with other Allied representatives and Bolshevik leaders that he shows how vain was the attempt to explain a situation he knew at first hand to politicians whose knowledge of Russia (if any) would seem to have been derived from reading the speeches of Purishkevitch.

The hopelessness of a sane judgment caught between two camps in 1919 is saddening when the two camps of 1932 are remembered. So too, in its undertones, is this tale of a career cut short. Had Mr. Lockhart, following a custom not unknown in diplomacy, trimmed his reports of local conditions to Whitehall's prejudice, there would

have been an imposing official reward. But he himself makes no lamentation, and speaks as frankly of his own faults in British service as of the mistakes of those whom he served. If any sore feeling is left, all that appears of it is in an admirably subtle understatement of the idiosyncrasies of some minor gods of the Foreign Office. And in any case, whatever the official result, Mr. Lockhart would have little cause to complain of a life during every minute of which he seems to have been fully alive.

In that life, as here set down, the Russian Revolution naturally figures large. But Russia, even in revolution, was not all high politics and dangerous plans. There were always Russian oddities, there was always the now charming, now exasperating, but ever interesting Russian character. And

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with these as a background and a Malayan escapade as introduction, Mr. Lockhart will lead the reader interested only in individuals on to a sphere in which the individual, the national, and the international were inextricably intertwined.

W. H. HINDLE.

PERSIA, by Sir Arnold T. Wilson.
Benn. 21s.

ALTHOUGH the choice of previous writers on Eastern subjects made by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Editor of this "Modern World" series, has not been uniformly happy, there is no doubt that in persuading Sir Arnold Wilson to write a kind of textbook on "Persia" he has performed a signal service. For Sir Arnold Wilson not only knows all the facts relevant to such a work—he has lived among the Persians and he knows their history from A to Z—but he also possesses an unrivalled insight into their qualities and potentialities. His book is, therefore, at once highly informative and stimulating.

The achievements of Persia are still too little known in the West. It is true that the International Exhibition of Persian Art (largely organized by the author of this book) which was held last year at Burlington House did much to awaken what are called the more "progressive" nations to admiration of Persian culture, but it is not only in the arts that the Persians have excelled. Repeatedly—five times, to be precise—they have headed the march of civilization, and though their caravan has been overtaken by others, they themselves have never suffered complete disaster or eclipse. At the

moment, indeed, Persia presents possibly the most illuminating example to be found of the fusion or the moulding of Western knowledge with Oriental thought. The spectacle of her intelligent, virile, cultured people, who have justly been called the "French of the East", adapting the discoveries of the West to their own uses, must surely result in important lessons for Christendom, which labours under a weight of materialistic philosophy and action. To apply the term epic to the present Pahlavi régime in Persia would, indeed, be extravagant, for though the land has partly escaped the blighting cult of exaggerated nationalism which is sweeping over other Oriental countries, megalomania is not absent from it, and indubitably mistakes have been made by the present authorities in Teheran. It is inconceivable, however, that such a people who time and time again have proved their capacity to absorb their conquerors—the very religion which they practise to-day, Shiah Islam, is a directly nationalist escape from the rigid framework of orthodox Islam—should not successfully accomplish that blending of Oriental with Occidental modes which is one of the capital problems of our age. Of no other nation could it be more confidently predicted that a modernized Orient will bequeath something of value to the whole world.

The succinct and authoritative way in which Sir Arnold Wilson sets out the facts concerning Persia makes his work indispensable to the student of international affairs, but the width of his reading, the strength of his generalizations, and the direction of his opinions should win for it a much larger body than is provided by the specialist reader.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

SELECTED FICTION

THEY WERE DEFEATED, by Rose Macaulay. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

John Inglesant, an immortal book, pictured England at the time of the Civil War, and Oxford bearing the burden of Charles's Government, while the studies of Scholars and Fellows were overlaid by the hectic gaiety of the doomed Royal Court. Miss Macaulay has shown the rival university during those unhappy years, and her picture is so beautiful, so faithfully drawn, with such wealth of detail and understanding that it must surely last as long as that drawn by Short-house.

Miss Macaulay's method of attacking the technique of the historical novel has been whole-hearted. She has not evaded the main issue by modernising the dialogue. Her characters speak and write seventeenth-century English; and it is not mere 'od's bodikins stuff. It is a recreation of phrase, vocabulary, cadence, and grammar, so inspired by an artist's musical imagination and so informed by accurate scholarship, that even the reader with a strong sense of historical realism is deceived and charmed. The book is rich in authentic rhetoric (for example, the speech on witchcraft, page 97), so full and racy that one recognizes in the creator of it a generous, mirthful, and overflowing literary talent. No wonder that Miss Macaulay can bring to life so convincingly the poets of the period; Robert Herrick (her main character), Suckling, Cleveland, Cowley, and those wordy fog-spinners, the Cambridge neo-platonists.

Even John Milton, who comes to Cambridge for the performance of his *Comus*, is made to live, though perhaps a little too ethereally. Miss Macaulay makes him withdraw distastefully from contact with the bacchic Herrick, but I doubt if he would have done so. Milton was not lacking in red corpuscles.

Not only the characters and their voices are historically convincing. Here too is Caroline England, represented by the scenes in Devonshire and in Cambridge, presented in detail down to the odd etceteras of daily life, with articles of food, dress, and furniture long since demoded and forgotten. Again and again the author sketches scenes that remain to be enjoyed in the mind; moments in orchards, where "the silvered trees, the long, dew-wet grass, stood still and enchanted in shadow and in pale light"; supper-parties heavy with bucolic comforts; the streets of Cambridge crowded with dangerous partizans of the religious sects; college debates such as those in which Milton first discovered his genius for words.

But the story has also a psychological conflict. Julian Conybeare, a girl of fifteen, is an intellectual, a classical scholar and poet. Visiting her brother at Cambridge—her Mecca—she meets his tutor, John Cleveland. He is a poet, too, and also a man of the world, a brilliant controversialist. Miss Macaulay presents him as the type of the male with brains, whose only interest in women is physical. He wakes Julian's passion, sneers at her efforts to educate herself, and finally

breaks her heart. The situation sums up woman's indictment of man. It is an ugly and tragic element, woven into the tale with cruel economy and insight. A little too cruel, if it is intended as an allegory of the relation between the sexes, and as a justification of feminism. But Miss Macaulay is too true an artist, and too much a laughing philosopher, to hold such a bias. She is aware that sensuality, selfishness, and weak will are not confined to one sex. Her loving presentation of Herrick, whereby she adds immortality to his immortality, is sufficient proof of that!

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE NARROW CORNER, by W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

FRIDAY'S BUSINESS, by Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

LAST MEN IN LONDON, by Olaf Stapledon. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. MAUGHAM and Mr. Baring are old hands. In the Far and in the Near East they wear their familiar colours. *The Narrow Corner* is a story of European exiles in Malay: for temperamental or social reasons they have gone out East, and adopted there the cynically detached and almost æsthetic view of life which Mr. Maugham has distilled in many novels. The doctor, once a fashionable London specialist, who has gone native and enjoys his half-dozen pipes of opium after dinner, surveys the scene with Mr. Maugham's eye: he meets two runaways from Australian justice, and joins them on a lugger because the secret that has brought them there attracts him. There is murder in it; and later suicide. "Life is short," the doctor says to a man who comes babbling to him idealistically about marriage, "nature is hostile, and man is ridiculous; but

oddly enough most misfortunes have their compensations, and with a certain humour and a good deal of horse-sense one can make a fairly good job of what is, after all, a matter of very small consequence." A mature cynicism is typical of the book. It is a good novel, like much of what Mr. Maugham writes—mature, thank heavens for that! Like many of his books it contains the material of a smaller masterpiece, which he has thrown carelessly into the larger mould. The confession of Fred Blake, the escaped murderer, is a fine piece of narrative and a story in itself. Mr. Maugham can always write a passage which suggests that we may have lost in him another Maupassant.

Friday's Business is a book for Etonians. It has the flavour of reported dinner-parties, the tone of the memoir. Taste, or a Bohemian disregard of it, provides the characters with their setting. In the first chapter we listen to a translation hour at Eton: the years pass, and we are in the middle of a political crisis in Kossovia, where Old Etonians predominate. Readers who wear another tie or none at all may be a little embarrassed; but Mr. Baring goes on with suave simplicity. The book is goodish till near the end where a Ruritanian revolution unexpectedly succeeds in killing off the most important characters, including the hero.

Last Men in London is hardly a novel, but an imaginative discussion, part prophecy, part social history. It describes a "Neptunian exploration of our present world" two thousand years hence. The reader should not be put off reading it by a rather slow start, or by Mr. Walpole's opinion of an earlier book by Mr. Stapledon, quoted on the back of the cover, that it was "as original as the solar system."

G. W. STONIER.

A LONG TIME AGO, by Margaret Kennedy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ, by Rosamund Lehmann. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

BELINDA GROVE, by Helen Ashton. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

A Long Time Ago is Miss Kennedy's best novel since *The Constant Nymph*. She possesses to an extraordinary degree the novelist's essential gift of creating character. What is more, she does not tell one about her characters, but simply sets them working, and their personalities seem to emerge without any effort on her part. The scene of her new story is laid in Inishbar, in Ireland. Thither, some years ago, repaired for their holiday as diverse a family gathering as even Miss Kennedy has assembled in any one place. The potentialities for discord were already considerable when Elissa Koebel, the celebrated singer, decided to make herself one of the party. Then followed a certain episode between her and Dick Napier.

Years afterwards, when Dick is dead, Elissa Koebel publishes her reminiscences. A chapter, devoted to the episode, is seen by Hope Napier, who is flabbergasted to read that Elissa and her father were lovers. Indignant that the scandal has been concealed from her, she sets to work to find out all about it; and the result of her investigations makes the story. *A Long Time Ago* is, in a real sense, a detective story, but the clues are spiritual. Miss Kennedy gives us them all, with as acute a set of character studies as we can remember for a very long time. She writes so easily that one is inclined to forget her art.

Miss Lehmann has written a little masterpiece—little, because she has deliberately chosen to work upon a

very small canvas. Within its limits, however, it is difficult to see how *Invitation to the Waltz* could have been better done. Its subject is a young girl's first ball, with the preliminaries, against the background of her home. No more vivid picture of the embarrassments and minor horrors of adolescence has been written, yet the whole account is entirely charming. The dress so carefully planned, and entrusted to a little local dressmaker, is all wrong when the time comes to put it on. The partner for the evening is heavy, sententious, and uninspiring. The stage is set for petty disaster of every kind, but the personalities of the heroine and of her sister triumph and make Miss Lehmann's story a delight. Olivia's father, her dingy but attractive uncle, and her brilliantly drawn small brother, stand out in a book where every character is real and drawn with light-hearted economy of line.

In *Belinda Grove* Miss Ashton has attempted a very difficult task with conspicuous if not complete success. She gives us the history of a house over a long period of years, told in episodes which are finished short stories in themselves. The difficulty in a book of this kind is always to gather the episodes into a semblance of unity. Miss Ashton, feeling quite rightly that unity of place was not enough, has used as connection the ghost of a sea-captain who is treacherously killed in a duel in the house's earliest days. This device has the drawback of making the book depend to some extent upon the reader's attitude to ghosts; which is perhaps a pity. However, there is little other fault to be found. Many of the episodes, notably that in which a mother shaves off her daughter's hair, and that in which an old man murders his prospective son-in-law when he finds that

he is suffering from venereal disease, are vivid and dramatic; the old sea-captain's duel over the cards is powerfully told: and the whole is written with all Miss Ashton's luminous scholarship and care for words.

L. A. G. STRONG.

UNENDING CRUSADE, by Robert Emmet Sherwood. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

PILATE'S WIFE, by Jean Damase. Translated from the French, by Arthur Mayne. *Duckworth*. 7s. 6d.

DEATH TO THE FRENCH, by C. S. Forester. *The Bodley Head*. 7s. 6d.

DEEPENING RIVER, by Dot Allan. *Jarrols*. 7s. 6d.

ONE of the most interesting results of the War upon contemporary fiction has been the great change that has taken place in the treatment of the historical novel. Chivalry has been forced into a back seat, and the legendary heroes of English literature and history have been submitted to a searching and highly critical scrutiny. In *Unending Crusade*, an ambitious and lengthy novel of Richard the First's fruitless expedition, the king is shorn of most of his ancient glamour, and is portrayed as a man of great vanity, sudden impulses, and ruthless cruelty. Martin, the young hero of the tale, is a far more highly educated man than most of his noble contemporaries. He goes to the crusade animated by true religious feeling but he soon finds disillusionment, and is eventually captured by the Turks. The characterization is vivid and convincing. The dialogue is crisp and lifelike. In his first novel, Mr. Robert Emmet Sherwood has achieved a measure of success equal to that which he won with his delightful play, *The Queen's Husband*.

I have not read a better translation of a French novel than Mr. Arthur Mayne's version of M. Damase's *Pilate's Wife* for some time. The author has a remarkable mastery over the great resources of the French language, and his theme gives him scope for the introduction of wit, irony, and dramatic writing. The intrigue between a colonial Governor's wife and his secretary provides the comedy of the book, but the tragic fate of the Nabi, a wandering prophet, has a great historical parallel, and the author describes it with power and a most effective simplicity.

The work of Mr. C. S. Forester is marked by honesty and individuality. There is something curiously matter-of-fact about his stories, and *Death to the French* has a deceptively casual air about it. The scene is set in 1810, when Wellington's men were forced within the lines of Torres Vedras. Rifleman Dodd, of the Ninety-Fifth Regiment, is cut off from his comrades, and, after various hazardous adventures and escapes, finds himself in command of a party of homeless Portuguese, with whom he harasses the French for some months, eventually returning to the British lines and safety. The grim landscape, the perpetual discomforts, and the narrow escapes are most capably described. *Death to the French* may be safely commended to readers who enjoy a really good war story.

In *Deepening River* Miss Dot Allan has taken a very large canvas. The scene is laid in Glasgow, and the period covered stretches from 1745 to our own time. Miss Allan writes well, but she would have been well advised to have attempted a less ambitious task. Her three sections demand more detailed treatment, but she has written a thoughtful and interesting story.

ERIC GILLET.

THIS HILARIOUS UNIVERSE, by Richard Dark, with pictures by Thomas Derrick. *Blackwell*. 4s. 6d.

THE wit of one of our cleverest cartoonists and the very unacademical learning of a nimble-minded pedagogue go to make up this amusing trifle. When the same two collaborators employed their joint gifts a year ago on a guide to English literature which, to say the least, was not strictly authentic, they struck a very happy vein, and they have rightly concluded that the ore could be further and profitably worked. But it is certainly something of a feat to have extracted so much entertainment from the forbidding subject of the history of cosmic science, from Pythagoras to Einstein, and Mr. Derrick plays up to the spirit of Mr. Dark's game, with an average of about two funny drawings to every page, all pat to the ext.

H. R. W.

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CHAPMAN & HALL

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a misquotation in my article "Eliot and the Plain Reader" which appeared in your columns last month?

I quoted the line:

"In the juvescence of the year"

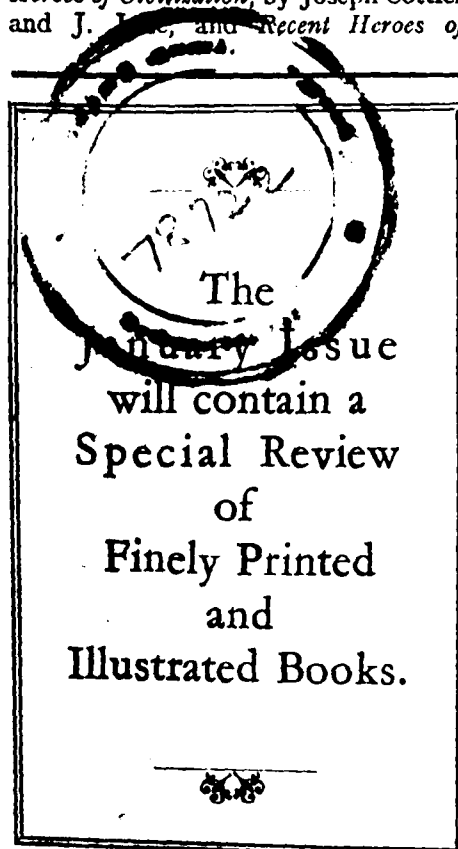
wise; and in each case, without my knowledge, and after I had passed my proof, he printer changed the word "juvescence" to "juvenesence". It is easy to see how the mistake was made; "juvenesence" is in the dictionary, while "juvescence" believe is not. But "juvenesence" makes nonsense of the passage rhythmically, and as I described this passage as being "perfect in sound and rhythm," I hope you will allow me to make the correction.

Yours truly,

G. W. STONIER.

also like *The Book of King Penguins*, by T. H. Gillespie, illustrated by some excellent photographs.

Most children to-day are interested in the latest discoveries of science as long as the knowledge is applicable to everyday things (indeed the average small boy's knowledge of the internal mysteries of the family wireless is a salutary aid to parental modesty). To such children—and their parents—I would recommend a book called *The Wonder Book of Electricity*, copiously illustrated by photographs and diagrams. They would probably appreciate also a book called *Man's Genius*, by E. Buller-Barwick. Two other books that I think any child with the normal enthusiasms would enjoy are *Heroes of Civilization*, by Joseph Cottler and J. L. G. and *Recent Heroes of*



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Modern Adventure, by T. C. Bridges and H. Hessel Tiltman.

A review of children's books cannot be terminated without a mention of Walter de la Mare's collected poems for children under the title of *Tom Tiddler's Ground*. This collection is mostly composed of tradition jingles and simple ballads and makes an excellent companion book to the *Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children*, edited by Kenneth Grahame, a somewhat more comprehensive selection. If either or both of these books be selected as the first steps into the world of poetry I would recommend that they should be accompanied by Frank Kendon's charming little book, *The Adventure of Poetry* (in the How and Why series) for under the guidance of this sensitive poet no child could go far astray in an entrancing but bewildering new world.

M. MACKEAN