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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1, 1933

IMPENDING CHANGE IN RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE Soviet Union today gives every sign of being near the end of one well-defined cycle of development and being near the beginning of a new one. It is not merely that the much advertised Five Year Plan of national development comes to an official end on December 31st, 1932. Circumstances point compellingly to important changes of economic policy in the near future. It is not yet possible to foresee whether these changes will come in such bunched fashion as to impress the realization of a new turn of policy on the outside world or whether they will be spread out piecemeal over a tolerably long period of time. But it is safe to predict that the second Soviet Five Year Plan will be radically different from the first in many of its objectives, methods and characteristics.

Russian history since the Revolution falls naturally and inevitably into three definite and distinctly marked periods. The first of these periods, which began with the Bolshevik Revolution on November 7th, 1917, and ended with Lenin's declaration of the New Economic Policy in March 1921, was essentially one of the tearing down and destruction of the old political, economic and social order and of the defence of the new Soviet state against domestic opposition and foreign intervention. Measures of far-reaching socialization of industry, transport and trade were driven through at this time, partly in conformity with doctrinaire Communist theories, partly as a result of the exigencies of the civil war. Inasmuch as industrial production in those years sank to the extremely low level of fifteen or twenty per cent. of the pre-war figure, and the demands of the huge Red Army naturally took precedence over those of the civil population, the food requirements of the country were covered by a requisitioning system, under

which the peasants were required to deliver up all their surplus produce to the State, which was able to give them very little in the way of manufactured goods in return.

Faced with severe food shortage and consequent discontent in the towns, and with a sullen peasant opposition that found expression both in sporadic revolts and in a steady contraction of the planted area, Lenin in 1921 decided that a strategic retreat was necessary on the "economic front" and brought about the adoption of the New Economic Policy, popularly known in Russia as *Nep*. The main feature of this was the restoration to the peasants of the right to sell their produce freely after the taxation requirements of the State had been met. This basic change brought with it a number of other changes. A stable currency system was built up; wages and salaries were paid in money instead of in kind; a few industrial and mining concessions were leased as concessions to foreign firms.

The New Economic Policy was never formally and officially abrogated. But the inauguration of the Five Year Plan on October 1st, 1928, brought about such sweeping modifications of economic policy and practice that a new third epoch of Soviet development may conveniently be reckoned from that date.

The Five Year Plan represented a most ambitious effort to plot the graph of construction and production in every branch of national economy over a period of five years. When the first year of the Plan yielded results that were quantitatively slightly ahead of the estimates it was decided to shorten the five year period to four years. A later change in the calculation of the Soviet business year added three months to the period, so that four and a quarter years will actually have elapsed between the beginning and the end of the Plan.

The main objectives of the Plan were the rapid industrialization of the country, with special emphasis on the so-called "heavy" industries (coal, oil, steel, chemical, metallurgical) and a profound structural change in the national agriculture. State farms, large tracts of land provided with equipment and working animals at State expense and directed by State

appointed managers and collective farms, to be formed out of the combined holdings of peasant households which would pool land, working animals and equipment and work under an elected board of management, were to replace to an increasing extent the system of small individual holdings which had become almost universal in the Soviet Union after the Revolution had swept away the big landed estates of pre-war times and led to a division of their land among the peasants.

In practice the Plan developed along lines very different, in many respects, from those which its framers anticipated. The original Plan called for an increase in food consumption, and even specified, with that love for minute detail which is so characteristic of Russian theoretical schemes, just how much more eggs, meat, milk and bread every city and country dweller should be eating by the end of the five-year period. In actual practice a number of causes, among which the most important are the slaughtering of cattle by the peasants, dissatisfied with the methods used to promote collectivization, the neglect of the fields, the forced export of food products for the purpose of obtaining the foreign currency necessary to finance ambitious projects of industrialization and numerous failings in the transport and distributive systems, have led to an acute food stringency, which, together with the decline in agricultural production, of which it is the symbol and the result, represents the most serious and urgent problem confronting the Soviet Government today.

When one casts up the balance-sheet of the Five Year Plan a number of achievements on the credit side demand recognition. Industrial production has been growing at an average annual rate of about twenty per cent. A number of huge new plants, some of them the largest of their kind in the world, have been put into operation and more are in various stages of construction. Moscow and many other Soviet cities and towns are engaged in a feverish process of municipal reconstruction, with new building visible on every hand. The sweep and scope of the new industrial construction have made it possible to take up the slack of unemployment which existed in Russia until the latter part of 1929 and to offer almost unlimited

opportunities for employment to graduates of the universities and technical schools.

At the same time, however, the Plan has led to such a degree of overstrain of the nation's economic forces and has produced such serious disproportions that it is ending with many aspects of an economic crisis. Russia today is suffering from a bad dose of over-industrialization, which has led to difficulties that are no less serious in character, although different in form, from those which afflict the countries of Western Europe and America.

The cost of building such plants as the Magnitogorsk iron and steel works (designed, after completion, to be at least the second largest in the world), the twin tractor factories at Stalin-grad and Kharkov, each with a capacity of 50,000 a year, the huge Dnieprostroi hydro-electric plant, the Nizhni Novgorod automobile works, to mention only a few of the enterprises which have been brought to various stages of completion under the Plan, is enormous. It is enhanced because Russia lacks an adequate number of trained engineers and skilled mechanics, and the percentage of waste and breakage in the construction and in the early phases of operation of new industrial plants, some of which are entirely new in Russia, is much greater than it would be in a Western country.

So there is really a very direct causal connection, although at first sight there might seem to be a contradiction, between the bustling construction activity which must strike every visitor to the Soviet Union and the severe food shortage which is equally unmistakable. The Soviet population is paying, and paying very heavily, in a lowered standard of living, especially reflected in food supply, for the Government's soaring industrial ambitions.

The most dangerous discrepancy that has arisen as a result of the Soviet Government's effort to drive ahead the industrial development at a breakneck pace with a view to "overtaking and outstripping the leading capitalist countries" (to quote an aspiration of Lenin's that has been repeatedly voiced during the period of the Five Year Plan) is in the agricultural field.

"It would have been so much easier to win the peasants over

to collectivization if we hadn't been obliged to make such sacrifices for the industrialization of the country", a young peasant Communist, director of a large State farm, lamented in the course of a conversation with me.

And there was a good deal of truth in this complaint, although collectivization and industrialization, from the Communist standpoint, are two parts of an indivisible whole. The essential economic paradox of the situation has been that, in order to erect the steel, tractor and agricultural machinery plants which are to assure the State and collective farms, their supply of tractors, harvesting combines and other large machines, so much has been taken from the peasants (their grain and other products have been collected by the State by methods which represent very thinly veiled requisitioning) and so little has been given to them in exchange that their will to work has been gravely impaired, if not completely paralyzed.

Both Soviet and foreign observers during recent months have frequently testified to the neglected condition of the fields in many parts of the country and especially to the widespread growth of weeds, which in some cases choke up the land so badly that tractors and combines cannot function properly. The situation with livestock is even worse. An authoritative Soviet estimate places the country's losses in livestock during the winter of 1929-1930, which was the first period of wholesale collectivization, at about one-quarter of the cows, about one-third of the sheep and about one-half of the pigs. Later official figures have not been published, but it is doubtful whether there has been any improvement, because last winter a number of cases of slaughtering cattle were again reported. There were several causes for this wholesale destruction of livestock. The richer peasants, or kulaks, who were ruthlessly expropriated and driven from their homes as part of the process of transferring agriculture from an individualist to a collectivist basis, killed their own animals and encouraged their neighbours to do likewise. In many cases local officials, disregarding orders from the central authority, tried to take over the peasants' cows, sheep and pigs for the benefit of the collective farms, and this often impelled the peasants to destroy their beasts. Finally there has been a chronic shortage of fodder, as a result

of the centralized requisitioning policies of the last few years, and in some cases peasants have doubtless killed their animals simply because they had no means of feeding them.

With the inevitable decline in food production which was caused by the diminution of the livestock went a parallel process of abnormally fast growth of the cities and towns. The big new plants called for vast armies of workers, especially as the productivity of the individual labourer in Russia is much lower than in Western Europe. There were more mouths to be fed out of the centralized State reserves just at a time when the available quantity of many foodstuffs was severely curtailed.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising that the allotments on the individual ration cards, which were reintroduced under the Five Year Plan after being discarded during the easier years of the New Economic Policy, have been steadily shrinking. The sugar allotment, which was three pounds a month when the rationing system was introduced, has declined to one pound. Meat, which was given with tolerable regularity every other day in the first years of the Plan, has become a rare luxury. Potatoes, which were sold freely during the first years of the Plan, are now being doled out rather sparingly on the ration cards. When everything is taken into account the Soviet Union is undoubtedly facing the most severe winter, as regards food supply, since the early years of the New Economic Policy.

Another element in the crisis which has overtaken Soviet economy at the end of the Five Year Plan is the disproportion between the new industrial enterprises and the executive and technical skill which is available for their operation. During a tour of new Soviet industrial centres in the Ural region last summer I was impressed by the unanimity which Soviet "Red directors" and foreign engineers employed as consulting specialists displayed in pointing to lack of trained men as a major cause of failures and setbacks. When Low, in his recent book of Russian sketches, depicted a peasant factory girl endeavouring "to milk a steam hammer" he gave a humorous turn to a problem that is desperately serious for every Russian industrial administrator. There is indeed a

strenuous effort to institute technical training courses of all kinds for the raw peasant labour which inundates the new factories, but the effect of this can only be felt gradually. Moreover, the strong tendency of the Soviet industrial workers, especially in the newer plants, to move from place to place in search of better food and housing is a serious obstacle to the creation of a steady trained labour force at each enterprise.

What measures will the Soviet Government probably take to redress the failures and cure the disproportions which the Five Year Plan has left behind it and, above all, to turn upward the curve of agricultural production on which the food supply of the country depends? The first and safest prediction is that there will be a substantial slackening of the tempo of industrialization and a diversion of resources from the type of enterprise that does not yield any direct immediate benefit to the consumer to the type that does. Whether the slowing up in the frantic speed of industrial building, together with the reduction in the staffs of State enterprises which have been recently announced will recreate an unemployment problem is an interesting question to which the next few months may give the answer. The extremely rapid growth of the cities, which some Soviet commentators treat with unqualified enthusiasm, increases the food and housing shortages appreciably, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that drastic measures will be taken to slow up and to regulate, if not to stop altogether, this process.

The provision of more consumption goods, boots, textiles, furniture, cutlery, etc., is one indispensable means of stimulating the lagging productivity of the peasants, and this will be a cardinal point of the newer Soviet economic policy. It is improbable that State and collective farming will be scrapped in favour of a reversion to the old individual methods. It would be a herculean and almost impossible task to divide up the land satisfactorily among the fifteen or sixteen million peasant families which are now enrolled in the collective farms, and the ownership of the 150,000 tractors which are now at work on the Soviet fields would in any case have to remain communal. Recent decrees providing for the compulsory

renting of horses belonging to individual peasants by collective farms during the main seasons of field work and for the levying of a discriminatory tax on individual peasant households do not indicate any intention on the part of the Soviet authorities to abandon the new forms of agricultural organization.

If the peasant's interest in his work is to be restored, however, important changes will be needed in the organization and administration of the collective farms. They must be protected against arbitrary dictation and interference by local officials, and a more satisfactory system must be found for recognizing and rewarding the good work of individuals in the collective farms. A great step forward would be made possible if and when the Government should find it possible to discard everything that savours of requisitioning in its methods of collecting food and other crops.

The near future is likely to witness important changes in the methods of economic administration. The first Five Year Plan was a period of fierce drive, of breathless haste, which one foreign observer described somewhat unkindly as "rushing nowhere." Soviet industrial executives thought and talked and acted in terms of military phraseology. Industry, agriculture and transport were "fronts." The newspapers were full of appeals to push ahead this or that "campaign", to repair this or that "breach". No doubt there were psychological and imaginative gains to be derived from covering the hard and drab realities of everyday life with the glamour of warfare. But measured by sober and prosaic standards of economic effectiveness there was a colossal amount of waste motion and misapplied energy during these years. It is highly probable that a steady rhythm of industrial progress will be preferred to the jerks and bounces of the first Plan, and that less emphasis will be placed on spectacular quantitative results and more on the hitherto sadly neglected element of quality.

Another tendency in Soviet administration that is almost certain to be pushed further in the new era that will follow the Five Year Plan is the extending of material incentives to the individual within the framework of the State Socialist system. A significant change in this respect occurred during

the Five Year Plan. At first the tendency was for equality of the levelling kind. The shortage of food and manufactured goods and the introduction of a rationing system tended to make wage differences relatively unimportant. Thoroughgoing material equality was the aim of many collective farms in the first stage of their existence. The "liquidation", to use a favourite Soviet term, of the relatively well-to-do classes which had emerged under the New Economic Policy, the private traders in the towns and the kulaks in the villages, added to the impression of levelling.

But in the summer of 1931 Stalin pronounced an important speech, in which the desirability and necessity of differential wage-scales and material rewards were strongly emphasized. And since the delivery of that speech inequality has become more marked and has the full moral sanction of the tremendous propaganda machine which the Soviet State has created. Indeed, equal wage payments are now described abusively, if not altogether logically, as "petty-bourgeois", while the duty of every true Communist, at the present stage of Russian development, is to advocate and practice piecework methods of payment and unequal rewards for work of unequal quality.

It is this tendency that has given rise abroad to talk of a Soviet "return to capitalism", a suggestion which is hotly rejected by Soviet spokesmen. The question of whether and how far Russia may now or in the near future revert to capitalism depends, of course, upon one's definition of capitalism. If the unequal sharing of the country's inadequate stocks of food and manufactured goods through a carefully graded system of distribution, where higher rank in the State, political or economic hierarchy carries with it very often the right to purchase goods in a better store, to eat in a better restaurant, to occupy a better apartment, connotes capitalism, then Soviet economic life already possesses many capitalist features.

But the Communist economic contention is that original economic sin lies not in the fact that one man enjoys a higher standard of living than his neighbour, but in the private ownership of such profit-making enterprises as factories, shops,

railroads, banks, etc. And, if one accepts this standard of definition, Russia certainly shows no signs of reverting to capitalism. Such inequality as exists in the Soviet Union is based, not on private property or on accumulated wealth, but on the position which an individual may have reached in the State service.

Russia today makes the impression of a country standing on the dividing line between two eras: the fierce, passionate, driving epoch of the Five Year Plan, which gave the country a powerful, if sometimes misdirected push toward modern industrialization, and a new period, of which the contours are still dim and uncertain, but which is likely to differ psychologically from the Five Year Plan period very much as the years of the New Economic Policy differed from the period of "War Communism", namely, in relaxing the tremendous physical and psychological strain which has been so characteristic of the last few years.

If one should venture to pronounce judgment on a period that is still perhaps too near for a thoroughly balanced view, one might say that an impressive addition to the national industrial capital, represented by a multitude of new factories, mines, electrical power plants and other enterprises, has been purchased at an extremely high price in the standard of living. And this price is very far as yet from being fully paid. If one considers the deplorable condition of the Soviet livestock, and contemplates the problem represented by the cleaning up of the neglected fields and the elimination of the weeds which have been allowed to grow, it would seem that several years must elapse before a normal, unrationed food supply can be assured for the country's teeming new industrial centres and also for the peasant districts, which, up to the present time, have really borne the brunt of the food shortage.

WASHINGTON AND THE WAR DEBTS

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

THESE are dismal days at the White House; days of languor and divided counsel, as between a moribund Government and a new inchoate one, which waits upon events behind the scenes trying to shape a policy for its popular parabasis on March 4th. In these dead months of interregnum, "lame ducks" of Congress and the Cabinet flit up and down "the Avenue" between the Capitol and the Executive Office. It is a time of feeble purpose; and the future is ominous and dark—even for the regime of a Roosevelt.

Meanwhile, the actual President is a sort of caretaker under notice to quit. The Sovereign People have dismissed him as an ineffective servant, and that by a plurality of 7,000,000 votes. He can do little but con over his woes in the Red Room to a rival whose selection—as Mr. Hoover warned America—would so widen calamity, that "grass would grow in the streets of a hundred cities!" It is a baffling thing to do business with the United States, as all British Foreign Ministers have found, from Castlereagh to Sir Edward Grey.

So it is a sad President who looks out of the old Cabinet Room across snowy flats to the broad Potomac, and over to the classic Virginia shore. Be sure he dwells again upon that Mob-Mind whose errant tides he wrote of so contemptuously in the journal of Yale University. "Man in the Mass"—Mr. Hoover held—"does not think, but only feels." Therefore, any demagogue can sway and kindle such emotional stuff, and true leadership of intellect is denied to the Crowd. "Popular desires are no criteria to the real need", we are assured by that same student who has seven times girdled the globe. Nor can progress, social or political, be possible until

"the average of the mass is raised", and vision vouchsafed to American citizens.

As a President *en pantoufles* (like Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge), Mr. Hoover will surely use plain words about Democracy after he hands over the White House key on March 4th, and is free to publish the story of his purgatorial years.

. . . . In this same room of his present reverie, Lincoln was forced to listen to Job-comforters of reckless mockery. From these very windows that Saviour of the Union saw the watch-fires of a hostile Army that was moving on the capital. And it was of Lincoln that a furious Wendell Phillips could ask in scorn: "Who is this huckster in politics?" Even Washington himself was reviled as "a crocodile" and "a double-dealer". One of the many scurrilous cartoons of his day shows a guillotine set up for the First President, as it had been for the Tyrant of France. A pious toast of his enemies was: "A speedy death to General Washington!" And in the lower House, an official could denounce the Father of his Country as a vulgar thief who had overdrawn his pay by fraud, and thus robbed the obscure and struggling Federation! *Haec natura multitudinis est: aut servit humiliter, aut superbe dominatur.* . . .

All through its history, from the War of Independence to the Civil War and thence to the World War of 1914, it has been hard to unite these people in an all-national policy. So vast is their land—where one single State has nearly five times England's area!—so diverse the range of climates and racial stocks, that sectional interests are bound to prevail. And these are pressed and "lobbied" in the Halls of Congress with an effrontery and zeal which use and custom have long condoned.

President Coolidge claims to have foreseen the "Great Gamble" of 1928-9, piling up to its avalanche of destruction. Yet he was unable to curb his mixed and far-scattered millions. "They must come to knowledge"—this dour little man told the United Press of America—"by their own experience."

That is a long road and a cumbrous process, one that may

spread havoc in ever-widening circles. Unluckily, "We, the Sovereign People" (of the 1789 Constitution) still hold the tenets of Washington's "Farewell Address." He bade them beware the wiles and guiles of foreign influence because "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote, relation." For this reason were Old World affairs "essentially foreign to our concerns." And lastly, came the geographical factor: "Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course."

Now all this was well enough for a few forlorn plantations of settlers, strung out along the fringe of a fierce Unknown; a snarling and poverty-stricken Federation that could not raise money for a Parliament-House of its own, nor yet induce the Powers of Europe to "recognise" it in the comity of nations—even when Jefferson offered free sites for Legations on what was to be Sixteenth Street in the "Wilderness City" of Washington.

Many and various were the seeds of suspicion and dislike of our Old World which were blown overseas to those jealous States; and their history and traditions must needs be known to us, if we are to grasp the causes of today's blank impasse. Of all the Fathers of that new Republic, Alexander Hamilton was the ablest statesman; the guide and counsellor of Washington himself, as well as the tireless apostle of the Union and special pleader of its rigid and peculiar Constitution.

In his treatise on export trades and the uses of a Navy, Hamilton dilates on: "These arrogant pretensions of the Europeans." Only by "force and fraud" has Europe won her domination. This "had tempted her to plume herself as Mistress of the World, and to consider the rest of mankind as created for her benefit. Profound philosophers have attributed to her inhabitants a physical superiority, and have asserted that all animals—and with them the human species—degenerate in America; that even dogs cease to bark, after having breathed a while in our atmosphere!"

Here we see the roots of that *Schadenfreude* which persists to our own day. A Utopian aloofness is still taught in American schools; it is upheld in the Press, and it figured in President Hoover's messages and speeches up to his crushing defeat at

the polls last November. It was in a world apart that these people dwelt. They were self-sufficing and unwarlike, intent only upon trade, and that standard of living which the luckless Hoover in 1928 defined as "a chicken in every pot."

Up to now the "American system" has been a sort of fetish, and its votaries have had no use for what Whitman called: "The spirit that comes from the contact with real things". Even Emerson begged his people to face the present instead of the past; to stand up on their own legs and imitate the wise men of a nobler age by having the courage to belong to their own day. But old fallacies held until the shock of a World-War showed their glaring absurdity. And amid the uproar of her "hyphenate" citizens in 1914-16, the United States—like Italy after the Congress of Vienna—"could no more be called a nation than a stack of timber could be called a ship."

Today she is battling as blindly in another World-War. It is bloodless, indeed, being economic in kind, yet in issues so tremendous, that Mr. Hoover could assure his Congress: "The welfare of mankind and the preservation of civilisation depend upon our success." So the best minds over there are looking for a leader of genius—the bold *Synoptikos* of Plato, to whom the people's destiny will be seen as a whole, and so ensued and achieved, without any frittering of force or purpose amid the lesser parts of it. Great bankers and intellectuals, with the lords of industry and the foremost of State Governors all pray for a Messiah, and dwell upon the magic of his call. "Perhaps the time is already come"—these wistful ones say with their greatest philosopher—"when the sluggard intellect of this Continent will look from under its iron lids, and fulfil the postponed expectations of the world with something better than the exertion of a mechanical skill."

General Dawes looks for public enlightenment "from the bottom up": so does Thomas Lamont, of Morgan's in Wall Street. The Hearst papers picture America as a derelict ship, without master or crew, lurching through waves of misery and crime on to the shattering rocks. President Hoover himself wonders whether a fiery singer could serve and save; one whom all classes would follow, as in the perverse Florence of long

ago? When he foresaw a second term denied him, Mr. Hoover went home to discuss America's future with a man of letters. "Perhaps what the country needs," he hazarded, "is a great poem? I mean, something that will lift our people out of their fear and selfishness. Now and then a prophet will seize words out of the air, and with them inspire a whole nation. You remember Kipling's 'Recessional', and those verses of Markham's which Millet's canvas inspired: 'The Man With The Hoe'? We do need such a stimulus in order to raise our eyes beyond the flat horizon."

It is a striking ideal to come from such a quarter. Mr. Hoover may have had Fichte in mind, and those burning *Reden* which shook German despondency into new fervours of *Deutschheit*, when the apostle of Jena showed the way to new heights of glory after the languor and abasement of 1806. Or again, the President (who is a man of wide reading) may have thought of Schiller's warning: That guiding voices should be weighed rather than counted, since if mere clamour were to drive the ship of state and Ignorance had the helm, disaster was at hand for all:—

Man soll die Stimmen wägen und nicht zählen,
Der Staat muss untergehn, früh oder spät,
Wo Mehrheit siegt Unverstand entscheidet.

All this ferment bears upon the profound difference of opinion between Europe and the United States over what the British Note of last month called "the baneful effects of these unnatural transfers in respect of Reparations and War Debts" . . . "Confidence and Credit"—that historic State Paper went on to say—"cannot revive until an end has been put to these attempts to force the stream of capital to flow uphill."

It is notorious that the American people and their Federal Congress, as well as the actual President and the President-Elect, see no such absurdity as this in their insistence upon repayment of these Debts of Destruction, which were incurred in a common cause, and were long since burned in the furnace of a World-War. This cleavage is still complete. It is not the allusion of Right and Wrong, but the Hegelian tragedy of

"Right against Right", which can make even a clash of brethren the most irreconcilable of all.

In dealing with this root curse of all our ills, Mr. MacDonald uses stark words—which the U.S. Secretary of State brushes aside in a curt business phrase. What is our Prime Minister's first step to "enable the world to go round again on its economic axis?" . . . "The way to begin" (he says) "is to free us all from the crushing loads and impenetrable tangles of War Debts, which, while legal operations, were tantamount to economic madness. And under the conditions of these payments, they have done as much as the Great War itself did to impoverish nations—both those paying and those receiving; to ruin peoples and turn millions of men and women on the streets, with bodies steadily starving and minds being steadily darkened. The policy of your Government—not only of this, but of the last three or four Governments—has been to free the world from that nightmare". . . .

In his reply to the French Note of November 10th, Mr. Stimson makes short work of all this: "The Debts due to the United States" (he avers) "naturally fall into the category of ordinary debts between individuals, and have been treated as such." The British note of December 1st was drafted with special care so as to inform America's Parliament and population of the difference between productive loans that add to the world's wealth and mere "expenditure on destruction". America's reply traversed the British arguments with: "We cannot agree with these conclusions." And further: "The facts are viewed by our people differently from the understanding set forth by you" "The problem of foreign Debts has in the American mind a very definite relationship with the problem of Disarmament." But of tariffs and those trade barriers which preclude payment in goods, there was no mention at all.

That British Note had a very bad Press over there. "Veiled threats" were read into it. And though one may dismiss the Hoover Administration as a fading force, account must be taken of the real President in the curious "dyarchy" which must needs exist until the Inauguration of March 4th. Speaking

for himself and his Democratic Congress, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt wrote as follows in Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine*: "The Debts owed to the United States by foreign Governments must be paid. There is no practicability or honour in cancellation. The stabilisation of world-finance can best be achieved by a clear understanding of just obligations. . . . Humanity is divided into nations; and the duty of your Administration is first to consider the welfare of our own people." *Avec cette sauce on mangerait son père!* This verdict of the President-Elect is certainly that of the new Senate and Lower House; moreover, it does reflect the sore sentiment of 123,000,000 stricken citizens over an area of three million square miles.

It is in vain that great newspapers of the East, such as the Wall Street-instructed *Sun*, puts the "madness" into plain American for its urban readers: "It is all simple enough, if people will stop using the thinking-gear of the village not-shaver, shrilly insisting that 'Debts are Debts'. Why not tell our people the truth: That Reparations and War Debts are a deadly blood-clot in the stream of commerce?" The answer is, that mass-America will not listen, any more than she did to "the truth" about Prohibition. As the "noble experiment" of 1917, that "madness" had perforce to run its sixteen-year course of appalling crime and moral decay, until the Presidential platforms of both Parties put an end to it last June.

Likewise in vain are the lucid efforts of Princeton Professors of Economics to present the inevitable choice between lower tariffs and outright cancellation of these Debts. Twelve of these pundits have challenged the heresies of Congressional orators in essays that place in glaring relief the gulf between full knowledge and the negation of it in the United States today. Professor F. W. Fetter tells the queer story of Tariffs up to the turning-point of 1921, when America fell between many stools—"placating individual interests, while ignoring those of the nation". . . . "We boosted exports at the same time that we throttled imports. We insisted on the collection of the War-Debts, and then threw every difficulty in

the way of payment. We encouraged foreign loans, with no thought as to how they would be repaid. We raised Tariff rates in 1930 when—if we expected to remain part of a world economic system—the need was for a freeing of the channels of trade.”

Here was the same *tropesis* towards Utopia, and the belief that America is a “system” apart, a law unto herself to which all others must conform. Bitter, indeed, might be Europe’s woe, but no blast of it could ever pass Sandy Hook, where all America lay in mystical security, like a Hindu Swami reciting the *mantram* of Prosperity. It is the end of this treasured “pipe-dream” that accounts for the people’s dismay, which Congress is bound to reflect and interpret without any regard for expert opinion, or the views and wishes of their own Executive. More than once has State Secretary Stimson pointed out that “there is reserved to the Congress of the United States the ultimate decision in respect of the funding, refunding or amendment of these inter-Governmental obligations. The Executive (*i.e.*, President of the U.S.) has no power to amend or alter them, either directly or by implied commitment.”

Now the triangular framework of the U.S. Constitution makes any positive action very uncertain. A century ago Lord Durham declared it “a perfect nullity”, and he cited cases to show “the necessary weakness of a merely Federal Government.” The President may veto a Bill which Congress has passed, but a two-thirds vote in both Houses will still make a law of it, in the face of all White House and Cabinet dissent. These two branches of Government are in frequent clash. And thirdly, there is the Supreme Court as final arbiter of all disputes in the Federal laws. Moreover, as interpreter of the Constitution itself, the Supreme Court can set aside the acts of both Congress and President, on the ground that the power delegated by the Sovereign States and People has been exceeded in such acts. For his part the President may refuse to execute a decree of the Supreme Court. And Congress can withhold cash credits for the Executive Departments.

The result of all this is too often confusion and utter deadlock; and a host of critics and reformers have long been loud in their demands for a drastic overhaul of procedure. “Our negative Government” was a frequent subject of discussion between President Wilson and his adviser, Colonel E. M. House of Texas. And it is Wilson himself—even more than the tactless Johnson, who was impeached for “high crimes and misdemeanours”—who offers the classic instance of conflict with the legislative branch. Arrived in Paris in 1919 for the Peace Conference, Wilson gradually dropped his famous “Points” and principles for the sake of his beloved League of Nations and its Covenant, as well as the Security-Pact for France, to which both the United States and ourselves were at one time committed.

But in the November Elections of 1918, Wilson appealed to his people to return a Democratic Congress, thus making a Party issue of the re-shaping of our post-War world. This was a fatal error. A Republican Congress was returned instead, and Congressional hostility to the first American President to cross the seas flared up in avowed purpose of vengeance. Wilson was at last arraigned by his Senate as an envoy who had far exceeded his mandate. And to the amazement and consternation of all Europe, the momentous Treaties he had signed were summarily rejected, and a separate Peace made with our late enemies.

Sharply questioned by such men as Lodge and Knox, the discomfited President tried to save himself over the War Debts. These, at least—Wilson assured his ruthless inquisitors—could be classed as “assets”, and would not “have to be borne by our own tax-payers.” So upon an unlucky phrase of that fallen Saviour of the World has been based the entire misconception of the War-Debt problem, and all those “disastrous consequences” which the British Note set out with such formidable mastery last month.

It is well to remember that what Alexander Hamilton styled “the compound Republic of America” has an effete Constitution, frankly based upon the mutual fears and suspicions of the original Thirteen States. In pleas and apologies which

are far too little known, Hamilton gives cogent reasons for the "checks and balances" which make any dealings with America so elusive and perplexing to the experienced Governments of Europe.

Each branch—President Washington's mentor explains in the classic treatise which he called *The Federalist*—must have "the necessary Constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments of the others". . . . "It may be a reflection on human nature" (Hamilton goes on to say) "that such devices should be used to control the abuses of Government. If angels were to govern men"—of course—no such safeguards would be called for. But—"In framing a Government to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty is this: You must first enable the Government to control the governed; and in the next place, oblige it to control itself. A dependence on the People is, no doubt, the primary control on the Government: but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions."

It was upon this darkling polity that our Cabinet projected its luminous picture of December 1st—only to have Congress and the American People survey it as "the cow looks at a passing train." Or as Degas used to say: "*L'air dans les tableaux des maîtres n'est pas respirable*." They shied away from a compendious recital of failure and folly, almost as lurid as the World-War itself, whose long aftermath "has culminated in a crisis of unparalleled severity." Britain's portrayal of this was eyed askint. Or once more in the Degas phrase: "*On donne l'idée du Vrai avec le Faux!*" "It does not seem accurate," we find Mr. Stimson objecting in the matter of those billions of money which were said to have gone up in smoke—or "on destructive and totally unproductive objects, in so far as the borrowing Governments are concerned." And finally much of the telling brush-work in that graphic Note "seems to us to over-emphasize the influence which War-Debt payments may have had in the past on world economy."

In brief then, America beheld only those Wilsonian "assets", while the peoples of Europe, one and all, felt much as the

French feel—that there is "deep injustice involved". For did not the Allies array their flesh and blood, as well as all their armaments and national treasure, between a chaotic and belated "Associate" Power and the mighty foe upon whom America had indeed "declared war", yet could not produce a single man or ship or gun wherewith to wage it for fully fifteen months! And even then her raw levies had perforce to borrow French artillery and British 'planes before General Pershing could advance in the Meuse-Argonne. This money-wrangle is, in truth, a shabby bit of history. And before last month's "unnatural transfer" of gold, fifty-two annuities had loomed against us in America's "tragic book-keeping of the War," with a grand total of \$9,790,000,000.

Her run of luck, so miraculous in length and gains, broke in the autumn of 1929; and beyond question she now faces change amounting to a second Revolution. Pan-American aims under the Monroe Doctrine have had a rude shock, from Mexico City down to La Paz. A militant Japan appears to threaten the "Open Door" in Asia. To induce trade rivals in Europe to lay down their arms seems to be a vain dream. And drabest of all, quenching America's spirit and checking "blue-sky" expectations, is the seismic collapse of Prosperity and the sweep of squalor through a vast population who have long held riches and ease as their inalienable rights.

Hydro-electric power has been developed with mania, until machines and mass-production have made new markets and the employment of men two insuperable problems. This winter sees over 12,000,000 hands out of work, with no sound system of relief for them since a dole is thought "un-American", and State Governments overlap or conflict with Federal Authority at every turn.

The American Federation of Labour urges a six-hour day and five-day week, while its President, Mr. William Green, is full of gloomy foreboding of imminent anarchy and desperation. Over thirty million persons, more or less concerned with agriculture are in a sad plight; and 6,500,000 farms are strangled with debts amounting to the enormous sum of \$9,500,000,000.

Great American cities are bankrupt, and their officials remain unpaid. There are "bread-lines" in once opulent streets; towering skyscrapers are being torn down to save rates and taxes, since no tenants can be found for costly floors and offices. The export trades have shrivelled, and three thousand banks have closed their doors in two years. Already nine of the great railways have gone into receiverships. The Federal Treasury faces a deficit of \$1,146,000,000 (apart from State and city chaos). And for the first time in her lavish story, America's immigrants flock back to Europe in shoals, with strange tales of malign transformation in the Land of Promise.

But no words can convey a collapse which each day spreads and deepens, and of which no man can see the end or issue. It is a grim prospect for President Roosevelt. And unless this vast blight lifts after he takes the Oath and faces his task with a friendly Congress behind him, the Democrats also will be decried, and then any fantasy is possible, any ebullition of the Sovereign People.

Meanwhile, their vaults are piled high with gold—over £1,200,000,000 of it. Here is queer and flimsy finance, such as Mr. Hoover has just scathed in his Budget Message: "It is a situation which cannot continue without disaster." Nobody heeds or hears him; everybody looks forward to those War Debt "assets" as a grant in aid—especially Great Britain's "next" instalment, which would be a matter of £30,000,000! At all events, this is how Congress sees the matter: those 96 Senators and 435 Representatives who reflect the feeling of 123,000,000 people of many races and colours.

Behind the bronze doors of the Senate you will see galleries for 690 spectators: those of the House hold 1,140 more—or as many as a fair-sized theatre. And Parliamentary procedure is wildly unlike our own. One is struck with the noise and emotion of a big debate. To Lord Bryce the uproar was "like that of short, sharp waves in a Highland loch, fretting under a squall against a rocky shore. The raising and dropping of desk-lids, the scratching of pens, the clapping of hands to catch pages—keen little boys who race along the gangways:

the pattering of feet, the hum of talking on the floor and in the galleries, make up a din"—which distinguishes America's Congress from all other legislative bodies.

The Senate is more sedate; but in that Chamber a member may speak for days on end; no time-limit is set to his oratory. How these men have gloried in "putting one over" on their President himself! After the downfall of Wilson, the Press could refer to the Senate as "the Power behind the Throne!"

How long are the American people likely to hold their present views on the so-called War-Debts? And what of the "discussion" which our Cabinet proposed—"before June 15th next, in order to obviate the risk of a general breakdown of existing inter-Governmental agreements?" I see no prospect of a sane settlement while the fog of misery envelops that enormous land. The "atmosphere" of Washington is notoriously distorting—as men so diverse in temperament as Colonel House and Senator Borah have noted, without being able to account for it.

The Halls and Lobbies of the Capitol fairly buzz with freak "solutions", of which the oddest was that of Representative McFadden. This Member proposed that Great Britain and France should hand over the whole of their West Indian and South American possessions—in part payment for their War-Debts—which they appear to have such trouble in meeting when instalments become due!

I could fill pages with these "bright ideas" from Senators and Congressmen, all put forward in good part and all marked by a *naïveté*, or an itch for notoriety, which seem peculiar to American politicians. But the "ultimate solution" of Mr. Stimson's pious wish is not in sight at all. I foresee America's domestic plight growing more and more serious through her own lack of vision in the mass, and a conspicuous want of light and leading at the top. So I fear a time will come when Britain will be forced to abandon the Castlereagh policy of courtesy and forbearance at any price with the United States, and come out with "plain naked words, stript of their shirt."

CULTURE ON THE AIR

A Debate on B.B.C. Policy

I.—BY C. HENRY WARREN

WITH the possible exception of Germany, the standard of broadcasting in Great Britain is higher than anywhere else in the world. This is very much to the credit of the B.B.C. It needed a keen and imaginative foresight, in those very early days of broadcasting, to envision the necessity for establishing at once the basis of a service which in future years would not be discreditable in the eyes of the more intelligent section of the community. Those pioneers of broadcasting (Sir John Reith prominently among them) would, therefore, deserve our highest praise on this score alone: from the very first they took broadcasting seriously, they were wide awake to its possibilities, and they were keenly aware of its latent responsibilities. It can sincerely be said that, taking into account the many difficult conditions, few organisations would have achieved a better service than we now enjoy. Whatever may be the shortcomings inherent in a monopoly, at least we have been saved from all the horrors of the system of broadcasting in America, where the air is to be bought by the hour, where there are so many privately owned stations that jamming is almost inevitable, and where Beethoven and Bach are broadcast "by the curtesy" of the manufacturers of the newest thing in corn-cures and face-creams. The B.B.C. assumed, right away, that broadcasting was a public service of first-class importance; it aimed at the establishment of such a reputation that intelligent people might unblushingly subscribe to that service; and on the whole it has not been ashamed to over-estimate the imaginative powers of the average listener.

These things being so, it is surely odd that broadcasting in this country should be accorded so low a standard of criticism. Of the daily newspapers, there are only three (the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*, and the *Birmingham Post*—all three, it is interesting to note, provincial newspapers) which allow broadcasting any really serious consideration in their columns; in the remainder of the Press the standard of criticism is distressingly personal and journalistic; the assumption being, apparently, that listeners are more interested in vaudeville than in good music (one "critic" ran an anti-Bach campaign and actually bullied the B.B.C. into omitting the Bach Cantatas from its Sunday programmes) and in the personalities of the broadcasters than in the subject-matter which they broadcast. This is the more unfortunate since it considerably hinders the growth in this country of a discriminating wireless public.

Of all the sins against the light today indiscriminate listening is one of the most prevalent and also one of the most flagrant. There are now five million licence-holders in Great Britain alone. This represents at least fifteen to twenty million listeners. And it is a most uncomfortable thought that, in the homes of quite a large proportion of those listeners, the loud-speaker is simply turned on to provide a background of noise. The ultimate effect on such people is disastrous: they end by hearing nothing—they simply know that they prefer anything to silence. Against this handicap the B.B.C. can only make headway, when compiling its programmes, by ignoring it altogether. Meanwhile, one of the plainest duties of the critics of broadcasting is to offset this vile orgy of indiscriminate listening by attempting to create among their readers a discriminating public. In the matter of entertainment, one man's meat is necessarily another man's poison, and it is the sheerest folly to suppose (as most critics, and many listeners, seem to suppose) that, because the B.B.C. is a public servant, its job is to please all listeners all the time. Happily, the B.B.C. has realized that this way lies satisfaction for nobody. It has, therefore, aimed not at pleasing everybody all the time, nor even somebody

all the time, but everybody some of the time. The choice is left with the listener. And the critic should be there to help him form a foundation for his choice.

The broadcast programmes, then, are planned for a discriminating public—and this is all to the good. The B.B.C. has gradually won for itself a position whereby it is able to command the best brains for the entertainment of its listeners. It has acquired an orchestra which is not only the best in the country, but one of the best in the world. And it has on its staff men of imagination, enthusiasm, and a high degree of intelligence. What, then, is wrong with broadcasting? It should surely be a model service of national entertainment.

"Entertainment": there's the rub. The B.B.C. is a dignified institution. Dignity, in fact, would almost seem to be an obsession with it. Its attitude to the outside world, for instance, is so dignified that after ten years its activities still remain cloaked in a good deal of mystery. An organization which chooses to cloak itself in mystery is usually conscious within itself of the necessity to hide something from the public gaze. But the B.B.C. has no such necessity. It quite sincerely wishes (as it is careful to inform us at frequent intervals) to act up to its duty as a public service; but at the same time it seems equally anxious to keep the public at a proper distance. Familiarity, it would seem to fear, might breed contempt. Now, there was a time (when the personal element in broadcasting meant more than it does today, and "Aunts" and "Uncles" were the familiars of every household) when such a fear was not groundless. But the B.B.C. has now ten years of consolidated effort behind it: it has built up a service which, whatever its faults, is capable of standing up to intelligent criticism; and the time has come when it should realize that it is grown-up—and that its listeners are grown-up also.

For this obsession with dignity not only affects the B.B.C.'s attitude to the outside world, it also affects its attitude to the programmes. And this is a far more pertinent matter. Broadcasting, when all is said, is an entertainment; and that (to judge by the programmes) is just what the B.B.C. refuses

to admit. There is an undignified sound about the very word "entertainment"; it immediately suggests vaudeville (incidentally, the one branch of the broadcast programmes which, from the beginning, has remained notoriously bad) and such-like loose-moralled pastime. Now, as we all know, the B.B.C. is very zealous for its moral tone. It, therefore, shies away from entertainment as something not quite nice. It concentrates, instead, on education. Education is so much more dignified. Very well, education is a fine thing; the public clearly needs to be educated; what better instrument is there than wireless for the conveyance of this education?—that would seem to be the attitude of the B.B.C.

But it is exactly in the adoption of this attitude that the B.B.C. is surely at fault and in danger of alienating the intelligent public which it might otherwise so easily retain. To begin with, it is doubtful whether the public desires to be educated; and it is certain that, anyhow, wireless is not at all a suitable medium for the conveyance of education. Adult education is nothing if it is not a personal affair. Even in youth, the necessary elimination to a large extent of the personal factor in education is a danger—unless we believe in the Platonic ideal that education is an approximation towards an ideal of balance, and not a development of the personality; but in after-youth such an elimination is altogether a disaster. Education that does not end by preparing us for the enlargement of our capacity for personal experience is a misnomer. At its best it is mere uplift: at its worst it is mental perversion. And wireless, as a medium for education, can never lead us to this enlargement of personal experience. It is too desultory, too scattered, too undisciplined, too mechanical.

Consider the case in regard to music. When a speaker comes to the microphone to tell us how we as "ordinary listeners" (the student of music can be left out of consideration since the talks are not designed for him) are to listen to the concert which will follow, he is virtually attempting the impossible. For no one can possibly tell us how we are to get the most out of the experience of listening to the music which is to be broadcast. Our enjoyment is a private and

personal thing, dependent to a large extent upon our present capacity for appreciating music and upon our personal development; and how is anyone to tell at what stage in our development we have arrived? The speaker can only try to point out, in ten minutes, what must obviously require years of close study for its proper appreciation. The chances are that, unless we are very firmly entrenched in our own personal valuations, we shall begin by trying to listen with his ears rather than with our own, and end by not really listening at all. And if you should reply that anyway his ears, being trained, are better than ours, being untrained, the reply is that they are still his ears and not ours: you cannot possibly borrow somebody else's capacity for enjoyment. Enjoyment that is relegated to a second-hand experience is virtually no enjoyment at all.

It is much the same with other broadcast talks. An examination of the B.B.C.'s Talks Syllabus for the winter season, September-December 1932, reveals the following list of titles: "Art in Ancient Life", "Our Debt to the Past", "Our Neighbours: To-day and Yesterday" (a promising title, but one which merely serves to hide a confessed attempt to "explain the country as it is today by setting it against its historical background"), "The Worker in Industry", "The Art of Reading", "The Law of the Land", "How the Mind Works", "Christ in the Changing World", and "Science in the Making". There are also instructional morning talks, political debates and political talks (all very mild and dignified), music talks (such as have already been criticized), reviews of books, the cinema and the theatre, and language lessons. This practically comprises the whole of the broadcast talks series, the only exception being the topical talks, which are not listed.

It will be seen that education is the keynote throughout. (Incidentally, it might be instructive to count the number of times the word "problem" appears in the syllabus.) It is only fair to assume, therefore, that the urgent desire behind the compilation of the B.B.C. programme of broadcast talks is to educate the listener. But it is no more possible to educate

him in history, in sociology, or in literature, by means of wireless, than it is in music. It may be all very nice and pleasant to sit before your fire while someone pours forth his learning for you through the loud-speaker; but cosiness was never yet the way to learn. Education implies a discipline, or, rather, an application, which such occasional instruction almost necessarily prevents. Desultoriness is quite antagonistic to all true education; and of all forms of desultory instruction wireless, with its quarter-of-an-hour snippets of this and that, and its compulsorily long gaps between one snippet and the next, is the most baleful. The very best it can induce is an abortive enthusiasm.

The truth is, of course, that there are no royal roads to education—either by wireless or by any other means. But perhaps the B.B.C. would seek to defend itself by claiming that it does not pretend to educate the listener: its concern is with culture—the enjoyment of his leisure hours. But then, neither are there any royal roads to culture. Culture is far too personal a matter to be achieved by any such impersonal or mechanical or arbitrary devices as wireless. "Rubber-neck Tours", whereby you are rushed round a country while someone indicates the beauty-spots through a megaphone, have become a public joke: it is strange to see so enlightened a body as the B.B.C. adopting the same practice in regard to our personal journeyings through the country of the mind. (How many of the senior staff at Broadcasting House, we wonder, would listen for choice to the educational talks for which they are responsible?)

Perhaps an illustration will serve to indicate still further this necessity for considering the personal factor in regard to education and culture. There is a young woman in one of Chekhov's stories who was one day taken to an exhibition of pictures. She did not understand art; and all the pictures were much the same to her. And then she stopped indifferently before a small landscape. "Yulia imagined herself walking along the little bridge, and then along the little path further and further, while all around was stillness, the drowsy landrails calling and the fire flickering in the distance. And"

for some reason she suddenly began to feel that she had seen those very clouds that stretched across the red part of the sky, and that copse, and that field before, many times before. She felt lonely and longed to walk on and on along the path; and there, in the glow of the sunset, was the calm reflection of something unearthly, eternal. . . ." This tale might well be commended to the study of the responsible staff of the B.B.C. They might then imagine a few more Yulias among their five million licence-holders. For there is no sophisticated culture comparable in value to the native culture based on such simple, personal experiences as Yulia's.

Whether the aim be education or culture, therefore, the B.B.C. is on the wrong track. However it may fight shy of the fact, broadcasting, by its very nature, can never be more than a means for entertainment. And there is no need why it should aim at anything else. Entertainment is not necessarily an undignified thing, and it is certainly nothing to fight shy of. For example, it is a matter for genuine satisfaction that our finest orchestra should thus have come into being through the foresight and determination of the B.B.C. But why not leave it at that? Why seek to paint the lily? Let the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra entertain us as much as possible; but leave our enjoyment of it to look after itself. If we are not ready to appreciate it, no amount of ten minutes' talks by experienced musicians will alter the fact; whilst if we are ready, we can surely be trusted to take from it all that we are able and be duly thankful.

And so with regard to the other talks. With no disrespect to professors in general, it would be a good thing if they were kept away from the microphone to a far larger extent than they are at present. If they continue in their endeavour to turn wireless into a "University of the Ether", soon we shall all be so anæmically educated that there will be few left among us capable of enjoying any mental or spiritual experience at first hand. Unless, of course, we decide to ignore the wireless altogether. And that would be a great pity.

By the adoption of a more objective attitude, then, the B.B.C. would be much more likely to retain its hold on those

intelligent listeners whom, at the moment, it is very much in danger of losing. We do not want to be educated, nor do we, as responsible adults, look to be muffled in the painful atmosphere we thought we had escaped on leaving our classrooms. But we do ask to be entertained.

ANOTHER VIEW

BY LORD PONSONBY

THERE are, no doubt, many organizations which fail in their purpose or are insufficiently abreast of the times, because their activities are not subjected to enough public scrutiny or criticism. The B.B.C. does not suffer in this way. Its articulate critics run in numbers into probably six figures and it can, therefore, judge, in every step it takes, not only the quantity but the quality of the approval or disapproval which is expressed. It can also gauge the popularity of the various lines or the new ventures in broadcasting which it adopts. The criticism from direct correspondence, whether favourable or unfavourable, is far greater in volume and may be more important, coming as it does directly from listeners, than journalistic comments perfunctorily given by a critic to whom this job is assigned as part of the day's work.

There is so much in the detail of Mr. Warren's criticism with which I find myself in complete agreement that I was surprised to discover when I finished his article that I differed from him in his general conclusions.

Everyone must agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Warren's condemnation of indiscriminate listening, and of the objectionable practice of turning on the loudspeaker "to provide a background of noise". To hear the wireless turned on in

an hotel lounge behind the buzz of laughter and conversation, to catch bars of some beautiful bit of music, in between the cackling of the loungers, is to receive an impression, not only of desecration, but of futility, which is really painful ; and it is difficult at such a moment to remember that perhaps in a neighbouring house two or three may be assembled together who with wrapt and reverent appreciation are drinking in every note that reaches them. Mr. J. H. Whitley, the Chairman of the B.B.C., emphasised, not long ago, the need there was to guard against the danger of letting wireless listening become a mere effortless, passive habit. Mr. Warren also recognizes the need of creating a "discriminating public."

Although broadcasting has now had a good ten years of life, the amusement and delight of it as, what I may call, a conjuring trick has not yet worn off. In a little village in the South of England there was an entertainment, a few weeks ago, at which the departing vicar was presented with a portable wireless set. After the presentation had been made the wireless was switched on and the strains of a Paris Opera reached us. I admit that like the villagers my prevailing sensation was amazement, and musical criticism or appreciation of the particular opera or of the tenor who, at the moment, was singing did not enter into my mind at all. On the whole I should say, however, that discriminating listeners in private houses who know what they do *not* want to hear, and when they turn on what they *do* want to hear, listen with attention, are growing in numbers if they are not already a majority. That the machine will be misused by some people, indeed by many people, is inevitable. But that is not a factor which need be taken into account in this discussion.

Mr. Warren's main contention is in favour of the elimination in broadcasting of the educational element, and the concentration solely on entertainment. While I disagree with his final conclusion, much that he writes as a critic appears to me very much to the point. But at the outset I should like to draw attention to a significant difference, not always appreciated, between music on the wireless which is the chief instrument of entertainment, and the spoken word which is

the chief instrument of education. The fundamental objection to wireless in some people's opinion (by no means to be dismissed lightly) is the necessary absence of personal magnetism, which, as a factor between a performer, a lecturer or a speaker, and an audience, must make a very serious difference to both sides. The intangible, almost psychic, influence of a corporeal presence, whether it be the audience feeling the performer, or the performer the audience, must certainly add to the poignancy or even the quality of the pleasure received. The absence of this element in what becomes merely mechanized sound is an objection, which prevents some people from getting any pleasure out of the wireless at all. Now, curiously enough, while music is so popular the absence of this element of personal contact is recognized by sensitive musician listeners in all serious music. The soloist performer and the chamber music group feel it, the orchestra perhaps less because they have one another, and the absence of an audience is not so much felt. The speaker feels it, and that is the reason why some speakers with good voices fail because they cannot overcome the chill caused by the absence of an audience. It might be supposed, therefore, that mechanized talk would be further from reality than mechanized song or sound produced by string or wind. But this is not the case. With careful adjustment and a skilled delivery on the part of the talker, personality comes through over the wireless to an astonishing degree and I do not believe I should be exaggerating if I said that the spoken word among the more intelligent listeners (I do not mean by this necessarily the most highly educated) is more popular than the music. I do not say this to belittle the music, the splendid orchestra, the excellent concerts, the lighter dance music, or all other developments in this branch of their work, which the B.B.C. has accomplished. But, I do say it to emphasize the importance of the spoken word, a far more troublesome branch of their work to control and to organize, and one that has still to be explored.

Now, should a deliberate attempt at education on the part of the B.B.C. be given up? Should its programmes be

confined to entertainment? Mr. Warren would admit that it is difficult to say where education begins or leaves off. He rightly deplores "desultory instruction" and "quarter-of-an-hour snippets," and no doubt there is room for improvement in the actual arrangement of time and co-ordination of subjects. He hates having music explained to him and being told what to admire. So do I. But he may rest assured that there are thousands of people who prefer this sort of guidance to none. He gives a list of talks, all of an educative character; some might appeal to certain listeners, others to a different set of listeners. You cannot generalize; not only the subject but the personality and skill of the lecturer must be considered. Sir Walford Davies received a letter from a man who told him he by no means understood all the lecturer said, but he never had and never would miss one of his talks. These talks were educative, but I would say also entertaining. I am not sure that the best education has not got to be entertaining. I am a poor linguist, but such knowledge of languages as I have I learned largely by going to the play. Take reviews of books. I know people who listen in before making up their library list. Political talks, says Mr. Warren, are "all very mild and dignified". I think they have been hitherto. I did my best to warm them up recently, and so did Lord Peel, and between us we certainly stirred up emotions in the listening world. Whether our talks were educative or entertaining I will not venture to decide. But I know that I have found myself being educative without any intention of being anything more than mildly entertaining and I have had letters pursuing a certain theme further, asking for information on some allusions, commenting on some criticism; in fact, showing a most intelligent interest in the talk in question.

In order to receive education properly it is not necessary to sit down at a table, pen in hand and notebook open, and to remain there for an hour and a half. Education can reach one by many chance and devious ways. Reading is, however, absolutely essential, and by the wireless you can hear on the subject in which you are interested exactly what you ought to read. Broadcasting cannot, and does not, set out to supply,

in full measure, the arduous course of study necessary for the mastery of any subject in the world. But it can, and, to my mind, does, open doors. Knowledge of the very existence of these doors has been hidden from the great mass of the people who do not know how and when to attend real lectures, who do not know the names of literary and scientific periodicals, or cannot afford to buy them, and who yet discover through the wireless that this knowledge can be acquired far more easily than they imagined, that the books named to them are either cheap or easily available and that a passage which hitherto they considered private, dark and inaccessible has suddenly had its door opened for them and they are free to enter.

The publicity given to the hedonists of today, who are always good copy for the picture papers, leads people to suppose that the pursuit of pleasure and entertainment is universal and unceasing. With certain people, a very small minority, it may be so, but few of them are listeners at any time. This, I imagine is what prevents people from understanding how widespread is the thirst for knowledge and how insatiable it is. I would go so far as to say that the popularity of broadcasting rests far more on the appreciation of the educative value of this amazing invention than on its capacity to give them an evening's entertainment. In fact, the mass of people look more for their favourite talkers, the subjects they want to hear and the new lights, the new tones, the new exchange of ideas they may get (new because they have never heard them before) than they look for jazz music, comic songs, vaudeville, etc., which they can get on their gramophones or in a coarser and probably more amusing edition round the corner in a music hall if they are town dwellers.

I would point out also that School Broadcasting and wireless discussion groups are definitely on the increase; and the report of the Central Council of Broadcast Adult Education shows how universities, museums and other educational centres are taking advantage of this new method of instruction. This is a distinct and systematic educational effort. The idea is not to supersede the teachers but to assist them, place at their disposal authoritative expositions by high authorities on the very

subjects they are dealing with in their schools. There has been an increasing endeavour, too, to bring to our notice the foreign point of view and foreign opinion, a form of education of which we are badly in need.

I will only say, in conclusion, that I consider it to be of very serious importance that the B.B.C., confronted as it must be with differences of opinion and sincere critics, should do its utmost to develop and extend the educational side of its work. Some people may be bored, some efforts may fail, some mistakes must inevitably be made. But the element of wonder which will always be associated with wireless, and the marvellous power which makes a message reach the remotest cottage in the country, should not be used except for the highest purpose. This can only be achieved by a rightly adjusted combination of entertainment, amusement, beauty and instruction which can make the humblest listener feel that he is in possession not of a toy but of riches which no one can despise.

THE PRUSSIAN COMPLEX

BY JOHN HALLETT

IN the year 1925 the principal members of the European family took a short autumn holiday together at one of the lesser Swiss lake resorts. The reunion was a brilliant success ; and for some years after, the name Locarno worked like a charm in the complicated relations of this once so quarrelsome family. But presently the spell passed. Locarno became, even in the memories of those who had been there, a piece of mumbo-jumbo, a meaningless catchword. The family quarrels began again ; and to the superficial observer things might seem today almost as bad as ever. But not quite. There is a subtle, but perfectly recognisable change.

Ten years ago Germany was still regarded by her sister nations as the bad child of Europe, fit only to be kept at arm's length and severely punished for the slightest recrudescence of past delinquencies. Now all this has gone. We have studied psycho-analysis and embraced the best principles of modern pedagogy. We know now that bad children are not bad ; but merely victims of complexes. We may deplore ; but it no longer occurs to us to punish. We no longer hold at arm's length ; we merely try to understand. But beneath the new methods something of the old mistrust remains. Germany still gives Europe many anxious moments. We are all on tenterhooks to know what she may do next. Decidedly Germany is the difficult child of the European family.

The modern Germany is the victim of a complex which, like other complexes, can be explained in terms not of the present, but of the immediate and even of the remote past. The fact that Germany is the youngest born of the great nations is deeply embedded in German national consciousness. Italy, whose national unity predates that of Germany by only

a few years, has a quite different psychology. If she is self-conscious about her youth, she is also proud of it. She rather fancies herself in the role of *enfant terrible* of the European family. She has the frank gaiety of the south, and suffers from no repressions. In Germany the position is reversed. There is no German festival of the *risorgimento*. Nobody wants to remember that two German peoples fought each other as recently as 1866, and that the German nation in its present shape dates only from 1870. The German is secretly, perhaps subconsciously, ashamed of his youth. In his dealings with the world he likes to throw into relief those elements of German unity which existed for centuries before there was a German nation.

During the war he provoked mockery by talking incessantly about German *Kultur*. But there is nothing amusing about the untranslatable word *Kultur* (sometimes replaced by the still more untranslatable *Deutschtum*, i.e., Germandom) except the inability of the non-German to understand it. *Kultur* is merely the quintessence of those non-political factors which united the German race a thousand years before political union was thought of, and which today still cement the German world without regard for peace-treaties or frontiers. It compensates for the consciousness of a political unity which is too young to have grown to manhood's strength.

There have been other handicaps. Religion, elsewhere so often the foster-mother of national consciousness, has in Germany always acted as a solvent. There has been no German national hero since the pagan Arminius. Luther, who might have passed for the hero of one half of Germany, is anti-Christ to the other half. Bismarck waged war not only abroad against the national enemy, but at home against the religion of half his fellow-subjects. Social divisions have proved equally stubborn and equally disruptive. There were more remnants of feudalism in pre-war Germany than anywhere else in Europe; and feudalism is the sworn foe of nationality. The war acted to some extent as a solvent of class distinctions; for the German officer—the product of Junker feudalism—showed the same readiness as the British or the French officer (these

three being without rivals in this respect) to sacrifice himself both with and for his men. But the revolution checked this healthy development—it might, in any case, not have survived the war; and from 1919 to 1929 all German political parties were, roughly speaking, based on class distinctions. At no time during this period was there any possibility in Germany of a “national government”. National consciousness was too weak to break down the barriers of religion, party and class.

This deep-seated deficiency in national political feeling and tradition lies at the very root of that inferiority complex which is, perhaps, the principal source of trouble in modern Germany. The German knows that he is more hard-working, a more competent organiser, a more profound thinker, perhaps a greater artist, than the Frenchman or the Englishman; yet he has for half a century been afflicted, in all his dealings with them, by an unconquerable sense of his own insufficiency. He cannot compete with them psychologically, because he has never achieved that supreme political self-assurance which is, in its differing forms, the mainstay of England and France, and which comes of the possession of a long-established national tradition. A recent writer* who has ingeniously applied the methods of psycho-analysis to European politics pronounces the Germans “essentially feminine”—another, and more dubious, way of saying the same thing; and he adds that “they find pleasure in supplementing their inadequate masculinity by a national war-cry”.

Such was the Prussian complex which wrought havoc in the years before the war. There have been few spectacles in history more tragic than Wilhelm II, surrounded by a cohort of generals, pastors and professors, all blustering their loudest in the frantic endeavour to conjure up a belief in the inherent superiority of the German nation. It is difficult now to measure how far they succeeded in convincing themselves or in convincing others; for such success as they achieved was swept away in the debacle of 1918. The Germans as a people have always been particularly prone to judge by results. Defeat confirmed, to a degree which surpassed their worst imagining,

* Fedor Vergin: *Sub-Conscious Europe*. (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

their own subconscious belief in the superiority of the Western nations. The Treaty of Versailles compelled them to subscribe to the most ruthless and sweeping moral condemnation in history, and riveted on the German people for another generation the fetters of their old inferiority complex. There was only one possible solace. Perhaps their enemies were destined one day to fall as low as they; and an astonished professor, who had just written an obscure and learned work, entitled *The Decline of the West* and designed to prove that the present phase of civilisation is on its last legs, woke up one morning to find himself a best-seller.

Post-war Germany is suffering then from an acute psychological crisis. She is the victim of a complex whose roots must be sought in history and which has been aggravated tenfold by the humiliations of 1918 and the succeeding years. She has lost hope and faith in herself. The store of hysterical hatred generated in German hearts during the War was turned, after the peace, not against the successful enemy (for hatred tempered by respect is not so deadly a poison as hatred reinforced by contempt), but against themselves. There followed the series of political assassinations of which Erzberger and Rathenau were the most distinguished victims; the *Putsches* of Kapp and the "Spartacists"; the sporadic street-fighting between rival political organisations; and the menace of civil war which has seldom been far beneath the surface in post-war Germany. These exhibitions of brute force have been inspired by no planned or deliberate policy. They have been the instinctive reaction of primitive man placed in intolerable conditions—the product of a blind desperation, of an inability to bring about any reconciliation between the world of the ideal and the world of reality.

The lowest point was touched in Germany during the winter of 1922-23; when the inflation mania at last achieved its own *reductio ad absurdum*. Then came the successive stages of stabilisation, which left a whole population with its savings wiped out, but which laid a foundation, however slender, of hope for the future. The Dawes Plan of 1924 offered nothing to Germany on the reparations side; for it

was merely a scheme to extract from Germany all that was possible at the moment, while leaving the astronomical total of her obligations untouched. But it contained the all-important provision of an international loan for Germany; and the loan, when issued, was a brilliant success. Clearly, people were once more prepared to trust Germany's credit; and the Germans, finding themselves trusted by others, felt almost for the first time since 1918 some faint stirrings of confidence in themselves.

Then appeared the remarkable figure of Stresemann. He was remarkable, not for his concrete achievements (which, in cold retrospect, do not amount to much), but for the revolution which he almost accomplished in German psychology. It is characteristic that Stresemann became a hero in Germany, not because of anything he did, but because he was the first German since the war to be received on equal and intimate terms by the statesmen of the ex-enemy Powers. Photographs were published far and wide of Stresemann laughing and chatting and taking tea with Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain. It was understood that they were talking about reparations, about disarmament, about the occupation of the Rhineland; but the precise topic of conversation did not matter much. The miracle was that Germany, in the person of Stresemann, had been welcomed back into the family of the great European Powers. She could begin to respect herself again, since she once more enjoyed the respect of others.

But nations cannot live on moral victories. The novelty wore off. Some concrete expression of the new status was eagerly awaited by the German people. Locarno had been the formal consecration of the principle of equality. But admission to the League of Nations, valuable as a gesture, proved less fertile in practical results. The Rhineland was still occupied. The burden of reparations was still unlifted. Above all, in the domain of armaments, the inequality was as glaring and as galling as ever. The most complex and thorny of the three problems—disarmament—was left to the last and Stresemann concentrated his efforts on the first two. But Germany was impatient. The advance was slow. In 1927 or

1928, the Young Plan, accompanied by the evacuation of the Rhineland, might still have saved the situation. But in August, 1929, when it was at last signed, the rumblings of the economic storm were already faintly audible; and the clearest financial heads in Germany, led by the tactless but far-seeing Dr. Schacht, knew that the Young Plan, conceived as a concession, was merely the renewed imposition of a burden infinitely beyond Germany's future capacity. It was accepted without enthusiasm, sceptically and unwillingly, as the price to be paid for the freedom of the Rhine. A month later Stresemann, with dramatic precision, died. It was just at the moment when the immensity of the impending collapse was beginning to penetrate the consciousness of the man in Wall Street and Throgmorton Street. Stresemann's death closed an era in post-war history. Economic distress spread with infectious rapidity. Gloom and despair settled down once more on the German people.

The new phase of German history which began in the winter of 1929-30 is a still unfinished drama; and it is difficult to say whether posterity will regard Adolf Hitler as its hero or its chief villain. It is already clear, however, that he will be its most characteristic and most striking figure. Hitler was the first man who, after Stresemann, set about the task of conquering the German inferiority complex. His methods were new. Stresemann had tried—in so far as it was a conscious endeavour at all—to restore German self-respect by bringing Germany back, on terms of equal friendship, into the company of the Great Powers. Hitler had to face a situation in which this endeavour seemed to have failed, in which, despite every effort, equality had proved unattainable by friendly means—a situation, moreover, where moral despondency was aggravated by the widespread physical distress of the economic crisis.

Hitler abandoned the policy of the velvet glove, and deliberately sought to exploit the sentiments of hatred which Stresemann had striven to exorcise. The objects of his execration are apt to vary. Jews, capitalists, Communists and foreigners have all competed from time to time for the role of the principal

Nazi Guy Fawkes. But it would not be fair to depict Hitlerism as a mere religion of hatred. Stresemann had ignored the hate-complex in German politics in the hope that it would gradually dissolve unnoticed. Hitler recognised it, and sought, crudely and clumsily no doubt, to canalise it; and by way of compensation he created the new cult of the Nazi superman.

A recent writer derives Hitlerism from Nietzsche; and though the casual observer may find in it closer affiliations to the schoolboy who makes a long nose and shouts "Yah!" at his tormentors, there is a certain foundation for the idea. Hitler's hymn of hate breathes a sense of the mystical superiority of himself and his followers which, though more directly inspired by Lenin and Mussolini, contains some echoes of the German philosopher of the abnormal. But the crucial point about Hitlerism is that its disciples not only believe in themselves, but believe in Germany. For the first time since the war a party appeared outside the narrow circles of the extreme Right which was not afraid to proclaim its pride in being German. It will perhaps one day be recognised as the greatest service of Hitlerism that, in a way quite unprecedented in German politics, it cut across all social distinctions, embracing in its ranks working men, *bourgeoisie*, intelligentsia and aristocrats. "Germany, awake!" became a living national faith.

To proceed further is to descend from the relatively safe levels of historical fact to the treacherous slopes of speculation and prophecy. It seems clear at the moment of writing that Hitlerism has passed its zenith, and that that zenith was reached some time last summer, when the Brüning Cabinet was dismissed, and the new regime, regarded at first with dismay and bewilderment, was still fumbling in unfamiliar surroundings. There are many who think that, if Hitler had chosen at that moment to emulate Mussolini, the Reichswehr would have been too divided in sympathy to raise a rifle or a finger in defence of the existing order. But in the intervening six months, the scene has changed. The Reichswehr is once more solid. The sanguinary political riots, which formed so ugly a feature of German life last summer, have ceased; and a Hitler

Putsch is no longer thought of as a serious possibility.

How has this change come about? Clearly by the subtle play of those *imponderabilia* which cannot be measured but which dominate political life. The Papen Government deliberately outbade Hitler in the most fundamental point of his programme—the revival of German confidence and self-respect. A touch of aggressiveness in foreign policy helped; a big dose of aggressiveness in domestic policy helped still more.

The advent of the Papen Government had demonstrated the curious truth that people—in Germany, at any rate—will accept with relief measures which they have bitterly opposed at the polls, and that they will accord more respect to Ministers whom they have all voted against than to Ministers whom half of them have voted for. Above all it signified the re-assertion of Prussian supremacy. For if the German people as a whole suffers from a deep-seated sense of its political inferiority to the West, the rest of Germany has an equally fundamental consciousness of Prussian superiority. The attempt of Hitler, an Austrian whose most fervent disciples were Bavarians, to become the saviour of a more than half Prussianised Germany had something unnatural about it. It was a heroic but forlorn effort to mount against the stream. The non-Prussian, sometimes almost anti-Prussian, element in Hitlerism was perhaps the strongest factor which enabled President Hindenburg to keep it at bay. And when the Papen Government, like all German governments predominantly Prussian in outlook, assumed the Hitlerian mantle, it soon acquired an authority which Hitler had never possessed. The Prussian complex re-emerged. The voice of Prussian order was once more heard and obeyed. The conviction spread that it was, after all, only through Prussian order that Germany could regain her self-respect as a nation.

The recent crisis which dethroned Herr von Papen and set up General von Schleicher in his stead was a conflict of personalities rather than of principles. It had not, like the June crisis, the significance of a psychological revolution. It was a fresh development, but not a fresh departure. The Reichswehr had, without striking a blow, saved the State from Hitlerism;

and it was natural that the head of the Reichswehr should take into his hands the reins of power. But the change nevertheless has several features of interest. The foreigner saw the bogey of militarism raising its head; and *The Times*, in an unusually solemn "leader", shook its head gravely over a State where a Field-Marshal was President and a General Chancellor.

But the curious point is that, for most Germans, General von Schleicher is the progressive, and Herr von Papen the reactionary. The civilian might have been acceptable to the Right; the General was chosen as being, relatively speaking, *persona grata* to the Left. The trade union leaders, who had given Papen the cut direct, were ready at least to talk to Schleicher. And this is perhaps the most significant factor in the situation which confronts Germany at the opening of 1933. General von Schleicher, despite his military origin and affiliations, is in a certain sense a popular Chancellor. He is the reincarnation of the Prussian spirit, which implies, not a specific policy, but a faith that it is only through military subordination and rigid discipline that the German people can rise to a status of freedom and equality with other nations.

It would be absurd to attribute to the Schleicher Government a policy of military aggression. The internal economic situation is still, despite a few faint signs of improvement, so desperate as to absorb the almost undivided attention of any German government. The importance of Germany's foreign policy today is mainly psychological. But in the psychological sphere its importance is immense; for the German people, more and more self-conscious as poverty spreads its corroding influence, reads its own verdict on itself in the treatment it receives from its neighbours. It failed—or so it now seems—to win the respect of the world through the Europeanism of Stresemann. It will now struggle to achieve self-respect through the Prussianism of General von Schleicher. The method of Stresemann may have been the better way; but the method of Schleicher is better—both for Germany and for her neighbours—than the anarchy of blank despair.

COMING GERMAN COMPETITION

BY VLADIMIR NOSEK

THE present political situation in Germany gives just cause for anxiety to all sincere friends of democratic Government who have the cause of European peace at heart. Many people suspect her rulers of desiring to return to pre-War political methods, and fear that her claim to equality might lead to fresh competition in armaments and danger to European peace. But the world is apt to overlook the fact that in the economic sphere Germany is even now prepared for an offensive, and she will no doubt try to obtain economic predominance in Europe as soon as the crisis is over. Even to-day Germany is economically the most powerful nation in Europe; she has the best equipped and most efficient industries, and is ready to swamp the world with her cheap goods.

The chief sphere of her desired economic expansion is probably the rest of Central Europe, which represents an economically far less developed and weaker territory than Germany herself. This became clear from the Anschluss proposal, which would have facilitated German economic penetration in South-Eastern Europe through the medium of Austria as her "bridge to the East". Germany's intentions in regard to Central Europe became even more apparent from her attitude towards M. Tardieu's plan for a Danubian Preferential Union. Germany then let the world understand that she does not really desire the neutralization of the Danubian area and that she will not consent to any scheme for the reorganization of Central Europe in which she does not play a predominant role.

But the rest of the world is equally interested in Germany's rapid rise to economic power. In the years 1929 to 1931

Germany bought 55 per cent. of her imports from Europe, and 26 per cent. from America. On the other hand fully 77 per cent. of her exports go to the rest of Europe and only 13 per cent. to America; three-quarters of her exports consist of manufactured goods which the oversea countries are either unable or unwilling to buy from her. Unless these countries change their policy Germany will in the future rely chiefly on the European market for the sale of her products, and it is clear therefore that the rest of Europe cannot remain indifferent to the growth of the economic power and competitive capacity of Germany. She is a serious competitor and an economic menace not only to Central Europe, but to all European nations alike, above all to her chief customer and industrial rival Great Britain.

It is significant that in 1929 Germany's production of steel was about 30 per cent. and her consumption of coal about 14 per cent. above the pre-War level. In all other branches of her industrial production we can observe the same increase of productive capacity, owing to the thorough reorganization, new equipment and rationalization of her industrial machinery. Her exports in 1929 were fully one-third higher than her pre-War average exports between 1909 and 1913. Even more striking is the fact that, despite the serious trade depression and industrial crisis prevailing in Germany at present and best illustrated by the six millions of unemployed, whose consumption is far below normal, the average consumption of meat *per capita* this year was still above pre-War rate of consumption; and the same applies to the consumption of milk, vegetables and other foodstuffs with the exception of beer and other intoxicating liquors. The explanation lies not only in the low prices of foodstuffs, but also in the fact that German agriculture has made tremendous progress in recent years under the protection of prohibitive duties, so that production of foodstuffs has increased considerably, while imports of foodstuffs have declined. The area under cultivation has been steadily enlarged and cattle breeding too has been developed; as a consequence imports of foodstuffs now amount to only one-fifth of home production.

It may well be asked how it is possible that Germany, which suffered economic losses during the War, which went through a serious inflation crisis after the War, and which has paid considerable sums in reparations, is now better off than she was before the War. How is it possible that, despite all these circumstances, the average consumption power and standard of living is higher and productive capacity greater to-day than before the War? The answer to these questions must be sought, not only in German thrift and industry, but above all in the short-sighted credit policy of the rest of the world and in Germany's economic and financial policy since the War.

The United States insisted that the Allies should pay their war debts, and the Allies in their turn exacted the payment of reparations from Germany. Under more normal conditions and within reasonable limits this might have been accomplished had the United States been prepared to accept payment in kind, and had Germany consented to lower her standard of living. But neither of these conditions has been fulfilled. Unwilling to lower her standard of living, Germany borrowed huge sums of money, chiefly from the United States, which helped her to fulfil her obligations without excessive sacrifices, and to raise her productive capacity. The United States, though it became a financial power and a creditor of other nations, checked imports by high tariffs in order to achieve a favourable trade balance. In both these cases the policy adopted has proved not only economically inexpedient, but even dangerous from the world point of view.

The total surplus of exports of the United States during the nine years 1922 to 1930 amounted to 3,674 million dollars. In addition, during the same period it received 5,781 million dollars (net balance) in dividends and interest on debts and investments (chiefly private long term credits).^{*} Part of these surpluses was paid by the rest of the world in gold, and part was consumed by various invisible exports (chiefly tourist traffic and emigrants' remittances, net balance 5,014 million dollars), but the rest (3,600 million dollars) had to be lent to

^{*} For detailed statistics of the balance of payments of the United States and Germany see *Balances des Paiements*, 1930, Geneva, 1932.

Europe in the form of fresh credits. There was thus an obvious artificial incongruity in the American balance of payments.

It is impossible for a creditor nation permanently to receive payments from other nations and at the same time expect to preserve a favourable trade balance. Financially strong creditor countries (for example Great Britain, Holland, and Switzerland) always have an adverse trade balance, and this deficiency is made good by invisible exports. On the other hand debtor nations can ultimately pay their debts only in kind, *i.e.*, through the medium of a favourable balance of trade.

This discrepancy between the American financial and trade policy and the incongruity of the American balance of payments had harmful, and even dangerous, consequences in three directions. In the first place it partly frustrated and made illusory the original intention of the United States to obtain full payment from its debtors, for it had to lend Germany the money which she paid to the Allies as reparations and which the latter passed in their turn back to America. Thus, in effect, the United States received only a part of its claims. Instead of claims against the Allies, it has claims against Germany; the total indebtedness has increased, for new loans have been contracted, but effectively only a small part of the aggregate debt of Europe has been actually paid back (in specie and services).

This policy precipitated the present crisis, for as soon as Europe could send no more gold to America, and as soon as America could no longer extend adequate new credits to Europe, in exchange for America's surplus exports and dividends received, a world crisis had to break out. Finally, the lavish granting of credits as such—whether national or international—hastened the crisis of consumption. It promoted excessive investments and precipitate rationalization, especially in Germany and the United States. The fact that rationalization was not always followed by an adequate reduction of prices, and that at the same time it excluded an ever-growing number of workmen from production and

normal consumption only aggravated this process and contributed towards the outbreak of the crisis by upsetting the natural equilibrium between production and consumption.

In order to understand better the position of Germany in this vicious circle, let us analyse her balance of payments. The development of this balance during the past five years will be seen from the following table (showing net balances of each item in millions of German marks) :—

I.—CURRENT ITEMS :	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931
(1) Trade Balance	—2,890	—1,224	+ 31	+1,636	+2,782
(2) Interest on Debts, Dividends	— 345	— 563	— 800	— 825	—1,300
(3) Mutual Services	—1,076	—1,524	—1,993	—1,493	— 840
(4) Gold	— 188	— 917	+ 440	+ 59	+1,007
	<u>—4,499</u>	<u>—4,228</u>	<u>—2,322</u>	<u>— 623</u>	<u>+1,649</u>
II.—MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL :	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931
(1) Long-term Credits ..	+1,703	+1,788	+ 660	+1,542	+ 89
(2) Short-term Credits ..	+2,352	+1,265	+ 747	+ 4	+ 477
(3) Other Items (Shares, Released Property in U.S.A., etc.) ..	+ 443	+1,175	+ 915	— 923	—2,215
	<u>+4,499</u>	<u>+4,228</u>	<u>+2,322</u>	<u>+ 623</u>	<u>—1,649</u>

The most striking feature of the development of Germany's balance of payments is her almost continuously adverse trade balance until 1929. If it is incongruous for a creditor nation to have a favourable trade balance, it is just as incongruous for a debtor nation to have a constantly adverse trade balance. The net surplus of imports from 1924 till 1928 amounted to almost £360,000,000. The item "Interest on Debts and Dividends" shows an ever-increasing net balance of payments. In "Mutual Services" proper, the balance showed a surplus of receipts of about £20,000,000 annually during the past five years. The value of this surplus was nevertheless outweighed by reparation payments, in transfers, about £50,000,000, and in kind about £36,000,000 per annum. The balance in gold was adverse until 1929, when more gold began to be exported than imported.

We see, therefore, that Germany had an adverse trade balance as long as she received credits which surpassed by many million pounds the amounts which she paid in money transfers on account of reparations. The net balance of long-term credits received between 1924 and 1931 (after deducting German capital invested abroad) amounted to more than £460,000,000, and that of short-term credits to £300,000,000. As soon as Germany's obligations became more pressing and credits were not forthcoming as readily as before, her trade balance began to grow favourable and gold began to flow out again, until eventually a moratorium for short-term banking credits (*Stillhalteabkommen*) and for reparations had to be granted to her and strict foreign exchange regulations had to be introduced.

This development was not, however, quite automatic. It is true that the present crisis and insolvency of Germany is to a large extent only a consequence of the world economic and credit crisis. But the development of the German balance of trade in particular was stimulated by the ever-growing self-sufficiency and protectionism of Germany and by her promotion of exports at all costs. Imports in 1931 were only 47 per cent. of those of 1927, whereas exports decreased during the same period by 12 per cent. only. The restriction of imports was accomplished by a continuous raising of tariffs and by various autonomous measures (for instance, through the law on the compulsory use of home-grown hops by German breweries), and this year also by limited allotment of foreign exchanges. Exports were promoted by various export bounties and especially by the recent Emergency Decree of September 4th, granting premiums to firms for extra hands employed and restitutions of turnover, land, profit, and transport taxes in the form of special "taxation credit certificates," as well as providing for new investments. The total effect of this measure, conducive to credit inflation, meant a gift of some £150,000,000 to German employers at the expense of future Budgets and of German income-tax payers. German manufacturers receive a further advantage in reduced rates of interest and in the permission for a re-

duction of wages when they employ fresh labour. All these measures will no doubt enable German industries to produce at very low costs and to export at very low prices.

The result of the credit policy pursued by the world in the past is that Germany, quite apart from reparations, is now burdened with a huge debt. Unless this debt is considerably reduced or unless fresh credits are granted to Germany, she will have to continue her protectionist policy in order to be able to maintain a favourable trade balance; for she can only pay back this debt by her surplus exports. The total indebtedness of Germany at the end of July, 1931, was estimated at £1,500,000,000 (out of which 600 millions were short-term debts). German claims and investments abroad amounted to £420,000,000. The larger part of the long-term credits was granted by the United States, and about one-fifth by England and Holland. It is estimated that the payment of interest and annuities on these debts (irrespective of reparations) will require about £75,000,000 (at par) annually. If we add the reduced liability for reparations fixed at Lausanne and the annuities on the Dawes and Young loans and other obligations due to the War, this will mean that Germany will have to pay £95,000,000 annually, and will have to dispose of a corresponding surplus of exports. Such a burden does not appear excessive or quite intolerable, though, of course, the larger the payments exacted from Germany, the stronger will be the pressure of German competition.

Germany is, in short, in the happy position of playing "heads I win, tails you lose" with the world. Should she be forced to pay reparations as fixed by the Young plan, as well as all her other obligations in full, she would either flood the world with her goods or go bankrupt, neither of which alternatives would be welcome to the rest of the world. But if she is exempted from all her obligations altogether, she will easily become the most flourishing and powerful nation. The world will at any rate have to reckon with an advantage which Germany has over other nations in her first-class industrial equipment and organization for competition in the world

market. The question now arises as to who shall buy and consume all these German goods?

The logical answer to this question is that they should be bought above all by the chief creditor of Germany and of Europe in general, viz., the United States. If Germany wants to sell goods for which there is a greater demand in some other country than the United States, for example in England, then England should buy the goods, but in her turn England should have the possibility of exporting to the United States as her creditor. We see, therefore, that, seek as we may for a solution, the key to the problem really lies in the United States and its future tariff and financial policy. The fate of Europe, in short, is inevitably bound up with the fate and policy of the United States. The United States cannot exact payment from its debtors and at the same time, by prohibitive duties, prevent them from paying. Should America persist in her policy of isolation and refuse a helping hand to Europe, the result would be a further impoverishment of Europe and a mighty effort on the part of Germany to fulfil her obligations by promoting her exports and by securing for herself a leading economic position in Europe.

The other European nations might resist these efforts in pure self-defence. But is a further impoverishment of Europe and an even more bitter economic struggle than we are witnessing to-day either necessary or desirable from the world point of view? Would the rest of Europe be able to withstand Germany's bid for economic supremacy, seeing that even to-day she is economically the strongest nation in Europe? And have the United States a real interest in the ruin of Europe, their debtor and chief customer?

It is obvious that the task awaiting the World Economic Conference is by no means easy, and that, whatever the good will of all nations to come to a better agreement, its success will depend to a large extent on the wisdom and generosity of the United States.

ROUND TABLE DIFFICULTIES

BY LORD MESTON

IN India the new year opens under the same cloud of depression as broods over the rest of the world. There is no daylight for industry ; half the looms in the busy centres are standing idle. What in so purely agricultural a country is even more serious is that the grain-markets are equally lifeless. The slump in world prices makes it impossible for the cultivator to pay his rent and for the landlord to meet his dues to the State. Retrenchment, drastic and unpopular, is being forced upon the government ; rural debt is increasing ; the savings of the peasantry, measured in their poor little silver trinkets, are dwindling in value ; and all the materials are at hand for an outburst of widespread disaffection. That there has been no such conflagration is little thanks to the Congress agitators. The will for mischief is there, the power to make it is abated. For on the one hand, Lord Willingdon has refused to let the law any longer be flouted with impunity, and on the other, the people are growing tired of the Congress and its antics. They have brought nothing but strife and unhappiness ; and commonsense will always re-assert itself among the peaceful masses of India, if only they are left alone.

Fate could hardly have devised circumstances less favourable to the building of the new constitution ; and yet the builders have held faithfully to their work, through good repute and ill. The first session of the Round Table Conference had ended in flares of glory. The Princes had declared for a federal constitution, in which they would participate. His Majesty's Government had undertaken that, as soon as federation became a fact, the central government of India and its legislature would (with certain reserves) be entrusted with responsibility, as in any of the great Dominions. Meanwhile the provincial

governments would (again with certain reserves) be given responsibility at once within their own spheres. The second session of the Conference broke up in gloom. Headway had been made in reducing some of the agreed principles to practice ; but progress was stayed by the inability of the Hindus and the Moslems to arrive at any friendly adjustment of their respective claims to places in the sun, Mr. Gandhi's mediation, on which high hopes had been based, having disastrously failed. The thread was to have been picked up by a committee working with the Viceroy in India ; but it wrangled itself out of existence, and the Prime Minister was obliged to cut through the tangle of Hindu-Moslem differences by an arbitral decision on the number of seats in the future provincial legislatures to be kept for the various communities.

It was thus in a somewhat minor key that the Conference met for its third session. It was faced with the reports of the commissions of enquiry which had been busy in India in the interval, and thus with some of the stark problems, particularly of finance and of administrative relations, inherent in the federal scheme. The Conference itself was not what it had been. In numbers it was largely reduced, obviously with a view to practical business rather than oratory. None of the Princes attended it on this occasion, although some of them were ably represented by their Ministers. The Congress party had again boycotted it, and the Labour opposition in this country had abstained from any part in it. The scene of its deliberations was not so stately as before ; and its sittings were private, its work coming into the press in the form of daily communiqués, which were hardly adequate to dispel the usual fog of unfounded rumours. And yet, in this last short unobtrusive session, the Conference has been asked to determine issues on which will depend the success or the failure of the new constitution.

To apply this description to some of the more technical issues would, of course, be an exaggeration. Which of the two standard forms of federation, for example, India will adopt is certainly not to-day, and may never become, a matter of life and death. Nevertheless, before we begin to legislate,

it would be well to know whether Indian opinion favours provinces (or States) which will exercise all the functions of a national government except such as are reserved by statute for the central authority ; or whether it prefers to have the functions of the provincial governments defined in the constitution, with all residuary powers whatsoever vesting in the central government. We have both types within the British Commonwealth ; and it is desirable to have our objective perfectly clear in our minds, especially should it influence, as it may well do, the attitude of some of the Princes.

This, however, is by no means the chief preoccupation of the Princes. What vitally concerns them is the future of their own sovereignty. If they and their States are to be brought under a federal central government, answerable only to a mixed Indian legislature which is mainly on an elective basis, what may they count on losing or gaining ? Of gain in a material sense there can be little, except perhaps a fairer adjustment of customs and railway revenue ; their real gain would be the glory of founding a free and united India. But the loss might be immeasurable—loss in power, prestige, independence ; and the Princes naturally wish to set very definite limits to it. If there is one dignity which the “ treaty ” Princes—as they may be called for short—cherish above all others, it is their direct relations with the paramount power of the British Crown ; and there is not one of them who would not resist to the uttermost any measure of interference with that privilege. Now, a federal régime must, of its very nature, take over some of the attributes of sovereignty from the federal units which compose it. It would be difficult, for instance, for a Maharaja to exercise sovereign powers over the part which runs through his State of a railway vesting in the federal government ; or over Customs officials posted in his State to collect federal revenues. And there are likely to be many more difficult cases than these.

What then, the Princes must be anxiously pondering, are they prepared to do in surrendering power to the new central government ? From their point of view, the position is not made easier by the clamour, among a section of politicians in

British India, for democratic measures in the Indian States. The Maharaja of Bikaner is reported to have expressed himself as reconciled to the rôle of a constitutional monarch. Few of his brother-rulers are at present likely to agree ; and one of them at least has recently left no doubt of his tenacious adhesion to his full treaty rights. Popular agitation in the States is so far negligible ; but the Princes know well that movements of the sort have a habit of overleaping territorial boundaries, and they fear, not without reason, that any weakening of their power may expedite changes as new and unwelcome as they would have been to the Grand Monarque. Rumour has it that some of the Princes, on a review of these considerations, are less enamoured of federation now than they were in the first fine flush of patriotic enthusiasm in September, 1930. Be that as it may, there is little prospect of federation becoming a reality until a majority of at least the larger States come in as willing partners. That is clearly a matter on which this session of the Conference could give little help. It will have to await patient and involved negotiations with the individual Princes ; and the consummation may yet be several years distant, however genuine the Cabinet's desire to advance it.

It is common knowledge, however, that the topic which has chiefly engaged the Conference during the last few weeks is that of the “ safeguards ” or reservations which ought to find a place in the new constitution. In its stilted formal shape this topic represents the distilled essence of an historical situation, the import of which might easily escape the disputants of to-day. For something like 2,000 years India has never had an indigenous central government of its own ; the Mogul Empire, though it differed from ours in being a colonizing power, was as much an alien as we ourselves. It is now proposed to give back India—this huge, disjointed land of 350 million souls—to the government of its own people. As to how this should be done, there are two views. The Indian patriot says : “ You British have now been among us for nearly two centuries ; you have taught us all you know, and we have been willing learners ; in giving us self-government now, be generous and entrust us with the same full

measure of responsibility as you accord to your other daughter-nations". The cautious British administrator replies: "Self-government we have promised, and our word holds good; but let it come by degrees, as experience and confidence grow; and let us retain, anyhow for the present, the right of intervention, in case of emergency, to prevent disaster or serious wrong". It is a conflict between emotion and reason; national pride on the one hand, national safety on the other.

At an early stage of the Conference, it was agreed that the Army and Foreign Affairs must remain in the hands of the Viceroy as agent for the Crown. The Prime Minister further announced that certain reserve powers would be placed in the hands of the Viceroy (for central departments) and of the Governors (for provincial subjects); but his decision has by no means gone unchallenged. The Indian extremist makes no secret of his determination to evade and destroy all limitations upon full independence; and even the Moderates show a disposition to whittle away safeguards which the ordinary Englishman is convinced are essential. There seems little chance of complete accord; and on this point, as upon the question of communal representation, it may be that the British Government will have to take a decision and avoid an impasse.

If those who know something of Indian conditions are to be heard, they would probably advise that special powers of intervention should be available:—

- (a) to prevent the breakdown of law and order;
- (b) to ensure fair treatment for minorities;
- (c) to secure the financial credit and solvency of the country; and
- (d) to protect the public services in the discharge of their duties.

These represent, think many competent observers, the minimum safeguards consistent with the full play of self-governing institutions in a country which has not yet experienced the dangers and responsibilities of power. No sensible man, in the position of a Viceroy or a provincial Governor, is going to exercise those rights of intervention light-heartedly,

or without due regard to the advice of his Ministers; but moments will come, in this young constitution, at which he will have to form his own judgment and act upon it fearlessly; and when once he had made up his mind that the necessity for intervention exists, he must be allowed to move, at his own discretion and on his own responsibility, subject to no overruling authority save that of the British Parliament. This, in the briefest possible compass, is the argument for "safeguards".

Even if it is accepted, the danger still remains that the reserve powers will exist only on paper, and that the practical difficulty of enforcing them will be, or will gradually become, insuperable. When Lord Selborne's committee of both Houses was reporting on the reform scheme of 1919, a similar apprehension led them, in describing the Governor's control over the budget, to record their wish "to be perfectly clear that this power is real, and that its exercise is not to be regarded as unusual or arbitrary". That hope, as we know, has been sadly belied by the experience of the last ten years, and the position will be not less but more difficult in the future. The post of provincial Governor will be one of much isolation, and its occupant will not always be endowed with the temperament of a Warren Hastings—calm, calculating and much-enduring. Any unpopular act which he finds himself obliged to take in the interests of good government will expose him to obloquy, agitation, boycott; and he will need all the moral backing which Parliament can give him.

With the close of the third session of the Conference, the stage is set for the Joint Committee of Parliament whose task will be the framing of a Bill to embody the new constitution. Heavier responsibility will rarely have rested on any similar body. The evidence which they will have to digest is enormous, even if it were only the material connected with Sir John Simon's Commission and with the Round Table. But the evidence will be only an embarrassment unless it is also accompanied by a sense of proportion. The latter has had of late to struggle against many obscuring agencies—the dominating personality of Mr. Gandhi, the Congress tearing every

passion to tatters, the communal conflicts, the ordinances. If we can put all these aside as, in the main, transient and abnormal, we see an India which, although change is coming more quickly than most of us imagined, is not yet ripe for our full parliamentary system and has many problems of her own to resolve before she can come into line with the other Dominions of our Commonwealth. Most of them, it is true, she herself alone can settle; but in wrestling with them she will require our guidance and help. If our guidance, to be effective, has to be given statutory authority—especially as an insurance against catastrophe—why should we hesitate to provide for it, clearly and amply, in the constitution? Mr. Gandhi, at one time the leader, at another the catspaw of orthodox Hinduism, has never contributed a single constructive idea capable of practical application. The extreme nationalists have been consistently and defiantly destructive. It will be for us to provide, or at least to co-operate in, the constructive work for India's progress, and to hold it together until India's own sons are ready to carry it on. Mr. Gokhale, wisest of all India's recent leaders, ventured a prophecy, when the Morley-Minto reforms started in 1908, that India, if she used her opportunities well, would be governing herself in fifty years. His caution may have been a little excessive, but it was not extravagant; and Mr. Gokhale knew his own people.

THE CASE OF THE CORRIDOR

By J. H. HARLEY

WHAT is this case of the Polish Corridor? Two citations are sufficient to supply an answer, or at any rate to reveal its awful seriousness. In 1925 the late Herr Gustav Stresemann, in a rather disquieting letter sent to the Ex-Crown Prince of Germany, laid down as one of the principal aims of German policy the retaking of this outlet of Poland to the sea. In 1927 M. August Zaleski, the Polish ex-Foreign Secretary, declared with the approbation of all sections of his fellow countrymen that "every Pole would sacrifice life and fortune to defend this same territory against any attempt to take it, from whatever quarter that attempt might come". Here, then, we have a clash of purposes which may well result in a grave catastrophe for Western civilization. How are we guarding against this terrible danger?

It is the pictorial character of the difficulty—what may be termed its optical obviousness—which has turned it into such a capital subject for propaganda in modern Germany. There it is—to those who have eyes to behold it—that strip of land, Pomorze, the land by the sea—which now appears rudely to separate one part of Germany from the other, the province of East Prussia from all the rest of the Reich. How can a great nation, which may yet be greater still, submit to such an indignity? Why should a Treaty decision, which thus severs its territory, be sustained in the light of later international debates? But it is all to none effect. The German hears the argument, listens to the analogies, and then goes away profoundly convinced that so far as he is concerned the case of this particular Corridor is something unique.

So far as the older Germans are concerned, at any rate, the case of the Corridor would not have appealed to them so

profoundly if the optical had not been reinforced by psychological reasons. The most obvious of these is the fact that East Prussia, the part of Germany cut off from the Corridor, is the home of those Junkers or large proprietors who, at present, exercise a fairly dominant influence in modern Germany. The venerable President himself—who stands high above the highest heights of party controversy—has always to pass across that hated Corridor before he can snatch a few days' real relaxation in his country home from the trials and troubles of office.

Yet this is not all. There are other psychological reasons which germinate in the German's mind and render him almost rabidly sensible to what he regards as the shame of the Corridor. In the first place, there is still surviving that theory which an uninterrupted succession of German thinkers and writers have impressed on the German mentality in the past, that the Germans are an exceptional race—in the opinion of some of these writers of Nordic origin—and predestined in any event to some kind of world hegemony or leadership among the nations. And combined and contrasted with this there is the complementary theory—everyone who has lived and travelled in Germany knows how widely it has been diffused—that the Poles are an inferior race, and that the State which they have founded is a "Saisonstaat" which cannot in the nature of things be expected to endure.

The wish to this effect, which no doubt has been the father to the thought, is still influential in Königsberg, but in the more progressive parts of Germany there are doubts beginning to show themselves that this idea of a Polish Saisonstaat may not prove to be so tenable after all. Consequently, as the situation in the Corridor assumes in their eyes more of the characters of permanency, they become more and more impressed also with the obsession of the differences of races—how intolerable it is that territory inhabited by the Poles should divide up the possessions of the more cultured German Reich.

This unfortunate state of mind in a great nation has been stressed at the outset, because it is the element of the problem which must be most resolutely faced in considering this case of

the Corridor. It is also the most difficult element of the problem, because it is largely based on sentiment and psychological prejudice, which cling obstinately to the mind and are so unsusceptible to the touch of reason. Thus Mr. J. L. Garvin, the most influential British journalist to convey this German sentiment to the British public, tells us that "East Prussia was wrenched apart from the body of the Reich in a monstrous fashion", and that "The Versailles Treaty was one of the very worst in diplomatic annals". He starts with the assumption that the creation of the Corridor was a "territorial blunder", and that the statesmen of Europe should forthwith be invited to meet together in order to repair that blunder "if there is to be any chance of averting another explosion in the heart of Europe". In other words, the case of the Corridor is to be prejudged before even it is heard. But Article 19 of the Covenant, which seems the only Article relevant to such a situation, lays down that "the Assembly may from time to time *advise* the reconsideration, by members of the League, of treaties which have become inapplicable". In other words, and on any particular demand, the Assembly has not to consider whether a Treaty should be revised in a particular direction, but whether in that particular direction a case has been made out for considering revision.

The truth is that there can be no revision by consent of anything in the world, if one of the parties invites the other to the consideration of the question with menace or contempt in his heart. But that something must be done and that decisively to avert consequences of incalculable gravity, must already be very evident to any who have closely studied the situation. And the first necessity in any such clearing of the air is to know definitely what Germany intends and means in her prosecution of the case of the Corridor! Is she dissatisfied with details in the line of the frontier? Does she allege that the Germans still left in the Corridor territory are unfairly or unjustly treated? Is she anxious that contact should be made with the Poles, so that, as a result, communication across the Corridor may be made even more expeditious and satisfactory, thus enabling the venerable President to pass to his country

mansion without any sense of being indebted to the managers of a foreign line? If that is what Germany wants, there should be no difficulty in attending to her requests. It would be well worth Poland's while to discuss any points like these in a friendly and sympathetic spirit, just as other subjects which have been so discussed in the past have shown themselves susceptible of friendly settlement. Engineering science in our own days is perfectly open to suggestions, and could easily entertain a proposal for tunnels or viaducts on a grandiose scale, which, like the buildings of an Embassy, would be reckoned the soil of the party that owned them.

That this, the obvious method of settling difficulties of detail, has not been adopted is no doubt due to the fact that Germany has never in any satisfactory fashion particularised or clarified her claims. They have all been left in the vague—in the atmosphere of menace and self-deception which has already become evident—and coupled with threats of unilateral action in relation to mutual contracts which have certainly not been calculated to clear the air. As regards the Treaty of Versailles in its treatment of the Corridor, the impression has likewise been created that it is not one or the other of the spaces of the territory handed over by the Treaty that is threatened by the German pretensions, but the whole Treaty itself—that Treaty which is regarded by the young nations of the East of Europe as the very charter of their freedom. And the obvious inference which anyone must draw who studies the import of these German statements is that those who drafted the Treaty must have been slipshod and ill-informed or that they were so animated by hate and resentment against Germany that they could not deign to give her fair consideration.

It must at once and at this stage be pointed out that there is no foundation for any such series of insinuations. Assuredly the Treaty of Versailles will not last for ever and some of its conclusions in the sphere of economics and finance have already been radically revised. But every feature of the case which has since been pointed out in the course of German discussions had previously been considered by those who constituted the Commission on Polish Affairs at Versailles. They

felt at the outset that they had to do something practical in the way of creating a Polish Corridor; first, in order to reverse the wrong done by the Polish partitions, second, because of President Wilson's thirteenth point, which the Germans had accepted as a basis of the Armistice, and, third, because their investigations clearly showed that the province of Pomorze, which constituted the Corridor, was at that time certainly inhabited by a majority of Polish sympathies and race. They knew that a Corridor there must be either German or Polish. The German Corridor would cut off 32 millions of Polish people from direct access to the sea. The Polish Corridor would cut off 2,300,000 East Prussians from land but not from sea or rail communication with the rest of the German Reich. A spirit of give and take in economic affairs would avert any trade or commercial damage to East Prussia by the obstruction of the Corridor. But if the 60 per cent. of Poland's trade which now goes through the Corridor had been controlled by Germany, the economic independence of Poland, as had already been recognised by Frederick II and Bismark, could not be said to exist!

But perhaps it may at this point be objected that, though the Versailles Commission knew a great deal about the material, the optical, and the ethnographical aspects of these problems, they were unable to give due effect to these psychological prepossessions in the German mind which, as we have already seen, so immensely complicate this case of the Polish Corridor. Yet the student of affairs has only to study the records of Prussia to discover that its whole history, right up to the time of the Polish partitions, is the attempt to join up isolated provinces into a territorially contiguous state. The aim of Frederick the Great in particular at the time of the first Polish partition, was to change the then existing Polish Corridor separating Prussia from East Prussia into a German Corridor depriving Poland of a sole access to the sea.

But it was Prince Bismarck who became the most perfect embodiment of the far-sighted but aggressive Junker in politics, and his attitude in 1863 must have made it plain to historical experts on the committee that they would encounter deeply

rooted prejudices in carrying out their decision to abolish the German Corridor which Frederick had anew brought into being. On February 10th, 1863, Sir Andrew Buchanan, the British Ambassador at Berlin, reported to Earl Russell, then British Foreign Secretary, that "Bismarck says Prussia will never permit the establishment of an independent kingdom of Poland". Later on, Earl Cowley, the British Ambassador of Paris, in a report dated March 16th, 1863, declares that he had carried on a conversation with the Prussian Ambassador, Count Goltz, which was "not altogether without importance as showing that the Prussian Government has, if possible, greater repugnance to the restoration of Polish independence than the cabinet of St. Petersburg itself". "Adverting", the Ambassador concluded, "to the well-known desire of the Emperor of Russia to accomplish this event, Count Goltz said it was a question of life and death to Prussia. . . . But this was not all. There had always existed a great sympathy between France and Poland; and in what position would Prussia find herself between two Powers always ready to understand each other in a policy of aggression? Prussia must for her safety add at least another 100,000 men to her army".

How ominously modern all this appears! Indeed, if we direct particular attention to this estimate of events proffered by Count Goltz in 1863, we must be irresistibly reminded of the parallel speech which General von Schleicher, the present German Chancellor, delivered on September 6th of the present year when, obviously thinking of the Polish Corridor, he asserted that "East Prussia in particular is threatened by enemies; that everyone must know how and where to defend his fatherland; and that, in all circumstances, East Prussia must, to offer defence against its neighbours, be given equality in armament." Here, as in the case of Count Goltz so many years previously, we have the foreboding thought that, if the Poles opened up a way to the sea, there would be created the need of a substantial addition to the military strength of the present German Reich.

Assuming, then, as the tone of these German deliverances, coupled with the statements in Mr. Garvin's article, entitle us

to assume, that the demands of Germany are not for minor territorial rearrangements but are directed outright against the whole territorial system of the Treaty, at any rate on Germany's Eastern front, it has been shown that there is no ground for supposing that the Supreme Council, when they made the present frontier dispositions in the case of the Corridor, were not fully cognisant of German feelings and of German aims and prejudices. But how about the population of the Corridor? Has there been any change in its composition in this respect?

To this the answer, in the light of the latest information, must emphatically be in the negative. Even the German controversialists themselves do not now call for a plebiscite in the Corridor. According to the Polish census of 1931, 89.9 per cent. of the population declared Polish to be their mother tongue. In the General and Municipal elections during the last ten years, the German lists collected between 12 and 15 per cent. of the total, and we may safely assume that the Germans have fewer small children and vote in a more disciplined way than the Poles. The writer of this article, who has travelled a good deal up and down the Corridor, remembers vividly a village on the Baltic near the German frontier, where, according to some German writers, the population is not really Polish but where, on a Sunday morning, practically the whole population was crowded in the church and overflowed on the village green. Later on the priest addressed them on the green, and on enquiry it was discovered that this particular Polish priest was member for this particular district in the pre-war German Reichstag and many a time in older days had voiced their claim for tolerance and freedom. Undoubtedly the Corridor today is even more indisputably and enthusiastically Polish, and in another ten years the proportion of Poles, with their higher birth rate, will doubtless attain the overwhelming proportion of 95 per cent.

What, then, is to be done? It is certain that something must be done if we are to avoid ultimate disaster. The leaders of Germany frequently deliver themselves in a fierce and uncompromising fashion, but nothing is ever definitely proposed

which would enable their complaints to be dealt with by that League of Nations to which Mr. Garvin on their behalf has so fiercely appealed. Is it because they are not really confident of their own case? It would almost seem so, from the results reached in the previous course of this discussion. Why then continue to poison the air? No one who studies the history of the commercial Treaty with Poland in 1930, which Poland ratified in 1931, but which Germany up to the present time has refused to ratify, can fail to see that Germany very much prefers to fish in troubled waters. The Hitlerites have stirred up strife in Danzig. President von Hindenburg wrote in 1920 to the younger generation of his country: "What was once German must again become German. Keep your eye on this, you young men of Germany!" In the debate on Disarmament in the House of Commons on November 10th, 1932, Sir Austen Chamberlain made the startling revelation that his statement in the Locarno debate that, by this particular Pact, the Germans had now renounced the right to use war as a means of changing their Eastern frontier, was vaguely questioned by the German Ambassador, who had been present in the House during the debate, and that it was only on an appeal to Berlin that there was what he calls "confirmation of the German Government of the view which we took of their position". Evidently Sir Austen has doubts whether this particular confirmation represents a stable state of mind for, in the same speech, he appeals to the German people and to the German Government "to respond in the spirit which has been shown, to allay the doubts caused by speeches of people in high places as to whether any Treaty, however sound, however voluntary, however recent, is nothing more than a scrap of paper".

In a recent leading article of *The Times*, which constitutes one attempt in this country to come to close quarters with the question without hinting that, of course, all the rights must be on the side of Germany, it is suggested that "there is a solid determination that this phase of the German problem should be faced in the closest agreement by Great Britain, France, the United States and Italy". This means, apparently, that

it should be taken up by a Big Four organisation, without the presence of Germany and Poland, just as the Disarmament Conference shows signs, in its later stages, of being removed from the purview of all the nations at a specially summoned Assembly to a secret conclave of a few Powers who feel that they are strong enough to impose their solutions on all the rest.

To act on such a suggestion, however, would, there can be no doubt, be eminently unsatisfactory. It may be possible at the end of a long war, when the victors are flushed with success, and the vanquished lie helpless at their feet, to change, without the presence of either or both of the parties concerned, the aspect of the map of Europe; but assuredly it would not be in the slightest degree desirable, that questions involving territory or even smaller territorial readjustments, should be discussed without the presence of all who are therein concerned. This is fully recognised in Article XIX of the Covenant, as has already been noticed. If that Article is followed it will be necessary for Germany to particularise the reasons why she thinks the Treaty is inapplicable to present circumstances. Then the Council, once it has been apprised of these reasons, would have to discuss their validity in the presence of both Germany and Poland and afterwards could only ask the Assembly to recommend or not to recommend the members of the League specially concerned to work out some solution by mutual consent.

Fortunately, at the present time, so far as the case of the Corridor is concerned, the situation is somewhat improving. There is, first, the successful issue of the Polish-Danzig negotiations and the signing of non-aggression Pacts between Soviet Russia on the one hand and France and Poland on the other. It is only on the side of Germany that all is shrouded in darkness and mist. So far as Poland is concerned, there has never been about her attitude a shadow of doubt. Surely it is in the interests of all that is highest and hopeful in European civilisation that Germany should come forth right into the open and say where the statement can be challenged and considered, not only what she means but on what grounds she asks other nations to consider what she means.

THOUGHTS ON *THE TIMES*

BY WICKHAM STEED

"*THE TIMES*, Past, Present, Future" is the title of "the first authoritative record, embodying information never before placed at the public disposal", just published by *The Times* itself in the form of an attractive booklet of forty-seven pages. I have read it with such detachment as one who spent nearly 27 years in its regular service may be capable of, and can commend it both to the public at large and to those journalists who now serve *The Times* or may aspire to serve it in future.

The booklet tells a great story which he who runs may read, and he who ponders what he reads may profit by. If the whole story is not there, who shall complain that well-nigh a century and a half of enterprise has not been fully recorded within so small a compass?

John Walter the First was a printer and, withal, a journalist of strong personality. He understood that the chief business of a newspaper is to get and give news, and that those who own or edit newspapers should be independent, fearless and free from all taint of semi-officialism. There is as much true glory for *The Times* in the fines he had to pay, and in his sixteen months' imprisonment at Newgate for "libelling" the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in 1789, as in any of his technical achievements.

His son, John Walter II, who had thought of taking Holy Orders, thought better when he took to helping his father at Printing House Square. He was, says the booklet, "even more able, more determined and more courageous than his father". In October, 1802, at the age of 26, he became Editor of the paper and, at the beginning of 1803, sole Manager as

well. Until his death in 1847 he controlled *The Times*. Like most men of strong character and real ability, he was not afraid of working with other strong and able men. The booklet says—perhaps without conscious allusion to present circumstances—"It was a time when there was greater need than usual of independent and upright criticism, to hold the balance between tyranny and subversion; and it was John Walter's ambition and achievement to make *The Times* that standard. He acted consistently upon two main principles. One was that his paper must be free of all obligation to the Government. The other was that the public had a right to know all the news and to know it without delay".

John Walter II succeeded, thanks, in part, to the help of Thomas Barnes who was Editor from 1817 to 1841. The world knows less of Barnes than of his successor, Delane, who served under John Walter II till 1847 and thereafter under John Walter III until the autumn of 1877; but, if Printing House Square tradition be any guide, Barnes was the greater man. His antecedents were not Tory, for he had been a member of John Hunt's and Leigh Hunt's radical circle. If "its general trend was towards Toryism", *The Times* under John Walter II and Barnes "backed the Reform Bill with all its strength and advocated against the Tory journals the repeal of the Corn Laws". Barnes dealt with Governments on a footing of equality, opposing them when he thought them wrong, supporting them when he thought them right, but never backing them unconditionally or condoning their faults merely because they were Governments.

By 1841, when Barnes died, *The Times* had become "the leading journal of Europe" and had almost reached the dangerous position of being looked upon as a "national institution". The insidious danger of such a position lies in the deadening effects it may have upon a newspaper's staff. Young Delane, whose father was Manager of *The Times*, was too shrewd not to perceive that though a journal be called—as *The Times* was called in 1871—"the Monarch of the press", its sway can only be held and extended by the same means as those that served to build it up, by proving, day in day out,

that it rules in virtue of inherent capacity and power, not of the mellowed prestige which the venerable enjoy. Under Delane *The Times* remained a fighting, incalculable force, feared rather than loved, grudgingly respected for its independence, powerful by reason of its permanent alliance with public interests. Its circulation rose to more than 60,000 at 3d. Its profits were large, a goodly portion of them being spent in getting and in giving the news, with the aid of the most progressive technical devices. If "Society" loomed large in Delane's concept of things, if he lived and worked as a man of the world, who can blame him? In those days "Society" counted. Delane knew that one of the secrets of success in a newspaper is that nobody who counts shall dare to move among friends and acquaintances without having read it, lest others be talking about something that was in it, and the negligent be "out of the running".

Delane may have been Editor too long. After the Franco-German War of 1870-71 changes, which neither he nor John Walter III was fit to deal with, took place or were impending. John Walter III was little more than a Tory Squire, with small trace of his father's and grandfather's genius. He was the proud owner of many acres, and of an inherited "national institution". Moreover, he entered Parliament and inevitably sacrificed something of the independence of judgment and freedom of opinion that should have been his. He made the mistake of appointing, as Delane's successor, Thomas Chenery, a learned orientalist, an estimable writer of leading articles, but a man devoid of power of decision. On Chenery's death in 1884 a much younger and abler man, Mr. G. E. Buckle, stepped into his place. He upheld the traditions of *The Times* within the limits which the character of John Walter III, and the financial losses incidental to the Parnell Commission, imposed upon him; but neither he nor Moberly Bell, the new Manager who was appointed in 1889, ever had a fair chance. Moberly Bell, one of the most remarkable men who ever gave his life to and for *The Times*, found its finances in confusion, its methods unbusinesslike and the competition of newer rivals hard to sustain. Of his gigantic labours some

account has been given by his daughter in her "Life and Letters of C. F. Moberly Bell". If the old *Times* could have been saved by devotion and energy, Moberly Bell would have saved it.

It was not to be. One of the many holders of a small proprietorial interest in the paper, brought an action against Mr. A. F. Walter, second son of John Walter III, asking to see accounts of revenue and expenditure and to be relieved of the indefinite liabilities of an unlimited partnership. A few months later he and others changed their demand into one for a dissolution of partnership. The Court granted it, together with an order for a sale of the assets, in July, 1907. The booklet says: "After one hundred and twenty-two years *The Times* was for sale".

Mr. A. F. Walter tried to form a new company of which the Managing Director was to be the late Sir Arthur Pearson, founder of the *Daily Express*. He said not a word either to the Editor or to Moberly Bell. They first knew of it through an announcement in *The Times* of January 7th, 1908, when the Editor, Mr. Buckle, was laid up. Telling Walter frankly that he intended to work against the Pearson scheme, Moberly Bell cast about for means of saving the paper, and soon found that the man who could and would save it was Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, founder and proprietor of the *Daily Mail*.

For himself Bell made no conditions—though he made several in the interest of the paper. Northcliffe trusted him, put £320,000 into the Bank of England in Bell's name, acquired a controlling interest in *The Times* Publishing Company under the sanction from the Court of Chancery, Mr. A. F. Walter remaining chairman of the Board of Directors.

For a time Northcliffe's connection with the paper was kept secret, but the fact soon leaked out. W. T. Stead hinted at it plainly in the *Review of Reviews*. Old women of both sexes shook their heads, murmuring "Ichabod". Even others, of more virile mind, were perturbed, King Edward among them. He let some of those whom it might concern know that, in case of danger to the Paper, Royal influence

might be used to raise enough money to buy it again and place it on sound foundations, adding, characteristically: "There are so many fools who want titles". But neither the King nor the head-shakers realised how fortunate *The Times* had been in passing under the proprietorial control of a great journalist, a man who, with all his glaring defects, caprices and Napoleonic whims, understood that the function of a newspaper is to get and to give the news, to serve the public, to treat Governments as they may deserve and to make itself indispensable to its readers.

When all is said and done, Northcliffe and Moberly Bell saved *The Times*. Moberly Bell fell dead at his desk in April 1911, dying, as he would have wished, in harness. There ought to be a monument to him in Printing House Square. Northcliffe began by rejuvenating the paper technically. Then he struggled and schemed to increase its circulation which had fallen to less than half what it had been in Delane's time. At the price of 3d. the struggle was hopeless. A reduction to 2d. improved things a little; but it was not until March, 1914, that the lasting circulation was more than trebled overnight by a reduction of the price to 1d. Northcliffe lost several bets, for the increase exceeded by a hundred per cent. his most sanguine hopes. Even he, who had founded the *Daily Mail* at a halfpenny, had not grasped the truth that there is nothing the "cultured" public is so mean about as the price it pays for a paper.

During the War, circulation rose and fell with the varying quality of war news. Under the editorship of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, who had behind him the immense driving power of Northcliffe (Mr. Buckle had retired in 1912), the paper regained much of its old force and prestige. The increased cost of "newsprint" compelled it to raise its price by stages again to 3d.; yet, at the end of the War, and after demobilisation, its circulation at that price was still double what it had been in the Delane era. In the early post-war years it fought, often against bitter prejudice and official hostility, for peace in Ireland, for good Anglo-American relations, for reasonable co-operation with France, for a sane treatment of war debts

and reparations, and, ultimately, for the normal play of parliamentary institutions.

The death of Northcliffe in August, 1922, was followed by the sale of the paper, in the following October, to Major The Hon. John Jacob Astor through his association with John Walter IV, the great-great-grandson of the founder. Mr. Geoffrey Dawson resumed in January, 1923, the Editorship he had resigned in February, 1919. It was announced that the object of the new proprietors would be "to maintain the highest tradition of *The Times* and to ensure its continuance as a national institution conducted solely in the best interests of the nation and the Empire". Presently, steps were taken to ensure that, in the event of any future transfer of the controlling shares, their purchaser should secure the assent and approval of a Committee composed of the Lord Chief Justice, the Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, the President of the Royal Society, the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and the Governor of the Bank of England.

Thus *The Times* was definitely hall-marked as a "national institution". Nevertheless it remains a newspaper, that is to say, a commercial enterprise of which the main function has to be discharged in competition with other commercial enterprises some of which may be more nimble, less circumspect, and nearer to "the man in the street" than *The Times* can easily be. The independent discharge of this function—to get and to give the news, to treat Governments as they deserve, to eschew and abhor any taint of semi-officialism, and likewise any subservience, direct or indirect, to personal or financial interests—is only possible on a competitive basis. And, within certain limits, the conditions of competition change so swiftly, albeit so subtly, as to demand rare elasticity of mind and method on the part of those who seek to comply with them.

For my sins I have to read all the principal London and some provincial newspapers. Though I was teathed on *The Times* and served it in various capacities for nearly a generation, I find that each morning I read first those papers which display their news on the front page—the *News-Chronicle*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald*. Then I am tempted to look

at those of the more old-fashioned papers which give some indication of the news on the outside cover. Having thus gained a notion of what the main news of the day may be, I read the other newspapers for their indispensable features such as, in *The Times*, the Washington correspondence, the Letters to the Editor, Mr. Bernard Darwin on golf, the "light" leader, the City Notes and the Parliamentary report. In the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, the indispensable features are the Berlin and Geneva correspondence, the London Letter, some Letters to the Editor, and some leading articles. Sometimes I wonder how long our older newspapers, including the *Daily Mail*, will be able to withstand the competition of contemporaries which put their news on the front page, especially those older journals which cost twice as much as their more "popular" rivals.

The Times booklet refers to the special Sunday edition which was issued from Printing House Square during the first four months of the War, when the public appetite for news was very keen. That edition "carried" its news on the front page, so that those who bought it might see the news at a glance. Its price was 1d., like that of the weekday edition. Only a prophet could say whether we shall ever again see a penny *Times* with its news on the front page, and marked by the keenness of John Walter the First in getting and giving "all the news that's fit to print", with utter fearlessness and independence. But I, for one, should welcome it as proof to the younger generation—upon whom future circulation depends—that the invincible spirit of the paper is as able to triumph over all competition today as it has been in the past.

NICOLAS THE DEBONAIR

BY STELLA BENSON

IT was lucky, and at the same time unlucky, that there was no moon that night. Lucky because Nicolas could strike out across open spaces that a fugitive would not have dared to traverse in bright moonlight. Unlucky because the open space that—in the darkness—he chose to cross was a wide stretch of ploughed land, wet after rain. Nicolas remembered it when it was meadow and would have given him a quick, grass-smelling walk to the side gate of his cousin's house. But it was ploughed now, and each of his boots soon became an elephant's foot, weighted by clay to slow down his progress to an elephant's measured pace. This burden of slowness, like the impotence that—in a nightmare—arrests flight at a moment of desperate emergency, at once affected the nerves of the fugitive, whose rhythm had been adjusted to fear and hurry for so many dangerous hours. "Run—run. But I am tied to the ground—I can't run".

It was half-past ten at night, the time when parties begin—when servants appear with trays of wine-glasses—when hosts draw a deep breath—"I've done everything I can to make this party go well"—and guests, arriving, think, "This looks like being a good party". Boots should not be caked with mud at half past ten at night—bones should not ache—the vest should not cling to the unwashed skin with sweat and fear—the heart should not be downcast, or the vanity at low ebb. Half-past ten is the time for vanity's high tide. All Nicolas's natural joy was in parties—and yet, here he was, alone, itching and exhausted, far away from the possibility of tasting delicate flavours, of feeling clean and gay and seeing clean and gay objects—far away from the heady joy of being admired. Accustomed as he was to parties and politenesses, it was very

difficult for Nicolas to be quite sure that this dirty and solitary self really was a fine fellow. He could tell himself, "I escaped—most people wouldn't have dared, but *I* dared to escape. They couldn't hold me. By cleverness I escaped. My escape will make a wonderful story. Some day I shall tell *this* lovely woman and *that* the story of my escape—by sheer daring and cleverness—from the police".

But it was difficult, in his circumstances of the moment, to provide both the story and the applause. For if he *should* fall into the hands of the police again, Nicolas could not conceal from himself the knowledge that captivity, while in progress, is an undignified story. The humiliation of not being free to provide the dramatic punctuation of exits and entrances, of not having one's jokes laughed at, of being at the mercy of vulgar, low-bred tyrants who are not susceptible to charm—was hardly made the easier to bear by the conscious anticipation of mocking at it bravely, some day, in the presence of a Lovely Woman. Captivity is like illness which, at the time, tactlessly involves being sick, being smelly, being spotty, being colicky—and only in retrospect can be made picturesque by the labels, "At Death's Door", "The Crisis", "Anxious Friends Pleading for News", "The Doctor Looked Very Grave", "Delirium", and other prettinesses.

Now, as he heaved one clay-weighted foot after the other through the boggy field, Nicolas's vanity was threadbare. Several times he thought, "What if I can't go on? What if I don't go on? What if I just sit down here and die"? But if one sits down in the middle of an enormous ploughed field in the dark, one doesn't die; even that abortive drama is denied. Morning comes; one is seen from far away, like a flea on a sheet; police, guided by the treacherous daylight, come and pull one back from that mirage sanctuary, death. Besides, Nicolas laboriously reminded himself, "Why give up now? It is only this wretched quagmire that lies between me and safety. No further than at the other side of this meadow—for it was a meadow once; it should have been a meadow now; it will be a meadow again, when I tell this story to a Lovely Woman—is the side gate of Alyosha's garden. And

Alyosha is at this moment sitting at his desk, reading, taking notes, unaware that this hour is not going to end without providing him with a dramatic experience. Alyosha—a dull dog himself—always says he never knows *what* that chap Nicolas will be up to next. How typical of what Alyosha expects of me will my arrival be; I shall tiptoe into the house and stand before him; he will look up and say, "Nick! Good God!—where did you spring from"? I shall say, "I am a hunted man, Alyosha", and he will shake his head, looking grim but really feeling delighted and excited in his heart, and say, "Ah, Nikki, Nikki; always up to mischief". I shall tell my story—I think I shall say it was a 20-foot drop from the barred window to the ground—(and it really must have been quite half that, so it isn't a lie)—and Alyosha will say, "Well, what's all this to do with me—what do you want of me, you shameless hothead"? Then I shall say, "A bath—some clean clothes—and some scent for my handkerchief". By gosh, that will give him a story to tell his friends! "Some scent for his handkerchief"! He will say, and slap his thigh, "That's Nick all over"! Only later I shall tell him that he is to have the great experience of arranging to smuggle me across the border, under the protection of his dull, solid, local reputation. "Some scent for my handkerchief"—I shall let that sink in first".

All this was in Nicolas's mind—but rather as a deliberate act of faith than a spontaneous anticipation. At the moment all that really existed was the weight and soreness of his feet, and, for a hundred years, as he tore first one foot and then the other from its clayey grave and seemed to make no progress, he had to make the effort to light and re-light this candle-frail dream of vanity in his dark mind. "Debonair", he thought, "Nick the Debonair". Tears of exhaustion rolled down his cheeks. Can one remain for ever mired in limbo—trapped in the no-man's-land between the acting of a story and the telling of it?

But suddenly difficulty came to an end. He fell on his face on a grassy bank. A nettle stung his ear. Darkness so closely surrounded him that he had only seen the edge of

the sunken field too late to stop the pendulum swing of his foot. Now he knew the way quite well. Now he really was safe. Here was the coppice where he and his pretty little cousins used to find wild strawberries. To the right, fifty yards along a footpath, would be the side gate of Alyosha's farm—unlocked, because by that gate the farm horses were brought out to water. He found the gate. He was overjoyed that everything was so right, that the story was not breaking faith with him.

Alyosha—though a dull fellow enough—was nothing if not efficient, nothing if not respected. The border of Russian territory was no distance away, and though it was closely watched—especially now that the Great Nicolas D—— had jumped out of a thirty-foot window to freedom—local authority would never suspect a traveller sealed with the approval of the respected Alyosha.

Nicolas had a vague flashing vision of a silly crowd of police chiefs, government spies, magistrates, soldiers, provincial governors, district attorneys gaping intensely at a gate, while—under their very noses—their intended prey, Nicolas the Debonair, walked away with unhurried step, flaunting a scented handkerchief. All over Russia, all over Europe, all over the world, thought Nicolas' splendidly, officials were asking one another "Where's Nicolas D———the Mystery Man—the man no law could hold? Look out for Nicolas D——, the Debonair, he must not make fools of us again." All over Russia, all over Europe, all over the world, lovely girls were bending over newspapers, asking, "What is the news of the Mystery Man, Nicolas the Debonair? Is he still free? Has he given them the slip again? Pray God he is still free. Pray God (each lovely girl would separately think) Pray God he may come to my door tonight—in Moscow—in Labrador—in Ealing—in the foothills of the Black Mountains—(for who can guess what the Mystery Man will be up to next?)—pray God he may come—debonair, cool, enchanting, flourishing a scented handkerchief, and say, "I come from nowhere—tomorrow I disappear into nowhere once more. Be my haven tonight."

He was in the garden now. There was much light and bustle in the servants' quarters. "The servants are having a party, evidently," thought Nicolas; "but there's no harm in that. On the contrary, it's an advantage, for it means they'll all be concentrated in their part of the house—and I can tiptoe in and talk with Alyosha alone." There, in fact, was Alyosha, in his study on the first floor. Nicolas could just see the top of his head over the sill of the lighted window—a broad brow that should have been finished at the corners with a bull's horns, one felt—a brow like a bull's brow, threatening to bear down opposition by sheer dull weight.

"Shall I throw a little stone at the window?" Nicolas asked himself. But, no; that would make a fluster; the window would be opened fussily, with questioning cries. Nicolas's face, upturned from the dark garden below, would be seen as a pleading face, pathetic and humble—no attitude for Nicolas the Debonair.

"I will go in by the garden door. It is never locked till Alyosha goes to bed. The rest of the house is dark. Evidently the girls are away—probably dancing at a neighbour's ball. I will go very quietly into the lavatory and wash my hands and face and take off these terrible clayey boots and arrange my clothes a little. Very quietly on stockinged feet I will go upstairs; very quietly I will open the door of Alyosha's study, and perhaps sit down quietly in the chair behind him—or perhaps quietly take a book out of the shelf and pretend to be reading. Then, presently, I will give a little polite yawn and read a few words mockingly—or perhaps say, 'Well, Alyosha; hard at work as usual,' and he will leap like a horse bitten by a horsefly, and say, 'Good God, Nick. . . .'" The beacon that had lighted his way across the clay field was lighted again—this time with a braver, safer flare.

To reach the garden door of the house, Nicolas had to follow a narrow path, bordered on one side by the house wall, and on the other by a low box hedge. The night was so dark that he kept his course straight by trailing his fingers lightly along the wall, rather than by sight. No window, Nicolas knew, looked out from this section of the wall; the little

sound that his feet made on the path did not matter ; this wall of the house was blind and deaf. But all at once—madness overtook the scene. There was suddenly senseless light everywhere—except here where Nicolas was. Trees, lawns, flower-borders, the florid eaves of a summerhouse—all theatrically answered a light that streamed from nowhere—from windows, presumably, that were hidden from Nicolas by the angle of the blind wall. And with this insane glare, as it streamed into the garden, streamed also a wild shrill clamour of voices—laughter—cheering—a bray of sound from scores of throats.

Nicolas was so very much astonished that for a second reason was blotted out in him ; strength ran out of his body and he fell on his knees on the path. For a moment he crouched in a heap, thinking nothing but the words "Light—Dark". Nothing sane could so abruptly wring such an exaggerated volume of life from a house that was obviously asleep. Certainly, three seconds ago, the house had been empty except for a quiet scholar reading upstairs, and a few giggling servants playing cards in a distant wing. Now, like a shot animal, the house screamed and glared. Nothing could account for this—yet it had happened. And during that second of Nicolas's paralysis of incredulity—the wonder was finished ; light and sound were abruptly gulped back into darkness and silence again ; between one breath and another, the marvel was wiped out ; there was nothing to see except blackness—nothing to hear except frogs in a distant pool and a little stirring of half-roused birds in the bushes.

Nicolas remained for a moment more kneeling upon the path—recoiling backwards, as though that incredible minute had been a buffet in the face. His terrified hearing was adjusted to a new sound now—a very loud universal rhythmic sighing, punctuated by tiny moans ; it was another minute before he realized that this new menace was the sound of his own breathing. "That settles it," he thought, rising shakily to his feet. "I am distraught. I am seeing things and hearing things that are not there. I am so terribly tired that—now—within a few minutes of safety—my senses are betraying me. That light—that screaming—*couldn't possibly*

have happened. A house is either full of people or empty. People don't occur in spasms, like earthquakes. I am simply misled by the fact that all my life I have been able to count on the reliability of my senses. But now they are tired ; they are liars. Wait—wait a little minute ; I shall rest, I shall be clean and safe in one little minute ; I shall be calm and able to believe all that I see and hear. How could I be entirely myself after such horrors—how could I be less than distraught ? If I were reading a story about a man who had been hunted for fifty-one hours without sleep, should I think it surprising if that man were represented as suffering from delusions ? How natural, I should think—what a well-told and likely story !

And, come to think of it, there was a dreamlike look and sound about that burst of light—that yell of voices. There was a veil between me and my senses during that minute. "Poor tired Nick . . . poor Nick the Debonair," he thought, and imagined Lovely Women with tears in their eyes. Yet, as still his reason doubted, imagination supplied him with another explanation. Perhaps the lights he had seen were refracted by some odd unseen angle of surface, from the servants' quarters, which, he had already noticed, were in a bustle of activity. Certainly the voices had echoed strangely close—but the sound had seemed to come from all over the sky ; you can't really tell, with light and sound, how they will slant and rebound in the eerie darkness. "*That's the explanation,*" thought Nicolas. "Some door was opened and shut again by some squawking servant bitch in the far wing of the house. It was reflection and echo that lied—not the perceptions of Nicolas the Debonair."

He stilled his own breathing and shrugged his shoulders, as though before an audience. He moved on along the path. There was no more sound ; no glimmer of light. The darkness seemed to have grown thicker, but, as though by accident, he found his fingers gliding over the glass pane of the side door he sought. He held his breath and turned the knob. It gave a faint contralto groan and a click. He held his breath again, and then pushed the door slowly open. He stood just

inside with his back to the door, which, swinging gently in the light breeze, gave his tense shoulders a soft blow. Now he could see that each gas-bracket round the walls of his cousin's wide hall showed a pinprick of light. Some one must be expected. The girls, perhaps, returning for their ball. He must not waste time, he thought, and he felt his way round the familiar wall towards the lavatory door. He could hear the caked mud crackling round his boots; that wide, stealthy, creeping sound was the echo of his own rustling movements; he mustn't be deceived by such fancies again.

His antennæ hands explored the wall as his feet shuffled tentatively along; a little detour round a chair—here was the wall again, and a piece of silk hanging bunched against it; the rough skin of his finger-tips caught in a thread of the silk; what was this soft solidity behind the silk? What was this warmth—it couldn't be the naked flesh of an arm? . . .

"Lights—lights!" screamed a voice so close to him that it seemed to be inside his head. Instantly there was shouting, screaming, and laughter from every corner of the hall, and within a couple of seconds, light flooded everything. The room foamed over with dazzling light and silly laughter; the glitter of teeth, the shaking of shoulders, seemed to shiver the light into bubbles.

Deadly afraid, feeling nausea rising in his throat and hysteria in his brain, Nicolas set his back against the wall and forced himself to look, between cramped eyelids, at the incredible scene that had burst into life before him. Below every gas-bracket stood a young man in evening dress; each had obviously just fulfilled the purpose for which he had been stationed there, by turning up the light under his charge. With the exception of these amateur officials, all the thirty or forty men and women in the hall stood in couples, in arch interrupted kissing poses. Coy squeals from the women, and excited falsetto yawpings from the men overflowed the tall walls; women's scents and the smell of spirits drove sanity out of the stuffy air. The room that had been so safe and so silent now swirled with danger; danger toppled over the walls, like liquid over the brim of a too-suddenly filled glass. For a

minute, Nicolas did not feel as if he were noticed. Each couple waved and reeled in a separate gust of hysterical amorous laughter; each couple pointed at other couples—"Do look at Masha—ah-ah, Kostya, who have *you* got hold of—oo, you *naughty* little brother, what would your wife say to *that*?" Then Nicolas looked at the young woman on whose forearm his numb fingers still rested. She was staring at him, she was dumb with amazement, recoiling from him against the shoulder of her partner whose noisy attention was caught in another direction. She was a beautiful child, gaudily dressed, a stranger to Nicolas.

After a moment she began to shriek, "But look—look—look at this!" At first her voice was not heard in the din, but she tugged at her partner, who turned to look, and their combined cries of surprise drew, little by little, the attention of their friends. More and more faces turned in Nicolas's direction, each face drilled with round holes representing astonished open mouths and eyes. The noise died away, every one now looked expectantly at the stranger. Nicolas, his body paralysed with fear, still leaned against the wall, and into his mind flashed a tiny quiet picture of himself as a little boy, hiding in a haycock from a nurse who ranged about the field calling—"Nikki, Nikki" and could not find him. He was conscious for a moment of nothing at all except this ineffably safe vision. It almost created round him the tent of invisibility he so terribly needed.

Then his eyes, dazed with their futile dream, saw his youngest girl cousin Maria moving towards him across the room, dragging by the hand a stout, grinning young man.

"Why, Nick," cried his cousin. "How in the world did you get here? And—*darling* Nick—so dirty—looking like a drunken carter—what on *earth* is the matter?"

Nicolas did not speak. His mouth was too dry. He moved his jaws, trying to get saliva to run into his mouth, but he made no sound. His cousin came close to him and laid an affectionate hand on his arm.

"Never mind, dear little cousin; I was only joking. Your Maryusha doesn't mind *how* dirty you are. You've been

hunting, I suppose. You look tired and you've scratched your cheek. It was sweet of you to come—on my birthday. You must have been surprised at our reception of you. We were playing an awfully good game—you all move about in the dark, and you have to kiss the first person you touch and then the lights go up! It's a perfect scream of a game. Look—I've just had the great thrill of being kissed by our local Chief of Police!" She gaily wagged the hand of the man she had led across. "Let me introduce you to Police-Chief B———my cousin, the Notorious Nikki D——."

Nicolas still made no sound. He was just conscious enough to watch for the policeman's expression to change as the name of the Notorious Nikki D—— was spoken. "A clever man," thought Nicolas, without caring very much. "He gives no sign of his amazement." But he really did not care; his heart was safe in his childhood, in a haycock-tent of safety. "Nikki, Nikki", called the nurse—and could not find him.

He saw his elderly cousin, Alyosha, advancing towards him from the foot of the stair. "Well, Nick—this *is* a surprise. You *are* an amazing fellow. One never knows where you'll spring from next. My dear boy—what a state you're in. . . you've been hunting, of course."

"Hunted," thought Nicolas. He even tried to utter the word, but his throat still refused.

"How lucky you turned up on Maryusha's birthday. Come upstairs and I'll lend you some clean, dry things to put on."

Come upstairs. Instantly Nicolas's sanctuary-seeking heart *was* upstairs, alone with Alyosha, in a quiet room; his lips, now articulate in anticipation, were hot with words. "Alyosha—help me—help me. I'm trusting you, Alyosha, to have a wonderful plan—to get me away this minute, before that slow-witted policeman makes up his mind what to do about arresting me." That was what Alyosha was for—to have a wonderful plan; that was Alyosha's justification—a dull god's justification—the saving of a hunted lion. There was no time for the debonair mask now. Nicolas was too unfairly

threatened—too much afraid, to wrap that gay cloak about him now. It was a hiding place he needed—not a domino.

"But while you're here," went on Alyosha in his raucous, kind, ponderous voice, "you must meet these dear people, who are helping us to celebrate our Maryusha's birthday. Nicolas Petrovitch D——, I am introducing you to Ivan Dmitrivitch, our Chief of Police (ah—Maryusha has already introduced you)—. . . Here is Councillor S——, our man of law. . . . Captain T—— (come forward, Pavel Sergeievitch—don't be shy . . .), who catches criminals for us. . . . Olga Petrovna, who knows more about law, we all say, than her lawyer husband—eh, Judge? And this is. . . ." He droned out names and official titles—slyly—respectfully—tersely—self-consciously—and every other name he uttered seemed to Nicolas to be the name of an enemy. Here he was, then, being handed over—bound—gagged—to that tribe of enemies he had sweated and, suffered and almost died to avoid. The Law—the Law—the Law—the word rang like a recurring discordant note in the booming monotony of his cousin's voice.

During the first minute of Alyosha's recitative, Nicolas pulled himself together enough to try and catch his cousin's eye. "Stop speaking—stop speaking; you are murdering me," his dry lips would have said. But Alyosha's eyes, penned in behind thick beaming glasses, were not observant. And after that one soundless appeal, Nicolas gave up. He held his head high and met the glance of each menacing stranger steadily, waiting for the word. "What—*what* are you saying? Nicolas Petrovitch D——? But this is The Criminal; this is the man who drugged his guard—escaped by leaping forty feet from a window. Seize him—hold him."

Before all these Lovely Women, Nicolas the Debonair would be humiliated—seized—pushed—frogmarched—reviled—laughed at. His fainting mind roused itself to set the stage for the dreadful scene. In a minute—in a minute now—the curtain would go up on—what? On nothing but an ignominious and bungled exit, from a situation so gallantly, so arduously arrived at. This was fame turned sour. He watched the faces for the spark of memory that would

set his fame alight and burn his brave show to ashes.

While he was looking at the eye of the Colonel whom Alyosha had just named, he heard a voice—the trembling old tenor voice of the judge—say, “*Nicolas Petrovitch D——!* Aren’t you the man who . . .”

Nicolas turned his eyes to meet the speaker’s, but they saw only blackness. The show was over. Oh, shut your eyes now, you Lovely Women. Be merciful at last and shut your eyes.

“—— the man who won an English four-in-hand at baccarat three years ago in Petersburg, and drove it into a ballroom?”

There was complete stillness in Nicolas’s mind. He heard his lips—articulate at last—say, “Oh . . . so you *do* read the newspapers sometimes. . . . I was beginning to wonder. . . .”

“Why—what do you mean?” cried Alyosha. “Have you been getting into the news again? You *are* a character, Nikki. What is it this time, for Heaven’s sake?”

There was another silence, as deep as a well. Then Nicolas heard his own lonely voice, cracking a little, say, “Haven’t you seen today’s newspapers?”

“Today’s papers? Not the *local* rag, of course—Good Lord, no,” said the jocular captain of the guard. “Who on earth would read the local rag? Cattleshow—village wrestling championships—back-street brawls . . . my dear fellow—too, too awfully provincial, these Polish papers. No, we get real news out of the Moscow papers—only a few hours late, and real stuff—worth waiting for.”

“Important news comes to us by telegraph,” said Alyosha, anxious to uphold the dignity of his district.

“Oh, yes, *really important* news comes to us by telegraph,” echoed the policeman.

“But why do you ask, Nikki?” asked Maryusha. “Have you suddenly turned into a World Figure—are we behind the times again?”

Life rushed back into Nicolas’s body and brain. He thought violently, “*Important news!* Am I not *important news?* Ignorant fools. Ignorant fools. Content to imagine that they have a common visitor—a common, sweaty young

man just in from a vulgar hunting trip. Ignorant fools.”

“A World Figure?” he shouted, and drew a deep breath for the words that should enlighten these heathens—inform these petty know-nothings.

“A world figure—and a very grubby figure too,” said Alyosha, and seized his arm affectionately. “You must tell us all about it when you’ve had a wash and a meal.”

Nicolas, stumbling upstairs in his cousin’s wake, suddenly felt that he had left the World Figure behind; there in that chattering crowd down in the hall, the World Figure stood with its back to the wall, deserted by its informing spirit—Nicolas himself. There stood the orphaned thing, challenging the crowd of ignorant fools, his lips parted to utter words that would never be spoken now; its breath inhaled—never to be breathed out laden with a great boast. The World Figure faded; nothing remained now to betray Nicolas; life had been withdrawn from that idiot dummy—only just in time. Life, in the form of this living, tired Nicolas, was being drawn away, toiling up the stairs towards safety, on sore, exhausted feet. The bereaved ghost faded obscurely—a mere memory now, in fifty different consciousnesses. Its epitaph was spoken in an indifferent phrase that floated up to him by chance, from an eddy of talk below. “Nicolas D—— . . . that must be Count Peter’s youngest boy. . . .”

In his cousin’s dim, quiet room, Nicolas reviewed in his mind the best words in which to explain his dilemma. The important thing was to find some means of prompting his cousin to the position of saviour without reducing himself to the humiliating rank of pleader.

But as he opened his lips to utter the words that had occurred to him, he found himself instantly in tears, clinging to his cousin’s arm. “Alyosha—Alyosha—don’t let them get me. . . .” And through his childish tears, he watched, with a humble joy, the dull face of Alyosha transfigure itself—adjust itself nobly to the emergency.

IN THE CORDILLERAS

BY ROSITA FORBES

IT would be impossible to be rude to a llama. She wouldn't even notice it. She has the dignity and the curves of a Victorian dowager. She carries her head with the same unconscious arrogance, and if she does happen to spit it is with the air of a great lady taking snuff. Not for her the angles and the flimsy clothing of modernity. The llama's wool is sufficiently thick to represent rows of Victorian petticoats worn one on top of the other and secured with the tape buttons which for some unknown reason suggest virginity! Her feet might have been crushed into the heel-less sandals of the nineties, always a size too small. Her nose is at an angle which today would be considered snobbish, for the llama cannot forget that she is royal and that all the rest of the world are housemaids.

It was in a Bolivian gorge that I first saw these delicious animals, stepping delicately, their ears arched, so that above their brows they carried twin crescents of the true believer. On either side the mountains thrust their winged way upwards. Castles of rock with battlements, bastions and towers were poised upon the highest peaks. Round them hosts of cactus were drilling. Their ranks were as regular as a parade of guards. When their truncheon-like stems broke into fur at the top, it was because they were wearing bearskins.

It was a fantastic valley narrowing to a cleft 12 feet wide through which, on account of loose boulders, the car could scarcely pass. It was midwinter, but the colours were the yellows and russet-browns of autumn. Above the river which we crossed and re-crossed, the tassels of the pampas grass were faintly golden. The cliffs were stained with amber, saffron, rust-red, and the angry greys of iron. Even the cactus

were brown. Streaks of snow accentuated the shadows, and salt, equally white, was powdered, along the edge of the stream. In contrast to this metallic autumn were the petunia cloaks of the Indians, the scarlet saddle-cloths of donkeys and the gentian blues or cherry-coloured wools from which women seated under grass shelters beside a row of gourds or clay jars containing "chicha", were weaving yarn.

Wherever there was pasture among the seared golden rocks, llamas fed with the percipience of epicures testing a new chef. Perhaps in reality they are a cross between a camel and a sheep, but they look as if they had cat blood in them. In their movements they are swift and boneless as the Persian which ties itself into knots while chasing its own tail, but I've never seen llamas playing. They have neither youth nor age, for they are strictly brought up according to traditions inherited from a line of distinguished ancestors. For instance, they may not be driven from one pasture to another unchaperoned. When an Indian is in charge of a mixed or female flock he must be accompanied by his wife or a woman related to him. This regulation is supposed to have descended from the Incas under whom the llama shared something of the divinity of his master. There were countless thousands of them in the mountains, but they all belonged to the Inca. The black ones were sacred to the Sun, in whose honour they were sacrificed on the great festivals of the solstice or the equinox. Authorities differ as to whether the Incas offered human victims to their deity, but the hearts and bowels of black llamas were torn out on the stone of sacrifice in Cuzco before a multitude which hailed the rising sun, and from the fall of blood priests augured the future.

The llama has always been the philosophic victim of the Indian. Today, his dung is the only fuel known in the stone-built huts ten to sixteen thousand feet up in the Andes, where the turf is sufficiently polished and pallid to merit the term lunar. His bones are made into musical instruments. His meagre flesh is cut into strips and hung out like highly coloured laundry to dry in the sun and wind. His wool provides every form of garment which the Indians wear, and his hide gives

them leather. The Incas never killed a female llama, and their descendants never kill a young one.

The Indians of the Cordillera appear to be devoted to their flocks, whom they regard more or less as relations. When the llama comes of age a party is given; the animal's ears are pierced, as were the ears of Incan youths when they had passed the tests of chivalry, and gaily-coloured tufts of wool are knotted through the holes instead of the heavy ear-rings which distorted the lobes of the children of the Sun. Subsequently, the llama works. He is the only means of transport in the mountains. He carries silver from the mines at 12 cents per 100 lb. which is the maximum load, but his working-day is limited to 4 hours and he never does overtime. If he is too heavily loaded, he sits down with the greatest possible dignity and waits to be relieved. He does not roll about, bellow and gnash his teeth, as does the camel. His supercilious surprise expresses that, like Queen Victoria, he is NOT amused.

The Indian never beats his llama. When he wants to remove it from the path of a motor, he seizes it in his arms and pushes. He drives his flock with a sling, not unlike those in Polynesia, which he whirls round his head, uttering instructions or protests mixed up with familiarities. He loves the soft-coated curves of his beasts, reminiscent of the voluptuous dimensions of courtesans when figures were fashionable and provocative.

There are innumerable resemblances between the Quechua or the Aymara and the llama from whom he is scarcely ever separated. They must speak the same language. It is ludicrous to see the efforts of traffic police to interfere with a flock in a busy city street, of horrified vergers blocking the door of a church into which llamas, by right of their ancient kinship with the sun, feel disposed to enter, of a battalion suddenly confronted with an equally disciplined and much less concerned troupe, in fact of any official attempt to control the philosophic beasts, who look with the eyes of Hathor to an immeasurable past and an equally remote future. When heated public servants have given up the struggle, a child in

rags will advance leisurely, a wad of coca in its cheek and a sling in its dirty little hand. It will say a few words of remonstrance and immediately the llamas will proceed upon their business.

In a town the attitude of these entrancing animals is the exact blend of tolerance and disapproval affected by the less unwieldy dowagers of the last century, but in the mountains they are at home. Like the Indian, they fear neither cold nor poverty. Inured to hardship and the heights, they are ascetics, who, transferred to the easy life of the lowlands, sicken and die. Like the Indians, they can remain immobile for hours, reflectively chewing, not coca, but the sparse grass of the summits, while they rejoice in their solitude and the silence surrounding them.

The llama is said to have come originally from Asia, but the first ages must have been something of a merry-go-round in which each race and each species deliberately went somewhere else! The Indian also is supposed to have wandered from the East by way of the Bering Straits, but if he traversed North America he did so, according to a Yankee biologist, "without leaving so much as a trouser button" to mark his progress. Both llama and Indian have been unaffected by the human cataclysms which have swept across the Andes. The Chimu tyrants, the beneficent Incan despots, the Conquistadores with their terrifying horses, the Jesuits with the whip in one hand and the gospels in the other, the Viceroy with their expensive mistresses and the Inquisition with its equally extravagant requisitions, the generals and politicians and patriots who fought in the names of nations yet unformed and incidentally acquired both fame and fortune for themselves, the pioneers and explorers, the motors, aeroplanes and lorries, the salesmen and the agents, the tourists and miners and tramps—none of these have had any effect upon the Indian. Neither torture, nor work, nor schooling, nor wealth has altered his point of view.

Like the llama he has never been irresponsibly young. He is alien to the Eastern in his comprehension of eternity. For him the age of aviation, of steam, of machinery is no more

important than the autocracy of the Spaniards or the Communism of the Incas. He expects nothing from anyone. Ignorant of the world crisis, he spins his own yarn, weaves his own clothes and bedding, ferments his own raw spirit, cooks his own bread and worships in the image of the famous black Christ at Cuzco the elemental gods with whom for thousands of years his ancestors have been familiar. He looks after his own flocks, believes in his own devils, plays his own sad music on a flute made from the thigh bone of a llama and, if as the Incan legends assert, his race was born of stones, he is himself a stone, inert, tired and hard. He has the immobility of his own rocks, the thinness of mountain beasts, a hairless body in keeping with the barren ranges and the filth of the long-haired pigs among whom he lives and sleeps. He can exist on nothing. He desires neither protection nor medicine nor education. All he wants is to be left alone with his herbs, his frozen potatoes and his bag of coca leaves.

In vain did the Second Holy Council of Lima excommunicate in 1659 the drug which produced so facile a paradise for the faithful and the damned. Viceroys were obliged to authorize its use to induce their Indian subjects to labour in the mines. Markham quotes sixty-nine viceregal edicts concerning the coca which Incan rulers offered to the Sun seven hundred years ago, and which today serves the Indian of the altiplano as wine, drink, medicine, money, tobacco and sleep.

It is by the effect of coca that distances are measured. Terraces of it are planted in the fertile valleys. Every village market is full of it. Each Indian carries a bag made of cotton or llama wool and out of it, at least three times a day, he takes a few leaves, mixes them with ash and sometimes a fragment of limestone, and pushes the ball into a conveniently flaccid cheek.

When he passes a crucifix in the mountains or a shrine at the corner of a village street, the Indian will often remove the half-sucked coca from his mouth and lay it at the feet of the Christ. It is the most precious offering he can make, for he has but two loves, the llama who gives him companionship and service and the coca which affords him brief glimpses of

heaven. He has but one hatred, which includes the interference of the whites and the civilization by which he has been decimated, but neither altered nor impressed.

The Indian never washes. His clothes, by which alone he has paid lasting tribute to the Spanish occupation, are superimposed one upon another. From their appearance one would suppose them glued together by filth, for the Indian breeds vermin as easily as children. At four years old one sees the latter at work. They are shepherds as soon as they can speak, and they cultivate the soil instead of learning to play, but they are as much a part of the earth as the plants. They lie close to it at night and walk barefoot over it in the daytime. They have no needs that the earth cannot supply. Where the East coast worships Ford, machine tractors, pedigree cattle and success; where the West coast worships progress or the Pope, nationalism or the discoverer of a new mine, the Indians of the mountains worship the soil which is the sole barrier between them and penury.

My last impression of Bolivia, which I traversed finally on a troop-train with twenty-five wagons of soldiers and guns destined for the Chaco, was of the cactus hosts pouring over ranges of silver, tin and ironstone. Countless as the armies of Jenghiz Khan, they were of all shapes and sizes. The oldest generals assumed the proportions of forest trees. Arrogant and independent, they gestured with rigid branches. Standard-bearers carried white flowers as stiff as stars cut out of cardboard. The bandsmen bulged into fleshy excrescences not unconnected of jazz. The sergeants were as hot and portly as beefeaters, but the rank and file were alert to see round the next corner. Their spikes, glinting in the sunshine, suggested rough trench coats and I was amused at the idea of the cactus, invariably anxious to do the right thing, twisted as the inferiority complex which has caused it to bristle in self-defence, sensitive to the last degree and always consciously in the wrong, hurrying across the mountains, drooping beneath the weight of its unsuitable uniform, but like everyone else in Bolivia at that moment, intent on reaching the battlefield of the Chaco!

THE ISLES OF GREECE

BY MARJORIE HUMPHREYS

FOR some time I had been attracted by the prospect of cruising in a small local boat round some of the less-frequented Greek islands. In particular I wanted to visit the volcanic island of Santorin, for there, I had heard, it should be possible with very little effort of imagination to find dryads and naiads playing pranks in and out of the innumerable smugglers' caves. In London, however, it seemed to be quite impossible to obtain any information about transport between the Greek islands: but I should have been less surprised by this if I had then discovered that the knowledge of the subject even in the tourist agencies of Athens itself was extremely unreliable. It is, in fact, only when you are actually on the boat that you can discover the hour of sailing. At present, owing to the favourable rate of exchange, it is possible to travel and to live in Greece for a surprisingly small sum, although at first the very fluid properties of the drachma, which varies in value with each bank, are somewhat bewildering. For this reason, money-exchange, like everything else in Greece—from paying income-tax to buying fruit—is a matter of driving a good bargain.

As the boats always leave Piræus for the islands in the evening, I thought that I would spend the morning of the day upon which I was destined to set out for Santorin in visiting the new excavations at the Keramikos cemetery. My taxi-driver decided to take me there by a complicated route through the narrow back-streets and slums of Athens, and we were careering down a sharp incline when I noticed a man pushing an enormous wardrobe towards us. Neither he nor the taxi-driver had the slightest intention of making way for each other and so, without more ado, my chauffeur promptly abandoned

me and proceeded to do his utmost to strangle the man with the barrow. Blood was flowing in all directions when I discovered that, to make matters worse, the brakes of the taxi were only half-engaged and that, in consequence, I was jolting down the hill into the crowd, which had by then become quite large. Having managed to tighten the brakes, I then tried most ineffectually to pull my driver away from his opponent by holding on to the coat-tails of the former. Just then, and not a moment too soon, a policeman appeared on the scene. He did not seem particularly perturbed by what was, no doubt, to him a daily occurrence, and, after he had hit both the combatants on the head with his baton, my torn and bleeding chauffeur crawled back into the taxi. By this time I was somewhat unnerved and not at all in the right mood for appreciating the newly-excavated skeletons in the tombs of the Keramikos cemetery.

In fairness to the Greek shipping agencies I must admit that they had warned me that this steamer is not one of our best boats"; but as the boats for Santorin are few and far between and my imagination was incapable of foreseeing the horrors that a night on the boat would hold for me, I most unwisely ignored their warning. A ticket on a Greek transport boat includes a sleeping-berth or, if none is available, a chair on deck. These boats are about half the size of a channel steamer and sometimes carry some four hundred passengers. They leave port seldom less than three hours later than the scheduled time for sailing. Each traveller is usually accompanied by his entire family or as many friends as he can muster to bid him a touching farewell, although in all probability he will be returning within a few days. There is a no limit, apparently, to the amount of live-stock which travellers transport, and the rails are used as a sort of rack to which live chickens and turkeys are tied.

After forcing my way through friends who were leaving and goats and chickens that were remaining, I found my cabin in the very bottom of the ship and partly under the electric piano in the saloon. Watched by his adoring mother, a large boy in a black velvet suit performed on this instrument until the

early hours, and in addition to this amenity a travelling brass-band gave rehearsals at frequent intervals during the voyage. The heat was stifling, for the electric fans seldom work ; and one glance at my berth showed me that " the visitors ", as the Greeks call those crawling hopping biting creatures which invade all corners of the boat, were assembled in full force. Several times, when stopping at various Islands, the noise of the crane working over my head became so unbearable that I picked my way through the numerous bodies on the floor of the saloon and tried in vain to find a chair on deck. Even to look for one is not easy, for in order that the captain may see clearly, the decks are kept in complete darkness : and as, when we were departing from each port, the funnels poured forth a shower of wet soot over the entire boat, I was forced back to my cabin and " the visitors ".

The discomforts of the night were soon forgotten when, the next afternoon, we approached the mysterious black cliffs of Santorin rising steeply from the sea. I could see the town of Phera, pink in the sunlight, perched precariously on the summit of the topmost ridge. This region of the Aegean Sea is often extremely rough during the summer months, and the descent down the gangway to the small boats which cluster round to convey passengers to the shore seemed to me a rather hazardous procedure.

I knew that the island of Santorin could not boast of even the most modest inn, but I had heard that the nuns at the convent in Phera occasionally provided beds for enthusiastic female archæologists. I found great difficulty in making myself understood on this point, for everyone insisted that I wanted " the monastery ", and I did not feel easy in mind until I discovered that in Greek the word *monastere* means both convent and monastery.

The ascent to the town of Phera takes about an hour on a mule—the only method of transport in Santorin. It was extremely hot and I was thankful, after clattering through the narrow winding streets and up several flights of steps, to find the convent and to learn that the Mother Superior was willing to give me a bed and shelter for a few nights. The convent,

converted from an ancient monastery, was a vast building divided into several parts which were linked together by winding cloisters and cool courtyards, filled with beds of flowers and by overhanging vines beneath which groups of nuns were seated. In front of them lay immense basins brimming over with magnificent grapes, which they were sorting out for the making of preserves and grape-jams.

The room set apart for my use was at some distance from the main building and adjoined the infirmary and hospital : a cool bare room with whitewashed walls and iron-barred windows, through which I could see glittering flat white terraces and houses oriental in character, and here and there the vivid pink of oleanders springing up from odd corners. The distant sea was intensely blue, and on the summit of a far mountain I could just distinguish the monastery of St. Elias which I had planned to visit on the following day. At nine o'clock in the evening all doors were bolted, and by the light of a small oil-lamp I groped my way along the dark cloisters to my room. Three old women, who reminded me of the Witch of Endor, had been posted outside my door in case I should need any assistance. The youngest of them was a hundred years old, and the more sprightly by having pinned with a large safety-pin a sprig of red hair on to the front of her scanty white locks. Not one sound broke the utter silence of the night, and the moon through the barred windows made strange patterns on the whitewashed walls.

At six o'clock on the following morning a young Greek boy, who spoke a little French and had offered to accompany me on my expedition, called for me at the convent, and tying the immense black mackintosh bags, in which the Mother Superior had packed our lunch, on to the wooden saddles of the mules, we set out on our journey. Luckily I did not realize what the day held in store for me, and no amount of enthusiasm will ever induce me to repeat the experience of spending nine hours on a mule with a wooden saddle. For the first few hours we were enveloped in clouds of dust ; and as we trotted through miles of vineyards loaded with grapes, of which my mule occasionally snatched a mouthful, the Arabic

saying, "Too much lady, too little mule" seemed to me uncomfortably apt. I had always mistrusted the theory that mules are too sure-footed to fall, and before we had progressed very far my mule stumbled over a loose stone, and for several disagreeable seconds we were both rolling together in the hot dust.

Our gradually ascending path led us along the very edge of the black cliffs, which were riddled with many curious little caves originally used by smugglers but, owing to the many volcanic disturbances, now hundreds of feet above a sparkling sea that dashed itself against rocks of most fantastic shapes. Across the bay, where the crater looked black and sullen, the water is startlingly hot. In each of the many little villages through which we passed, my young companion had relatives who, anxious to show their hospitality, would load us with grapes and ply us with home-made liqueurs which, as the day wore on, I realized were exceedingly potent. In these villages my trousered legs were a source of much curiosity and many questions. When we had reached the foot of the mountain on which are the remains of the prehistoric town of Thera, so violent a gale sprang up that, after climbing on loose boulders for about two hours, we were obliged to continue our journey on foot. Twice the wind swept me off my feet, and by the time that we reached the astounding ruins of Thera, I regret to say that I was too exhausted to appreciate what remained of the drainage system of a bygone age. Archæologists, studying and excavating in these parts, would of course pitch a camp and stay for long periods.

The journey back to where we had left our mules, again in the teeth of the gale, was no easy matter, and when, after climbing again for another two hours, we reached the monastery of St. Elias, it was nearly half-past five and I felt that I had earned my lunch. The monks, with their impressive beards and their long hair screwed into a little knot behind their heads, were charmingly hospitable, and—not wanting to hurt their feelings—I felt obliged to accept the extremely pernicious liqueurs which they pressed upon us. When, long after sundown, I returned weary and sore to the convent, I found

that the nuns, who had not realized that I intended to go so far, were in a great state of perturbation on account of my prolonged absence. The fact that the inhabitants of Santorin were unable to agree whether or not to adopt summer time, made the hour of the already infrequent sailings a still more doubtful matter and so, having said my farewells to the nuns, I climbed on to the roof of the convent, watching and waiting for my boat to appear on the horizon. From this point of vantage, the isle of Crete looked tantalizingly near, but as no communication existed between the two islands, I was obliged to return to Piræus, the journey in this case taking two nights and three days.

"Capitaine Giorgio" of the *Iperoki* was a well-known and most welcome caller at all the Greek islands. An old sea-dog who had travelled the world over, with a broad smile and a fund of entertaining anecdotes, he made a great effort to maintain some sort of cleanliness on his ship. At every port of call, the boat having a large amount of cargo to land, we spent several hours ashore, being entertained by the "Capitaine's" friends. At Naxos their famous lemon-liqueur was distributed in great quantities, and the two village idiots gave a most creditable juggling performance.

One of the many charms of the Greek isles is the fact that each differs entirely in the character of its scenery from the others. Naxos, with its exquisite undulating hills and its Temple of Apollo built upon a wild and rocky promontory that juts out into a furious sea, was an entire contrast to the isle of Syra, originally a more important port than Piræus itself and still a busy town on the side of a hill, with narrow cobbled streets reminiscent of Italian towns. On our leaving Syra late at night, the lights in every window were alternately lit and extinguished. This was done to salute the "Capitaine" as he sailed out of the port, while he, with childish pleasure, acknowledged the salute with many piercing whistles of his whistle.

During my journey to Crete, four large bunnies occupied the space on the other side of my cabin, and their restiveness and aroma were not conducive to a peaceful night's sleep. The

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Venetian harbour of Candia was gaily decked with flags for the forthcoming elections and made a pleasant foreground to the high Cretan mountains whose slopes are entirely covered with vineyards. I found that my scepticism was entirely justified when I had been told that I should find "confort moderne" at the Minos Palace, for it turned out to be one of those small hotels, of which so many exist in Greece, where sanitation is of the most primitive order. On the walls of my room stood the surprising notice that "no disputes, discussions, monkeys or other visitors" were allowed in the bedrooms.

I do not profess to be well versed in the intricacies of Greek politics, but a friend, who was prospective member for Crete, took me with him to his political meetings, which were usually held in small villages in the interior of the island. In this manner I was able to observe the peasants and their customs, and to pass through the magnificent vineyards for which Crete is famous. The grapes are trained under poles, like hops, and it is possible to walk for miles under a roof of gigantic bunches of grapes. A most pathetic feature of those inland villages is the large settlements occupied by refugees from Asia Minor. In many instances they are tenanted by families who, having left prosperous positions and comfortable homes, are now reduced to living in the utmost poverty and misery. Although it is impossible for a family's income to exceed the sum of three pounds per annum, their tiny houses are kept spotlessly clean and in many cases are most ingeniously arranged. The mother of a large and extremely intelligent brood of young children once burst into tears of gratitude when I gave her one hundred drachmas (about three shillings), a sum which she told me would keep the entire family from starvation during the winter months.

Canvassing in Crete did not take the relatively peaceful form of other countries, and it was necessary to be armed with a revolver in order to protect oneself from political adversaries. The meetings usually took place at night in small inns and by the light of an oil-lamp, and after several rounds of "ouzo" the company would become exceedingly excited and discussions would last until the early morning hours.

Many days could be spent enjoying the stupendous excavations at the palace of Knossos, and its oil-jars would have been a delight to Ali Baba as hiding-places for his forty thieves. The few hours' visit of a luxury liner threw the town of Candia into a state of great excitement. The natives donned their best boaters (from Luton), with Turkish trousers, and prices soared in expectancy. Smart young women, suburban matrons and young men more enterprising than those who considered it too hot to disembark, flooded the poverty-stricken town. It was not without a sigh of relief that I saw the lights of the liner fade from view, and the town return to its normal routine, feeling as if it has been the witness of some fantastic dream.

* * *

After so many slow and uncomfortable methods of travel, I thought it would be pleasant to conclude my trip by flying from Athens to Salonika in one of the new German aeroplanes which the Greek Government had recently acquired. By boat this journey would take at least two days. By aeroplane it takes a little less than two hours, so that the return-journey can be made on the same day at the very low cost of two pounds. Leaving Athens at five in the morning, you reach the aerodrome by driving through the exquisite woods which lie on the slopes of Mount Parnassus.

Our route lay over the mountains of Chalcidice and the fertile plain of Larissa. Far beyond Mount Olympus, Mount Athos was clearly visible. A recent governor of Mount Athos (where the rigid religious custom prevents any female creature, even a chicken, from setting foot) gave me a most vivid description of the treasures which are hidden in the guarded coffers of the monastery. Although between five and six thousand monks live in the monasteries on the Mount, most of them are too illiterate to read the priceless books which are contained in one of the most valuable libraries in the world.

On our return we encountered a fierce storm over the bay of Salonika. Flying over a rainbow, with the sun reflected on the water many thousands of feet below, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight in a country whose beauty amply compensates the traveller for its entire lack of organization.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IN the mutual tangle of national efforts, each people trying desperately to unravel some of the coil, one looks about to find a loose end, which may be a beginning, and there seem to be only two points at which action can be initiated.

**Unravelling
the Coil**

These are, of course, Germany and America. The United States has certainly the power of free movement ; it is not under apprehension of anyone, or under obligation to anyone : all its difficulties are internal, although, according to the best opinion even in America itself, they can only be met by varying America's relation to the rest of the world. Yet even if the United States executive desired to make such modifications, it could not : partly because this is one of the inter-lunar periods in the American firmament, when the outgoing President feels that he has not the people behind him and the incoming one has not yet been vested with office. But the main reason is that the American machine is, as Sir Cecil Spring-Rice put it fifty years ago, like a safe with four-word locks, and unless you can apply the exact combination of letters to set in motion the Executive, the Senate, the House of Representatives and the electorate, nothing of importance will or can be done.

So, if we are looking for the quarter where effective action can begin, we must turn to Germany. There, at least, power begins to be unhampered. In the last resort the old President has Germany at his back, and does not propose that authority shall be entrusted to the representative of any minority, even though it be a minority of thirteen millions. If any elected

group, or groups, can form a government secure of a stable majority in their Parliament, then the President is willing to leave power with them ; but since the sections cannot reach this modicum of agreement, he selects his own man and tells him to govern, with the Reichstag if he can, as head of a "presidential" government, but, failing that, without it. And to all appearance Germany is prepared to acquiesce. The only effective opposition comes from Herr Hitler and his huge following ; yet the signs indicate that their pressure is weakening. Any sudden electoral movement, such as that of the Nazis has been, resulting from organised emotion generated by rhetoric, must by the law of its being rise or fall. It manifests itself by electoral responses, and the moment that these cease to show mounting figures, a drop is inevitable. Mere suspicion of leakage in the balloon produces what is suspected, and down she sags.

It has been made plain that the President is perfectly willing to entrust Herr Hitler with a large degree of power, as part of a combination, but that Herr Hitler refuses to enter any such coalition. He must have all or nothing ; he must, in fact, be put in a

**Hindenburg
Governs**

position to challenge the President's authority. This attitude no doubt is approved by the bulk of his following ; it appeals to the imagination. But the old man's appeal reaches wider and deeper than the young man's, and if it is to be a choice between dictatorships, Germany prefers Hindenburg—even when he chooses to put the power into the hands of a soldier, whose ability no one doubts, but who has no parliamentary support worth mentioning. It is all very odd to our ideas, and to those of the French not only odd but disquieting ; yet I cannot see that it is undemocratic. Hindenburg owes his authority to a perfectly straight vote of the German people, recently renewed ; he is there by democratic sanction to see that the German people's government is carried on. If the parliamentary system provides him with a workable machinery he will watch it working ; if not, he has reserve powers to supersede it, and Germany is willing that he should not only

have them but use them. Even within the Nazi ranks—and at the top—there are symptoms of yielding to Hindenburg's authority, rather than to Hitler's.

But unhappily things are still in transition: General von Schleicher is still endeavouring to secure parliamentary support and is not yet driven to the point at which, dispensing with parliament, he must depend on the results shown by efficiency to justify his government's existence. In this transition stage it is very hard for him to make any advance towards international agreement which will not give a new forward impetus to the ebbing tide of Hitlerism. Yet, even under these disadvantages, he has agreed to enter again into the discussions as to disarmament, on receiving assurances which give at least a verbal recognition of Germany's claim to equal status. This is to be accompanied by a mutual declaration between the four great European Powers that they will not resort to force in any difficulties between them. So far, all is reassuring. But once more Germany has carried her point by a threat—for she had threatened to re-arm in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. What will happen next when she demands, as she certainly will demand, rectification of her eastern frontiers? Is it not humanly possible for the Great Powers to re-assess Germany's claim and Poland's, and so arrive at an Eastern Locarno? Clearly this is not possible unless Germany is to get something, and not possible either if Germany is to get all that she now claims—for Poland's consent is essential. The thing may be difficult; but will it be easier after Germany has acquired not only theoretical but actual equality in arms? Would Locarno have been possible if Germany had not been disarmed? Consideration for the feelings of the vanquished is good, but it cannot be pushed to the point of making believe that the war never happened. It happened, and one of the major consequences was the liberation of Poland. Parity in armament cannot usefully be established until Germany is prepared frankly to accept that consequence. Whatever modifications in detail may be justifiable and necessary, the

**German
Equality**

essentials of it have to be preserved. At present, the fixed determination of Germany seems to be to undo at this point of Europe what the war did; and that is the true obstacle to any general move to disarmament, and the reason for maintaining a force which Germany must fear. France proposes that it shall be an international one. Failing that, she will maintain it herself.

Every month makes it more apparent that if peace is to be maintained there must be force in reserve somewhere. The League of Nations has been confronted with demonstration of this fact in the case of China and Japan. In Manchuria Japan had special treaty rights, and had very fully earned them, and very fully justified her claim to them. China proceeded to assail this privileged position—not by war, but by methods of chicanery and by the boycott. Under the old order Japan would have been fully entitled to seek redress for herself; under the new order, she had renounced this right; but what was the alternative to using it? The League had no effective power to help. China could always plead that the anarchy in Manchuria was beyond her control—and could produce ample evidence of similar disorder elsewhere in her vast muddle of a realm. In the last resort, Japan has sought redress by her own power; and the League, confronted with the necessity to condemn or absolve, has wisely declined to give judgment at present. For, after all, civilised men will not pronounce for the necessity of letting anarchy loose over a territory inhabited by thirty million people, and all civilised men know that if the Japanese were called on to withdraw their forces from Manchuria, and obeyed, the result would be chaos. The League of Nations has no alternative means of restoring order. Whether the League will within this century have the power to enforce order in the Far East is a large question; whether it can do so now, is not worth asking. What it can do, and what it is asked by many of its ardent champions to do, is to declare in the name of civilisation and on the principle of nationality for the spread of anarchy.

**Rights and
Wrongs in
Manchuria**

One can observe everywhere in the world the effect of the absence of familiar sanctions. The small Powers, who now count theoretically equal as individuals with the great, begin to look at agreements made with great powers, and decide that these were entered into under duress, and may therefore be rescinded by the will of one party. Ireland was a case in point, but in that case England could impose very formidable economic sanctions and the results are not encouraging to others. But Persia also, perceiving England to be in a state of grace and debarred from redress by military means, has decided to rescind an agreement as to the oil-fields. In that instance England—doing at once what she could have been much better advised to do in the Irish controversy—referred the dispute to The Hague, then to Geneva. Whether litigation as between peoples would prove so universally cheap, expeditious and satisfactory as private individuals have found it, remains to be seen. But in this instance, any finding of the Court would certainly receive effect if it went against England; for the verdict would be accepted. But if it went against Persia, there would probably be an internal crisis, because a party in the state would declare that no power on earth should induce them to submit to such an award, and because in fact no power authorised to do so is in sight. The absence of accredited sanctions does not make for peace or for prosperity.

However, disarmament and such other issues have received little attention of late, because the world is preoccupied with the questions, to pay or not to pay. In theory indeed this question is related to disarmament, and a few American voices are still heard murmuring that the United States might take a more indulgent view if Europe did not spend so much on military and naval equipment. But nobody pays the least attention to them, because nobody believes that if armaments had been reduced before the fatal 15th of December, the American decision would have been affected. It is, in truth, not surprising that the United States should feel unable to dispense with the very

Persia's Coup

Bad Example of Default

appreciable incomings legally due to them from their late allies. Most of us must be acquainted with people whose incomes, though very large five years ago, and still to be reckoned in thousands, are down to a third, or even a quarter of what they were. The result is very great inconvenience because the commitments were all on a lavish scale. The United States had spent and promised to spend as if Pactolus ran through Wall Street: witness, for example, the war bonuses claimed by her ex-soldiers, which are estimated at some 400 millions. How is the government to face these angry veterans with empty hands and say, We have just excused a debt of 25 millions to those who stood beside you in France? The answer will be that generosity should begin at home. On the other hand, Europe, and more particularly Great Britain, faces the fact that, these payments cannot be continued for another generation, and therefore that if to suspend them means default, default must come sooner or later. Why then throw away thirty more millions in a hopeless endeavour? The only sound answer is that England and France, both creditor countries even more largely than debtors, stand to lose more by giving the example of default than they will gain by saving for their own use these great blocks of gold. There are people who think that England showed unwisdom in making the agreement under which the payments are due. Possibly; but it was a gesture expressive of a tradition and a temperament. If a fool continue in his folly he will be wise, is an old saying, and it is particularly applicable to follies of this kind. It seems to me, as the merest layman, that English credit will gain so much by the renewal of that gesture that the Bank will be as safe with 120 millions of gold in its vaults as it was with 140; and in the long run that sterling which rests on ascertained credit may prove a better medium of exchange than a metal whose use is mainly symbolic. Nobody can have too much credit; but it looks as if a nation might have too much gold and as if the United States were going to feel that. Meantime the French crisis emphasises England's warning that these payments cannot go on. America cannot declare all Europe defaulters without demonstrating that she herself is more vitally in default.

Rejoicings over the award of this year's Nobel prize to Mr. Galsworthy will be singularly widespread, for I do not think that any other British writer has so cosmopolitan an army of admirers. Mr. Shaw, perhaps, makes the widest appeal of all ; for, however incorrigibly and indomitably Irish, he is in a sense depatriated, and his wit and wisdom are curiously devoid of local idiom : it is almost as if he wrote in Esperanto. Mr. Wells is a would-be cosmopolitan, and so far as he is a propagandist, no doubt he carries ; but so far as he is the author of " Kipps " or " Mr. Polly " he is probably one of the most difficult for a foreigner to translate or to appreciate. Mr. Kipling has a strong and growing hold on the imagination of France, but not, I think on the more Nordic peoples ; and Sir James Barrie is the most esoteric of them all—not surprisingly. I cannot conceive of anything less intelligible to any continental than his latest and almost his most delightful creation, *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan*—now accessible as a little book. Yet Sir James Barrie is not more intimately and distinctively Scotch than Mr. Galsworthy is English—and all Germany, Austria and Scandinavia gulp down Mr. Galsworthy's novels by the shipload. The reason is, I think, that this admirable writer has a special taste for analysing and anatomising the particular qualities of his countrymen, and revealing their differentia, not as Anglo-Saxons, nor as Britons, but as English. Foreigners, and especially Germans, whose intellect has a strong tincture of curiosity, feel that his books offer not only an attractive story with characters realised and vitalised, but also give intimate information. What is the " public-school type," of which there is so frequent mention in English writing ? Mr. Galsworthy will tell you, not with Mr. Kipling's defiant exultancy, but in a mood of delicate discrimination ; he will disclose the sort of freemasonry which inhibits rather than forbids natural self-protective action to an English gentleman when he finds that an old schoolfriend is picking his pocket, cynically trusting to the protection of this old bond. He will analyse and expound by example the point of honour as it is recognised today among those Englishmen who specially

**Galsworthy's
Nobel Prize**

embody the public-school spirit : that, indeed, is what he has been doing in the latest of his novels, *Flowering Wilderness*, which is reviewed elsewhere in these pages—but I may be permitted to say that I take it for one of the best of his later books, with one (if not two) of his most delightful women characters. I cannot put it among the best of all, because these are the novels which interpret, to England and to Europe, something wider and deeper than the public-school type—*la nation boutiquière*.

The British merchant in his origins, his developments and the ramifications of his race—that is Mr. Galsworthy's subject *par excellence*. The roots are back in the country, but the type does not interest him till it has established itself in London ; he is among the most metropolitan of English novelists. But his metropolis includes the home counties and the south coast—all that area in which the successful man of business establishes a secondary domicile. As the scope of his subject has widened, it brings in also those with whom the successful merchants' progeny intermarry—Londoners only in the second instance, whose first attachment is to the ancestral home—which again Mr. Galsworthy sketches with a feeling for the peculiar beauty of an English countryside that is one of his great charms. But these houses have always to be in the same area ; the north in its austere wildness has little more to say to him than the industrial midlands. He likes his country to be all amenity, to look as if it were freshly groomed every morning ; as if it were all one great park. Continentals, accustomed to see every available acre put to profit, whether under wood or tillage, are made to feel the essence of this rusticity *de luxe*.

But, of course, the main appeal is the human one, and heaven knows Mr. Galsworthy's interest is human enough.

**Forsyte
Types**

He takes the normal typical English Forsytes and the rest, with their affluent bank balances and the lavish way with money which makes them seem purse-proud to continentals ; with their determination to have everywhere the best that money can buy, which is another aspect of their shrewd eye for a sound investment.

Yet prudence is no general attribute of the race ; the Englishman of merchant stock, as Mr. Galsworthy sees him, is, first of all, an enjoying animal, with strong, not over delicate, appetites ; and they have all of them more will than brains. Culture comes to them through the possession of money : they buy, first of all, from a sense of dignity ; but in the end, when there is a latent response to beauty, the beauty that they buy educates them, even while (like Soames Forsyte) they never lose the sense of making a good investment—even while the touchstone of a picture is whether it can be resold at a profit. Yet that is not the first, nor the chief, influence of beauty on their robust lives. Over and above the normal sex appeal there dawns in some the desire for beauty ; and here perhaps one has Mr. Galsworthy at his best. No one that I know has ever rendered the elusive quality of a woman's loveliness—chiefly in his Irene, who runs through so many of his books. In her case the appeal is shown first in its maddening effect on Soames, the man of property who wants to seize, hold and engross what he has acquired by a legal transaction and who finds beauty evading him until it escapes. But then, in the idyllic "Indian Summer", we see the same beauty in its exquisite response to an old man's worshipping adoration.

For out of the solid, pugnacious, port-drinking merchant-stock there can grow the artist, the lover, and the finest public-school product in honour and in delicacy of feelings ; and Mr. Galsworthy's picture of England, which does not spare the grossness in certain cases, is quick to give the refinement also. But, looking back on his work, two things stand out to me : one, a short story, the study of "Old English" who had valued himself on his palate and his capacity for good cheer in old age, and who, half paralysed, found himself under a rule that he resented, and broke away into the full rhapsody of one complete full-bodied British meal. Then his tyrants, intervening, denied him its crown and completion ; but, left alone and helpless, he dragged himself from the chair where he lay, reached the bottle of old brandy, defied them in his solitude, poured out, drank,

**Picture of
the English**

and, drinking triumphantly, died. It was a work of great art to show this in some ways not over-edifying euthanasia for what it is—an expression of the race's masterful will : peaceable people, like bulldogs, but not to be driven to resist.

The main masterpiece, however, is, of course, Soames Forsyte. I know no other instance in which a novelist has first given a mordant and most disagreeable study of a man and then, chapter by chapter, in successive books, has followed out the development of something which we cannot but respect, and which in the end Mr. Galsworthy, himself completely subjugated by his own creation, defying us to find any inconsistency in the nature, defies us also not to love.

The truth is that long ago, at the beginning of the saga, Mr. Galsworthy once dealt hardly with a living soul, and his conscience never let him rest until Soames, dying to save what he loved more than life or property, was fully righted and rehabilitated, and commemorated in lapidary phrase (by his chauffeur)—" 'E was a proper champion." That is justice as Mr. Galsworthy understands it.

In the last issue of the *Fortnightly Review* there was published a story, entitled "Beyond the Cities", in the course of which occurred the description of an adventure of an air pilot which inadvertently contained an unjustified reflection on a British company.

The airman is described as having landed at a post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Canadian North-West, and to have been welcomed by the factor with hospitable offers of whisky from cases which were about to be "traded out to the Indians for furs". It has been pointed out to us that this passage implies that it was the practice of the Hudson's Bay Company to trade whisky to the Indians, a practice which is contrary to law. This suggestion is entirely without foundation, and, though it is contained in an imaginative story, it is capable of leaving a false impression about the methods of trading of a company of high repute.

The *Fortnightly Review* desires to express its sincere regret for having been the means of conveying such an impression, which, even in a work of fiction, is calculated to affect the reputation of the Hudson's Bay Company injuriously.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS



The Five Year Plan ended with the old year ; what has it achieved ? MR. W. H. CHAMBERLIN's outline of important changes which are probably imminent in Russia is the best—and a very significant—answer. MR. CHAMBERLIN, who is the staff correspondent in Moscow of the influential American daily, the *Christian Science Monitor*, thoroughly knows his Russia. The members of the British Institute of International Affairs eagerly listened to such a trustworthy and sober judge of the situation when he recently passed through London.

Ignatius Phayre has often written before on American affairs. He now examines history and the origins of America's "effete constitution" for light on the prospect of a rational debt settlement.

Such diversity of opinion centres round the musical and educational programmes of the B.B.C. that the views expressed both by MR. C. H. WARREN and LORD PONSONBY will have ready acceptance among some sections of radio listeners. MR. WARREN was for some years on the staff of the *Radio Times* and LORD PONSONBY's voice will be well known to the listening public.

MR. JOHN HALLETT, a frequent writer on foreign affairs in these pages, gives in a single sentence a valuable clue to Germany's acceptance of General von Schleicher as the director of its affairs : "The voice of Prussian order is once more heard and obeyed". Another aspect of the German situation is considered by M. VLADIMIR NOSEK. As Counsellor on economic questions at the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs his forecast of a great outburst of German industrial activity and competition when the depression passes is worthy of careful attention.

LORD MESTON, who now writes as a detached but deeply interested observer of Indian affairs, has spent many years in the service of India, terminating as Finance Minister of the Governor-General's Council. J. H. HARLEY needs no introduction to *Fortnightly* readers. The publication of a little book on *The Times* gives an opportunity to MR. WICKHAM STEED, from his experience in the editorial chair, to give an interesting survey of its history and vicissitudes.

Everyone will regret the return of MISS STELLA BENSON to China after her short visit to London, but we can welcome MISS ROSITA FORBES, who for the past year has been travelling in Peru and the Argentine.

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ENTER CLOWNS, Poems by M. Mitchell-Withers, decorated by Henry Hoyland. *The College Press, Dulwich*. 5s.

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GYPSY DORELIA, a story-play in three acts, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, illustrated by John Austen. *The Bodley Head*. 10s. 6d.

It was only to be expected that this year should see a reduction in the output of the private presses. These are mostly run by enthusiasts, and though their first concern is good work, not good business, without at least promise of business they cannot carry on. This year the demand for limited editions, collectors' items, and fine printing has fallen very low. Nevertheless 1932 has seen some notable achievements—a typographical revolution at *The Times*, for which Mr. Stanley Morrison was responsible (an enormous undertaking in such hard times), several fine Golden Cockerel Press productions, the Lawrence translation of the *Odyssey*.

In a poverty-frightened world people may be forgiven for asking whether finely printed expensive editions of

works already to be had in cheap reprints are not rather a waste of time and labour. Men with ideals have always had to face the doubts of utilitarians. Artistic opinions may differ about the virtues of the new type-face used by *The Times*, but I think the man-in-the-train is pleased about it, for the paper is certainly far less tiring to read. Yet such a change is definitely due to those who have had the pluck and patience in the past to look upon printing (and practice it too) as a fine art. Morris's ideals may be quite outgrown, but the great improvement today in the printing of books for the ordinary market is due in a large measure to his attitude. His ideals have been tested, simplified, refined, changed, and absorbed, by subsequent printers, but he first made

modern printers conscious of their craft again. Our gratitude, and still more that of generations to come, will be given to these few printers who are content to put fine work before fortunes and to spend their time, even in these difficult days, in trying to surpass the standards of yesterday.

There can be no mistake about the delight one feels in handling the *Twelfth Night* of the Golden Cockerel Press. It is the noblest book, all things considered, of the year's output. It has a grand expansive page and yet is not too heavy a book; its binding (in half niger, russet-red, on pink linen, the title and woodcut ornaments printed in brown) is an example of strength without fuss, of simplicity without bareness and without pose. The text of the play is in black, and the wood engravings by Mr. Eric Ravilious are printed alternately in slate-grey and brown; and it is a curious fact that the engravings printed in the brown ink (which is warm and vigorous) seem better in design and execution than those in grey. The designs are decorations rather than illustrations, they add to the pleasant look of the book but make no attempt to interpret the characters or add imaginative comment to the play. Mr. Ravilious uses black line, in the manner of the mediæval woodcuts (see a reduced reproduction in this article), but though the designs are definitely in an antique manner and have, so far as I can see, nothing at all to show that they are a product of 1932, they are beautiful and quiet. The use of coloured ink in contrast to the black of the text prevents their coarseness of line from overloading the page. An occasional marginal engraving, a figure with ornamental flourishes set beside the text, delicately does away with that monumental solemnity which sometimes makes a finely-printed book an

object of reverence instead of a book to be read like other books. I do not like the crowded title page, and detest the half-title; these, however, are the only flaws in a fine book.

In the quarto reprint of Flaubert's *Salambo*, issued last year by the same press, the special virtues of the Golden Cockerel type, used also in *Twelfth Night*, are seen to advantage. Who is the fine printer who has not been fascinated by an "opening" with generous margins and two solid rectangles of type? "Rivers" and white half lines, no doubt, do spoil this four-square beauty, but most existing types when set solid and unbroken become almost unreadable.

The type used in *Salambo* and *Twelfth Night* is the most readable I know. A double opening of *Salambo* has all the beauty of solid setting, without any of that temptation to the eye to be lazy—to approve rather than read. It is black, with strongly marked serifs and even strokes (no thick and thin), qualities which make it lie still on the page. It has no eccentricities, is very upright, and as decisive as "Gill Sans" without the latter's self-conscious severity. Mr. Robert Gibbings illustrates *Salambo*.

Compared with the page of *Salambo*, that of Mr. Powys Mather's prose translation of the *Amores of Ovid*, set in Caslon Old Face, is (though a joy to look at) most difficult to read. Yet the Caslon is not so much in fault as the close setting, with the lines unbroken for paragraphs, which are marked instead by conspicuous black stars. This book is illustrated by five engravings on copper (by J. E. Laboureur) printed in sanguine. They have none of the clean keenness of line proper to engravings with the burin, in fact, but for the description on the title-page, I should have called them

etchings, or dry-points with the burr removed. They are ugly.

The *Game of Rummy* is a Golden Cockerel venture into the ordinary commercial market. It is an amusing little book, which Mr. A. E. Coppard writes and Mr. Gibbings depicts. It has the air of a private joke between them, and perhaps it would, on this account, have been better in smaller

subtlety in a lino-cut; all it will give is broad well-defined shapes of solid black and clean white—little more than a stencil; and Mr. Hoyland's skill with this process amazes me. His cuts are so simple that, given the design, anyone could cut one of them in half an hour; yet they are spirited, dramatic, and full of significance. (One of the smaller cuts is reproduced here.) Mr. Hoyland

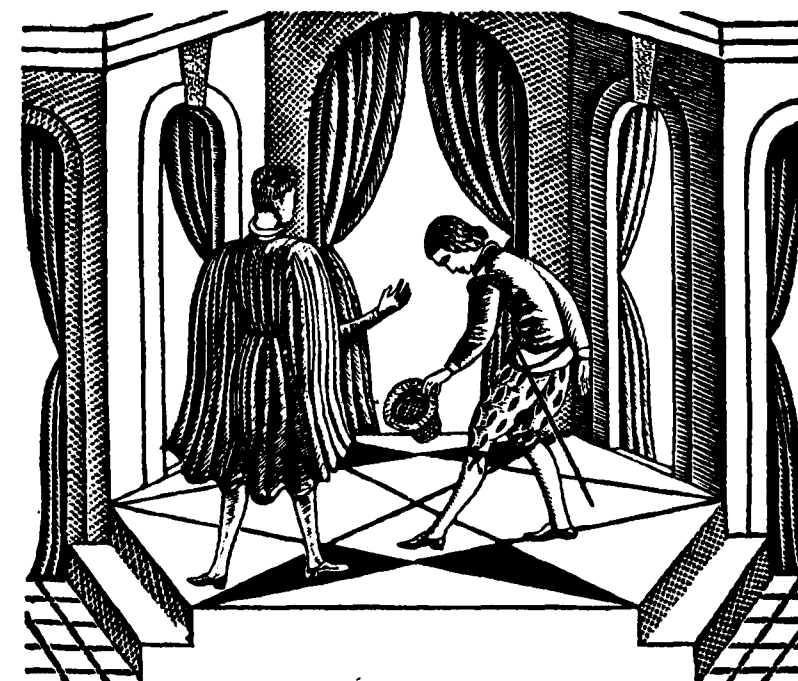


Illustration from "Twelfth Night"

type on a smaller page. But here is a chance for everybody to begin a modest collection of good printing.

I found much delight in an unpretentious little book of circus poems, *Enter Clowns*, by W. Mitchell-Withers, with decorations designed and cut by Henry Hoyland. This is not the place to discuss the poems, which describe in an admirable sequence all the circus turns. Each poem is illustrated by a linoleum cut. You cannot expect much

in his bold blacks and whites; and he never forces the medium to try to do what it cannot. Whether these heavy black shapes are a suitable accompaniment to book-size type is another matter. They would make excellent rhyme sheets.

Mr. Daglish's wood engravings in the new edition of *The South Country* are in interesting contrast. His sense of design is strangely uncertain—his best engravings are harmonious and charm-

ing, well drawn and excellently translated into white line, but his worst (and often they appear in the same book) are full of poorly conceived and badly drawn shapes. The picture of bee orchids and snails on page 29 shows all Mr. Daglish's peculiar virtues; the one of the snake in its thickets of bloom on page 55 shows how badly he can fail. The leaves and flowers in this cut are entirely without characteristic form, lazily drawn and mechanically engraved. The engraver has not even taken the trouble to stop his tool where the line of the snake goes behind a flower stem, or one leaf crosses another. The flowers are mere jabs out of the wood, the leaves are fans of radiating lines without much form or character. And yet the best engraving in the book is a fine achievement in design—something which nobody but Mr. Daglish could have done. It is the "Cirl Bunting" on page 190, and I wish it were possible to reproduce it satisfactorily here.

Mr. Daglish uses the capabilities of wood to give delicate white lines and subtle shades of grey: Mr. Gibbings in *Iorana!* uses its power of silhouette. Here, in a very fully illustrated book, he tells in word and woodcut of a journey in the South Seas. He has a much more self-satisfied and confident style than Mr. Daglish, a sort of swagger as he designs and cuts, and good firm draughtsmanship, but the lack of experiment in technique makes his engravings seem

monotonous, though the subjects in the book are varied enough.

The Virgin is a modest little production printed in a modern copy of Poliphilus type, with a wood engraving as frontispiece. It is "all of a piece"—well set and well printed. It may stand as an example of the excellent work that can be done with small equipment. The story, by Marius Lyle, is a modern retelling of the story of Mary, mother of Jesus.

Gypsy Dorelia, a straightforward piece of mass-production printing, is

the only book of my list which uses for its pictures line-blocks photographically made from pen drawings. Mr. John Austen, the illustrator, knows the needs of the process well, his graceful fluctuating outlines and delicate cross hatchings reproduce exactly; but his pen is inclined to run into a rather shallow curliness of its own accord, and his rugged men are his

pretty women all over again.

Messrs. Dent are to be thanked again for another full-colour facsimile of a Blake Book—this time *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion*. A great deal of trouble has gone to the making of this facsimile, even to the choice of a special calendered paper that shall be suitable for three-colour printing and yet be permanent. I do not like this book so well as *The Book of Urizen*, but that is probably because the Blake original was a paler and less vigorous thing. It is a good help to have these facsimiles, and essential to students of Blake.



Illustration from "Enter Clowns"

JULIUS CÆSAR AND HIS AGE

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY: VOL. IX THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, 133-44 B.C. Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d.

THIS, the ninth, volume of the Cambridge Ancient History covers the great historical period of the Gracchi, Marius, Sulla, Cicero, Pompey, Crassus, Catiline, Clodius, Mark Antony and Julius Cæsar. That mixed company of wise men and irresponsible fools, some honest men and many rogues, some philosophers and too many soldiers, all together made a great deal of this very important part of the history of the human race. Of course, strictly speaking, they did not so much make history by their own deeds, good or evil, but rather, allowed the gigantic processes of social growth to push them forward into the most obvious positions in the vast panorama. But whether great leaders of men or helpless puppets of their circumstances, their story makes a gigantic structure of human life, beside which the plots of the theatrical stage shrink into insignificant oblivion.

The present writer, in reviewing earlier volumes of this series of Cambridge Histories, has pointed out that some of the oldest history has most direct relationship with the most recent events of our own days. The statement is peculiarly true of this volume. It covers a hundred or so years of Roman history—for the Romans, with many digressions, are the centre of the book, as they were also the central fact of the world in the last century B.C.—and these years correspond in a most striking manner with the nineteenth century, during which Great Britain

made herself a powerful empire and an industrial plutocracy. Roman wealth did not come from its factories, it is true, and its great riches were not gathered by manufacturers, but by tax-collectors. During that process, however, the agricultural peasant, who had made his city great in the early Republic, was forgotten in the scramble for wealth and power; and when Cæsar marched on Rome across the Rubicon, he was faced by the very urgent fact that although he was so easily master of the great city of Rome, its food supplies came across the seas—whereon his political rivals still possessed the strongest fleet.

That is only one example why this most absorbing and most illuminating volume of ancient history is so important to-day, as a very valuable aid to the rulers of Britain. If the cabinet ministers of twentieth-century England would take the trouble to read the story of the Roman Republic they would, perchance, get many invaluable hints for their work. The political problems of the age of Julius Cæsar were remarkably like our own after the Great War. This very scholarly, and yet very easily and pleasantly read, volume helps us to realize that the difference between Cicero and some of the front bench members of the Parliament in London, is not much more than the replacing of a superficial toga by a lounge suit. The fundamental facts, which were the subjects of their debates, were of such persistent present-day importance as finding work for soldiers back from the wars; restoring prosperity to the vital craft of agriculture; discovering useful

work for idle city-mobs, that every day were growing more debilitated in mind and body, and rapidly becoming a danger to the State that could find no healthy function for them. How Rome dealt with such problems—how it failed to deal with them, and its penalty for failure, will be found in this volume.

This is not the place to discuss fine points of historical science. Suffice it to say that the reader can be sure of finding in this series of Cambridge Histories the latest results of scholarship. There may be differences of opinion concerning the interpretation to be put on the facts; but the facts are here stated without evasion. For example, one would venture to say that Mr. Hugh Last ranks somewhat too highly both the intellectual and the ethical contents of the reforms pressed on their state by the two Gracchi. It is possible to hold that their work was not of much more importance than the political schemes of the Whig oligarchy at its worst in Britain. One could even make out a good case for the statement that Gaius Gracchus did not do much good to anyone except the new middle-class adventurers who were so largely responsible for Rome's economic danger. One can almost believe that Gaius was consciously the tool of the new provincial tax-collectors. Yet this belief, if held, may be gained from Mr. Last's own impartial statement of the facts.

Towering above all others in this book, rises the figure of Julius Cæsar. His stature gains by appearing in the field of general history, rather than on the smaller biographical page—which is so apt to put its special subjects out of proper perspective. One is more than ever convinced that he is the biggest man in history. In these pages he is set down with all his unforgivable crimes, his massacres and his callous

statesmanship of ruthless self-advancement, all clear as type can make them. Yet one ends by forgiving the unforgivable, because he was always so much wiser and so much more generous, and so much less merciless than his contemporaries. Except, perhaps, Pompey; whose subtle character is here admirably suggested, though rightly kept in the shadow of this blazing picture of Rome during the civil wars which brought its republic to destruction.

The scholar, the economist, the statesman, the readers of romance, all alike will find this volume very much to their tastes. Those who do not trouble to read the story of the end of the Roman Republic have no claim to be considered even tolerably educated persons. The modern rulers who ignore it should be impeached as a national danger.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Volume I, 1836-1885, by J. L. Garvin. *Macmillan*. 21s.

GENIUS finds its own way to the top. Joseph Chamberlain's way lay through the mayoralty of a provincial town and Mr. Garvin puts a touch of paradox into the opening of a biography that will rank with the already classical *Lives of Disraeli and Gladstone* when he suggests that this way was found for him by his heredity. He came of sturdy middle-class stock harking back to an Elizabethan martyr and an evicted Stuart minister. His mother added a dash of more turbulent blood which came out in his preference for the positive name Dissenter over the negative name Nonconformist. He was a Unitarian, and his faith accounts both for his connection with Birming-

ham and for his rationalistic attitude towards social issues. To him, looking on the world as he began to recover from the shock of his first wife's death, it appeared obvious that a widened franchise implied education and that to be effective education must be universal, compulsory, free and unsectarian. Such was the Chamberlain of the 'sixties.

He learned swiftly from experience. Failing to get his way on the sectarian issue he enlarged his programme, transforming it into a social policy by putting free labour, free land and free food besides free schools and a free church. His educational campaign had laid the foundation of his friendship with Morley, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, which accordingly became the platform from which the new Radicalism made its literary appeal. Parliament already called Chamberlain, but a defeat at Sheffield—emphatically a blessing in disguise—reserved him for Birmingham and left him free for the achievements of his great mayoralty. Now the synthetic quality of his mind, already manifested in his business triumphs, first revealed itself in a wider field. Competing interests in gas, water, and the ownership of urban land were resolved into public monopolies. Their ultimate aim was not simplicity of administration but public welfare, as was signally illustrated in Chamberlain's principle that profits on gas might relieve the rates, but profits on water must go in new facilities for the consumers. Thus his Radical principles had practical triumphs behind them when at last he entered Parliament. Such was the Chamberlain of the 'seventies.

The beginning of the next decade saw him President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's second ad-

ministration. Till Dilke joined him, he was the only Radical in a predominantly Whig Cabinet, his best support often coming from the Prime Minister, despite vast differences of temperament and outlook. He was unhappy, and repeatedly contemplated resignation; but he stayed and chafed, and his discomfort helps to explain the bitterness of his platform speeches. He stayed first in order to secure, as in the end he did secure, the wider franchise which alone could impose defeat on Whiggery in high places and guarantee the new Radical policy. Next, both at the beginning and the end of his term, he had hopes of an Irish settlement. They were thwarted at first by Mr. Gladstone who would not send Chamberlain to Ireland because he was determined not to have his Chief Secretary in the Cabinet, and latterly by the double dealing of O'Shea. Chamberlain's plan of an Irish National Council was intended as a final settlement. As such Parnell refused to have it; but O'Shea, to ease negotiations, suppressed his letters.

Between these two Irish episodes Chamberlain bided his time. Egypt and the scramble for Africa gave him an attitude towards France and Germany of importance to the understanding of his own later career and his country's later history. Moreover the failure of his Merchant Shipping Bill taught him the power of vested interests to maintain social abuses and made him await more eagerly than ever the general election which would at last give his programme popular endorsement. Such was the Chamberlain of the earlier 'eighties, and here, on the eve of events which were to transform political values, Mr. Garvin brings down the curtain on his first act.

HAROLD STANNARD.

LIGHT ON CHINA

CHINA: THE PITY OF IT, by J. O. P. Bland. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.
LAND AND LABOUR IN CHINA, by R. H. Tawney. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

MR. BLAND'S style is so captivating that even those whom he lashes "could scarce forbear to cheer". Certainly he plies the lash unsparingly. Since first he turned his searchlight upon Young China, twenty years ago, he has never found the slightest reason to alter his conviction that her claims are a delusion and her government a snare, that her pretensions are merely the ancient predatoriness of the mandarin dressed up in modern trappings to deceive the outer barbarian, and, generally, that Nationalism's little finger is thicker than many generations of Imperial loins.

There is, of course, much to support this view. The soulless greed of militarists and political factions, the shameless rapacity of the Kuomintang District Councils, the multiplication of tax bureaux that have driven thousands of decent peasants into brigandage through sheer desperation, all the miseries of misgovernment which Mr. Bland so vividly presents, cannot be too strongly pressed upon Western attention. But, with all respect to Mr. Bland, it is simply not true to assume that the evils of Kuomintangism—which no one has lashed more furiously than some outstanding members of the Party itself—make up the whole story of Nationalism; and the silly sentimentalism which deliberately shuts its eyes to what is wrong with China is only a little worse

for her hopes of recovery than to ignore the existence of the men who are trying to set her feet upon a rock and order her goings. It may be that the forces of disorder are too much for their strength. But there they are, and there is the case for Europe's helping them, as urged by the Lytton Report.

With Mr. Bland's condemnation of Western policy in China during the past ten years one wholeheartedly agrees. The good intentions of the Washington Conference were based on fallacy as regards China and have resulted in nothing but a series of weak concessions to Kuomintang clamour, by which no one has benefited less than the Chinese people themselves, while the Nine Power Treaty for all useful purpose had become a dead letter long before Japan's conduct in Manchuria called it in question. Great Britain's offence in this respect was the less excusable because her vast experience, not only of China but of all Oriental character, should have made it impossible for her to surrender to the mass attacks of Kuomintang propaganda to which the gullible American public naturally succumb. Other writers, certainly not to be accused of "die-hardism," have shown, no less trenchantly than Mr. Bland, how perfectly "the F.O. school of thought" is framed to defeat the very ends it aspires to serve. The only remedy is to face facts, bad and good alike. Friendship for China is not inconsistent with, indeed, it imperiously demands, the sternest resistance to violation of

international rights and, incidentally, the deliberate fostering of anti-foreignism by school text-books. In the long run, no one suffers worse by these things than China herself—as the past fifteen months eloquently prove.

Professor Tawney's book ought to be read in conjunction with Mr. Bland's. Though his accumulation of facts in so small a space is prodigious, it is one of the most readable and illuminating books on China one recalls. Industrialism is still in its infancy in China: here is a splendid opportunity for her to avoid the mistakes of the West. China lives, and as far as imagination can see is likely to live, by her peasants. What a tragedy that misgovernment and the lack of a little science should rob their unequalled skill and industry of the fruits they might yield. On all this and in his vivid account of the hardships of a life continually on "the ragged edge" of starvation, Professor Tawney's pages are full of valuable warning and counsel. But he goes much farther than this, and his chapter on "Politics and Education" is an admirable statement of the causes of Young China's failure. One particularly true and caustic dictum must be quoted:

The forms of the (Kuomintang) Constitution are elaborate and unimportant. They are the product, partly of the genius of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, partly of an American version of Western political theory, partly of the influence of the Russian example, partly of military exigencies. The reality, if military affairs be left on one side, is a bureaucracy.

Subsequent analysis of government by bureaucracy leaves nothing to be desired. The trouble in a nutshell is, too much undigested imitation from abroad and too little regard for China's innate thoughts and likings. There is the problem, as Professor Tawney says—"to build with a modern technique, but on Chinese foundations."

O. M. GREEN.

SUBCONSCIOUS EUROPE, by Fedor Vergin. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

THE application of a few ounces of common sense is all that is necessary, one would think, to convince the ordinary person that contemporary political and economic problems can only be understood when considered against their psychological background. In other words, the basic facts in the existing world situation are not those of the Basle Experts' Reports or of suppositious economic "laws", but are precisely the mental states of the various nations, which are reflected more or less in their respective policies. Yet we in England still cling to the illusion that the manifest economic interdependence of the nations must sooner or later compel them to cease their bickering, we blithely look forward to the day when the statesmen—of America, of Germany, etc.—will bravely shepherd their flocks back into the pen of "the gold standard", the Free Trade world, etc., . . . which the British moneyed interests contrived, *to suit their own book*, in the nineteenth century. Was ever such childish blindness? No wonder Dr. Vergin, who is an Austrian expert on mental disorder, puts the psychological age of Europeans in general at five or six!

For we British are not peculiar in our limitations. The inability of men like Lord Salisbury, Lord Grey and others accounted as great statesmen, to grasp the psychological construction of any minds save their own is matched by a Herriot or a Hoover abroad. And so, for lack of a little attention to the mind and mood of the social units called nations, we stumble on further into political turmoil—the wicked wizards of "international finance" themselves are no less dependent on certain psychological facts and reactions which they are powerless to control; until finally,

as the author of this unusual pathological study remarks, "we slaughter one another because we refuse to recognize our psychological disorders."

It is a sobering reflection. But it is unquestionably true. And since, as Mr. Leonard Woolf demonstrated in his prodigious study in communal psychology, *After the Deluge*, "the history of politics is the history of psychology," we must all say Amen to Dr. Vergin's casual comment on present aids to peace:

"The League of Nations . . . would be an effective factor in the cause of peace if only its governing idea were not the registration but the psychological investigation of the differences by which nations are divided."

More is the pity that Dr. Vergin's book, excellently rendered by Mr. Raglan Somerset, is not the kind of book that will help us very much to mend our ways. For Dr. Vergin is a disciple and devotee of Professor Freud. He has therefore found it necessary to clothe his accurate enough analysis of the real problems of our time in the psychiatric jargon of that School,—a welter of words which only confuse and obscure certain self-evident facts.

What is necessary is a straightforward comparative study in national psychologies, distinguishing between the *constants*—the national attitude being moulded to a certain form by considerations of history and geography, and the *variables* which depend on the economic (and political) situation at a given time. What we are given here is a mass of fairly commonplace observation wrapped up in reflections on the Mother-complex, the essentially feminine and masochistic nature of the Germans, the sadistic post-war nationalism of the French the "totemistic significance" of phenomena such as bureaucracy, the censorship, etc. . . .

Most of us, I suppose, are not yet educated up to such a stiff dose of psycho-analysis. However, I commend Dr. Vergin as a salutary shock to our Progressive Societies and Persons *et hoc genus omne*, who in their prating of international co-operation, a World-State, etc., are trying to put on the roof before we have dug the foundations—those foundations which are indeed embedded in the national consciousness.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

METHODS OF SOCIAL STUDY, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. *Longmans Green*. 8s. 6d.

SUCH a book as this one, in which two scholars accord to the general public and to their colleagues an insight into their ideals and methods of working, is of course, outside the scope of criticism, except in so far as it deals with the subject itself of their study, in this case the science of sociology. In the first chapter a general definition and suggested division of the subject is outlined, of which it is only necessary to say that it is both comprehensive and illuminating. Perhaps, in fact, it may be said to be a little too comprehensive, for the beginner may be left uncertain in what respect sociology differs from economic or political science on the one hand and from crowd psychology on the other. It might have been advisable to elaborate further the passage in which the authors explain that, although all science is ultimately one, and different sciences may deal with some of the same material, yet it is possible to find in the typical object of study and the method of approach to it a distinction between sociology and the allied sciences. This, however, is definitely less a criticism than an

appeal for further enlightenment. The point is one of considerable delicacy, and possibly it was better to leave some doubt than to enter upon the dangerous field of controversy.

The rest of the book, which will delight both the general reader and the student of sociology, is devoted about equally to the methods of social investigation in general and to the experience of the distinguished co-authors. The chapters on mental equipment and on the art of interviewing are both witty and profoundly wise. That on the taking and utilisation of notes is of the greatest practical value not only to the social investigator but in many other branches of study. That on Royal commissions and committees should be the source of much valuable knowledge to politicians and to future members of such bodies.

But the most valuable part of the book to the general reader may be found in the last two chapters, dealing with the results which sociology has been able to achieve and what guidance may be obtained from it in the future. The delicate and intricate outline there drawn of the relation between those matters which are the subject of scientific study and those questions for the answer to which man must look to "some feeling in the individual consciousness", seems to me the best modern statement of the kind to be met with. The value of this section in particular is not to the sociologist alone, but to the serious worker in any human activity, and raises the book from the level of a useful and interesting record of experience to a place among the work of the spiritual leaders of mankind, a place which its authors are far too modest ever to claim for themselves.

ALAN M. WELLS.

THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD, 1815-1818. *The Bodley Head*. 15s.

THIS invaluable first-hand record of how the Prisoner of St. Helena lived, rode, ate, and talked—especially talked—in the first three years of his captivity, was first published in France at the end of the 19th century. It has never before been translated into English, and Mr. Sydney Gillard is to be congratulated on the version now given to us, edited and most admirably "introduced" by Mr. Norman Edwards and prefaced by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has made such intensive and extensive studies of French Revolution history.

Gourgaud, when he followed his Emperor into captivity, was a young man in the early "thirties," sentimental, abnormally sensitive, devoted to his mother, and feeling acutely his separation from France and his family, as well as the tedium of the life at Longwood. He is no Boswell, except in so far as he is a faithful recorder. But the very ingenuousness of his diary, the absence of any literary artifice, makes it, perhaps, ring the more true. He adored his master, very much as a dog would and with just as little comprehension of his master's moods. Napoleon, suffering in health and irretrievably ruined, was not unnaturally changeable, peevish, censorious and often unreasonable. Gourgaud in his turn became irritable and neurasthenic, and seems to have suffered from an incurable inferiority complex, always thinking himself slighted by the British officials and insufficiently appreciated by the Emperor.

He seems to have been on occasion tactless in the extreme; he was no courtier. "Sire, I am too truthful", he remarks on one occasion, and he

could not have said a truer thing. But he set down faithfully the day-to-day happenings of that bickering household at Longwood, the Emperor's complaints against the English, his reminiscences of the past, his ceaseless fighting over again of his campaigns, accounts of which he dictated at night to this faithful young disciple, his ever-recurring attempt to discover how his calculations could have so miscarried and come to grief at Waterloo. Perhaps it was only because, as Wellington put it, "it was a damned near thing".

One could pick out extract after extract from the journal of Napoleon's *obiter dicta*, sad, brusque, pointed, or packed with wisdom, for, as Mr. Belloc says of him, "he was a man who talked, and talked, and talked all the time . . . and had a creative brain". And at Longwood he had little to exercise it on except in re-creating the past. Some points come out very clearly—his regret for the Austrian marriage, which in the end had been his undoing, for it led him into the war with Russia, yet it failed him when he needed an ally. He speaks regretfully of Josephine, though he knew her to be a liar, "she was the epitome of elegance. . . . If she could have borne me a baby, I never would have left her". Women in general, he thinks, "are good to consult", and "if he were ever restored to the throne, he would devote two hours daily to consultation with women". Had he been victorious at Waterloo, he would, he says, have dismissed the Chambers. "A deliberative Assembly is a terrible thing. The English Constitution suits England only." But the diary must be read, not quoted, to appreciate the sadness of genius in decay.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

**CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN ENGLAND
—FIVE CENTURIES OF SOCIAL
LIFE,** by F. J. Harvey Darton.
Cambridge University Press. 15s.

MR. DARTON has written a scholarly book designed primarily for specialist study and reference. The casual reader will probably prefer to dip rather than read continuously. Here the development of the whole art and business of children's books in England is traced in detail from Caxton to the end of the last century. The books themselves, their authors, the decisive conditions of publication, are concurrently described. It is a story shedding interesting light upon family life, the social attitude of parents to children, through successive generations. That aspect, however, remains for the most part implicit. Again, "it would have been interesting, no doubt, . . . to analyse the idea of romance, and particularly that variety of it which . . . makes every Englishman an essential Robinson Crusoe. It would be no less interesting to study, with *Gulliver* as a text, the love of seeing things turned topsy-turvy. . . . But to discuss such matters would be to abandon history." And history, it would appear, Mr. Darton is not prepared to woo as one of the Muses; he calls upon her by no means least for "commercial and bibliographical details."

It is thus largely, though certainly not solely, in these terms that he shows his subject's evolution from early roots sprouting from mediæval romance and fable up the narrow stalk of three centuries of only slightly changing moralism to the late efflorescence of the last seventy or eighty years, a progressive growth into comparatively new recognition of the state of childhood as an autonomous republic.

One might speculate as to the relation

of that recognition to modern thought generally, but Mr. Darton prefers not to do so, shunning not only this but other even more attractive byways. He writes of *The Swiss Family Robinson*—"I never knew, until I re-read one of the texts a year or two ago, that it was full of the most extravagantly laboured piety. . . . I certainly never heard of questions of text and authorship and continuations by other hands, and doctoring by editors. All I remembered was that a very large snake swallowed the donkey and was killed while comatose from repletion; that the family had a house in a tree; that they tamed and rode ostriches, made lassoes, built a boat, tapped the india-rubber tree, obtained coconuts by the well-known method of encouraging imitation in monkeys, and found a salt mine. That ought to be enough for anybody." It is, for most of us; we are content to remember no more, not even the author's name, much less those of his editors! Yet even we, spending a lazy winter evening or two over Mr. Darton's book beside the fire, may be grateful to him for bringing back to us many such recollections, of books read long ago and forgotten, fled into the past and irrecoverable. For pleasure it is to recall them, even though, less brave than Mr. Darton, we shall scarcely dare to re-read them!

GEOFFREY WEST.

JOHN MASEFIELD, by Gilbert Thomas. (Modern Writers Series.)
Thornton Butterworth. 3s. 6d.

MR. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH is to be congratulated on having rescued the Modern Writers Series from the wreckage of the short-lived firm that fathered it; for it is a good little series, its subjects and contributors alike well

chosen; and this study of the Poet Laureate by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, with which its new publisher inaugurates its revival, a model of its kind. Criticism of contemporaries is proverbially a ticklish task, but Mr. Thomas steers clear of most of its dangers. He is appreciative, but not exuberant. He is critical, but constructive. He moves through the atmosphere of the period, responding to its influence, but conscious of its shortcomings. And, above all, he lays his mind fallow to the temperament of his author, before he proceeds to analyse and interpret its qualities. This little book is closely packed with the essential stuff of critical biography, and it emerges in a clear, sympathetic, and true portrait.

Mr. Thomas's estimate of Mr. Masefield reveals him as a "realist in scope and form, but romantic at heart", who has "greatly extended the range and

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resources of poetry as an interpretation of hidden beauty in common life, and has laid foundations upon which future poetry may perhaps build more perfectly." To understand the poet we must know the man,—no easy undertaking, for Mr. Masfield has always shrunk from the popular passion for publicity. Mr. Thomas, however, is able to sketch the Laureate's early life in swift, revealing outline,—his boyhood among the Hereford and Cotswold hills; his early escape to the open sea, and his arduous and endurances afloat; days of tramping in America, when he "saw the naked worst of life, and drank experience to the lees"; nights of journalism in Fleet Street; bondage of a wandering spirit to the office and the desk; then, sudden, far-reaching success with "The Everlasting Mercy"; the conquest of a clamouring public; and, after the intervention of perilous service with the Red Cross in the War, congenial sanctuary on the hills above Oxford, honour among his peers, and the steady, substantial support of an eager company of readers, wherever the English speech is spoken.

The superior young person has been heard to complain that the Laureate is too popular in appeal to be a true poet; and if it is true that ninety thousand copies of Mr. Masfield's *Collected Poems* have been sold in less than ten years, he must clearly get closer than most contemporary singers to the great heart of the British public." But the devil's advocate would be hard put to it to show evidence of Mr. Masfield choosing the easy way to please; and Mr. Thomas makes out an unanswerable case for the strength, sincerity, and artistic integrity of the Laureate's work in all its kinds. Its central quality is seen to be a plea for emotion as opposed to bare intellect, the emotion evoked by "the whole full-

blooded life of man", and by that intimacy with the underworld which issues in a "genuine love for his fellow kind that is very different from mere pity." Underlying the poet's keen, observant, and unflinching realism there remains a transcendental faith, which thinks nobly of the soul, believes intensely in the old domestic sanctities; and, having tasted the squalor of slums and stews, has raked out a hidden beauty from their ash-heaps.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

EARLY MEDIAEVAL FRENCH LYRICS, by Claude Collier Abbott. Constable. 15s.

IN one of his famous lectures, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch speaks at length on the difficulty of examining in literature. He quotes Peele's charming jingle:

Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be:
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

and asks, "How can anyone examine on *that*. How can anyone explain . . . just why and how that hits him? And yet, if it hit him not, he is lost . . . he is all unfit to traffic with literature."

The reviewer of Mr. Abbott's book is in a like predicament. Here are some hundred translations of twelfth and thirteenth century French vernacular poems. Written in the vernacular, and not in the Latin, it follows that they strike no sophisticated note. The majority of them are songs with a chorus, which tell simply and with an admirable economy of words how the lover came by his mistress, and how the lady eluded her husband. There is hardly a poem in this book which strikes a deeper note than the famous:

In orchard where the leaves of hawthorn hide
The lady holds a lover to her side,
Until the watcher in the dawning cried,

AH GOD, AH GOD, THE DAWN!
IT COMES HOW SOON.

This poem, chosen almost at random, illustrates better the average range of the emotions expressed in Mr. Abbott's collection:

I HAVE A GARLAND STILL
THAT WAS MY DEAR'S
Given with a right good will.
I HAVE A GARLAND STILL;
Keep it for love I will
All my years;
I HAVE A GARLAND STILL
THAT WAS MY DEAR'S.

Of that, too, as of commendably many of Mr. Abbott's translations, Sir Arthur might well have said that if it did not hit the reader he was unfit to traffic with literature. But, of course, there is not much to be said about it, except that it proves Mr. Abbott to be as much of poet as he is a scholar.

This anthology has been twelve years in the making, and, so Mr. Abbott tells us, it is a labour of love and not of compulsion. His translations bear all the marks of continuous but leisurely polishing, which perhaps accounts for the easy grace he contrives to give to them. He has set down in a preface his own ideals, when he says:

Translation, small or great, should be a re-creation of the spirit and atmosphere of the original, carrying no air of paraphrase. Given this, the closer the word and pattern of the original is followed, the better. Without this the failure is complete. No slavish attention to the dead bones of metrical form will compensate for the breath of life.

Sometimes, it may be urged, that he sticks almost too closely to the archaism of his text.

When the long days are come, in month of May,
And Franks of France from King's court ride away,

for instance, would be better surely by the addition of the word *the* in more than one place, even though the word is omitted in the French. And to give "Pardie", as a translation for "Por Deu", may be accurate, but it reads oddly.

Most gracious lady
My thanks, pardie:

irresistably calls to mind the jargon of the Wild and Woolly West.

The anthology is prefaced by a pleasantly erudite but not too formidably learned account of early French vernacular poetry. Mr. Abbott has charmingly added to our knowledge of France in the Golden Middle Age.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

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No. 6 of The Benington Books. The subjects of the Essays include:—
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30, MUSEUM ST., W.C.1.

TWO HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, by Clennell Wilkinson. *Harrop*. 8s. 6d.
THE REGENT AND HIS DAUGHTER, by Dormer Creston. *Thornton Butterworth*. 15s.

"It was a wild and stormy night in Innsbruck on the 2nd of April, 1719... Where was d'Artagnan? Listen! There is his step at last". No, these flowers of speech are culled neither from a nineteenth century novelette nor from a twentieth century film-scenario, but from the first chapter of Mr. Clennell Wilkinson's biography of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. The style was presumably suggested by the Hollywood quality of the subject. There are fine mass-scenes (the Highlanders at Prestonpans) and soul-stirring close-ups (the faithful lairds and Flora Macdonald). But if we are so rash as to look behind the scenes, the background is sordid enough. Stripped of the tinsel of the stage romance, what remains but a weak-headed and irresponsible youth, worshipped for his name and lineage, leading better men than himself to a slaughter from which he had the misfortune to escape, almost alone, into a prosaic and rather disreputable old age? The story does well enough for an historical novel; but a biography requires more serious and more critical treatment than Mr. Wilkinson has been prepared to give it.

The Regent and his Daughter is more satisfying fare. A few years ago, Miss Creston boiled down and potted, from the correspondence of the parties concerned, the love story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. She has now applied the same process with equal skill and on a more ambitious scale, to the voluminous mass of letters and contemporary memoirs re-

lating to the private life of George IV, his wife Caroline and their daughter Charlotte. Miss Creston takes on in turn the colour of the various authorities from whom she draws her material. She is sentimental with that mercenary little baggage Perdita Robinson, the only woman who ever came off better than she deserved in her dealings with George IV; witty with Malmesbury, whose classic narrative of his mission to Brunswick to fetch the Prince's bride can never be read too often; ironical with Brougham, that intelligent and not disinterested student of the seamy side of royal family life; and—if the truth must be told—a trifle dull with "Notti", the worthiest and longest winded of Princess Charlotte's many governesses. Miss Creston shows here and there an unnecessary inclination to whitewash the Prince of Blackguards. But she is right to emphasise the faults of taste which, in Caroline, went hand in hand with excellent qualities of head and heart; for they help to explain the swift and irreparable character of the breach. The last chapter deals with the subsequentmorganatic marriage of Leopold, Charlotte's husband and the future King of the Belgians, to a German woman named Karoline Bauer. It is irrelevant to the subject, but was well worth adding; for it will be new to most readers. Altogether, a pleasant, rambling, gossipy book. It is only when the author deserts her sources and exercises her mother wit that her style sometimes descends into bathos. But that is merely what comes of trying to write like Mr. Guedalla, who contributes a laudatory "foreword" to the volume.

E. H. CARR.

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Contributors to the January number include—

*Christopher Dawson,
 The Right Rev. Abbot Sir David Hunter-Blair, O.S.B.,
 Georges Cattani, etc.*

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BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD.,
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THE OXFORD BOOK OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY VERSE.

Chosen by E. K. Chambers. *Clarendon Press.* 8s. 6d.

AN anthology of English verse ranging from Stephen Hawes to Campion must necessarily contain the most precious part of our literature. Sir Edmund Chambers (who, it is pleasant to observe, disembarrasses himself of knighthood on the title-page) is fortunate in having so rich a century to loot; and one is tempted to add that the sixteenth century is fortunate in having secured the attention of Sir Edmund Chambers, whose taste and scholarship give him an unchallengeable authority in this field. The result of the happy encounter is a book which it were superfluous to praise and impossible to criticize pertinently. One might, for form's sake, ask why we are not given more Raleigh (since Miss Latham's valuable work on that poet) and less Sir John Davies; or why *this* lyric from the Elizabethan Songbooks is included, and not *that*. But such questions would be something less than honest; for it must be apparent to anyone who knows the period (and we all know less of it than does this anthologist) that the work has been incomparably well done. Coming late into "a field from which many harvests have been gathered in bygone years"—to quote his own words—Sir Edmund Chambers nevertheless contrives to give us, not only the best of what is already treasured by all lovers of poetry, but many a charming thing known only to readers of Tottel's *Miscellany* and such other old anthologies as *The Poetical Rhapsody* and *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. The major poets are adequately represented, not only by complete poems, but also by passages extracted from long works, such as "The Faery Queen," "Venus and

Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece." There is much Campion, much Wyatt (in the authentic pre-Tottel versions), much of the excellent Anon; and tardy justice is done to Fulke Greville. The book is uniform in typographical style with the other Oxford anthologies of verse: which is to say that publisher and printer, as well as compiler, have done their work to admiration.

G. B.

LOW'S RUSSIAN SKETCHBOOK.

Drawings by Low. Text by Kingsley Martin. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

THERE have, we read, been twenty thousand foreign visitors to Russia this summer, and most of them have been anxious to tell the world all about it. The result is that people are sick and tired of tourists' impressions. But it is quite a different matter when our leading caricaturist goes to Russia. Even a sated public wants to see how he visualizes the young muzhik behind a tractor, the queues of patient women waiting for food, and those famous factories where they turn out so many hundreds of motor trucks, but unfortunately have no engines or wheels for them. These defects of the Soviet organization do not escape such a master of satire, nevertheless Low is a most good-humoured critic where he criticises at all. One suspects, indeed, a certain sympathy for the Soviets. But that it is the real Russia of to-day that Low reveals to us, or at least the part of it that is to be seen in the industrial centres or on the tourist routes, was evident when two friends from Moscow who looked over the sketches found it difficult to contain their exclamations of delight.

H. R. W.

SELECTED FICTION**THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD,** by Bernard Shaw. With engravings by John Farleigh. *Constable.* 2s. 6d.

MR. BERNARD SHAW's deity, made in the image and likeness of Mr. Bernard Shaw on the principle laid down by Voltaire, is a being who never comes to any conclusions, but may be glimpsed in the flashes of cerebral fantasy that play about his laboratory, continually experimenting. Mr. Shaw has never proceeded beyond this conception. And the present idea-indebriated idyll of the black girl wandering through the forest consulting not only the various Bible versions of the deity, but Jesus and Mahomet and finally settling down with a surprisingly mild Voltaire and a stage Irish Socialist to cultivate her garden and look after her babies, opens no new paths of conjecture. There are the usual excellent shies at the usual Aunt Sallies, the most frequent hits being made at the expense of scientific pretentiousness—but we hardly need mention Mr. Shaw's skill at abusing the plaintiff's attorney. What is new is the note of lyrical gentleness which the black girl introduces, and the lovely balance that she makes with the harsh and sparkling theological assertions of her advisers. The final picture of her thinking, as she dries her favourite picaninny after his bath, "how funny it was that an unsettled girl should start off to pay God a visit, thinking herself the centre of the universe, and taught by the missionary to regard God as somebody who had nothing better to do than to watch everything she did and worry himself about her salvation."—is unusually idyllic, healed of the desolation that

follows the Shavian display of nerves.

It is odd and even disappointing to find no devil in this parable. After the spell of its keen-minded prose has passed, one is aware of Shaw the Fundamentalist struggling with mythology. The pictures of Jesus as a mere conjuror and ineffectual, and of Mahomet as an elderly hedonist are disappointing. Mr. Shaw's Jesus is the descendant of the watered-down, sentimental "little Jesus" of nonconformist baby talk, who is as far from historical probability as the sacrificial lamb of the orthodox. Is Mr. Shaw afraid of anything but an acute satirical picture? He certainly here runs away from the devastating implications of his own satire, and his story is left ineffective.

The publishers are to be congratulated for giving us the excellent engravings of Mr. Farleigh in a book so cheap in price.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

DEATH OF FELICITY TAVERNER, by Mary Butts. *Wishart.* 7s. 6d.
FLOWERING WILDERNESS, by John Galsworthy. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
STAMBOUL TRAIN, by Graham Greene. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
WINGED HORSES, by Roger Chance. *Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

MISS MARY BUTTS will have no truck with the reader. The atmosphere of her *Death of Felicity Taverner* is tense and resistant, with almost a personal hostility to intruders. An individual idiom at once awkward and forbidding, a sense of beauty linked to the sinister, an absorption in the *solidarity* of her material (which the reader's sympathies are never allowed to pierce through)—these qualities are as uneasy of access

lines reminded one of Brittany. There was, too, the same soft atmosphere and harmony of colouring that I have so often noticed on leaving the shores of France, and which I have never found elsewhere.

As far as the Azores the voyage resembled a trip to New York : a long Atlantic swell on a grey or slate-blue ocean. We were still among familiar scenes, for even the Azores seemed a postscript to Europe—a little corner of Auvergne tucked away in the middle of the ocean. Here are black lava rocks and bleak moorlands, white Portuguese houses, and countless fields so carefully traced out and divided off that the whole archipelago looks like a patchwork quilt. On the last island that we passed an imposing volcano, perfect in form, looked down from a height of 6,000 feet over the vast expanse of the ocean. It reminded me of Etna, Vesuvius, or Fujiyama.

From the Azores to the tropics the Atlantic became gradually calmer, warmer, and bluer. The deep azure of the sea was wonderful, especially when contrasted with the dead brown of the countless sargasso. Nothing really new, however—no signs yet of a new world. Like the *conquistadores* of the past, we searched the southern heavens in vain for a new constellation. We were still in the domain of the Great Bear, and no Southern Cross startled our eyes.

Then suddenly, two days before we arrived at the Antilles, the unknown burst upon us, not as we had expected by an increase of light, but on the contrary by an increase of darkness. For forty-eight hours a torrent of rain poured down on the sea. There was no wind, and the rain, thick and grey like a dense fog, seemed to hem us in. One wondered if the ocean could still be salty after such a deluge ! I know of nothing so depressing as this combination of dull twilight and stifling humid atmosphere.

It was from these heavily laden skies that the Antilles emerged. The marvellous mountains, clothed in dense vegetation, perpetually lost their ink-blue summits in clouds of white mist. The richness of the tropical vegetation could hardly be surpassed. The trip across Martinique by a winding mountain road gave the impression of passing through an

immense hothouse. Right and left were giant ferns, and innumerable species of tropical plants and flowers. Further away were waterfalls and precipices, while in the background the peaks, either black and rocky or covered with bewildering jungle, stood out against the sky.

Our road took us from Fort-de-France towards Mount Pelé and the town of St. Pierre that was destroyed thirty years ago in the famous volcanic eruption. At a turn of the road we caught sight of the volcano itself, crowned by a dense cloud of steam, mixed with the sulphurous fumes that rise from its crater. In shape and colour it was very similar to our volcanoes in the Auvergne, but unlike them it is not extinct. Every night its glow lights up the sea, and lava flows slowly down its sides. We approached the lava field as close as the road permitted. The ground was covered with extremely fine grey ash, and here and there great boulders were being slowly borne down to the sea. Utter desolation everywhere—the very atmosphere was terrifying ! The sun was unnaturally oppressive, and a burning heat seemed to radiate from the earth.

Nevertheless the town has done its best to revive. There used to be 40,000 inhabitants. Now they say there are 6,000, but we can hardly believe that there can be more than 2,000 souls in this desolate city shut in between the mountains and the shore. The town itself is simple enough—a few fishermen, a little market place lined with trees as in France, and behind the first two rows of houses the same scorched walls as one sees at Pompeii, except that here over everything creeps the luxuriant vegetation.

We fled from this desolate place as from an inferno, to find, as we went further into the mountains, a perfect paradise of charming countryside. In the shade of the coconut palms and banana trees were little wooden houses without windows—what use would windows be ! The population seems to consist of black athletes, the women wearing brilliantly coloured dresses, with romantic Madras handkerchiefs about their heads. The domestic animals were so fascinating that one longed for a Gauguin to paint them—little coffee-coloured

hump-backed cattle, donkeys so small that one might mistake them for sheep, and lean black pigs with slender triangular heads something like the wild boars in the legend. Life on this mountain-side is neither miserable nor unhappy, although unfortunately politics have not allowed these "good savages" to live in the native innocence pictured by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

At Fort-de-France we have colonial France of the Old Regime, remarkably like the old French quarter of New Orleans. Here we are in our "old colonies", of which we have perhaps been too critical in the past. The residential section that dominates the town is charming, so also on the island of Guadeloupe is St. Cloud as it looks out over Basse-Terre. In both places the administrative buildings were simple, neat, and well proportioned. In spite of the difference of sky and setting, one finds in these New World colonies much that reminds one of France.

2.—*From the Antilles to Panama*

The contrast between the Antilles and the coast of South America is very striking. From an oceanic climate with luxuriant tropical vegetation, we pass to the bleakness of the Andes. Instead of the jungle we have the outlines of tawny, desert mountains. We suddenly realize that the American continent, in so far as it is Andean and Indian, never really varies, and is therefore imbued with a powerful unity.

Carupano on the Venezuelan coast, and especially La Guayra, the port of Caracas, reminded me strongly of the Rocky Mountains, while the red faces of the coastal Indians belonged undeniably to the family of American aborigines. (Perhaps in the long run the supremacy of the whites over them may not be maintained.) After the Antilles with their African blacks, this race looked decidedly American and red.

The harbour at La Guayra is arresting. A towering mountain, green and brown, with bright red soil, descends perpendicularly into the blue sea. Houses of all colours—red, blue, and pale green—cling to the rocks. These are the huts of the Indians, built like cubes. But the group of houses is insig-

nificant, for immediately we are out in the bush, on a road that climbs audaciously up the Sierra to take us to Caracas.

One soon realizes that the sea atmosphere has been left behind, for the aspect is essentially desert. Close to the shore is a narrow fringe of palms, followed immediately by an extraordinary profusion of tall cacti closely crowded together, and broad palmetted opuntias and yuccas. Instinctively one recalls the deserts of Arizona or Mexico. The little donkeys, the tiny kids, the silent phlegmatic Indians who watched us pass, standing motionless in the doorways of their dried earth cabins—everything corroborates this comparison.

The road, built of concrete after the American fashion, is one of the most astonishing I have ever seen. It winds up and up, with innumerable turns, along terraces overlooking the great expanse of the ocean, until after passing a divide we suddenly find ourselves in Caracas.

This pretty town is much like the others, a typically Spanish colonial city, in which the population is essentially Indian. Long streets, straight, white, narrow, and crowded. To right and left one catches glimpses through open doors and windows of patios full of mystery and vegetation.

As in all the towns of Spanish America, there are magnificent public gardens, surrounded by official buildings. The cathedral is sombre, the atmosphere being heavy with incense, as in most Spanish churches. The government buildings are elegant and airy, and positively swarm with people. In the Pantheon repose the ashes of Bolivar, the Liberator. Then suddenly at the end of the streets we have the Sierra. The new residential districts are delightful, with their wide avenues of spreading trees. One has the impression of a veneer of modern comfort overlying the roughness of a civilization that is still rather harsh.

Let us make no mistake, apart from a few families, this country does not belong to the white race. It is a country of Indians, governed by Indians or half-breeds, and for that very reason better able than most to resist foreign influences.

Politically it has always favoured dictatorships. America, both North and South, is attracted, not by parliamentarianism,

which is foreign to its genius, but by presidential government, we might almost say by consular government, which produces a strong executive. Venezuela favours a strong executive, as do the United States, Argentina, etc.; though in the United States, for various complex reasons, a vigorous Senate counter-balances the occupant of the White House. In Venezuela the fortunate general who has installed himself in power knows no obstacle. The people are passive, and public opinion does not exist. He attracts in his wake a host of followers to whom he allots positions, and who look to him to make their fortunes. In such a country politics are the best, almost the only, career for an ambitious young man. The government is only in danger of being overthrown when there arises an army of importunate office-seekers whom it cannot satisfy.

The present ruler, General Gomez, enjoys immense prestige. In spite of his age, this son of the soil, a half-breed Indian who has risen from the ranks, has for the last twenty years held the reins of power in an iron hand. He lives far from the capital in his country estate, and his Ministers must go out there to see him, to give him their reports and receive his instructions. Except for a lack of elegance, his manner curiously enough resembles that of Mustafa Kemal, the Turkish dictator.

When General Gomez arrives in the capital or leaves it an endless procession of motor cars follows after him. It is apparently the thing for his partisans to let themselves be seen by their leader by overtaking his car. (Ever since the days of Louis XIV the methods of courtiers have remained much the same!) When he finally arrives and climbs out of his car, he enters his house between two ranks of cheering supporters, who possibly also thus protect him from attack.

The Gomez regime has not been without its achievements, especially in the domain of public works, such as, for example, the new road from La Guayra to Caracas. Dictatorships are perhaps the best method of government in South America. But when one penetrates behind the scenes one is almost aghast to find how primitive everything still is. Superficially this society may resemble our own, but it knows nothing of liberty or the sacred rights of the individual.

NOTE.—*Venezuela*.—On the 13th June, 1931, President Perez resigned the presidency. His place was taken by General Gomez, who was then commander-in-chief of the army and also the dominant figure in Venezuelan politics. He was unanimously re-elected to the presidency by Congress on the 19th June, 1931. His term of office runs until 1936.

3.—*The Panama Canal*

When we arrived at Colon the sea was the colour of molten lead, and the low-lying shore seemed covered with unending jungle of dark green hue. The sky was like blue-black ink, while white clouds piled up on the distant horizon. The heat of the sun was overpowering.

Here it was that so many heroic Frenchmen of the *Compagnie du Canal de Panama* died of yellow fever. To-day, thanks to the energy of the Americans, the region has become healthy, in fact as healthy as anywhere else. A powerfully organized Board of Health made war upon the mosquitoes by covering all stagnant water with oil. Herculean efforts are still required, especially during the rainy season, when the offensive has to be systematic and unflagging. In view of the limited medical knowledge of forty years ago, the task of combating this evasive and terrible disease was a sheer impossibility. This and the lack of sufficient financial resources were the real causes of M. de Lesseps' failure.

The memory of this great man and his fine team of engineers is still preserved in the records of the canal, but how quickly it is being relegated to the forgotten past! In its grandeur and tragedy the story may be compared with that of the early Spanish *conquistadores*.

Let us leave the American city of Cristobal and pass into Colon, merely a matter of crossing a street. Colon is a cosmopolitan town with an astonishingly picturesque mingling of races, from negroes to Chinese, and Hindus to American Indians. On a few avenues lined with palms along the sea-board, we find the European houses, an occasional one in grey wood with a colonial verandah dating back to the French period. I was shown the site where the de Lesseps' house stood.

I visited the canal zone by railway and by car, and later I went through the canal on the ship. Leaving Colon there are

two canals, the American one, and alongside it the old French canal. The latter looks like a tropical ditch between two walls of impenetrable jungle. Along the banks the abandoned machines of the old company lie rotting—dredges, cranes, steam shovels, and the rest, covered with rust and overgrown with vegetation. As an example of the triumph of nature it may be admirable, but to a Frenchman it is too full of bitter memories.

Some six miles inland from the Atlantic is the Gatun Dam, with the locks of the same name. This great dam, ninety-five feet in height, holds back the waters of Lake Gatun, one of the largest artificial lakes in the world. The locks, and the way in which they function, are among the most impressive sights I have ever seen. I went through them on the ship, but first I watched their working from the ground, and also from the control posts from which all the operations are conducted. What is particularly noticeable is the complete absence of workmen, the silence, the calm simplicity of the entire operation. A ship on its arrival at the lock basin is seized by six steel ropes, each fixed to an electric rack-and-pinion locomotive. There are two in front, two behind, and two in the middle. These locomotives act as tugs, the ships themselves not working their own engines. A chain stretched across the canal protects the lock gates. When the water is let into the lock, one feels the enormous mass of the ship being raised up; the effect is extraordinary.

Few men are to be seen, as everything is mechanized. A visit to the power-house below the quay gives some idea of the size of the undertaking. In the control post are a few engineers, who from time to time turn a nickel-plated lever. The silence is positively religious, giving an impression of safety, strength and calm. It does honour to the Americans, and classes them with the Romans among the great builders of history. The silence is so complete that it is contagious. From the canal bank I saw several ships pass through, but not a word was uttered by the crews. Later when I myself went through on a big American liner filled with tourists the effect was lost, for the noise of the gramophones easily drowned all other sounds.

Lake Gatun, with its countless inlets and its tortuous bays, seemed like a tropical river. Nature is still unconquered here, in fact, no attempt has been made to conquer her. A few yards away the jungle maintains its sway, to be interrupted only here and there by a few small untidy banana groves, a crocodile in the water, or on shore an Indian in his cabin. These are not our contemporaries.

I went by car to see the famous Chagres River, the floods of which caused the French canal builders so much trouble. As we drove along the American-built cement road our car ran over a snake at least ten feet long. At another point as we were entering the forest, I was shown the traces of the old Spanish track across the Isthmus. It was first built in the sixteenth century, but all that is now visible is a few flat stones which were probably put there originally to keep the vegetation in check. On arriving at the Chagres one could see that it might become dangerous at times. This river looked about the size of the Seine, with a strong current, almost overflowing its banks.

We visited the famous Culebra Cut that was so much discussed about 1886. Picture a rugged ravine, overhung by brownish-red rocks which slide down into the canal; indeed, the traces of a recent landslip were still visible. To complete the work and consolidate it, machinery and methods were required that were unknown during the French period.

We then reached the other slope, and descended to the level of the Pacific through the locks of Pedro Miguel and Miraflores. Here again we have twin cities, Panama in the Panama territory and Balboa in the Canal Zone. Balboa reminded me of the administrative establishments in British India—vast buildings with verandahs, surrounded by beautiful lawns and fine avenues of tropical trees. The offices of the canal administration are admirable, rather after the style of some of the new buildings in Washington. As for Panama, it is a town considerably larger than Colon, Spanish in outlook, but again cosmopolitan in atmosphere. The shop-keepers are Hindus, the barbers Japanese, the kitchen-gardeners and pedlars Chinese, and the rest of the population Indian with a sprinkling of negroes.

To revive the spirit of ancient Spain one should go five or six miles along the coast to the ruins of old Panama, the Spanish city that was destroyed by the English buccaneer, Morgan. Under the palms and the banyan trees on the shore of the blue-green Pacific are a few rose-coloured brick walls covered with vegetation, a camel-backed bridge, a church tower, the remains of a convent—nothing more. When we arrived a few Indian fishermen alone disturbed the silence. Peace reigned everywhere, but how fraught with memories! Why, I wonder, did Heredia not dedicate a sonnet to Old Panama? or write a poem on the subject of that French *conquistador*, de Lesseps?

Any Frenchman who visits these scenes where Anglo-Saxon genius has finally triumphed, should not forget that possibly our intervention also was decisive, and pay tribute to the genius, courage, and tragedy of our compatriots. The career of the *Compagnie du Canal de Panama* dates back to my childhood, and well I remember it. Since then we have only dwelt upon the financial losses and the political scandals. Ungrateful race! Now that the dust of battle has subsided on the field where others have completed our task, the tragic, melancholy grandeur of our attempt is one of the strongest impressions that I brought away from my visit to the Isthmus of Panama.

4.—*In Peru : Lima*

At Lima I expected to find a South American Seville basking beneath a tropical sky, but it turned out to be something entirely different—neither completely tropical nor essentially Spanish.

The west coast of South America is washed by the cold Humboldt Current, which flows as far north as the Equator. Though I had read all about this, I had never quite appreciated it. However, twenty-four hours after crossing the line I was already shivering. The ship's officers had arranged that any passenger who was going for the first time into the southern hemisphere—fortunately for me it was my third time!—should perform the traditional ceremony of Neptune, a ceremony whose main item consists of a ducking. We had to give it up, however, the water was so cold. As a result of this geographical

peculiarity, the entire coast is cool. At the same time it is as dry as a desert, for it hardly ever rains. The immense Cordillera range of the Andes, its slopes glowing with fantastic dream colours, rises up sheer from the sea. From our ship the mountains looked like a chain of mother-of-pearl, transparent as the fin of a fish, floating in the depths of the blue sky.

At Callao, the port of Lima, I seemed to be back in San Francisco, for here were the same barren rocks, as naked as pumice stone, the same dull reddish mountains towering over the horizon, and especially the same eerie cold mist drifting everywhere in ghostly silence. At Lima, they will tell you, it never rains, and accordingly umbrellas are frowned upon. You will even be treated as a Chilean—supreme insult!—if you carry one. Nevertheless, in winter at any rate, a fine mist is always falling from a sky that is always grey. The sun never pierces this melancholy shroud. Although it never actually condenses into rain, it forms instead the finest of vapour, like a Scotch mist.

It was under such leaden skies that we landed, and to my surprise found ourselves in the midst of the desert in all its grandeur and all its beauty. The coastal plain here is narrow, almost non-existent, but on it Lima has been built some five or six miles inland from the port of Callao. The road winds between nut-brown walls of baked earth, which remind one of the oases in the Sahara. Wherever there is irrigation the most luxuriant vegetation springs up in profusion, bananas, eucalyptus, sugar cane, and cotton fields. Where irrigation is lacking we are surrounded by drought and death.

Then suddenly, out of this empty waste of stone and sand, rises a great city. We approached it through modern suburbs, great broad avenues with palatial white houses, such as one finds in the newer Spanish cities; enormous squares surrounded by brightly coloured public buildings; narrow streets crossing each other at right angles; and yet with it all there is something indescribably provincial and exotic. How it reminds one of Barcelona!

The older parts of the town are quite different, for here the houses are low, shut-in and mysterious. One only sees their

outer walls tinted pink, green, or sky-blue, and overhung with verandahs screened with delicately carved wood as in Turkey. Occasionally through a doorway one catches a glimpse of an inner court, quiet and enclosed as in Seville. The old families of Peru live in these houses. Near them are the churches, big, white, and empty, and very Spanish in style of architecture. Facing a square planted with tropical trees is the broad white façade of the cathedral, a church very much like any of the others, except that one of its chapels contains the remains of Pizarro. As he lies in state in his coffin, one can see his skeleton and the wound that killed him.

In many ways this great city is characteristic of Spain; in fact it was actually built by the Spaniards, who chose the site, planned it, and laid it out. And yet when you look around, you certainly are not in Spain. Immediately at the end of every street one is confronted by the bold, arid, implacable range of mountains shutting off the horizon. One might liken them in their rude aridity to some range in the Iberian Peninsula, but the proportions are very different. Nothing else quite resembles these massive Cordilleras.

And all these people in the streets? Are they Spaniards? No, Indians. The pure-bred whites make up a small minority, an aristocracy of old families whose lineage is undoubtedly the purest in the entire South American continent. The mass of the population, however, is red, slightly tinged with white, black, or yellow. The gradations from pure Indian to pure white are astonishingly subtle. Nevertheless these people give the impression of a Mongolian or Asiatic race. In their European garb many of the Indians look like Japanese. This is especially noticeable in the police, who in their elegant blue and red uniforms have the same carriage and appearance as the men of Nippon.

Ethnically, Peru is an Indian country, conquered but not assimilated by the white race. One feels this at once, even in this setting of European architecture. At first sight the city does not look exotic, for the shops are much like our own, the motor cars are American, and the cinemas the same as anywhere else. And yet something startles the European at once,

something primitive, too picturesque, in fact, almost wild. Alongside a delightful mansion, in which no doubt lives some Andalusian family, is an amazing grocer's shop which might equally well be set down in China. Then the market place, with its swarming crowds, is another reminder of the exotic nature of the place. But, above all, the long suburban avenues leading towards the desert and the Andes convince us that we are not in Spain.

Only a few miles from the busiest thoroughfares, a few hundred yards indeed, the arid Cordilleras lay their inexorable hold upon the soil. Beyond these pink and white houses, so Mediterranean in appearance, the little walls of baked earth appear, meagrely covered with desert vegetation. The highway which leads out into the country is no longer a street, not even a road, but simply a dusty track used by mules and horses. One almost expects to see camels.

Thus the America of the Andes, mountainous, desert, and Indian, proclaims its rights. The coast of Peru is merely a narrow fringe. One must go into the mountains to find the real spirit of the country. All the other Andean states of South America—Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chile—have placed their capitals on the high table-lands. Peru is the one exception, and consequently one really has not seen Peru when one has only seen the capital. One must at all costs go up into the Cordilleras, to the seat of the ancient Inca civilisation which took no account of the sea.

5.—Peru : In the Andes

By going due east from the coast into the interior of the country, we pass successively through three separate regions: the coast or *Costa*, the Cordilleras or *Sierra*, and on the other slope the equatorial forest or *Montana*. Thus in a short trip I crossed the Cordilleras and reached in the Montana the basin of the Amazon.

A dauntless railway, which reaches, I believe, the highest point attained by any railway in the world, leaves Lima for the Andes. We are soon out of the coastal region, and immediately the railway starts to wind its way up the valley of a turbulent

river flowing down from the heights above. This narrow valley takes us some twenty-five miles into the interior, among plantations of cotton, sugar, and bananas. From the moment that we leave Lima the mountains are in evidence, and soon they eliminate everything else.

The railway climbs unceasingly along the parched slopes, so grandiose in their proportions that they defy comparison with any other country. The mists of Lima soon disappear, leaving a clear sky, unbelievably blue, above the peaks of the desolate mountains. Against this azure background the ridges are reddish in colour with rocks and soil of the most astounding hues. Here is a peak the colour of gooseberry jam, with landslides like shrimp sauce! On the distant horizon the rocks are ochre-coloured, tinged with violet. The banana and eucalyptus trees have now ceased. The houses have become simple huts of stone or earth. Then the llamas appear in herds of about a dozen heads, faithful companions of the Indian. These llamas look like a cross between a goat and a camel, with fine pensive eyes and an amazing way of turning the head that conjures up an offended old maid.

The train climbs quickly, too quickly indeed. Eventually we shall reach the record altitude of 15,000 feet. After 11,000 feet we begin to feel the effect of height, after 12,000 it becomes distressing, and after 14,000 very distressing. In spite of the precautions which my friends had advised, and which would have appealed to old Tartarin de Tarascon—fasting, purgatives, cotton in the ears, flannel belt, and all the rest of it—I felt all the symptoms of mountain sickness: headache, cramps, a rapid heart, nausea, and legs like indiarubber. At the station on the summit I staggered out of the train and found myself surrounded by scenery such as dreams are made of, bathed in the radiance of the setting sun.

The lofty summits were tinted pink, thin glaciers shone like tin, while on the mountain tracks were long winding lines of llamas, mules, and sheep, being driven by pure-bred Indians. The men were clothed in dark colours, with the poncho on their shoulders. The women, who carried their babies in shawls on their backs, wore dashing skirts of red,

orange, or purple. Their heads were covered with hats of panama or felt, often placed one on top of the other. There was something eerie and unreal about these files of human beings and herds; possibly it was owing to their strange surroundings, possibly on account of the indifferent, detached, almost ghostly carriage of the Indians.

In a motor car we gradually zigzagged our way down the eastern slope of the Andes range. After endless twisting and turning we descended from the 15,000 feet we had reached at the top. At about 11,000 feet the valley became less rugged, and its tragic grandeur melted into the idyllic scenery of an oasis. Fresh brooks ran everywhere, murmuring as they passed through the carpets of sweet grass, beneath the shade of veritable orchards of eucalyptus. We passed on between walls of light-coloured earth under enormous trees. Except that the principal tree here is the eucalyptus instead of the palm or the poplar, one might have been at Biskra or in the Holy Land. We spent the night at Tarma at a height of 9,000 feet. Though it is an Indian centre it has a decidedly Spanish setting, with its church of Jesuit architecture, and its Andalusian public square.

As we descended from the Sierra towards the primeval forest of the Montana, the transition was gradual. We first travelled along a road about ten feet in width, overlooking the most terrifying chasms. It would be impossible to pass anyone on this single track road, for without a vestige of parapet, we were skirting a precipice of quite a thousand feet. Fortunately the Indian chauffeurs are excellent and entirely devoid of nerves. By the time we had descended to the level of 3,000 feet, the vegetation had changed, and instead of cacti like slender green snakes, we found lianas thick as ropes, bushy heather and a bewildering profusion of tropical plants. The forest had become an impenetrable jungle. At the same time the heavy heat began to make itself felt. When we got down to the 1,500 foot level at the agricultural plantations of Péréné, we were on the edge of the Amazon basin, among the tributaries of that great Brazilian river. Even the sky had changed, for the marvellous pure blue of the Andes had given way to

heavy lowering clouds along the horizon. In the evening, in a firmament of inky blue, the Southern Cross shone magnificently, while in the North the beam of the Plough rose perpendicularly above the horizon, like the bowsprit of a sinking ship.

We had not only crossed a geographical frontier but a racial one as well. The natives who came in the morning to the plantation were not the Indians of the Andes, but Amazon savages. They were surprisingly small, clothed in long tunics of homespun reaching down to the ground. In each group the chief wore a diadem of straw and feathers, like the aureole of a saint. Their faces were tattooed and painted red as if their cheeks were dripping with sticky blood. When they looked you straight in the face with their bright eyes, one had a strange, uneasy sensation—I should not like to fall into their hands!

We spent a couple of days at this ranch, entertained with delightful Spanish hospitality. Our hosts were men of intelligence, charm, and courage, while their wives were elegant and gracious. In the evening we danced on a verandah overlooking the jungle, to Spanish and American music played on a gramophone.

Then, in order to return to Lima, we had to go up again in the direction of the Cordilleras. This time we went by car, passing through the *puna* or high mountainous table-land, 12,000 feet above sea level. On the great empty plains one had the same impression as in Tibet of being on the roof of the world. They are bordered in the distance by a chain of snow-capped mountains. On this high steppe we saw many herds of llamas, sheep, and cattle, in the care of shepherds not unlike those of Mongolia. When we met these multi-coloured groups the women's skirts of orange or purple struck a brilliant note against the blue sky. At other times the shepherds would be seated in circles, taciturn and motionless, as if under the influence of a spell. What curious dialogues at nightfall between these detached beings and the stars in the sky! One begins to understand the Magi and the early astrologers.

From these altitudes we made our way through high rolling plains, not unlike our own in Algiers. There we found an important Indian population in many towns and several large cities such as Huancayo, or Jauja, which Pizarro had intended to make the capital of Peru. It is in this district that the Indian population of the country is concentrated. From this height the coastal region is nothing more than an eccentric strip of land hidden beneath a winding-sheet of clouds. The coast is merely a façade, and gives not the slightest inkling of the enchantment awaiting above on the high table-lands.

6.—Peru : *Its Politics.*

All the virulence of South American political unrest recently came to a head in Peru.

We must not imagine that political problems in South America arise from the same sources as they do with us in Europe, for here conditions are more like those in Turkey or the Balkans. Peru is an enormous country and sparsely populated. The communications are still rudimentary; for instance, Lima, the capital, is only connected by sea or aeroplane with the southern provinces. The population is Indian, dominated up to the present by a few hundred Spanish families who have superimposed their civilisation without its ever penetrating the spirit of the country. It is true that the two races have become thoroughly blended, there now being every mixture from the purest of whites to the reddest of Indians. Economically the country is still to all intents and purposes at the stage of colonial exploitation.

Under such circumstances governmental practice is simple and crude. There is no public opinion, no consideration whatever of the general good. Between the white aristocracy, which has ruled for the past three centuries, and the Indian masses, there seems to be no middle class worthy of the name. As for the powerful foreigners who came to exploit the natural resources of the country, they are only there to make money. Hitherto ruling and governing have been considered synonymous. It is simply a question of controlling the army and the police, and, above all, paying them well; of keeping a tight

grip on the capital ; of being represented in the provinces by trustworthy agents ; and of gathering sufficient money by taxation to make sure of the interested devotion of one's partisans. The rest is secondary. So long as these primary conditions are realised, a ruler remains in power and does what he likes.

There is no dividing line here between private and public interest. A strong man when he is in power will undertake public works, such as building roads and harbours, and will take an interest in developing the cities. He will do this because he considers that it is a good way to make himself popular, or possibly because he likes doing it. Perhaps also it is also because the money he spends will enrich his followers—every one around him will benefit, and this will consolidate his own position.

"Is there no supervision on the part of Parliament?" you will ask. Not the slightest, although the assemblies do actually meet. At this point in our explanation we reach the heart of the system. In South America the regime is presidential. The president, who is elected by a plebiscite, is really the only important figure in the Constitution. Nominally his power tends to become dictatorial, with no counterbalancing influence. The South American citizen has a sense of authority, but if he is ambitious his only conception is the abuse of authority. This is striking among the whites, but still more so among the half-breeds, who oppress the people all the more because they themselves were previously oppressed.

As a rule, however, constitutional or parliamentary procedure is respected—apart from the fact that one can always alter the Constitution if it becomes a hindrance. The assemblies will vote and approve of any measures, for the good reason that it is not the assemblies which have created the president, but the president who has created the assemblies. The executive more or less nominates the members and very often there is only a travesty of an election. As in Spain, the *caciques*, or local "bosses", decide everything out of hand, and the public submits to their power.

A regime will last just as long as it is supported by the forces which have brought it into being, but it dies when these forces no longer exist. As one cannot serve or satisfy everyone, there comes a time when groups are formed of people who have not been given appointments, who are becoming impatient and consider it is high time that they had their share of the spoils. At the same time the army, which set up the ruler in the first place, is tempted by the thought that it can also depose him. We must remember that we are in Latin America, where there is about one officer to every five men. The privates as well as the non-commissioned officers are, of course, both Indian. Even the officers at the top are strongly tinged with colour. In such an atmosphere the officers—generals, colonels, and even majors—are inclined to use for their own ends the bayonets at their command. Napoleon once said that a revolution was simply an idea that had found bayonets to express it. In South America this definition would have to be adapted, for there it would be a group of interests, not an idea, that had found the bayonets. Imbued with our European ideas, we are tempted to look for the causes in political ideals, but in these factional quarrels it is simply greed in most cases.

In this way intrigues and storm centres are formed in this corps and that regiment. The Colonel sounds those around him, in order to ascertain what line his fellow officers will take, and what the next regiment will do should he decide to march against the Government. By subtle diplomacy he sets out to obtain their support, or perhaps simply their neutrality, if that will suffice. Then the military group takes possession of the palace, and sets up a new government, which out of gratitude will hand out favours. If the guard at the palace surrenders without resistance, the whole affair is managed peaceably, but if it resists it will be necessary to fire with rifles, with machine guns, and even with artillery. All that the public and the curious onlookers have to do is to keep out of the line of fire.

This analysis sums up the history of Peru during the past ten or fifteen years. From 1919 to 1930 President Leguia ruled as a dictator. In order to give his regime the appear-

ance of legality, the Constitution was modified by a parliament which did his bidding. It so happened that the post-war period in Peru coincided with exceptional prosperity—sugar, copper, cotton, oil, all Peruvian exports, fetched high prices. Leguia, depending on the United States, was able to borrow as much money as he wanted in Wall Street. In possession of this plethora of wealth, it was easy for him to claim the enthusiasm and devotion of his friends. At the same time all opposition was ruthlessly suppressed, either by exile or by imprisonment. The Leguia regime will go down in history as a period of subjection to the United States, of material prosperity, and of the persecution of all liberal elements.

In August, 1930, this tyrant, though broad-minded in his way, was finally overthrown by the military intervention of Colonel Sanchez Cerro. Far away in Europe we thought that it was a case of revolt against American domination, but in reality Leguia owed his fall mainly to the economic depression. When the market price of the chief Peruvian exports declined the country's finances crumbled away at once, and it was no longer possible for the government to count on the devotion of supporters who now had nothing to gain. All the interests that had been injured or compromised during the previous ten years made their presence felt at once, and the public, weary of iron rule, echoed these protests with a certain relief. A *junta* or committee of Ministers, took control until the next presidential election, but even this Cabinet was at the mercy of military intervention, even on the smallest scale.

The worst effect of the Leguia dictatorship was that it left the State coffers empty. In the words of Jean Jacques Rousseau in the *Social Contract*, the State of Peru *manque de lien*. Between a government protected by bayonets and the mute mass of the people, there is nothing, no governing class worthy of the name, no bourgeois middle class. Educated Peruvians are mainly attracted by the liberal professions, and so leave the control of business undertakings to foreigners, who ruthlessly exploit the country. The old white aristocracy, elegant and refined, still rich—often fabulously rich—have virtually a mentality of emigration.

What will be the fate of this country when the Indian element, or at any rate the half-castes, succeed in dominating it? This may be sooner than we think, and in any case an eventuality which it is only prudent to foresee.

NOTE.—President Leguia was overthrown in August, 1930, by a revolt in which Colonel Sanchez Cerro took a leading part. Sanchez Cerro was, however, himself overthrown in February, 1931, and exiled from Peru. There then followed a confused period. By June, 1931, the country was controlled by the Jimenez Junta. They allowed Sanchez Cerro to return to the country to pursue his candidature for the presidency. In June, 1931, a revolt broke out in Southern Peru against the Jimenez Junta, led by one of the ex-President Leguia's officers, but this revolt was crushed.

In August, 1931, about the time of Professor Siegfried's visit, the country was preparing for a general election to be held on October 11th. The candidates were, apart from the Aprista extremists, Delatorre, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Galves and Colonel Sanchez Cerro. The ex-President Leguia was still in prison awaiting trial. Sanchez Cerro won the election by a majority of 30,000 out of about 400,000 votes. He was generally supported by the Conservatives.

During 1932, owing no doubt to the severe economic distress, there was a steady growth of parties hostile to Sanchez Cerro. The chief of these was the Apra. The Socialists and Communists also appeared to be making considerable headway. In March, 1932, an attempt was made to assassinate President Sanchez Cerro.

In May, 1932, a "Red" mutiny broke out in the Navy, but was suppressed. The Government considered that the Communists had received assistance from Mexico, and though the latter Government denied the accusation, communications with Mexico were broken off.

In July, 1932, further "Communitic" revolts broke out, but all were suppressed.

(To be continued)

THE COOCH BEHAR MARRIAGE

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

THE passenger making the over-night journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling sees the dawn break over the northernmost section of the great plain of Bengal spreading below the foothills of the Himalayas. He takes note of Jalpaiguri and prepares for breakfast at Siliguri and a change to the mountain railway. If as this portion of the plain is traversed he is fortunate in the weather, the high peaks of the Kanchenjunga range will come into view—one of the splendours of the world. To the west of the line are the jungles of the Terai, known to every hunter of big game. A short distance to the east is the border of Cooch Behar, most important of the feudatory States on the Bengal side. It is a little principality, only 1,307 square miles in extent, a trifle smaller than the county of Sussex. But its Maharaja has the dignity of a ruling Chief, and the status that is indicated by a salute of thirteen guns.

Fifty-five years ago a boy Raja came from Cooch Behar to England. He was the first of his line to cross the sea. On November 14th, 1932, at Ranchi in Chota Nagpur, there occurred the death, at sixty-eight, of his widow. She was known as Her Highness Suniti Devi, Dowager Maharani; and thereby hangs my tale.

Cooch Behar belonged at one time to the ancient and famous Hindu kingdom of Kamarupa. In the early seventeenth century it came under a dynasty known as the Kochs, whose fortunes declined speedily after a brief period of success. They had made conquests, challenged the Moghul rulers, and been for a century or more a lively nuisance to their neighbours. By the middle of the eighteenth century their condition was

deplorable. Family dissension, that curse of all Indian principalities, had reduced the palace authorities to impotence. All the conquered territory was lost and the Kochs retained only the area of the State we know to-day. Such circumstances as these commonly acted as an irresistible stimulus to the East India Company, or rather to the Company's servants, and, as it happened, after 1770 the northern Bengal region was attracting the attention of that greatest of John Company's men whose career has lately been the subject of bicentennial reflections. In 1773 Warren Hastings made with the distressed ruler of Cooch Behar a treaty of the kind that was familiar throughout the marvellous century between Robert Clive and Lord Dalhousie. The Raja consented to annexation by Bengal (this right being later waived by the Company) and to the payment of one half of his revenues. Seven years later the moiety was permanently fixed at the relatively modest annual sum of Rs. 67,700. Then and afterwards there was little internal peace for Cooch Behar except as enforced by British authority.

In 1865 an infant Raja of ten months was placed on the *gadi*. A British Commissioner had been appointed for the management of the State, and a small group of Bengal civil servants thereupon undertook the task of paternal government; quite usual in India, but in this case, as we shall see, with opportunities of personal experiment very far from usual. Cooch Behar, it may be noted, offered a form of challenge, both economic and social, which only the more enthusiastic British Civilian could be expected to take up. The State with its half-million people was, and still is, remote from modern influences. Geographically it is unfortunate, being all low lying and officially described as waterlogged, with wide rivers, useless for drainage, making their slow way to the mighty waters of the Brahmaputra. So much for the background. We may now turn to the human aspects of a unique chapter in British Indian history.

The boy Maharaja in question was Nripendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur. He was rescued by the officers of a beneficent alien Government from the debilitating ways of the zenana

and subjected to a thorough European training. As a child of five he was placed in the institution for wards of the Government at Benares, while many members of the Cooch Behar family were living near the holy city; and later he was a student in Bankipore College. An English tutor had him in charge, looking carefully after his lessons and his manners. His territory was being administered by the Commissioner of Rajshahi and Cooch Behar. The Maharaja was not to be invested before twenty-one, and when he had reached the age of fourteen it was realized that he could not but be a special problem for his guardians. The attention of the highest authorities was drawn to him, and Sir Richard Temple, the masterful Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (afterwards a well-known eccentric in the House of Commons), took his case in hand. The boy, he decided, must go to England, if not for the completion of his education, at least for a glimpse of the land that held the whole secret of authority and good form. But how, cried the frightened ladies of the palace in Cooch Behar, could that be? The Maharaja was a Hindu; he could not be allowed to leave India; what would become of his caste and his morals in the terrible unknown land beyond the *kala pani*? The Ranis wept and wailed, but Sir Richard Temple was not the man to weaken. The lad must go to England. Very well then, said the Ranis with finality; he must first be married and thus bound securely to his motherland. And in this view the Lieutenant-Governor concurred.

The problem, it may be admitted, was most difficult. The civil officers of Cooch Behar had got their teeth into the job of restoring the State. They had brought its affairs into something like order, and they loathed the thought of their labours being undone. Cooch Behar was an orthodox Hindu State, cursed, as they held, with all the evils of idolatry, polygamy, and domestic corruption. There were more than six years still to run before the Maharaja could be installed. He would undoubtedly be married in some fashion before the end of his teens, and they were not going to let his fate be settled by the Ranis, with the certainty of having a palace intrigue continually on their hands and being obliged to see

their pupil become enmeshed in the toils from which his tutor and the college had so far protected him. What then was to be done? It was obvious that the Maharaja ought to be appropriately settled in life. Marriage with a princess of an exalted Hindu house was not within the range of possibility, nor, if it had been, could such an event be made to harmonize with the guardians' ideas. Any scheme devised by the Ranis must be intolerable. One course alone seemed to be equally enlightened and politic. Modern education was being brought, though very slowly, within the reach of girls in certain Indian communities. There surely must be, somewhere in the Bengal Presidency, a young girl of good family, well-bred and now under the right kind of tutelage, who could be considered as a bride for this favoured lad! The plan might be impracticable, but at any rate a good hard try for it must be made.

Our Civilians, moreover, had in mind that the task in hand at that time could not be looked upon as an isolated enterprise. Similar problems would henceforward be coming up in many parts of India. The new forces of British India would inevitably multiply the difficulties of the Indian princes, their training and marriages. It was therefore imperative to create good precedents and to be rigorous in preparation for them. The forecast was not far out. Nearly thirty years later Lord Curzon was devoting several of his elaborate orations to this very theme, and in *The Open Road* Mr. A. E. W. Mason was to have the good fortune to hit upon an example of misdirected personal ambition in an Indian prince which would dramatize for a wide public the dilemma of the Indian prince with a zenana background and a European education.

The British officials in Cooch Behar went seriously to work. They resolved upon an experiment in match-making, and like all good members of the Civil Service they sought to avoid leaving anything to chance. The duties were entrusted to the Deputy Commissioner, Godfrey J. B. T. Dalton. I know nothing of this young officer's record before or after, but there is more than enough in his conduct of the Cooch Behar marriage to warrant the inference that he possessed in an eminent degree those Anglican virtues of decision and pertinacity which made

the governing Briton what he was in the golden age of the Indian Services. Among his subordinates was a magistrate named Jadab Chunder Chuckerbutty* (Chakravarti), a Bengali Brahmin, who was deputed by Dalton to make confidential inquiries in whatever quarters might seem to give promise of good results. Jadab Babu was prompt and resourceful in this fascinating quest; and indeed, there was no time to lose, for the cold-weather season was at hand, and it had been decided that by the following spring the Maharaja must go to Europe. Sir Richard Temple had given place to Sir Ashley Eden in Bengal. Lord Lytton was Viceroy, and a few months earlier Victoria had been proclaimed Empress at the first resplendent imperial Durbar of Delhi.

Setting out after the rains of that year Jadab Babu duly arrived in Calcutta, and there he conceived the idea which led him to a solution of the Daltonian problem and to many consequences such as he could not possibly foresee. He remembered, or was reminded, that the most celebrated Indian citizen of the Presidency, a Bengali whose name had carried far, was the father of a fine young family. This was Keshub Chunder Sen, Minister and leader of the theistic community known as the Brahmo Somaj.

Now, we may assume that to the British officials in Cooch Behar nothing could well have seemed more fantastic, at first mention, than Jadab Chunder Chuckerbutty's news from Calcutta that the family of which they were in search had been found, and that the eldest daughter would prove to be the pearl of great price. Jadab himself had been convinced out of hand. The head of the first household of the Brahmos was a great man; his social standing was as good as could be; an alliance with the Sens of Bengal was the one right thing for the house of Cooch Behar.

But who was Keshub Chunder Sen? In what sense was

* For the sake of convenience I adopt the older spelling. The Indian names are better known under this form. Cooch Behar commonly prefers it, for in the English-speaking lands Kuch would be made to rhyme with hutch. Needless to say, I intend no disrespect in speaking later of the most eminent Bengali of his time shortly as Keshub. "Mr. Sen" here would seem absurd.

he a great man, and what was the community over which he presided? An answer to these questions is essential to the story, and it involves a brief historical summary of a movement which has had an importance in India far transcending its numerical strength.

The Brahmo Somaj (Church of God) was the pioneer example of religious and social modernism in India. It was incorporated in 1830 under the leadership of the first great modern Indian, Rammohan Roy, the centenary of whose death at Bristol will be commemorated in September, 1933. A man of learning and of remarkable personal force, he led his revolt against the Brahmanic power and its corruptions with masterly generalship, and he gave to his new religious society a basis of noble clearness and simplicity. His successor was Devendranath Tagore, father of Rabindranath, the poet of now universal renown, and himself one of the most impressive Indian personalities of the age. Devendranath, drawing upon the ancient sources of Indian ethics and Theism, reshaped the little church of Rammohan, gave it discipline and a liturgy, and so created an influence which—as the able Scottish missionaries of the mid-century period admitted—provided a new way of life for a distracted generation and, incidentally, checked the advance of Christianity in Bengal. In 1858 the Somaj gained its most powerful recruit—a youth of twenty, Keshub Chunder Sen, member of a prominent Calcutta family. Devendranath conceived an eager affection for him, and accorded instant recognition to his gifts. This was important for Keshub, who, unlike the earlier leaders of the movement, was not a Brahmin. He was of the Vaidya caste, and belonged, as Romain Rolland has it, "to the liberal and distinguished middle class of Bengal", a body already in intellectual touch with Europe. For a few years the two men worked cordially and fruitfully together, but theirs was an association that could not last. Devendranath was aristocratic, intellectually meditative, and entirely Indian. Keshub was an emotional modernist, given to incessant experiment. He knew no Sanskrit, but was reading Emerson, Carlyle and *Ecco Homo*, and was in close sympathy with the English religious

liberals. He had been deeply influenced by the New Testament, was known to have Christian leanings, and his social policy was for those days radical. A breach occurred in 1866 : The Tagore section became the Adi (elder) Brahmo Somaj, and Keshub founded the Brahmo Somaj of India. Its success was immediate, and of great moment to India. The young Minister was still under thirty ; he had a commanding presence and was master of a brilliant oratorical style. His intellectual and emotional energy was inexhaustible. He had a fresh social sense and a consuming missionary zeal. He was the first Indian to carry a message of enlightenment over the country. His missionary tours, punctuated by impressive discourses in English, made him renowned. And in 1870 he enjoyed a six-months' triumph in England—having audience of the Queen, being fêted by the liberal churches, and in a tour of some seventy meetings giving English audiences the thrill of hearing their mother-tongue spoken by a consummate orator from the East.

This experience wrought a many-sided change in the man and his work. The West had strengthened his zeal for education ; he had been deeply impressed by the freedom and culture of the English homes in which he had been welcomed. He now threw himself into social and educational reform, made efforts towards a religious synthesis of East and West, and came to be admired, and suspected, as the most dynamic Indian of his time. One significant legislative achievement stands to his name. Until sixty years ago in India there was no legal provision whatever for marriages in any community outside the great Hindu and Moslem systems. Keshub bestirred himself on behalf of his flock, with the result that the Brahmo marriage law—Act 3 of 1872—was put on the statute book of British India. It was upon this rock, of his own creation, that Keshub Chunder Sen was himself to be broken—his career, his influence, and his peace of mind.

In 1877, seven years after his return from England, Keshub is on the pinnacle of reputation and success. He is in his fortieth year, extraordinarily active, the centre of a continually enlarging influence, happy in his family circle. And it is at

this moment that the Bengali magistrate from Cooch Behar appears upon the Calcutta scene.

Jadab Chunder Chuckerbutty, intent upon his quest, talked it over one day with a friend of his who happened to be a Brahmo missionary. The household of Keshub Chunder Sen was referred to, and the interesting fact that his eldest daughter, Suniti, was growing up. It was, perhaps, too much to hope that the Minister would consider a marriage for his daughter with the Maharaja of a Hindu State, but the idea was at any rate worth pursuing. Jadab opened the question with the Minister himself. Keshub was astounded, outraged. He would not hear of it, and being pressed gave the sternest refusal. His daughter was under age, and in any case what had he and his to do with the ruling house of an idolatrous and polygamous principality ? No other reply and no different temper could have been expected, but Jadab Babu had come within sight of his goal and would not be turned aside. He reported strongly to the Deputy Commissioner, whose interest was at once aroused. Letters were exchanged ; messengers from Cooch Behar began to come and go ; the Lieutenant-Governor's approval was obtained, and Dalton plunged into the business with the utmost of Civilian zeal. Again and again he went over the arguments, and interview followed interview with the bewildered parent, who tried hard to maintain his refusal. Within less than three months there was a decided change in the outlook.

Nearly half a century later the heroine of this extraordinary affair, in a pathetically simple autobiography, described the anguish endured by her father under a form of pressure that was too much for him. The officials forced him, as she quaintly confesses, to defend himself in unfatherly fashion, for "in one of his letters he said that I was neither very pretty nor highly educated, and therefore I was not a suitable bride for the young Maharaja !" She adds that those in authority were clever enough to discover the Minister's weak point and to play upon it, since it was evident that the worldly advantage of the match could make no appeal to him. Jadab Babu, having Brahmo friends, knew what this point was. It had

relation to a tenet upon which Keshub at that time was laying no little emphasis—his doctrine of *Adesh*, by which he meant guidance by direct divine inspiration. Suniti Devi tells us that her father prayed and agonized, until at last,

he obtained light from above and realized that the marriage would be for the spiritual good of the country. Thus he became in the end persuaded that such a union was a divine command and if he allowed me to marry this young ruler he would be fulfilling the will of God.

The little girl, aged thirteen, naturally knew nothing of these strange doings. She was at school in Calcutta, and one day was summoned to the reception room to face the Deputy Commissioner and several Bengali officials. Dalton was "kind but critical". His judgment upon Suniti was favourable; the Maharaja was informed of it, and events now began to move with a rapidity unnatural in Bengal. A letter to Keshub, who by this time was gravely committed, shows plainly that the Deputy Commissioner regards the matter as settled and feels strong enough to allow no nonsense. It is dated January 27th, 1878, and in it Dalton announces that as the Maharaja is to sail for England in March the arrangements must be completed without delay. Hitherto the boy had expressed his aversion; he did not want to be worried; but having learned that an educated bride had been found he was now eager, if his mother's consent could be obtained. This consent, the astute Civilian affirms, "I have at length obtained with great difficulty", on terms which the invaluable Jadab Babu would explain.

Dalton had still more to say. "I know (he wrote) that the idea of marrying your daughter before she has completed her fourteenth year is repugnant to you." This, however, would not be marriage but "a solemn betrothal," and he proceeds to specify conditions, every one of which must have touched the Brahmo Minister to the quick. The Ranis insisted that one of the father's relatives, not himself, should give away the bride, their objection to Keshub being based principally upon the fact that he had been to England and was therefore outcaste. Upon this point the palace ladies would not give way. And, for the rest, said Dalton, the Government could wait no

longer: it was now or never. For Keshub, who had been steered and unmercifully harried, it had to be now. The Deputy Commissioner was satisfied, and Jadab Babu could not contain his pious joy. He broke into praises of "the great Remover of all difficulties." The Maharaja wrote, as agreed, to Keshub, affirming his religious faith and his adherence to monogamy: "I believe in one true God and I am in heart a Theist." The young people were brought together. At the first sight, we are assured, they have changed eyes: "he was so handsome and so charming", and he had no difficulty in captivating the family at Lily Cottage, the Minister's new house on the outskirts of Calcutta.

Keshub tried to maintain the closest secrecy. But rumours and suspicions were rife in Calcutta during the negotiations, and the announcement of the forthcoming marriage made an enormous sensation. In the India of that time the news was incredible—as might have been, for instance, in the England of the Victorian Jubilee, an official statement that the daughter of an eminent Quaker was about to marry a German Catholic prince. In Keshub's own community the tempest was indescribable. At all times the Minister had enemies within the fold, and latterly his doctrines and strange adventures in ritual had provoked violent hostility. The Brahmo Somaj was designed as a firmly protestant body. Its dominant spirit could be described, in English terms, as that of unitarian rationalism, with a strong preference for congregational self-government. The Minister was a mystic and a rhetorician; and he was an autocrat given to crushing opposition by the assertion of his own will, coupled with unanswerable reinforcement from on high. He kept his own counsel, would admit no discussion, and faced the storm alone.

Its extent and its intensity are not difficult to comprehend. The Brahmo Somaj was an outstanding witness against the evils of Brahmanic Hinduism. During half a century it had borne its witness for an untainted theistic faith and an enlightened social ethic; and for ten years before this the genius of its Minister had made publicity and gained influence for the movement. Born in protest, the society had been moulded

in persecution. The Western reader can hardly realize the courage needed by the Brahmo pioneers to withstand the might of the Hindu system, and especially the demand made upon the young women who, in utter ignorance of the world, walked by the side of their men through the guarded doors of joint-family houses. Cooch Behar they saw only as a peculiarly vicious stronghold of the ancient enemy. How then could their own gifted Minister consent to traffic with its ruling family for the surrender of his daughter ?

Then there was the crucial point of the children's ages. Act 3 of 1872 fixed the age of the bridegroom at eighteen and of the bride at fourteen (the latter being two years higher than the age in the marriage law of England for more than half a century after the passing of the Brahmo law). To Keshub's plea that he was not violating the Act sponsored by himself, since he was consenting only to a binding betrothal, the reply of his Brahmo opponents was twofold : first, that their society must uphold its witness against the entire system of child marriage ; and secondly, that Brahmo sentiment was emphatically for treating fourteen as merely the legal minimum ; Brahmo families bring increasingly in favour of full girlhood freedom from marriage. And further, there was the question of the Maharaja and his connections. The Brahmo dissentients argued that, as the Cooch Behar family was marked with all the bad old traits, so no one among them had ever shown the smallest interest in Brahmoism ; nor was it possible to accept the boy's pledge as adequate insurance against an idolatrous ceremony or the danger of additional wives.

To the bitter personal attacks, which were abominable, and to the careful arguments of prominent Brahmos, Keshub presented the same face. Declining all debate, he took refuge in his peculiar doctrine of *Adesh* and so invited disaster. Always a perilous practice, this appeal to direct inspiration became irritating in the extreme when it was applied to a matter of plain domestic policy. The immediate result was schism and heartbreak.

After Dalton's curious ultimatum the Government of Bengal drove straight ahead. The Minister persuaded

himself that all the essentials had been conceded and that the Government would have them honoured. His friends afterwards maintained that the Government, having gained its point, left him to face the State authorities and the priests alone. His chief conditions were that the young couple should have a Brahmo wedding, that the Hindu priests should take no part in the ceremony, and that all images and idolatrous rites should be excluded. A chief pundit from Cooch Behar paid him a visit, and Keshub understood that this functionary accepted the situation, all parties being anxious for the compact. He ought to have been less simple, in view of the humiliating rules which the palace people, with Dalton's support, were seeking to impose upon the bride's family. They claimed the right to limit the wedding party and to say what persons might and might not be in it.

On the very day fixed for the departure of the special train from Calcutta, Keshub learned by telegram that the Court repudiated the pundit's agreement ; nothing was settled. How it came about that the Minister capitulated, when told that the special train could not be postponed, is a point upon which his biographers throw no light.

The story of the bridal expedition to Cooch Behar, in February, 1878, is more amazing than all that comes before. Arrived at the little capital of the State (a town of ten thousand people), the parents found themselves confronted by the Ranis and their priests, intent upon capturing the bride and subjecting her to all the forbidden rites. Keshub was informed that his demands could not be acceded to. And yet he permitted his daughter to be removed to the palace, where the ritual welcoming of the bride was performed. The Ranis were resolved to have the *Homa* (fire worship), performed, to prevent the Brahmo service and the exchange of vows, and to keep all non-Brahmins, including Keshub himself, out of bounds. Hence there ensued another long and angry dispute, consuming the entire wedding-day until past the auspicious sunset hour for which all had been waiting. Keshub shut himself up in bitterness of soul ; and towards midnight—so the Maharani records—the boy bridegroom made his own stand. He

declared that he was going to bed. If he was to marry this girl they could wake him. But if not, they were to have his horse ready, and in the morning he would ride away from Cooch Behar, never to return. Dalton then made a desperate last appeal to the Minister: "Mr. Sen, the wedding must and shall take place to-night. The service shall be exactly as you wish. There is another auspicious hour at 3 a.m." The Lieutenant-Governor had sent his final order by wire, and a written agreement was handed to Keshub. During the late-night skirmish the illuminations had been extinguished and silence had fallen on palace and town. Now the lights blazed again and music sounded. The wedding ceremony was performed in a huge tent, the poor scared little bride wearing a pale-blue *sari* and a bright red satin veil.

It was a victory for the Hindu priests and the palace. What the last-hour written agreement amounted to one cannot tell, for, as the Maharani wrote in her autobiography, when the dreadful memories of her bridal had become wreathed in the mists of romance, "Our marriage was recognized by the Government and the State as a Hindu marriage. Act 3 did not enter into the question at all; the age limit did not affect us." The Minister's conditions were nothing but abstractions devised by a painfully distracted man, who had been caught in a net from which the only possible escape was a clean cut.

Keshub returned to Calcutta, profoundly sorrowful and disheartened. His church had been torn asunder. The violence of personal and sectional passion was extreme. There was a struggle for possession of the *mandir* (temple), which remained in the hands of Keshub's adherents. The dissentients, comprising a majority of the abler and more progressive members, founded the Sadharan (inclusive) Brahmo Somaj, which has maintained the modernist tradition of the movement. Keshub Chunder Sen transformed his tabernacle into the Church of the New Dispensation, and in the short time remaining to him continued to display his brilliant and erratic gifts. He died in 1884, aged forty-six. His public career covered a quarter-century of unrelenting energy, expended in devotional exaltation, social experiment, and an impassioned pursuit of spiritual

satisfaction. The power of his speech was acknowledged equally by Indians and Europeans. His orations in the Calcutta Town Hall were notable events. But his life was heavily shadowed and it bore the marks of deep frustration. After the battle, he made an intellectual defence of the marriage in a letter to one of his English admirers, Frances Power Cobbe. He acted, he said, all along as a public man. The young Maharaja had been saved by the British Government from the corrupt influences of the Cooch Behar State, "a den of ignorance and superstition". A right marriage would complete his salvation; not a vestige of the old regime would remain. Under the dictates of conscience he had said Yes.

The historians of the Brahmo Somaj are agreed as to the disastrous results of the Cooch Behar affair upon the community. Its strength was broken; its spirit failed; thereafter it was rent by faction. But these calamities should not be explained by the Dalton Plan alone. On the contrary, we can see that a schism was coming in any case, and that it was being hastened by the temper and policy of Keshub Chunder Sen. Nevertheless, it is accurate to say that the year 1878 brought a decisive reverse to the most vigorous progressive movement in the India of the earlier transition. The Brahmos have always been few in number. In 1921 their recorded total was 6,388; in the 1931 Census the figure is 5,378. Dr. Edward Thompson, a high authority, observes that no community of similar size in the modern world has produced a higher percentage of intellectual ability and public character. That is an opinion which can be defended.

One concluding word of reflection and one of record should be added.

The first concerns that conscientious and forgotten member of the Indian Civil Service, Godfrey Dalton, his colleagues and their plan. Here, as I have said, was an experiment in paternal government. A young prince was under training and was deemed to be in peril. It was most desirable that he should be protected and well settled in life. His English guardians meant to do their best for him, and were convinced

that what they were doing was the very best. How was it possible for them to divine those extraordinary consequences?

And the last word relates to the Maharaja and his consort.

After the ceremony the boy went to England and returned for a short spell of college in Calcutta. The marriage was completed by a Brahmo ceremony when Suniti Devi was sixteen. The appearance of the pair at the Jubilee was one of the picturesque events of 1887; and thereafter their activities are recorded in the chronicles of Calcutta and Darjeeling, as also in those of Society in England. The Maharani and her family maintained the closest contact with the Brahmo community, Her Highness and her sisters alike being interested especially in its work on behalf of women and girls. The Maharaja held military rank, saw service in more than one frontier campaign, and was the most famous sportsman among the princes of India. He died at Bexhill in 1911. On the wall of the crematorium at Golders Green the English mourner scans the tablet to his memory. And if he knows anything of this remarkable story, he can hardly neglect to devote a passing thought to the vanity of human wishes in those fields of aspiration and ambition where no frontier can divide the East from the West.

THE PERSIAN OIL DISPUTE

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE announcement, made public in Persia on November 26th and in England three days later, that the Persian Government had cancelled the concession of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which was signed by Muzaffar-ud-Din Shah in 1901 for a period of sixty years, struck the Persians with delight and the British with amazement. Feeling against the Company, which, incidentally, supplies much of the oil used by the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, had been sedulously cultivated in the Persian Press ever since the summer. Of this, however, the ordinary Englishman knew nothing. People in this country were taken completely aback by the news. So deeply implanted, however, is their belief in the sanctity of commercial contracts that the popular reaction here to this annulment was prompt and unequivocal: so gross an act of repudiation was something which the whole world must note and condemn.

Confronted with such a flagrant insult to their nationals—to a company, moreover, in which they themselves, on behalf of the Navy, were prominent shareholders—the British Government acted swiftly. They acted, perhaps, with more celerity than wisdom. For after making an unavailing threat to carry the affair to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague (which would in any case pronounce on the juridical aspect of the case only), they subsequently entrusted a verdict to the Council of the League of Nations. The Council met to hear the case on December 19th, but since the Persian representatives in the meantime had been unable to perform the unenviable task of making bricks without straw, the

Council, on both sides agreeing to maintain the *status quo*, postponed the matter until January 23rd. It is to be hoped that the Council will thrash out the problem thoroughly and pronounce upon all its aspects.

I write, then, before the decision of Geneva is known. It is, however, hardly conceivable that any countenance will be given to the view that unilateral denunciation of an agreement is permissible before the stipulated term of such agreement and without the violation of its conditions by one party. That educated Persians are unaware of the quandary in which the capricious action of their Sovereign has placed their country is scarcely credible. It is to be expected, therefore, that they will put the best face they can on the matter, and then retreat with grace—to make, ultimately, a revised concession with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. One way is open without too obvious a slight on the Shah himself: the Majliss (Parliament) has ratified the cancellation of the concession, and it may retract such ratification. Thus may the Shah's personal responsibility in the business be covered up, and the constitutional machinery in Persia be put to a face-saving use.

Fairly full résumés of the respective cases of the British and Persian Governments, together with a statement by the Directors of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to the shareholders, have been published in the Press, and I do not intend to recapitulate them. They concern, mainly and naturally, the merits rather than the origins of the dispute. Yet whatever may be said, from the cynical historian's point of view, of the futility of the search for origins, some background, for the proper understanding of a problem of this kind, is indispensable. It is to be feared that both the British public, ill-served as it is by intelligence services in the Middle East and especially in Persia, and the British Government, insensitive to the effects of the weakness of British post-War diplomacy in Persia, have harboured incorrect notions on the nature of this cancellation of the oil concession.

At a loss to account for this strange act by the Persian Government, the British public leapt to three alternative or combined conclusions. At first, the cancellation was attri-

buted to Bolshevik machinations. The pattern of annulment was Bolshevik; Russian influence in Teheran and Northern Persia generally had been considerable and was increasing; and the Russian oil industry, already supplying Northern Persia, had repeatedly shown its jealousy of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in Southern Persia, as well as of "capitalist" oil in other parts of the world. What, then, more natural (it was inferred) than that the Soviet agents had instigated the Shah's Government to this anti-British action?

As a matter of fact, the Russians, though jubilant over Persia's demonstration that the Shah and his advisers had outgrown "antiquated" notions of commercial morality and that they felt themselves strong enough to "stand up to" the British Empire, had nothing whatever to do with this repudiation. They may have chuckled, but they were not the father of the child. By those who have been in closest touch with Persia since the War, a Bolshevik explanation of this impasse is considered unnecessary. The cancellation of the concession was the work of the Shah and of the Shah alone.

Next, it was suggested in the British Press and in private conversation that the Persian Government, possessed of acute psychological sense and of knowledge of world affairs, had chosen a moment when the British Empire was embarrassed and the League of Nations was in confusion to strike a blow for freedom. Had we not had worries on all sides, it was argued, from China to America, so insignificant a nation as the Persians would never have dared to indulge in such effrontery.

But this explanation, also, lacks conviction. Persian diplomacy is astute: there is in the East no shrewder brain than the Persian. But to credit the Shah with such a nice appreciation of world politics is as extravagant as it is unnecessary. For this cancellation was no sudden decision; impetuosity played no part in it at all. It had, as I have already said, been advocated in the Teheran newspapers in inspired articles for months past. Yet caprice, not calculation, decided the precise moment at which the announcement was made.

It has been further suggested that the popularity of the

Shah, Riza Pahlevi, has been waning in recent years, and that the cancellation of the concession of the A.P.O.C. was calculated to divert attention from internal grievances. Those who accepted this interpretation pointed to the dissatisfaction of Persian merchants consequent upon governmental interference with commerce and to the resentment of the Persian tribes through their having been completely disarmed and brought under the unsympathetic heel of the Central Government. There may be some truth in this last suggestion.

But why should this acquisition of Bolshevik commercial morality be made at the expense of a British company, one which, moreover, had done so much for Persia, not only financially, but also socially, culturally, and hygienically? The answer is to be found in the post-War diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Persia.

It must be remembered, first of all, that the present Shah came to the throne determined to restrict to the narrowest limits foreign influence in Persia, which had grown concurrently with internal disorder arising from the constitutional regime of 1907-1914. He has never been and is not anti-British: he was and is anti-foreign—in so far, that is, as any foreign rights in Persia might conceivably be held to derogate from his sovereign will.

But in the nature of things this anti-foreign attitude took on an anti-British tinge; and this for two reasons. Against the Russians' hold on Northern Persia the Teheran Government could do little; geographically the odds are and must continue to be overwhelmingly unfavourable. The Russians can always make the traders of Northern Persia, and, in some measure, the Persian Government, dance to whatever tune they care to play; and when, with a magnificent gesture, they surrendered certain onerous concessions, such as roads and railways in Northern Persia, as having been extracted from Persia by the hated and invalid Tsarist regime and offered Persia full control of the Russian Bank (whose liabilities far exceeded its assets), they retained their rights to the valuable Caspian Sea fisheries which were equally an inheritance from Tsarist times.

Thus, while the British Empire, like Russia, is a direct

neighbour of Persia, the British are not nearly such close neighbours to Teheran as are the Russians.

In effect, then, this anti-foreign, or pro-Persian attitude did assume an anti-British complexion. The number of foreigners in Persia, excluding British and Russian subjects, is perhaps five hundred. When the Capitulations were denounced by the Persian Government—and it should by no means be supposed that Capitulations in Persia were in origin or in use and abuse similar to the Capitulations in Turkey—it was really the British who were the butt of the Persian Nationalists, who were so elated at the success of the Shah's Administration in its relations with foreign diplomatists that they drew no distinction, and have since drawn no distinction, between their new nationalism and their inherent patriotism. Only since the War have the Persians, in company with so many other peoples, been immersed (even if not so deeply as some) in the swift and sometimes turbulent waters of nationalism.

The position of foreigners in Persia was not the only object of the Shah's attacks. Riza Shah Pahlevi is a personality, not, indeed, so ruthless nor so radical as Mustafa Kemal Pasha of Turkey, but still a commander whose instrument in internal affairs is always, in the last resort, the Army. He has made the Persian Army, at present consisting of some 70,000 or 80,000 men, a body to be respected: this is possibly the achievement on which he most prides himself. Certainly it is the object of his unceasing care and of over forty per cent. of the revenues of the State.

Now this instrument he has used consistently to strengthen his own position and to reduce the local equivalents of the Northern and Southern Irish, the Scots, Welsh and Cornishmen to the status of the humblest of ratepayers. It would be idle to suppose they are grateful for this change in their social status.

Here it must be remarked that all through what has been called this Persian renaissance under Riza Shah, this increasing concentration of power in Teheran, the Persian Government has enjoyed, and considerably profited by, the benevolence of British diplomacy. To very few, indeed, of the Persian claims

has His Majesty's Government made demur. There has been no give-and-take in Anglo-Persian relations in recent years: the scales have always been weighted on one side. Most notably, in connection with the matter under discussion in this article, Persian tribal chiefs of long-standing friendship with, and proved loyalty to, the British, have within the last half dozen years or so been broken, with scarcely a sigh from British representatives, though both the British Government and the Anglo-Persian Company had given their pledged word guaranteeing protection.

I would hasten to add that I do not wish to suggest that the Persian Government has not done well to rid itself of certain features of the Qajar regime. I think that the British Government were right in abrogating the Capitulations, and that subsequent events have justified both the Persian and the British actions in this regard. But I do suggest that Anglo-Persian diplomacy has been one-sided. There are many matters, not germane to the present examination of the oil problem, which ought to have been cleared up in Anglo-Persian conference. Yet such clearing up as has taken place has occurred in the manner and at the time that the Persian Government, not the British Government, wished. A display of firmness, a resolve to remove all misunderstandings and doubtful points when Persia wanted to remove but one, would have been possible, and a comprehensive Anglo-Persian settlement could have been made. Instead of this, the British Government has hitherto curtsied to the beat of the Persian conductor, when a fitter sense of equality could perfectly well have been manifested without in the least detracting from that sympathy which the British nation quite rightly feels for the Persian nation in its efforts to build up a modern regime. Those Englishmen, indeed, are the best and most dependable friends of Persia who do not allow their sympathetic understanding of Persian aims to impair their sense of fair play for their own people. And the best Persians know this well: for they are exceedingly intelligent.

But what, it may be asked, has this to do with the problem of oil? Would not this trouble over the concession

have arisen even with the tribes' retention of their former powers?

To the first question the answer is, that weakness of British post-War diplomacy has had very much to do with the present crisis over oil: to the second, it is impossible to reply dogmatically. All that can be said as to the powers of the tribes of Southern Persia (in which section of the Shah's territory the British Empire has always been primarily interested) is that so long as these tribes held fast to their promises to the British, and the British held fast to their promises to the tribes, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's position would hardly have been what it is now.

In any case, the hypothesis is now academic, for the die is cast. Southern Persia is definitely under the control of the Teheran Government. The powers of the Bakhtiari tribe, in whose territory the oil lies, are broken. The sway of the Sheikh of Mohammerah, through whose (former) land the pipe-line runs, is smashed. I will not here go into the story of the Sheikh Khazal of Mohammerah, a man to whom the word of the British, both official and unofficial, was given, a man who supported the cause of the British loyally during the War in Mesopotamia, and who subsequently relied on our promise of protection. It is a story which no Briton who knows the facts can recall without shame. England broke her word to Sheikh Khazal—in the alleged higher interests of the Persian Government, presumably. The British Government, once the Sheikh was a prisoner in Teheran, relied on the Persian Government's "categorical assurances" (Sir Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons, July, 1927) that "the Sheikh's affairs should be justly and equitably settled."

Nor, incidentally, were tribal chiefs in Southern Persia the only friends of the British in the Middle East who had cause to rue their attachment to, and trust in, the word of Great Britain.

But perhaps the British Government alone should not be blamed. For the Anglo-Persian Oil Company itself, which had safeguarded its position in Southern Persia and the head of the Persian Gulf by means of a very careful network of

arrangements, followed the renunciatory lead of His Majesty's Government. It renounced the policy of co-operating with, and depending primarily upon, the tribes of the mountains and plains which are the theatre of its operations ; and, instead, dealt direct with Teheran. Some three or four years ago, its Resident-Director in Persia was removed from the neighbourhood of the Gulf hundreds of miles north to the capital, Teheran. This move, to those who could read aright, was a symptom of probable developments.

I will, however, say no more on this aspect. It was obvious that the new policy adopted by the A.P.O.C. would be palatable to the powers that be in Persia only so long as royalties from the oil were plentiful.

Here I should interpolate that, previously to 1928, from which the changes I have referred to approximately date, the Persian Government was offered a revision of the terms of the D'Arcy concession. These offers, however, were refused, though they related to many of the very points, such as the calculation of the royalty basis and Persian participation in subsidiary companies of the A.P.O.C., which have been adduced in Teheran as justification for cancellation of the concession.

In 1929 the Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company visited Persia to obtain a revised concession from the Persian Government. A prolongation of the period governing the D'Arcy concession was possibly one of his capital objects, but there were certain details which in the interests of both parties were susceptible of improvement and clarification. The Persian Government professed at once its willingness to undertake negotiations. These were considered so important, indeed, that no less a personage than the Minister of Court was sent by the Shah to London in 1930 and 1931 to arrange a new concession with the Company.

In 1930 the world oil slump began. It was patent to any business man that profits and subsequent royalties (which for Persia are sixteen per cent. of the net profits) would sharply decline.

About the conduct of these negotiations the less said, perhaps,

the better. Procrastination and unwillingness to set seal to documents are familiar phenomena to those dealing with Oriental peoples : they are, indeed, the monopoly of no nation. In the first half of 1932, it appeared that finality had at last been reached. In the middle of that year, however, it was unhappily apparent that a hitch had occurred. In July, the Persian Foreign Minister made a strong speech in the Majliss in which he asserted that the Persian Government was not getting its fair quota from the Company. His cue was taken up by the Persian Press. Tempers rose rapidly ; wild charges were flung about.

Teheranis recalled that the sum of approximately four millions of pounds (sterling)—an accumulation of oil royalties—which had been left by the Persian Government in London as a reserve for the change-over in currency from silver to gold, had suddenly depreciated in value as a result of the British Government's departure from the gold standard. This loss was looked upon as unwarrantable treachery and a flagrant manifestation of British ill-will towards Persia. Excited Persian Nationalists further pointed out that at the beginning of 1932 the Iraq Government had received from the Iraq Petroleum Company (an international concern, in which the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is closely interested, and of which its Chairman, Sir John Cadman, is also Chairman) no less a sum than £400,000. This was £100,000 more than the Persian Government itself was offered in royalties for 1931, although millions of tons were being exported from Persia and, so far, not a single ton from Iraq ! It was stated, again, that the Company had paid more to the British Government in income-tax (£800,000) in 1931 than it proposed to pay in royalties (£300,000) to the Persian Government. All sorts of unchecked and misunderstood figures, in short, were bandied about and uncritically accepted ; full rein was given by those in authority to the campaign of misrepresentation. The official Persian attitude grew, in fact, more and more unbending ; the Press diatribes increased in virulence ; and finally, at the end of November, amid a riot of popular enthusiasm, hooliganism, and, notably, a display of theatrical and cinematographic

generosity, the step of cancellation of the D'Arcy concession was published.

Since those November days of feverish excitement in Persia there has been little enough evidence of willingness on the part of the Shah to recognize that he has made a capital error in statesmanship. The dismissal, at the end of the year, of his Minister of Court, H.H. Taimur Tash, was interpreted in some quarters as a sign of grace: for Taimur Tash was second only to the Shah himself in fertility of imagination and driving force in Persia. But the fact is that Riza Shah Pahlevi has shown himself superbly and constantly indifferent to foreign opinion. He issued a decree at the beginning of January forbidding prominent Persians to attend receptions given by foreigners in Persia. By such means, presumably, he intends to keep at a high temperature the anti-foreign feeling in his country. This social exclusiveness contrasts curiously with the Shah's known desire to attract foreign capitalists and foreign enterprise to his under-developed country: to say "Sinn Fein" and "Pray, enter!" in the same breath is as if the right hand were unaware of what the left hand is doing.

Possibly Riza Shah Pahlevi may be more impressed with Japan's present attitude towards the League of Nations and with Mr. de Valera's attitude towards Great Britain than might be imagined by those who know Persia only from the useful service she has done as a member of the League of Nations. After all, he is, for all his driving force and vision, a man whose horizon is limited by the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf: with the exception of a brief visit to the Shiah Holy Cities in neighbouring Iraq, he has never travelled beyond the confines of his Kingdom.

In any case, there is no argument in international law by which this cancellation of the concession may be justified. To base it on the ground that the D'Arcy concession was granted before Persia had a Constitution is sheer sophistry. Who can tell what Persians fifty years hence will think of the engagements entered into by the first member of the Pahlevi dynasty? Is there anything sacrosanct about a Majliss which exists mainly to ratify the accomplished desires of the Shah? Yet

the D'Arcy concession is invalid because the Majliss has never ratified it, forsooth! Truly, the Persians are proud of their Parliament, but it is largely academic pride, for everyone in Persia knows that the Shah is a Dictator in all but name.

The Middle East is about to be developed in a way that may amaze the world. For other countries in this area the temptation to adopt the Persian method of cancellation, were it given any international countenance, might be irresistible. For Persia's own sake, therefore, for the sake of her neighbours, for the stability of the whole business world, it is to be hoped that the League of Nations will unequivocally condemn the unilateral denunciation of the D'Arcy concession. There are but few countries which have dared to follow the example of Soviet Russia in the matter of pre-War obligations, and for Persia to be allowed, with whatever motives, to infect the East with such a virus would be a calamity. Fortunately, there is reason to believe that the two latest recruits to the League of Nations, who are also Persia's neighbours, disapprove fundamentally of this Persian action.

From the broad international point of view, as well as from the narrower point of view of Persia's own future, this cancellation must be retracted: it is demanded alike by the commercial morality of the world and the stability of Persian finances. From the British point of view, resistance to cancellation is vital. If the concession be cancelled the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has no legal standing in Persia, and is in no position, therefore, to secure the revised concession which both London and Teheran desire.

A final word should be said on the future possibilities of Persian oil. If, as is claimed, the original D'Arcy concession was signed at a time when the potentialities of petroleum were little realized, it is now patent that Persia's oil is not, relatively, so important as it was. Persia is not the only source of oil in the Middle East. The Iraq Government, which has already granted concessions to two international companies, the Iraq Petroleum Company and the British Oil Development Company, has territory which is destined in the near future to supply billions of tons of oil. This supply of oil in Iraq not

only is vast, but it will also be brought direct to the Mediterranean, and so to the Western world, without having to undergo, as Persian oil has to undergo, the heavy cost of passage through the Suez Canal. And the character of British relations with Iraq, Transjordan, and Palestine would seem to indicate that there will in future be no preference given to Persian oil.

It might be argued, in short, that from a world point of view the Persian oil-fields will cease shortly to be a matter of extreme importance.

But that any steps will be taken in Persia to damage the vulnerable pipe-line is highly improbable. The history of Persia shows many mistakes made by Persians, but they have never yet toppled over into disaster. Common sense will surely break in on them.

That there are various points in the D'Arcy concession which require alteration or clarification is granted by no one more freely than by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company itself, and when, once the international aspect of this sorry affair has been regularized by the League of Nations, the Persian Government and the Company resume negotiations, they will, doubtless, effect such an agreement as will bring a new prosperity to both. In the meantime, both the Middle East and the Western world will have learned much, and perhaps have inferred more.

II.—OUR POSITION IN THE PERSIAN GULF

BY CAPTAIN GUY COLERIDGE, R.N.

THE position of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf is unique in world politics. Without owning a square mile of territory on either of its shores, or even possessing one of its barren and inhospitable islands as a base, she has for generations borne burdens there which no other nation has ever shouldered except in the capacity of sovereign; she has undertaken duty without dominion; she has kept and keeps the peace amongst people who never have been and are not her subjects; she has policed waters over which she has no formal authority, and she has kept an open market in those distant ports equally to all the merchants of the world.

How came England to occupy this position in the midst of an ancient civilization which dates from the dawn of time? Its origin goes back beyond Babylon and Assyria, and Egypt is by comparison modern. The waters of the Persian Gulf were a busy highway before the Mediterranean ever floated a trading keel. Sennacherib sailed upon the "great sea of Sunrising", and Nearchus, Alexander's Admiral, was familiar with the many great ports which have disappeared long ages ago, swept under by the sand of time and the desert. For four hundred years before ordinary history begins the Chinese traded with Basra—the ancient port of Bussoorah, where the wondering Eastern poet found the men "that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters"—and from Basra sailed Sindbad the Sailor on his seven amazing voyages.

The earliest record of England's transactions in the Persian Gulf is a delightful passport written in Latin and English by Elizabeth on behalf of one Anthonie Jenkinson, who desired to trade with the Middle East:

“ Elizabeth by the Grace of God Queene of Englande etc.

“ To the Righte Mightie and Right Victorious Prince, the Great Sophie, Emperour of the Persians, Medes, Parthians, Hireans, Carmanians, Margians, and of the people on this side and beyond the river Tigris and of all men and nations between the Caspian Sea and the Gulf of Persia greeting, and most happy increase in all prosperitie.”

The passport goes on with the delicate embroidery of the time to ask permission to establish “ trade of merchandize ” and ends :

“ If these holy duties of entertainment and sweet offices of natural humanitie may be willingly concluded, sincerely embraced and firmly observed between us and our realmes and subjects, then we do hope that the Almighty God will bring it to pass that of these small beginnings greater moments of things shall hereafter spring, both to our furniture and honours and also to the great commodities and use of our peoples— So it will be known that neither the earth nor the seas nor the heavens have so much force to separate us, as the godly disposition of natural humanitie and mutual benevolence have to join us strongly together.

“ God grant unto your Majestie long and happy felicitie in earth and perpetual in heaven.

“ Dated in England, in our famous cite of London the twenty fifth day of the month of April in year of the Creation of World 5523, and of our Lord Jesus Christ 1561, and of our Reigne the Third.”

But Mr. Jenkinson's religion was against him, the Emperor, the Great Sophie, asked him if he was a Gaur (an unbeliever) or a Mohammedan. He replied that Christ was the greatest of prophets—and he had to go, with a man sprinkling sand behind him to cleanse the pollution of his exit.

Shah Abbas the Great, Tamasp's successor, was like Akbar, his contemporary and neighbour in India, more tolerant to all beliefs, and granted to Sir Anthony Sherley of the County of Sussex, who travelled to Persia by way of Baghdad, a *firman* whereby he threw Persia open to the merchants of all nations, and exempted them from the jurisdiction of ordinary Persian authority, the first example of extra-territorial rights, that bone of contention of which much is heard in these days further East.

This was the definite beginning of our “ trade of merchandize ” with Persia. At the same time the power of the East India Company began to be felt, as it steadily grew and spread its tentacles up into the Gulf. Other nations besides England

had their eyes on the markets of the East, and for the next three hundred years the maritime powers of Europe struggled for supremacy in these distant waters.

The Portuguese had a firm footing at the entrance to the Gulf, with the island of Hormuz and the town of Gombroon on the mainland. There the merchants of the Middle East came secure from piracy, quietly to enjoy their barter in a place of settled order and government. The spectacle of so much wealth on the borders of his Empire was too tempting to Shah Abbas the Great, who, understanding the value of sea power, turned in his wisdom to England and the East India Company.

In about three years negotiations were speedily settled and in 1622 a squadron consisting of the *London*, *Lion*, *Jonah*, and *Whale* captured Gombroon, which was re-named Bandar Abbas; and since those far-off days England has almost without a break maintained a squadron, first of the East India Company, and then of the Royal Navy, in the Persian Gulf—the most continuous and in some ways the most arduous duty in all her naval history.

In 1654 England and Holland were at war and a Dutch squadron of five ships attacked the English squadron off Bandar Abbas. “ The Dutch,” says the historian “ were most of them drunk and knew not what they did ; the English, I think, were little better, if not worse.” The effects of this alcoholic orgy were grave, and for some years our power and prestige were seriously diminished.

Dr. John Fryer, one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, visiting the Gulf at this time, finds “ the Hollanders absolute in the spice trade ” and notes that France also was knocking at the door, but her efforts were not considered serious ; for he says :

“ The French have as little to do at this Port as in other places ; and were it not for the credit of their interpreter, who gets good profit by wine (he being privileged with a wine press for that nation as well as the other European nations) they could not subsist ; but Monsieur lives retiredly and without more business than to visit and be visited (which courtesy passes interchangeably among the Christians as well as natives) and lounges his time away.”

He was hardly to be blamed, it was and is a pestiferous climate, and the Company's agent was sent to the hills because "death hath been so familiar in those parts caused by ill aire staying so long in it at Gombroon."

For the next hundred years peace was on the waters; the Portuguese disappeared, and by 1760 the only Dutch settlement left was on Kharag Island at the head of the Gulf. Here one Baron Kniphausen established a factory; he is described by the historian as "a liar and loose liver" and he had served in the Prussian and French armies, and finally that of the Dutch East India Company. But he did not last, and the capture of his island and fort put an end to Dutch commerce in the Persian Gulf.

England stood alone. The elimination of foreign competition did not, however, eliminate piracy, which was rife, and the Court of Directors of the East India Company in London passed the following order:—

"If all efforts to put an end to the piratical views in the Gulf and to procure reparations of injuries without having recourse to arms shall prove ineffectual, you are to present the same to the Presidency, that they may lay it before the commanding officer of His Majesty's ships in the East Indies and endeavour to obtain such protection and assistance as the circumstances of the case may require."

So the Royal Navy first came upon the scene, and in May, 1775, Captain George Farmer of H.M.S. *Seahorse* sailed into the Gulf, carrying with him one Horatio Nelson, midshipman in His Majesty's Fleet. In later years Lord Nelson said of his experience there: "Nothing less than such a distant voyage could in the least satisfy my desire of maritime knowledge." But he returned to England an invalid. On her passage back down the Gulf the *Seahorse* was in sorry plight, men fell on deck from sheer exhaustion and the sick list was over fifty.

For several years the suppression of piracy was carried out in a half-hearted manner; England was too busy with the suppression of Napoleon, and up and down the Gulf a perpetual terror reigned, villages were burnt and the wretched

inhabitants massacred, trading vessels of all nationalities were plundered and sunk, their crews and passengers tortured and shot, until at last an extra twist of the lion's tail roused him from his complacency. A large combined expedition sailed up the Gulf under Sir W. Grant Keir and decisive results were quickly obtained, ending in the complete submission of all the Arab chiefs on the pirate coast, and on January 8th, 1820, a general Treaty of Peace was signed and agreed to:

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

Praise be to Allah, who hath ordained Peace to be a blessing to His creatures. There is established a lasting peace between the British Government and the Arab Tribes, who are parties to this contract on the following conditions:

ARTICLE I.—There shall be a cessation of Plunder and Piracy by land and sea on the part of the Arabs who are parties to this contract for ever."

So it is to this day. The pirate coast became known as the Trucial Coast, and the peace amongst the Arabs has never again been seriously disturbed, while their affairs are now regulated by the chief representative of the British Government, who stands between them as an official referee.

The invention of the steamship altered the complexion of affairs, and the mechanized sailor of Europe began again to compete with the seamen of England in the business of "trade of merchandize" in the Gulf. The first steamship to cause consternation amongst the Arabs was the *Hugh Lindsay* of the Indian Marine in 1838, and in the 'sixties the British India Steam Navigation Company appeared with a regular service. Hard upon them came the electric telegraph, not laid or maintained in its early days without considerable difficulty.

The hottest place in the world is said, and I believe it, to be the head of the Khor Ash Shem. On the Arabian side just inside the Gulf the inlet winds eight miles narrowly inland, past mountains of volcanic rock three thousand feet high, towering steep to the water's edge, shutting out even the hot breezes of the desert, and leaving nothing but the imprisoned heat of the centuries. At the head of the inlet is neither fish, fowl nor man, but there, on a little rocky islet, are to be seen the grim remains of what was once

an Eastern Telegraph Station. For, in 1869, the Directors—looking at a chart in a comfortable Board Room in London—found, quite correctly, knowing nothing of the climate, a most sheltered haven, and here they sent two young operators to relay messages on to India and the East, and here, unable to stand the strain of the terrific heat and the desolation of loneliness, they shot each other.

In the 'eighties France, Germany, Italy, Russia and even Austria-Hungary appeared to compete with the authority and prestige of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf, and in the 'nineties French Men-of-War arrived with a settled agreement between France and Russia, the object of which was to undermine our influence in these waters, embroiled as we were with the South African war. In 1894 Germany arrived on the scene with H.I.M.S. *Cormoran*, carrying Consuls and Vice-Consuls to take up residence and look after the interests of the German subjects in the Gulf, their total numbering six, including women and children. In 1899 German warships began regularly to visit the Gulf, and the Hamburg-Amerika line started a line of steamships from Europe. Italy, Austria and even America joined in this ebullition of naval courtesy, and for the first time for some two hundred years foreign navies were beginning seriously to disturb the control of England over these so long peaceful waters.

At this juncture Lord Curzon, who knew the Persian Gulf and all its various problems from knowledge acquired on the spot, was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He had already written much on the subject :

"Between all parties intervenes the sworded figure of Great Britain with firm and just hands holding the scales. It is no exaggeration to say that the lives and properties of hundreds of thousands of human beings are secured by this British protectorate of the Persian Gulf, and were it either withdrawn or destroyed both sea and shore would relapse into the anarchical chaos from which they have been so laboriously reclaimed. . . . Hundreds of British lives and millions of British money have been spent in the pacification of these troublous waters. Where the Russians in the North have scared a few penniless buccaneers, the British in the South have effectively destroyed a pirate combination and fleet that recall the last century of the Roman Republic and the exploits of Pompey. A commerce has been fostered and multiplied that is a source of great wealth

and livelihood to Persia and Arabia, and to Turkey. Thousands of British subjects peacefully ply their trade under the armed protection of the Union Jack. England, however, makes no arrogant pretensions. . . . The merchant navies of the world are free to plough these waves, and to fill their holds with incoming and outgoing treasure. But at least she must and does claim in return for the sacrifices to which she has submitted and the capital which she has sunk, and for the sake of peace which she is here to guard, that no hostile political influence shall intrude its discordant features upon the scene."

This statement was written by Lord Curzon while still in the House of Commons, but the longer he lived and the greater his office, the more experience confirmed his original opinion that the maintenance of British political supremacy in the Persian Gulf was of vital importance to the British Empire. He had no doubt read the Will of Peter the Great, the main object of which was the conquest of India. (It may have been a forgery, but the terrible successor to his line, with his slogan "The road to London lies through Delhi" well understood its precept.)

"To work at this, raise wars continually—at one time against Turkey, at another against Persia ; make dockyards on the Black Sea ; by degrees make yourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic ; hasten the decay of Persia and penetrate to the Persian Gulf ; establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the East *via* Syria and push on to the Indies, which are the entrepôt of the world. Once there, you need not fear the gold of England."

Conforming to this plan, Russia made her maximum effort in 1900. The *Gilyak*, *Varyaz*, and *Askold*, vessels of the Imperial Russian Fleet, arrived and cruised round all the Gulf ports. Much ceremony and entertainment was offered, profuse salutes were given, while all the ships were thrown open to the riff-raff of the population. "A little more reserve", said the British Consul at Basra, "would have created a better impression on the Oriental mind". The French also sent strong contingents, and the situation was becoming acute when Lord Curzon, in his official capacity of Viceroy of India, backed his written opinions by personal action and toured in state the whole of the Persian Gulf, and gave a demonstration of the power and splendour of Great Britain which no foreign nation could hope to copy in those waters.

At the same time Lord Lansdowne, then Foreign Secretary,

went down to the House of Lords and said in the course of his speech :

" I say it without hesitation ; we should regard the establishment of a naval base, or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal."

The air of the political situation was therefore clear when in 1912 the British Navy took to oil on the grand scale ; no rival was to be found in these waters, and the Anglo-Persian oil agreement and contract, with an initial advance by H.M. Government of two million pounds, subsequently increased to five millions, was carried through without serious difficulty during Mr. Winston Churchill's term of office as First Lord of the Admiralty. A steady supply of oil at a reasonable price became possible and the Grand Fleet of the Great War became a fact. Mr. Churchill estimates in his first volume of *The World Crisis* that this great experiment with its original expenditure of two millions effected a saving of forty million pounds. If it was possible to compute the amount to-day it would reach an amazing figure.

Here then is a position and a property not lightly to be abandoned.

A formidable bidder in that fruitful market was in the offing : the Baghdad railway was in course of construction and Lord Wemyss has stated in his book on the Dardanelles that one of the reasons for which Germany went to war was to obtain control of the Persian Gulf and so of the Anglo-Persian oil fields.

In 1914, through the Turks, they made their effort. Mines were to be brought by land from Constantinople under German direction and laid in the Shatt-el-Arab just above the river bar at Fao, blocking the way to Abadan, the river end of the pipe line from the Persian hills, and so cutting off the oil supply of the British Fleet.

Foresight had, however, provided for this eventuality ; an Indian expeditionary force had been assembled at Bahrein in anticipation of such an attempt. It was immediately transported and landed at Fao under cover of the guns of the Persian

Gulf Squadron : and so began that long and arduous campaign which ultimately ended in the capture of Baghdad.

The end of the Great War, with the utter defeat of Turkey, her expulsion from Iraq and the Shatt-el-Arab, and the loss to Germany of the Baghdad railway, consolidated the position, while the oil supply from the Persian fields remained intact and steady.

The cancellation of the Anglo-Persian convention by the Persian Government has now disturbed the calm in these waters, and the fate of the fuel supply of the British Navy from this part of the world is now *sub judice* in the hands of the League of Nations.

Nevertheless, whatever the decision, geography does not change ; there lies that hot strip of ocean, and every gallon of oil from the hills of Ihrwaz has to be brought down to the Shatt-el-Arab and so out to the markets of the world through the waters of the Persian Gulf.

COMMONS CONTROL OF FINANCE

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

PARLIAMENT is due to reassemble in a few days' time. From now until July its main pre-occupation must needs be financial. Between February and Easter it will, at frequent intervals, consider in Committee of Supply the various departmental estimates. From Easter until the Summer recess it must face, in Committee of Ways and Means, the grim duty of finding the wherewithal to meet the demands of the public services.

During the Christmas recess Members of Parliament, as well as their constituents, have had an opportunity of studying certain documents, recently published, of first rate importance. The first of these is the Report of the Select Committee on Procedure (129), presented to the House in November; the second is the very significant Report made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a Committee of Private members; the third item is supplied by the two Reports of the Committee on Local Expenditure for England and Wales, and Scotland, respectively (Cmd. 4200 and 4201). How much of the leisure afforded by the Recess has been devoted to digestion of the facts disclosed and the recommendations made in these Reports I have now no means of knowing; and my mind misgives me. Neither Procedure nor Economy is a "paying subject" (to adopt an academic computation) for electoral purposes. Few members really master the intricacies of procedure, and no constituent cares a brass farthing whether his member does or not. As for Economy—though loudly demanded in the correspondence columns of the Press,—it is, when attempted in practice, profoundly and invariably unpopular. The member who becomes known as a jealous guardian of the public purse may save his political soul, but

unless his seat be a "safe" one he will almost certainly lose it. A good many private members, full of zeal for retrenchment in the dog days, appear to have become painfully conscious of this truth in these cheerless winter days, and the retrenchment temperature has fallen with the mercury. All the more honour, therefore, to the few members whose signatures are appended to the Economy Report. But of this more anon.

Meanwhile, my misgiving persists when I read on the placards of the evening papers announcements in big type of the progress of Australian Test matches, aerial flights, the results of Cup Ties, and what not; and amid these clamorous announcements, and anxieties in regard to much weightier matters—American debt payments, the Round Table Conference, comings and goings between the European capitals and the International assemblies on the littoral of Lake Lemman, I pause to wonder whether there is any chance that the still, small voice of national economy has any chance of being heard.

Yet the problem of public finance is vital; and it is intimately bound up with the problem of Parliamentary procedure. A recognition of the truth of this proposition is, indeed, the basis upon which the recent Report of the Select Committee (H.C. 129) is built up. Ever since the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832 the House of Commons has been periodically setting up Committees to consider the question of its own procedure. With monotonous iteration they have all reached the same conclusion. It is thus stated by the latest of the series:

"The problem of financial control was by far the gravest issue raised before your Committee. There was . . . a marked divergence of view as to possible changes. There was no difference of opinion as to the failure of previous attempts to secure effective control by the House of Commons over public expenditure, or as to the reasons for this failure." (p. 10.)

That is discouraging; but it is the naked truth. It entirely coincides with the views expressed in the Ninth Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure (1918). No Committee before or since has ever analyzed the problem so ruthlessly, or made more drastic proposals for its solution. To one who was largely responsible for the setting up of that

Committee it is gratifying to observe that its latest successor can do little more than reaffirm its conclusions and reiterate its recommendations. But, if gratifying, it is also profoundly discouraging since it proves how scant is the attention bestowed either by the Executive or the Legislature upon investigations so laboriously conducted and suggestions so carefully put forward.

The fatally weak link in the process by which public expenditure is at present controlled is that of Committee of Supply. In the preparation and approval of Departmental Estimates there are at present five stages, each of which ought to be effective. An estimate, let us say for the expenses of the Ministry of Health is, in the first instance, prepared by the Department itself; it is carefully scrutinized by the officers of that Department, particularly by the accounting officer, who may ultimately be called to defend it before the Estimates Committee and the Committee of Public Accounts. It then goes to the Treasury, and in the course of the autumn will probably make many journeys, backwards and forwards, between Whitehall and Downing Street. Finally approved by the Treasury, it goes to the Cabinet. All experts are agreed that at each of these stages *real* control is exercised. Approved by the Cabinet, it is submitted to the House of Commons in Committee of Supply.

This ought to be the most critical stage of all. Here for the first time the estimated expenditure can be scrutinized by the representatives of the taxpayer, who will have to foot the bill. Yet this is the weakest link in the whole chain.

"There has not been a single instance in the last twenty-five years when the House of Commons, by its own direct action, has reduced, on financial grounds, any estimate submitted to it. . . . The debates in Committee of Supply are indispensable for the discussion of policy and administration. But so far as the direct effective control of proposals for expenditure is concerned it would be true to say that if the estimates were never presented, and the Committee of Supply never set up, there would be no noticeable difference."

So the National Expenditure Committee reported in 1918. Giving due emphasis to the word "direct", it is the bare truth. The Report of 1932 is hardly more than an extended commentary upon that text.

Nor are the reasons for this ugly truth far to seek.

How can a "Committee" of six hundred and fifteen people effectively scrutinize the highly complicated details of a departmental estimate? Hardly any private member has a sufficient knowledge of the facts. What chance in debate has even the best informed critic against the Minister in charge on the Treasury bench with an array of experts sitting in the Civil Service pen, ready to supply him with answers to every question? Under normal conditions there should, indeed, be one member competent to criticize, viz. the ex-Minister for the Department under review. But the front Opposition bench is now grotesquely incompetent, and the only criticism likely to be made by a Socialist Opposition is that the proposed expenditure is too "niggardly". If a "reduction" in any particular item is moved, it is only because that is, paradoxically, the only means open to a private member of getting the item increased; since, under the rules of procedure, no private member can move to increase expenditure, and rightly so. This is the only real check on the notorious disposition of the House of Commons to be "generous" at other people's expense.

To return to procedure in Supply. Apart from the fact that a "Committee" of six hundred and fifteen is a contradiction in terms, the procedure is ineffective for three main reasons: first, because the opportunity afforded by Supply is generally used for the purpose of *general* criticism of the policy of the Government—e.g., on a vote for the Ministry of Labour the Opposition will almost certainly raise the whole question of Unemployment; secondly, because the particular vote to be debated is, by convention, selected by the Opposition; and, thirdly, because the supporters of the Government are precluded (as a rule) from voting in favour of any amendment they may approve, lest a hostile vote should imperil the existence of a Ministry which, on general grounds, they desire to retain.

One Select Committee after another has reported in favour of getting rid of this last and most absurd convention. There are obvious reasons why every Government in turn

should prefer to adhere to it. It often furnishes the strongest—the only strong—argument in a palpably weak case. In the last resort a Minister, however intrinsically indefensible the proposed item of expenditure, can turn round upon a small band of “rebels”, and say: “Very well, vote for the amendment and you turn us out.” Evidently there may be circumstances under which the use of this argument is perfectly legitimate. There are certain items of expenditure which an Administration is bound to defend with all the resources at its command. A Government, for instance, which in 1913 failed to support its own First Lord in a demand for some item in the Navy Estimates would have deserved impeachment. But in many other cases a particular cut is not vital, and it is grossly unfair to the House of Commons and to the taxpayers whom it is supposed to represent, that a challenged item in an Estimate should be treated as a question of confidence. Long experience of financial work in the House of Commons entitles me, I hope, to express my opinion, with all becoming deference, but with all the emphasis I can command, that until this mischievous convention is formally abandoned the House will remain impotent to control public expenditure.

Then as to the convention (it is no more) which gives the Opposition the right to select the particular votes to be debated on the twenty days allotted to supply. Under normal conditions, when a Government is faced with a powerful and united Opposition, this convention is entirely reasonable. It is, however, wholly unreasonable when the best informed and most numerous critics of departmental estimates are sitting behind Ministers, and when Ministerialists form so large a proportion of the House of Commons. My impression is that to-day all the ex-Financial Secretaries (with the doubtful exception of Sir Herbert Samuel), as well as most of the members with *any* departmental experience, are numbered among the supporters of the Government. But apart from that, it is monstrously unfair that a body of members numbering nine-tenths of the whole House should have no voice in the selection of topics for financial criticism. This is topsyturvydom *in excelsis*.

In this connection there is another important point. The latest Select Committee (presided over by Mr. Ernest Brown) report that they have considered the question of the lack of opportunity for an adequate discussion of the Reports of the Public Accounts and Estimates Committees, and recommend that “at least three of the allotted supply days should be set aside for a definite consideration by the House of the Reports from those Committees.”—(p. 13).

This is a most important recommendation and the House should insist on its adoption without delay. There is no more laborious or more valuable work done by private members than that of service on these two Committees. And it has in the past been most inadequately recognized (particularly in the case of the Estimates Committee) by the Government and by the House at large. The Public Accounts Committee supplies the final link in the chain of financial control, and its work, with the efficient help of the Controller and Auditor-General and his staff, is admirably done. Regarded as a system of *audit*, as a means of ascertaining that the money voted by Parliament for the public service, and appropriated by it in minute detail, has been in fact expended in accord with the will of Parliament, the existing procedure could hardly be improved upon. As regards *purity* of administration, in the more restricted sense, the system is above suspicion. When the Public Accounts Committee has made its final Report, the House of Commons may be assured that every farthing of public expenditure is duly accounted for, and that the intentions of the House as expressed in the Appropriation Acts have been meticulously fulfilled.

But this Final Report is not received until two years after the money has been voted. A *post-mortem* enquiry may bring satisfaction to expert practitioners; but for mourners it is a tardy and a melancholy satisfaction. A careful audit of accounts may indirectly contribute to future economies; but, for the time being, the mischief is done, the money is spent.

That is one reason why, with experience of both Committees, I have always regarded the work of the Estimates Committee as more important than that of Public Accounts. But that is

not the common opinion, and the reasons are quite intelligible. The Brown Committee have evidently given much attention to this matter and in their recommendations I naturally concur, since I have myself repeatedly urged them upon successive Governments. I content myself, therefore, with expressing a sincere hope that the Brown Committee's recommendations will receive more favourable consideration than those made by the Public Expenditure Committee in 1918. If they do, the Estimates Committee may become a much greater power for economy than it has ever been in the past. I should be the last person to minimize the importance of its past work; it has presented some admirable Reports: but it has never had a fair chance. It is generally set up too late in the Session; it cannot get to work on Estimates until they are "presented"; it is precluded, by its terms of reference, from considering matters of "policy", and it has had no such expert assistance as is given to the Public Accounts Committee by the Controller and Auditor General and his staff. Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that the Brown Committee felt "bound to record their judgment that up to the present, the various attempts to make the Estimates Committee an effective instrument for the control of public expenditure have failed" (p. 12). I sorrowfully concur.

Nevertheless, despite this judgment, reluctantly reached and sympathetically recorded, the Brown Committee give to the Estimates Committee the foremost place in their recommendations. They recommend that the Committee should be enlarged, that a closer working arrangement should be established between the Estimates and the Public Accounts Committees; that the former should be empowered to "take into consideration matters of policy" as well as of detail; that adequate technical advisers for the service of the Estimates Committee be taken from the staff of the Comptroller and Auditor General, or, if that be impossible, then that the Estimates Committee should be provided with an "independent technical staff adequate for their functions".

This is incomparably the most important outcome of the labours of the Brown Committee. That Committee was a

strong one. In regard to the matter now under review the most important witness called before the Committee was Sir Herbert Samuel who presided, with conspicuous ability, over the National Expenditure Committee of 1918. That Committee was responsible for the revival, if not the initiation, of an Estimates Committee, though the Committee as actually set up differed in essential respects from that contemplated by the Samuel Committee. Should the recommendations of the Brown Committee be adopted they would go a long way towards giving to the Estimates Committee the power and the status which the Samuel Committee proposed to confer upon it but which in fact it has never enjoyed.

I have long been convinced that this is an absolutely essential preliminary to any effective control of the House of Commons over public expenditure. I ardently hope, therefore, that this step may be taken without delay. But let this be clearly understood: nothing less than a strong and sustained push on the part of the House of Commons will accomplish this reform. The proposal will encounter the most strenuous resistance—the more strenuous perhaps because mainly silent—alike from the political and the permanent Executive. The power of the Executive has in recent years increased stealthily and rapidly. It is increasingly jealous of any "encroachments" on the part of the Legislature. Politicians who have spent much of their political lives in Downing Street are entirely sceptical of any good thing coming out of Westminster. They maintain that if we are to get retrenchment we can get it only from the Departments; that the House of Commons is naturally disposed to extravagance; it is restrained only by the caution and wisdom of the Departments. Such is the constant burden of their monotonous song.

These considerations and vaticinations give a special significance to the Report of the Private Members Economy Committee. The Committee was set up in June, 1932, in response to an appeal or a challenge from the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had of late repeatedly expressed the view that "if you are to obtain substantial reductions in national

expenditure then you have got to contemplate something more than a mere paring down and . . . before embarking on serious changes of national policy some hard thinking would have to be done." No fewer than a hundred and forty-three private members expressed their willingness to devote the Summer recess—an exceptionally long one, owing to the Ottawa Conference—to "hard thinking". The result is seen in eight Reports emanating from as many *ad hoc* Sub-Committees. To each Sub-Committee was allocated one of the following subjects: Whitehall Departments and Defence Services; Housing; Education; Public Health and Block Grants; Transport; National Debt; Pensions, Unemployment Grants and Health Insurance. Each Sub-Committee reported independently of the rest, nor were their several proposals in any way co-ordinated or submitted for the endorsement of the Private Members Committee by which the whole enquiry was initiated. That these facts impair the value of the Report, and diminish the weight of authority behind it, is undeniable. For the procedure adopted there may have been good tactical reasons. About this I have no personal knowledge.

The fact remains that with great public spirit a large body of private members have devoted time and brains to a close investigation of national and local expenditure and have made some very drastic recommendations for reducing the burdens both on taxpayers and ratepayers. The sum of the recommendations if adopted in full would save the country, it is claimed, at least £100,000,000 a year. This evidently involves much more than "a mere paring down"; it means a comprehensive change of national policy in several directions. It involves, *inter alia*, the substitution of block grants for percentage grants—one of the most powerful incentives to local extravagance in recent years; the abolition of the Road Fund and a three years' halt in road construction; a reduction of salaries and staffs in Whitehall and an increase in hours of work; a winding-up of certain Departments and an amalgamation of others; the abolition of housing subsidies, and the sale of municipal houses. It is further recommended that the

principle of "rationing" should be adopted, i.e., that Departments, instead of being asked how much they want should be told how much they can have, and bidden to do the best they can with it. In order to facilitate this change it is suggested that the presentation of the detailed Estimates should be preceded by a preliminary stage "when the Government would present to the House of Commons the total sum which it proposes to ask Parliament to vote for the next financial year, with provisional information as to the allocation of this sum between the Departments." This preliminary stage would evidently have to be taken before Christmas and would involve a drastic change in the whole financial procedure of Parliament. But that may well be deemed desirable on other grounds. Anyway, the Private Members Report affords conclusive evidence both of hard thinking, hard work, and conspicuous courage. The proposals are drastic: but the responsibility of rejecting them will be on the shoulders of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whose challenge they form a most effective response.

But everything depends on persistence in well-doing. Will the zealots for economy stick to their guns? Will they defend on platforms in their own constituencies the conclusions they have reached in the sheltered security of Committee rooms? Are they prepared to use the only weapons in their hands to impose their views on the Executive? The next few months will provide an answer. Meanwhile, let this be said with emphasis. If the existing House of Commons, replete with youthful enthusiasm and confident in the strength of an unparalleled Ministerial majority should fail to effect a drastic reduction in national expenditure, no future Parliament will ever attempt it.

FRENCH POLITICS AND THE CHAMBER

By W. L. MIDDLETON

WHATEVER the future may bring—and surprises, even agreeable ones, are always possible—the French Chamber elected last May has already shown restiveness under authority. It has not, indeed, proved that it is capable of living up to the reputation for indiscipline so triumphantly acquired by its immediate predecessors. The circumstances in which the Herriot Government fell had a certain peculiarity owing to the nature of the debts issue. But the Ministerial crisis revealed an instability in the political situation which was in great part attributable to other causes.

The intrusion of the debts question should not be regarded as having brought down the Herriot Government which, until then, was perfectly safe. Before the issue arose there was talk of a possible crisis. Few people felt sure that the Budget, as it stood, would find a majority. M. Léon Blum, who, as the leader of M. Herriot's Socialist supporters, was in a position to judge, declared that the health of the Government was already undermined by a profound disease. As is so often the case, one of the main explanations of the vagaries of French politics must therefore be sought in the character of the Chamber, in the curious disposition of party forces and the conflicting trends of opinion, especially with regard to the complex of problems presented by the economic crisis.

On the debts question itself the attitude of the Chamber towards the Government should not be misunderstood. The issue came as a sort of huge accident. It did not directly bring into question the general policy of the Herriot Government. Any other Government which resisted the sweep of opinion in favour of non-payment would equally have been in danger. The first movement provoked in the Chamber was of the kind with which, for the moment, there was no arguing.

The balance of the assembly was upset. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Chamber went appreciably beyond public opinion. There was a widespread revolt against the American demand that France should pay while she was receiving nothing from Germany. It is perhaps a reflection on the authority of French Governments in general that opinion did not wait for a lead from M. Herriot. It ignored the Government. M. Herriot handled the issue with skill. He imposed a delay by having the matter referred to the Finance and Foreign Affairs Committees of the Chamber. He made the most of the striking impression produced by the visit of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Neville Chamberlain to Paris. He did his best, in short, to raise the purely Franco-American dispute to its proper plane as part of a much wider international issue.

His effort was not altogether vain. Before the publication of the American Note of December 11th, which warned debtor countries that the United States Government had not been authorized by Congress to accept reservations, there were many who believed that the French Government would come safely out of the critical debate of the following day. In view of the advantage of bringing French policy into line with that of Great Britain there was a sporting chance that M. Herriot would succeed in persuading the Chamber to authorize payment without exacting from the United States, as a preliminary condition, a promise of revision of the debt agreements. In the comedy of errors played in the weeks preceding December 15th the despatch of the final American Note deserves to rank as one of the major mistakes. As far as one can judge, that document was conceived in Washington as a *mère mise au point*, in no way provocative. In Paris, however, its effect was instant and disastrous. The Chamber reverted to its original attitude of revolt. M. Herriot was beaten before the debate began. He retained the support of his own Radical group, but it is notorious that, even among the faithful, many deplored the Prime Minister's persistence in his chosen line of policy.

To understand the peculiar force of this revolt it must be remembered that the abrupt termination of the Hoover

moratorium had a special and painful significance for France. For the majority of the Chamber there was no question of reversing the foreign policy of the Government. No doubt, there were Nationalists who regarded the abandonment of German reparations at Lausanne as having been condemned by events. But the bulk of Parliamentary opinion remained faithful to the idea of an international settlement of debts and reparations, and indeed expressed its fidelity in the very resolution in which the Chamber gave its reasons for refusing the payment of December 15th. French opinion, as much as British, regretted the check administered by the United States to the policy of Lausanne. A distinction has to be made, however, between the French and British attitudes. For Great Britain the Lausanne agreement was above all a general arrangement from which she would draw a sure but an indirect profit. For the French it was a bargain which promised them a direct compensation for the reparations they were giving up. The difference is important. If France had carried out her obligations to America she would have considered that she was surrendering the part of the bargain which was to her advantage, while she had no assurance of being able effectively to release herself from the other side of the bargain. She would have paid America, but could she compel Germany to resume reparation payments? It is to be remarked, indeed, that this latter eventuality was scarcely a central consideration in the storm raised by the question of the payment of December 15th. The anger which used to be directed against Germany as a recalcitrant debtor was, rather piquantly, turned against America as an importunate creditor. In view of the American responsibility for the Hoover moratorium—which was accepted by France with hesitation and misgiving—and the hint given by the American President that the European countries should settle their own differences with a view to a subsequent wider arrangement, the French considered the United States as having withdrawn from an implied understanding by which its President was morally bound.

It is too early to estimate the ultimate effect on French policy of the decision of the Chamber. M. Paul-Boncour,

who succeeded M. Herriot both as Prime Minister and as Minister of Foreign Affairs, apparently decided to regard the whole question of debts and reparations as being in suspense until Mr. Roosevelt takes office in March, or at least until the United States Government should make a move in the matter. Mr. Herriot was nevertheless right in arguing that France, in refusing payment—or postponing it—was risking more than a controversy with America. The repudiation of an obligation, whether total or partial, came incongruously from a country which has attached so much importance to the enforcement of international contracts. It may well be that the Chamber's decision will come to be considered as an unwise French refusal of an unwise American demand. In the existing confusion there is, however, a reassuring circumstance whose value should not be under-rated. France is at last convinced of the capital importance of the problem of transfer in international payments. The lesson which she was slow to draw from her experience of reparations she has learnt from the debts dispute, and, of course, from the rigours of the economic crisis. That is the one solid gain from a period of distracting and inconclusive controversy.

Apart from all question of policy, the fall of M. Herriot was significant because it illuminated the curious physiognomy of the present Chamber. Even if the affair was an accident, the fact remained that the Government, seven months after the general election, had not a disciplined majority. This is all the more noteworthy when it is considered that M. Herriot enjoyed a personal prestige which he never attained during his tenure of office in 1924. In 1924 M. Herriot was a brilliant party leader and a *beau parleur*. In 1932 he showed a remarkable sense of the realities of the problems he had to face, and also repeatedly proved that he could handle a difficult Parliamentary situation with shrewdness and decision. He moved in affairs with an ease and self-confidence which used sometimes to be lacking eight years ago. This Chamber, moreover, was largely of his own making, if any one statesman can be said to mould the character of a representative assembly. Nothing more surely marks his personal evolution

than the decision with which he defined in advance his conception of what the Chamber ought to be and the role which he intended to play in it.

Before the general election of last May M. Herriot clearly indicated his view that the first Government to take office in the new Legislature should be a Ministry of financial salvation. Domestic policy in general was to be subordinated to that conception. M. Herriot acted then, and afterwards, as if he nursed the ambition of rivalling M. Poincaré's performance of 1926. His election campaign was masterly. He had in front of him the socially Conservative Government of M. Tardieu, supported by an alliance of the Moderates of the middle parties and the Nationalist reactionaries. The aim of his strategy was to detach a large body of Moderate voters from that alliance. On international affairs he reassured this section of the electorate by firm declarations on the subject of security. But it was above all on the financial problem that he fastened with shrewd tenacity to achieve his purpose. He relentlessly exposed the penury of the Treasury and the deficit of the Budget. He called upon all "sincere Republicans" to join in a common effort to restore the national finances. At the same time he pointedly ignored overtures from M. Léon Blum, in which the Socialist leader suggested points of policy which might form the basis of concerted action of Radicals and Socialists in the coming Parliament. His success was overwhelming. M. Tardieu, a man of infinite resource in Parliamentary politics, was no match for him before the electors. M. Herriot triumphantly achieved his aim of attracting to his party numerous Moderate voters on his right, while maintaining the electoral alliance with the Socialists on his left. The Radical-Socialists gained nearly fifty seats and came back with 160 members in a Chamber of 615.

M. Herriot's action in Parliament was entirely consistent with his original conception. His method of constituting his Ministry surprised many people, both in France and abroad. It seemed unnatural that the electoral association of the Radicals and Socialists should not be reflected in common Parliamentary action. But the way in which M. Herriot fought the election

explains the apparent anomaly. His Ministry was to be one of financial salvation. To gain public support for it he must at once reassure moderate opinion in the country and stimulate it to make the necessary effort of sacrifice. There was present in the mind of M. Herriot, doubtless, the memory of 1924, when his close pact with the Socialists disquieted the investor. He must be sufficiently independent to bid for the support of the Centre. He therefore formed a Cabinet almost entirely Radical, but including several important Ministers whose appointment was designed to conciliate Moderate opinion. These tactics produced interesting results in the Chamber, the most significant of which was a split in the Moderate forces. M. Flandin, who was a Minister of Finance in the last Legislature, gathered round him a group with the manifest purpose of keeping on terms with the Radicals, with a view to possible co-operation as opportunity should serve. M. Tardieu, who disapproved this attitude, formed a new group, the Republican Centre. This action seems to mark a definite progress of M. Tardieu towards a more avowed Conservatism, since many of the members of his group were recruited, not from the true Centre, but from the Nationalist and Conservative section of the Chamber.

M. Herriot's initial management of his policy suggested that he did not wish to antagonize either the Moderates or the Socialists. Possibly he hoped that the division of the Moderates would become absolute and that M. Flandin and his associates would be driven by the simple force of circumstances, by the patriotic recognition of the need for common action, to form a permanent part of his majority. He may also have hoped that the Socialists would be induced to tolerate this association. If M. Herriot really expected to form a majority including both these elements events disappointed him. In fact, he had the support, now of the Flandin Moderates, now of the Socialists, but never, on any critical occasion, the loyal and concerted support of the two together. On the financial proposals of last July, the first big legislative measure of the new Chamber, the Socialists voted against him and he was saved by the Moderates. On December 1st, on the other

hand, when the methods employed by the Government in the conversion of Rentes were the subject of an attack, the Socialists voted for the Government and the Moderates against. Such support, first from one side and then from the other, could not form a permanent basis on which any Government could stand. On the eve of his defeat M. Herriot was increasingly relying on the Socialists, and his successor, M. Paul-Boncour, began by making an open bid for Socialist support.

Possibly M. Herriot felt that his defeat on the debts question was not without its consoling aspect. If he must fall it was better that he should be beaten on such a question than on a hotly disputed issue of domestic politics. And the truth is that he had failed in his principal aim. He had not succeeded in producing that general rallying of effort in the task of financial restoration for which he had hoped. The parties in Parliament must take their share of responsibility for the check. But it had become clear that the financial plan chosen by the Government was not popular, and that one feature of it—the proposed reduction in civil servants' salaries—would probably be rejected by the Chamber. In face of a deficit then estimated at £64,000,000 (at par), and more recently estimated at £84,000,000, a Budget must carry the great bulk of opinion with it, or the sacrifices which it demands will act above all as irritants to the individuals and groups called upon to make them. In the second of these eventualities a Budget can be forced through Parliament only by a powerful and coherent majority. M. Herriot, with all his authority, had not obtained unquestioned command of such an instrument. Perhaps, at this early stage of the Legislature, it was impossible to do so.

To appreciate the difficulty of creating such a majority it is sufficient to look at the composition of the Chamber. The essential characteristic of the assembly is the dominating position of the Radical group. With its 160 members it is much the largest. The great accession to its membership at the general election gave it the right to be considered as the principal victor. In the Chamber it is attended by satellites, such as the Republican-Socialists and a considerable number of Independent Radicals, who usually act with it. Unless the

party should split it is hardly possible to conceive of a Government formed without the Radicals in the position of the predominant partner, and certainly no Ministry could live with the Radicals in opposition. And what of the rest of the Chamber? There is one group, and one only, comparable in strength with that of the Radical-Socialists. The Socialists, who have lost one or two members by secession, number 128. Outside the Radical and Socialist groups the remaining 326 members of the Chamber are divided into no fewer than 14 groups. The Conservative and Nationalist forces are dispersed. The once powerful Conservative group of M. Marin has dwindled to a membership of 41. The Tardieu group has 34 members, the Flandin group 29, though the latter has a further body of a dozen Deputies more or less attached to it. There is a peppering of still smaller groups, three of which have respectively 7, 6, and 9 members. The effect of this scattering should not be exaggerated. It is easy to imagine many of these groups coalescing to support or to oppose this or that Ministry. But the dispersion is nevertheless hardly conducive to the formation of a disciplined majority.

In a Chamber so constituted the position of the Socialist group is obviously of capital importance. It is, without exception, the best disciplined group. Its members are often divided in opinion as to the tactics to pursue in a given conjuncture, but they always vote on the same side. In spite of its apparent independence, however, its action in Parliament is severely circumscribed by the rules of its own party. There have been signs, both in this Legislature and in the last, that a considerable fraction of the Parliamentary group is favourable in principle to participation in the responsibilities of power. But it can do nothing in the matter without the approval of the party in the country, which has not hitherto been favourable. If the group received an invitation to participate in a Government it would be the National Council of the party, specially called together for the occasion, which would decide. There is no other party group in the Chamber which is under the same control. Whatever justification there may be for such limitations, there is no doubt that they hamper the working

of a Parliamentary system in which Governments are, in practice, formed in the Chamber itself. They are a clog in the wheel of Parliamentary politics. In judging the action of the Socialist party in Parliament, moreover, the singular personality of its leader cannot be left out of account. Of the influences which have kept the French Socialists, almost alone among those in Europe, from sharing directly and frequently in the business of government, M. Léon Blum is one of the most powerful. The pale successor of Jaurès is above all an intellectual. He is the subtlest dialectician who has appeared in French politics for a generation. His oratory, perfect in form, appeals more to reason than to feeling, and he speaks in a thin voice in strange contrast with the full, warm tones with which his most distinguished predecessor used to thrill his hearers. Yet this austere expounder of theory and principle possesses a remarkable gift for Parliamentary and electoral tactics, and therein lies his strength. Under a less doctrinaire leader the Socialist party might by this time have gone further in the accommodation of abstract principle for practical ends. Under a less skilful manœuvrer it would certainly have lost some of its strategical power in the Chamber.

M. Blum has frequently expressed the opinion that the Socialist party should be ready to exercise power if it were regularly invited to form a Government, and even to claim it if Parliamentary conditions favoured such a move. In practice, however, the Socialist attitude towards both the Herriot and the Paul-Boncour Governments was one of conditional support. At no time were the conditions defined by a general agreement during M. Herriot's tenure of office. When M. Paul-Boncour was asked to form his Ministry he directly invited the Socialists to co-operate, but the points of Socialist policy which he was prepared to admit into his programme fell far short of what M. Blum and his colleagues felt themselves compelled to demand. A considerable section of the party pressed for a programme of legislation which included the establishment of a forty-hour week for workmen without reduction of wages, a scheme of unemployed insurance, the establishment of a State insurance monopoly, and the

nationalization of railways. These might well seem adventurous measures to a Prime Minister facing all the immediate problems of a dangerous financial and economic crisis, including a deficit of £84,000,000. M. Paul-Boncour therefore contented himself with Socialist support on undefined terms. A Conservative politician maliciously interpreted the situation by remarking that if the Government did not pursue the Socialist policy they would be overturned by the Socialists, and if they did pursue that policy they would be overturned by events. What he meant, doubtless, was that it was impossible to satisfy the Socialists without disquieting the investing public.

The profounder difficulties of the Chamber may be traced to a defect which is inherent in the Parliamentary system as it is worked in France. The problems at present before Parliament are such as require ordered and consistent action over a long period. Even if the national finances were definitely placed on a sound basis there would remain a multitude of problems, domestic and international, arising out of the economic crisis. In such an emergency, which was visible and even loudly proclaimed before the general election, a strong and united majority, sent to the Chamber with a definite mandate for which it had asked, would have had authority and power to act. But in French politics a majority has commonly to be built up in the Chamber. When conditions are normal the practice has its advantages as a method of working representative institutions. But at a critical time it undoubtedly creates a serious difficulty. Urgent business waits while the parties manœuvre. A political leader who attempts to form a majority has to take account of the different party interests, of varying electoral programmes and pledges. In view of the serious issues which confront it the problem of the Chamber is to find a settled governmental combination which is politically feasible, with a policy which is financially and economically practicable.

NEW STATES AND OLD IN DALMATIA

BY SIR HARRY LUKE, C.M.G.

"ALBANIA", wrote Gibbon, "is a country of which less is known than the interior of America"; and unknown and unlike other countries it has remained. Although it is the latest, it is also the most patriarchal of Western kingdoms; in customs and, fortunately, in costume, it is at least four centuries behind the rest of Europe. It is a country in parts of which, until recently, no one below the social rank of a Bey was allowed to eat rice; a country where the commercial value of a cock is assessed by the length of his crow; where alone in the world the Roman Catholic clergy, from archbishop to the merest Franciscan novice, wear bristling moustaches (but no beards), as their martial, virile flock would not respect them if they were clean shaven; where the present king, when yet President of the Albanian Republic, had his effigy on the stamps and coins and worked fourteen hours a day; a country which in a decade has sampled four capitals. This last phenomenon is not due, however, to mere capriciousness on the part of the Albanians; it is susceptible of a perfectly reasonable explanation. The present generation of men has seen what has never been seen before in the same measure—namely, the coming to life (in some cases the resurrection) of a number of independent states, not by the processes of evolution but by a stroke of the pen. But while the majority of these new or revived states have had, as in Warsaw, Tiflis, Riga, Baku and even Erivan, an obvious capital, with Albania it has been otherwise. Here—no one town having overwhelming claims—the selection of the capital was dictated by the fluctuating circumstances of the moment; and it was not until several places had been tried and found wanting that the

choice fell on the previously unknown Moslem village of Tirana. Albania's first independent administration—the Provisional Government of Ismail Kemal Bey—made its headquarters at Valona, as did the "International Commission of Control" which guided for a time the destinies of the infant state of Shqipni; the Governments of Essad Pasha Toptani, which preceded and succeeded that of William of Wied, were established at Durazzo, which was likewise the capital of that troubled, fleeting Mbret during his six uneasy months of reign. Scutari was the headquarters of the "ten-kilometre zone" once administered by an Allied military force; while at Korcha (Koritza) in the south there functioned in 1915-17 the "Autonomous Province" of the same name. The new (and, it may be hoped, the more settled) era in independent Albania's brief but restless life, which followed the end of the Great War, saw yet another change of capitals: the extremities and the seaboard alike were left in favour of a centrally situated locality half-way between the northern and southern frontiers, in the fertile lowlands which intervene between the coast and the eastern ranges.

It is not surprising that Valona (Avlōn, Avlona), its first experiment as a capital, did not remain Albania's final choice. It was Ismail Kemal's own country—he now rests in the graveyard of a ruinous little mosque in the village of Kanina that looks down upon the deep bay of Valona, in one of the humblest graves that any leading statesman can have ever occupied—but it had no qualifications other than the circumstance that Kemal drew his strength from this region. It is true that its predecessor, Apollonia, flourished as a colony of the Corinthians; that its harbour is spacious and served the Normans for their expeditions against Byzantium in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But across the bay lies the little island of Sáseno; and Sáseno, commanding both entrances and strongly fortified, is one of three enclaves (the two others being the island of Lágosta and the town of Zara, of which more later) that Italy has secured as *points d'appui* on the Albanian and Yugoslav coasts. The town of Valona itself, one and a half miles inland, is a straggling village, malarial from

the adjoining lagoons and of no importance of any sort ; Durazzo is little better.

It is no exaggeration to say that Tirana, a Moslem village lying in a predominantly Moslem region, consists at the moment of a bazaar, four mosques (of the cheerful Bosnian type, gaily adorned on the outside with frescoes of flowers and fruit, including even the unorthodox grape), several barracks and countless Legations (that of Great Britain alone still remains at Durazzo). I calculate that Tirana must have about one Legation to every 1,000 inhabitants, a record which I imagine no other capital can emulate or even approach now that Tsetinje, the only possible competitor in this respect, has ceased to be the capital of an independent country. Accommodation and social amenities for the members of the diplomatic world are, as it may be imagined, for the moment somewhat limited ; but there is a Sports Club, at which the ladies of the Turkish Legation are constantly to be seen playing tennis, and Albanians (an untravelled people so far as Western Europe is concerned) are brought into social contact with the members of the foreign colonies. Moreover, hotels of a modest kind have risen concomitantly with the legations, one of them, indeed, so thoroughly up to date that I remember seeing the ground floor still only a framework but the first (and only other) storey finished and functioning, quite like the American skyscraper which completes its flats, not in ascending order, but in the order in which they are leased. But Tirana, mere village that it has been hitherto, is rapidly undergoing the process which I may perhaps be allowed to call Angorization. King Zog is nothing if not provident, and his determination is to look to the future rather than to the present and to make of Tirana an ideal modern capital so far as the resources of his State will allow. So new roads have been aligned, old shanties being pulled down to enable this to be done ; avenues of trees have been planted ; public gardens laid out ; sites reserved for ultimate public buildings. Those of the moment are temporary expedients of an unpretentious kind ; and nothing can be more unassuming than the Royal residence. Opposite is the more substantial building occupied by the

Queen Mother and the King's sisters ; between them a miniature public garden has made its *début* ; to the side is one of Tirana's brightly painted little mosques, flanked by the equally attractive *türbé* of some Moslem worthy.

While reflecting on Moslem worthies I was struck by the resemblance of the Albanian Moslems (originally, like their Bosnian and Cretan co-religionists, Christians, who embraced Islam from political expediency) to their Georgian fellow-mountaineers, on whom their religion likewise sits somewhat lightly. If Moslem Georgians can twit their Christian compatriots with having remained Christians on account of their fondness for pork and wine, so can the Christians of Tirana smile when, during Ramadan, Moslem restaurants conduct "business as usual" —but with drawn curtains. A lofty stone tower erected by some Turkish pasha of the seventeenth or eighteenth century is the outstanding feature of the old, the recently built Parliament House that of the new Tirana ; while between the two is the market-place, filled on Thursdays with picturesque men and women and their equally picturesque wares, but also the scene at times of a less attractive spectacle. For it is here that malefactors condemned to death are hanged and their bodies gibbeted on market days *pour décourager les autres*.

Mention of the market-place suggests the thought of money, which in Albania has become a matter of singular complexity. In consequence of the important position in Albania held economically and commercially by Austria before the war, and despite the introduction of a new monetary system, popular reckoning knows only the Austrian crown—not the depreciated paper crown converted in Austria at the rate of 10,000 to the Austrian schilling, but the pre-war silver crown—with this difference, that it has now only the intrinsic value of its silver and is worth 62½ to the £ instead of 24 as before the war. I have learned since visiting Albania a thing which I had long wanted to know—namely, what has become of the pre-war silver of the Latin Union and Central and Eastern Europe. It has all—such of it as has not been melted down—found a refuge in Albania, where, whether it be franc, lira, drachma, leu, perper, dinar or lev, it figures with the Austrian coins

under the generic name of crown. Five, two, one and half-crown or franc pieces, or their equivalent, here rejoice the eye wearied of sordid paper and the almost equally sordid base metal, while it is historically pleasant to jingle once more in one's pocket a silver portrait gallery ranging from old King Nicholas and Francis Joseph backward through King Alexander Obrenovitch, Prince Milan IV, the Kings of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies, Pio Nono and the Emperor Ferdinand to Napoleon, King of Italy, and Bonaparte, First Consul. Albania is also full of an equally heterogeneous accumulation of gold coins, known, irrespective of their provenance, as Napoleons; while the new coinage, already referred to, is also on a gold basis with the Albanian gold franc as its unit. Side by side with the note issue of the National Bank of Albania—an institution under Italian control—came, when Zog was still President, the new coinage. In gold there are pieces of 100 and 20 francs, the former bearing, as does the five-franc piece in silver, the portrait of Ahmed Zog.* In silver, there is also a two-franc piece, and there are also subsidiary coins in nickel and bronze.

His features reproduced for his people on coins and on the stamps, upon the walls of every shop in the country, above the Speaker's seat in the Chamber of Deputies (where he figures in oils, wearing the two Albanian Orders of the Bessa and Skanderbeg), King Zog is a ruler whose initials are symbolical of his permeation of the affairs of his country. It is literally the case that everything in Albania from A to Z comes under his notice and is vitalized by his energy. As none can fail to realize who have seen in his aide-de-camp's office the printed time-table of his daily routine, he is the hardest-worked man in Albania. And he has accomplished what he has at an age which recalls the days of Pitt: except for the brief interregnum of Mgr. Fan (more properly Theophanes) Noli, he has been in power, either as Prime Minister, President or King, since the age of twenty-eight.

* On assuming the Crown His Excellency Ahmed Beg Zogu became His Majesty King Zog, exchanging the definite form of his name, the Albanian for "bird," for the indefinite form of the word.

The Albanian Government has not had the advantage, as have the Austrian Succession States, of inheriting railways, roads, public buildings and the ordinary apparatus of a territorial "going concern". The Turks, although they employed during the centuries of their rule in Albania a long succession of Albanian administrators and soldiers, many of whom conferred distinction on the Empire they served, gave Albania little or nothing in return. Albania was until lately almost the only independent country in the world without railways (even little Montenegro had, before the war, its railway from Antivari to Virbazar), for it is only recently that a beginning has been made with the construction of a line from Tirana to its port of Durazzo to supplement the road which was once the Roman Via Ignatia. The biggest building in the country is the former Vali's Qonaq at Scutari, which now houses the Prefect of Albania's northernmost province, the military and gendarmerie administration and the Mayor. Roads are still few and bad, and the air service, which regularly connects Tirana with Scutari, Valona and Korcha, provides a much-needed complement to the necessarily agile Ford. In matters of transport Albania went with scarcely an intervening stage from mule-back to the air.

It is along a fairly bumpy road, therefore, that one travels in about five hours from Tirana to Scutari, but the almost unbroken lines of beautifully flowering Judas trees that fringe it make amends for the imperfections of its surface. Scutari is a large straggling town with an architectural impress that, despite its considerable Christian population, is definitely Turkish, lying picturesquely among orchards and kitchen gardens on the southern shore of the lake of the same name. While the domes and minarets of its mosques and its white-washed, deep-eaved houses give it the appearance of some Central Anatolian town, the costumes of the Christian section of its inhabitants—here Roman Catholics—are the most elaborate in all Albania. From the Turkish citadel of Venetian origin that tops a rocky eminence at the southern end of the town an amazingly good and extensive view is to be obtained: at your feet the rich plain intersected by the rivers Drin and

Bojana, to the north the great Lake with Mount Taraboš in the foreground and in the background the forbidding black mountains of Montenegro, to the north-east the snow-topped Prokleta range inhabited by the Catholic warrior-tribes of the Dukagjini.

From the Scutari landing-stage, which Aubrey Herbert in *Ben Kendim* rightly termed an unostentatious one, I once embarked in a craft rather smaller than a small Thames launch, and in eight hours crossed to the Montenegrin township of Rjeka at the head of the fjord that forms the northern prolongation of the Lake of Scutari. It was a delicious journey, broken only at midday by a brief stop at Virbazar for a meal of carp boiled in oil in a primitive Montenegrin *khan*. The lake is magnificently framed in mountains, and the islets at its northern end are thickly overgrown with asphodel, generally an overrated weed whose name alone is beautiful but here not unpleasing against the *eau-de-Nil* tones of the water. From Rjeka a steep but tolerable road leads up to Tsetinje.

II—ICHABOD.

With the disappearance of Montenegro as an independent monarchy there came to an end the most picturesque political institution of its day in the western world. Until 1851 the Black Mountain was a theocracy under an hereditary Vladika (Prince-Bishop) and ceased to be this only because Danilo II, the successor of the Vladika Peter II, refused to take holy orders, as he intended to marry. The last Vladika's full title was "Metropolitan of Scanderia and the Sea-coast, Archbishop of Tsetinje, Exarch of the Holy Throne of Ipek, Vladika of Tserna Gora, Peter II Petrovitch Njeguš"; and Montenegro's last sovereign, although no longer a Bishop, carried well into the twentieth century the essence of Balkan mediævalism at its best. Warrior, poet, lawgiver, paternal despot, King Nicholas seemed proof against the drab, levelling processes of modern times, as befitted one who had lived the first ten years of his life under the regime of an hereditary Prince-Metropolitan; his little capital, Tsetinje, most unassuming of townlets though it be, was none the less the last capital of feudalism in Europe.

Even after he had proclaimed himself king in 1910, on the occasion of his golden jubilee as a ruler, Nicholas declined to give up the good old-fashioned feudal title of Lord; his last coins, struck in 1914, still bear the superscription: "by the Grace of God King and Lord of Montenegro—*Kral i Gospodar Tserne Gore*."

I have called Tsetinje an unassuming townlet; in truth it is hardly more than a village, distinguished from other villages by the royal residences and the legations scattered with an air of being oddly out of place among its low, whitewashed houses. If Tirana can boast one legation to every thousand inhabitants, this record was easily beaten by Tsetinje with a population of under five thousand. It can be well imagined how largely the Court and the *corps diplomatique* loomed in the life of the little town, how fundamentally, almost catastrophically, its very face is altered by their disappearance. The forlorn royal palaces, the closed and empty legations, are as it were a dead hand laid upon it; as for the King and his family, whatever may have been their shortcomings, their going has robbed the place of the mainspring of its existence. With the exception of Erivan, it is in its present state the most pathetic capital I have seen.

The melancholy that now broods over Tsetinje is generated, I think, in the King's palace, a modest yellow-washed two-storied building, more villa than palace in dimensions and design. Its gate locked, its windows shuttered, its external aspect suggests complete emptiness within; actually, its condition is more depressing than mere emptiness could ever be. How so, it will be asked, since none of its contents have been removed by the present Government, since everything has been left as it was when the Royal Family took their compulsory departure from the country? But there can be a realism about these things more painful than spoliation. The portraits of members of the Petrovitch dynasty and of foreign sovereigns now hang askew on the walls of the reception rooms, in places the wallpaper is coming off, downstairs I saw the King's diamond-hilted dress sword lying carelessly on the billiard-table, while the floor of the room was littered with pistols,

yataghans and other weapons in complete disorder. More personal touches were the clothes still hanging in the cupboards, the gramophone records lying open on the music stool in the boudoir of the King's unmarried daughters. Everything in and about the house speaks silently of the vanished dynasty; and it is by an act of taste that strikes the visitor as needlessly bad that the present Government has renamed the street in which it stands—full as it is of Petrovitch traditions—"King Alexander Street". However cogent were the reasons in favour of the incorporation of Montenegro into the greater Yugoslav entity, the Petrovitch family has not been, after all, without its glories, has not been without its claims on the gratitude not only of its own subjects but of all Southern Slavs. Even those Montenegrins who had little sympathy with Nicholas's equivocations in the latter part of the Great War now remember regretfully his individual acquaintance with what must have been a large proportion of his people, his paternal interest in all their affairs. If they cherish no animosity against Alexander of Yugoslavia, their old king's grandson, the personal touch is gone; despite its consciousness of Yugoslav unity, Tsetinje cannot be unconscious of the contrast between the old dispensation and the new. It was a royal capital; it is now the *chef-lieu* of an outlying and rather hungry province. It was once the head of the house; it has become a poor relation. It has been the nerve-centre of Balkan politics; in the place of the "Father-in-law of Europe" it has received a *sous-préfet*.

Not the palace alone, but all Tsetinje and its environs recall the vanished dynasty: *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. A few hundred yards away, built against the side of a hill, is the old convent, once the residence of the Vladikas and now that of the Metropolitans of Montenegro, who succeeded to the spiritual half of the Vladika's functions. It is a rough, crude structure in thorough keeping with the character of the country, erected near the site of the earlier convent destroyed by the Turks in 1714; but its curiously squat arcades, supported by capitals standing immediately on their bases without intervening shafts, are not without a picturesqueness of their own.

The small cathedral contained within the convent enclosure is almost filled by enormous sarcophagi of the Vladika Peter I and other members of the family; one of the old round towers still standing above it was formerly festooned with the heads of Turks captured in the family's endless border raids; another hill is topped by the mortuary chapel of the first Vladika, Danilo I, the founder of the dynasty; while the remains of the greatest and last of the Vladikas, Peter II, lie on the summit of historic Lovćen, which rises massively between the plateau of Tsetinje and the coast.

The Vladika Peter I who is buried in the metropolitan church was a truly typical product of his land and of his house. His long reign of forty-nine years, from 1781 to 1830, was filled with campaigns against the Turks, yet he found the time to achieve renown as a poet, and his diplomatic skill saved Montenegro from the political storms that engulfed the neighbouring Ragusa and the infinitely more powerful Venice. His greatest victory, gained at Krusa in 1796, cost the Turks thirty thousand lives, including that of their leader Kara Mahmud Pasha, whose head is recorded to have formed thereafter one of the ornaments of Peter's room. Despite his warlike instincts he enforced obedience to the law on his people, to whom, notwithstanding their wildness, he was an adored ruler and a personal friend. The first act of his nephew Peter II on his accession was to canonize his uncle *motu proprio* (an act whose summary procedure shocked the more leisurely canonists—and canonizers—of the sister-church of Russia); and there can have been few other saints, at all events few other nineteenth-century saints, who, besides having been on terms of intimacy with all their compatriots, have decorated their apartments with the skulls of their enemies slain in battle.

Peter II was even more distinguished a poet than his uncle and fully as heroic a figure. Wearing the beard and long hair prescribed by the Orthodox Church for her hierarchy and clergy, which accentuated his height of six feet eight inches, his majestic appearance "might well", wrote Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who visited him in 1844, "command the respect of a primitive and warlike race." "The merit", continues

Wilkinson, "of excelling in military exercises is a great recommendation in their chief, and though in these days it may appear a singular accomplishment for a bishop to hit with a rifle a lemon thrown into the air by one of his attendants, this feat of the Vladika adds to the confidence he enjoys among his troops." It will, I think, be agreed that this is no unworthy personage to find his last resting-place on the summit of his country.

Alas that with the Royal Family there has disappeared from the Black Mountain, or has almost disappeared, the brilliant national dress, which was worn by none more picturesquely than by Nicholas and Queen Milena themselves. But the times are now hard and out of joint, a well embroidered suit is expensive (and perhaps, after all, less practical in this material age than American reach-me-downs), there is no longer a royal example for a loyal subject to follow, no longer a nation to stimulate a poor man or woman to make the necessary sacrifice on behalf of its traditions. When the Almighty, relates a Montenegrin legend, was passing over the face of the earth to distribute mountains, he dropped by mischance over Montenegro the sack containing all the rocks, so that the land was covered with the escaping boulders. From this grim, forbidding surface there is now vanishing its one gay patch of colour; and soon there will remain of one of the loveliest of national costumes nothing more than its single element of gloom, the cap whose mourning band recalls the national disaster on the field of Kossovo Polje well over five hundred years ago.

The road built between 1876 and 1881 from Cattaro to Tsetinje is, with its formidable zigzags up the slopes of Mount Lovćen, one of the most remarkable in existence, just as the Bocche di Cattaro, in Croatian the Boka Kotorska, is the most remarkable fjord outside Norway. If I had to make a selection of the outstandingly beautiful drives in Europe, I should give a high place to that from Sorrento to Amalfi and an even higher to the road that follows the turns and twists of the Bocche from Cattaro to Castelnuovo (Ercegnovi). Cattaro itself, on the water's edge at the very head of the fjord with Lovćen

rising with almost terrifying steepness immediately behind it, is a typical little town of the subject-lands of Venice, notwithstanding the fact that its population is partly Orthodox. It has both a Catholic and an Orthodox cathedral, and in the former is preserved, in a silver reliquary of exceptional interest (Dalmatia generally is notable for its reliquaries), the head of its patron Saint, Tryphon. S. Tryphon was martyred as a youth of eighteen under the Emperor Decius and was brought to Cattaro for burial; and in his memory was founded the still surviving guild of seamen called in Italian the "Mariner-ezza" and in Croatian the "Bokeljska Mornarica". In Venetian days the guild was governed by an "admiral" who ranked immediately after the Venetian Governor and wore a uniform only a degree more picturesque than that of the ordinary members: and, even now, on S. Tryphon's day, the 3rd February, the historic dress of the guild is worn in the procession which carries the head of the Saint round the town and in the subsequent rejoicings, after a lad, also arrayed in the uniform and known as the "little admiral", has announced the advent of the feast to the people in the presence of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. But, alas! the Bocche are now dead from the seafaring point of view, as witness the empty and in many cases roofless and decaying palaces of the towns that fringe the banks. Perzagno, Risano and, above all, Pérasto are eloquent, in their handsome Renaissance stone *palazzi*, of the former prosperity of the Mediterranean sailing masters who congregated in the Bocche; but with the substitution of the steamship for the sailing vessel the families that built these lordly houses are impoverished, their descendants are struggling emigrants to the New World. Pérasto is the masterpiece of the group, and rightly so, for the Pérastini were so renowned for their bravery and their loyalty to Venice that they were made the hereditary guardians of the banner of S. Mark, the Saint's *fedelissimo gonfalonieri*. Adorned with its two little islands of S. George and the Madonna of the Chisel (La Madonna del Scarpello), that guard, each with its church, the Bocche at their narrowest contraction, Pérasto is indeed a haunt of rare and forgotten beauty.

Immediately to the west of Castelnuovo the narrow valley of the Sutorina runs down to the entrance of the Bocche, thrusting, until the end of the war, a thin strip of Herzegovinan land across that of Dalmatia. The reason of this, as will appear below, was the desire of the Ragusan Republic to see a buffer of Turkish territory, if ever so narrow a one, between its own domain and that of the feared and hated Venice; and so we find ourselves, after crossing this valley, within the former confines of the Republic of S. Blaise.

III—THE REPUBLIC OF S. BLAISE

Probably few of those who recall that February 3rd, in addition to being S. Tryphon's day, is also that of S. Blaise, are aware that the patron saint of woolcombers was also for many centuries the patron of the small but distinguished republic of Ragusa, that his effigy appeared on the Ragusan coinage as late as the year 1805, that his banner, which the argosies of the said republic in an earlier age carried not only the length of the Adriatic and the breadth of the Mediterranean but westward to the North Sea and eastward to the Indies, is flown in Ragusa even now on this day of the year from Orlando's Pillar in the Stradone. Not less close than the connection of S. Mark with Venice is that of S. Blaise with her Dalmatian rival; his sturdy figure—coped, mitred, and fiercely bearded and moustachioed as befits a saint adopted by the Balkans—is as much in evidence on Ragusa's walls and gates as is S. Mark's lion in the territories of the late Serene Republic.

Ragusa—it is still a little difficult to think of her as Dubrovnik, the only name recognized by her new masters—has, however, more in common with Venice than the ubiquity of a patron saint. Both republics were maritime states, and the Ragusan argosies (the word "argosy" is Ragusa's contribution to the English language) were almost as widely known in the Mediterranean as the Venetian galleys; Ragusan silver coins percolated the Levant (I have found one as far afield as Antioch) as freely as the gold ducat of Venice. In their buildings the resemblance is equally close: in a sense Ragusa

may be described as a pallid yet not atrophied Venice. She is, of course, much smaller—*parva domus Ragusa sed sufficit orbi*, said one of her poets—and her population, now less than 10,000, probably never exceeded 35,000 even at the height of her fortunes; pallid she may be called in that the warm, living tones of the Venetian brick are replaced here by the dead whiteness of the Curzola stone. But this stone is capable of taking on with age a pale honey-coloured patina which has a rare beauty of its own; and its hard, clear, clean-cut effect saves Ragusa's occasional baroque churches from the decadent appearance of their Venetian contemporaries. Architecturally the influence of Venice is much in evidence: the Rector's Palace, now the King's, is the Doge's Palace in miniature; the Sponza or Dogana (the mint and custom house of the republic) might but for its material be situated on the Grand Canal or the Piazzetta. But Ragusa boasts in her fortifications a feature which Venice perforce lacks—a superb and perfect cincture of wall, tower and bastion which places her on a level with Carcassonne and Aigues Mortes, with Avila, Rhodes and Famagusta, in the very front rank of cities walled by mediæval Western military art. What is more, nothing within the walls does discredit to the city as seen from without. Despite the havoc wrought by the disastrous earthquake of April 6th, 1667, the *dies iræ* of Ragusan history, much besides the Rector's Palace and the Sponza survived its ravages, notably the cloisters of the Franciscans and the Dominicans, who were brought to Ragusa early in the thirteenth century to check the spread of the Bogomile heresy and established themselves at the two ends of the city, the former just inside the Porta Pile, the latter by the Porta Ploče, being charged, as befitted the Church militant, with the defence of these two gates. The Stradone or Corso, Ragusa's main street, which was once a valley—indeed, a canal—whereby the city was bisected lengthways, as was Jerusalem by the Tyropæum, was entirely destroyed, but it was rebuilt shortly afterwards in the traditional manner. Although its houses are uniform and each pair of them on the land side is separated by a narrow lateral street for greater security in future earthquakes, it is a stately thoroughfare, broad and airy,

matching well the public buildings to which it leads and gaining dignity from the fact that no wheeled traffic can penetrate inside the walls. I am fortunate to have seen the Stradone at its best—namely, on the evening of an April 6th, when an annual procession commemorates the great disaster of 1667. On that day the Bishop of Ragusa, preceded by the Canons of the Cathedral and other clergy, by the Mayor and leading lay dignitaries of the city, carries the Host in solemn procession from the Gospa (Cathedral) to the little Church of S. Saviour by the Porta Pile (built by the Senate as a votive offering for the saving of the city during a previous earthquake in 1520) and back along the Stradone. The effect of the blue brocade baldaquin borne over the Bishop and the Host, of the vestments of the clergy, of the kneeling population, of the long tapers carried by those taking part in the procession, blending with the fading glow of the spring twilight in this singularly appropriate *décor*, make the scene one of notable beauty. The symbol IHS carved on the lintels of so many Ragusan houses is due to a pious custom that arose after the earthquake of 1520.

While wholly western in her architecture, Ragusa occupies in civilization and art a position midway between Western and Eastern Europe, between Latin and Slav, between Catholic and Orthodox. If the political circumstances of the moment have brought the Slav and Latin cultures into dissonance, even into antagonism, Ragusa was able in the days of her independence to weld them into an harmonious whole. This happy union was especially fruitful in poetry—Italian in form and inspiration, Slavonic in language—which earned for Ragusa the title of “the Dalmatian Athens” and gave her a place in letters no less distinguished than her place in the domains of navigation and diplomacy. For the Ragusans were not only a race of sailors, they were compelled by circumstances to be astute diplomatists, combining here again, in their flexibility tempered with the tenacity inspired by a strong if narrow patriotism, something of both the Latin and the Slav genius. The Ragusan ambassadors were not the least effective of their country’s servants, and this in an age when the person of an

envoy, especially in the East, was not as sacred as it is now; on more than one occasion it was their skill combined with constancy that saved the little state from the hostile ambitions of Venice on the one hand, of the Turks on the other. There is now preserved in the cathedral an object that appealed to me as one of the most characteristic relics of Ragusan history: it is a much-travelled Flemish triptych which accompanied all Ragusan missions to Constantinople to form the altar-piece of the Embassy chapel, whence it followed the luckless ambassadors and their staffs for prolonged periods to the Seven Towers.

Edmond Rostand has invented the verb “*raguser*” to describe the devious mentality (as exhibited at Essonne in 1814) of Marmont, created Duke of Ragusa by Napoleon in 1808; but the word might be applied not less appropriately to the diplomatic technique of the republic. Forced by her smallness and her geographical position to live by her wits, Ragusa became politically during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a sort of intermediary between the Christian Powers and the Turks, in which position she learned to place more confidence in the latter, to whom for a long period she paid tribute, than to the former as represented by Venice.* If the reader will glance at a map of the Balkan peninsula of before 1919, he will see that the inland province of Herzegovina pushes two very narrow tentacles down to the sea—the one at Klek in the Canale di Narenta, the other, as we have seen, along the valley of the Sutorina into the Bocche di Cattaro. The enclave thus formed represented the territory of the Ragusan Republic at its ultimate extent; and it was at the instance of Ragusa, in her dislike of the propinquity of Venice, that Turkey added the two strips to the territory of Herzegovina in order to separate, if only by a few miles, the previously conterminous frontiers of the two republics. It is chronicled that the insertion of the clauses in question into the Treaty of Passarowitz owed not a little to the support of the English Ambassador, urged thereto by his Ragusan servant.

* For the last time in 1804.

This episode, if true, is not Ragusa's only link with England. Popular tradition ascribes the foundation of her first cathedral (the present Gospa was built after the earthquake of 1667) to Richard Cœur de Lion, who, narrowly escaping shipwreck off the islet of Lacroma on his return from the Third Crusade, vowed to build a church near the place of his delivery if he came safely to land. A link of another sort was provided by the Spanish Armada, in which the Ragusans, whose maritime connection with Spain was a close one, lost twelve of their best fighting ships. Yet another link was forged towards the end of the Napoleonic wars, when the British Fleet added a chapter to Dalmatian history that began with the victory of Lissa in 1811. Between 1812 and 1815, when the whole of Dalmatia passed under the rule of Austria, the Ragusan islands were under British administration and experienced, as *entrepôts* of British goods were then prohibited from entry into the mainland ports under French control, the most prosperous era they have known. In three years, for example, the population of Lissa rose from 4,000 to 12,000; and the commercial profits made by the Ragusan islanders while under the protection of the British flag exceeded those of the sunniest days of the republic.

(To be concluded)

A DICTATORSHIP NEAR ITS CRISIS

BY WILFRID HINDLE

"IN Belgrade just now", a Slovene friend wrote to me recently, "we live on rumours—of persecution, corruption, and impending changes in Government. The rumours of the first kind generally prove true; of the second, sometimes; of the third, alas! never". His letter is typical of many received from Yugoslavia during the last year; and indicative of the failure of the Royal Dictatorship to achieve its aims.

It is now over four years since King Alexander suspended the Constitution of his Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom, and took upon himself the task of turning it into a more unified Yugoslav state. If he has the intelligence with which he is credited, he must regret the result. His intentions were no doubt excellent: from the detached point of view that is the view of Bolshevik, Fascist or economist, there is much to be said for the welding into a single people of nations, diverse in speech and tradition, which yet have some community of origin and interest. But his intentions have for the greater part not been realized, and, when realized, have been so only at heavy cost.

In a recent communication to the British Press Lord Cushendun, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher and others drew attention to some of the unpleasant features of the "Dictatorship of Belgrade". In characteristic British fashion they understated the case. Owing partly to pre-occupation with more urgent matters, but more to the systematic expulsion of foreign correspondents critical of the Dictatorship, news from Yugoslavia has of late years been scarce. From trustworthy sources, however, enough information has

leaked out to show that Yugoslavia has now become, in the worst sense of what is in Eastern Europe an odious term, a Police state. Since the Bolshevik revolution, the Hungarian counter-revolution, and the early days of Fascist rule, terrorism has been such a common feature of European life that its incidents leave the British public cold. A few of the many incidents in Yugoslavia must none the less be set down if present feeling against the Yugoslav Dictatorship is to be understood.

The Dictatorship, it will be remembered, was established some six months after the murder of Stephen Raditch, the Croat Peasant leader, on the floor of the Skupshtina in Belgrade. Rachitch, his murderer, was, and is, spoken of by *official* newspapers as a national hero, and since his feat murders and attempted murders of Croat leaders have been of normal occurrence. The latest incident of the kind of which news has reached England was in June last, when Dr. Budak, another Croat leader, was beaten with leaden bludgeons in the streets of Zagreb by three ruffians, one of whom was later denounced as a police agent. His assailants were tracked down by the public—not by the police—and given a derisory sentence. Their outrage had followed appeals to “patriotic” Yugoslavs in the official *Vreme* to be “the terror of all foes at home and abroad”. Press incitement of this kind, it will be remembered, preceded the murders in the Skupshtina. Similar language was again used by *Vreme* when Dr. Matchek and Dr. Trumbitch wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* about Croat policy in September last. Political opponents of the Dictatorship are, moreover, subject to the innumerable petty tyrannies of which the police of Eastern Europe are past masters; witness the case of Dr. Milan Shufflay, who was shadowed day and night by the police—until the eve of the day when a “patriotic” assault ended his life. Students innumerable, their names unknown and their fate consequently exciting less interest than that of men of international standing such as Dr. Matchek, have been subjected to the “third degree” methods of examination which Yugoslavia took over from the Austro-Hungarian police. And—lest they be suspected of

undue favouritism towards foreigners—Yugoslav officials under the Dictatorship have bastinadoed a German woman journalist.

Official denials—one of the greatest export industries of some of the Succession States—have been frequent. But where proof of a particular incident cannot be obtained, for fear of police intimidation, the Yugoslav Dictatorship itself supplies a background dark enough for the worst of deeds. For these outrages King Alexander must be held responsible. It was he who made the Dictatorship; it is he who has controlled it. It would not, however, be just to him to state these facts without at the same time considering the regime his dictatorship supplanted, and the few achievements he can in fact reckon to the Dictatorship's credit.

It was a mixed company that the Conversations of Corfu made one family, as a casual journey through Yugoslavia is sufficient to show. Approaching from Italy the traveller is as far as Ljubljana in the Alps. The air is fresh, the country green and beautiful, the people as neat and clean as the Swiss on the other side. In their capital are well-laid streets, lighted by electricity; a Viennese-looking Opera; houses as well appointed as those of the Austrian provinces; cafés where men and women congregate together; shops that supply all a modest comfort could desire. In their villages are cottages spotless and daintily carved; peasants educated and intelligent, conscious of their country's history and of its worth.

From Ljubljana to Zagreb like conditions prevail, with the necessary variation to Croat from Slovene: the traveller is in Europe still. Then, after Zagreb, comes the Serbian Plain, a long and dreary expanse, fertile indeed—it supplied the Austrian Army during the war—but as monotonous as the Russian steppe. And in Belgrade there is a different world, where two stages of civilization are at war, the older not yet conquered. Turkish hovel and modern palace stand side by side. Until quite recently the streets were a series of potholes, except for a few which, as the Serbs of my acquaintance were too cynically ready to explain, were being macadamized “because the municipal elections come soon”. In place of

the kindly and rather pompous police of Slovenia, there are the police of Pashitch, rough and with a reputation not much improved since Pashitch's day. The men met in cafés are as talkative as ever, but women, of the richer classes at least, are not so often seen. Belgrade is nearer the East, if not yet in it.

Nor is it only in the outer appearance of their cities that the three chief peoples of this once triune kingdom differ. The Serbs, manly and freedom-loving, have yet been free again for no great time, and traces of Turkish influence may still be seen; in the very first year after formal union they divided the country into thirty-three districts which, besides assuring Serb predominance in each, gave profitable employment to party friends. They are Slavs, too, with a Slavonic Orthodox Church which has moulded their minds, however little they may heed its practice, while the Slovenes and Croats are in tradition Roman, with the European culture which the Roman Church at one time spread. The Croats love freedom, too; have talked about it, as a Serb gibe says, for hundreds of years without ever fighting for it, and under Hungarian rule had their own language, their own parliament, and a very real measure of autonomy. Kept politically, culturally, and economically in the European mainstream, they are as near to western Europe as any people beyond the Alps could be. The Slovenes are of Western Europe. Politically for centuries Austrian, they have had all the cultural, legal and administrative advantages which that implies. Geographically of the Alps, they have bred a race of people as different from the inhabitants of the Serbian Plain as it is from the *Primorski*, the Slavs of the Maritime Provinces. Industrious, and of a shrewdness whose quality may be judged from the tale of the one Jew in Slovenia—he is a road-sweeper, and from his extreme rarity and their pride in him, is known by no patronymic, but simply as “the Jew”—for ten years they knew how, uncomplainingly, to make the best of the Serb-Croat-Slovene association.

But where the Slovenes, a small minority, were contented, the Croats, a large minority, were not. They complained, and have recently complained again, that the Serbs at the union broke faith. When the full history of the formation of the

Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom comes to be written, they will probably be found to have been right. In any case the Government of Belgrade after union gave them sufficient cause for complaint. The Serbs began none too well by taking for the elections to the Constituent Assembly of 1921 the electoral divisions of 1910, which, false in 1914, had been still further falsified by the mass migrations of the Albanian Retreat. Their later rule was worse. To administer the former Austrian provinces they sent Royal Commissioners, who took to those highly civilized lands the particular forms of corruption and inefficiency with which the Turk (it is said) had infected the Serb. And when their Constituent Assembly met, it was to approve a Constitution which Croat politicians at once rejected because of the undue dominance they believed it gave to Serbia.

For eight years thereafter Parliaments quarrelled, divided, subdivided, and reformed, while an ever-increasing number of parties fought alternately for office and for regional privileges which, after the union, should have lost much of their former significance. Under the wise control of Pashitch, a peasant with a peasant's strength and cunning, much good work was done in the foreign field, and Yugoslav prestige grew abroad. But at home cabinet succeeded cabinet, and party party, without any attempt being made, for instance, to unify the different legal codes the different provinces had inherited from different rulers. While Serb wrangled with Serb, the peasants among whom land had been divided in 1919 were left without the financial assistance necessary to enable them to develop it. While Serb wrangled with Croat, the development of shipping (which would have benefited all Yugoslavia, but especially Croatia) was neglected. And as demands, sometimes obviously outrageous, were rejected or encouraged, the Croats alternately boycotted Belgrade, flirted with Moscow, and entered the Belgrade Parliament.

In less than ten years there were four parliaments, twenty different cabinets, and a hundred and thirty different Ministers (of whom less than sixty, it should be added, were inhabitants of the former kingdom of Serbia). All the variations and reformations brought no agreement on a common policy, and

parliamentary rule in Yugoslavia seemed already to have reached an impasse when the murder of the Croats on the floor of the Skupshtina made it a disgrace. The King, who was known long to have resented the ever-present corruption and incompetence, took what then appeared to be the only way out. To his honour he took it in no haste. It was in June 1928 that Stephen Raditch and his fellow-Croats were murdered in the Skupshtina. It was not until January 1929—after a minority Prime Minister had held office and shown no great zeal in avenging the murder of his co-religionaries—that the King declared Parliament dissolved and himself the sole arbiter of power.

The aim King Alexander then proclaimed had much to commend it. Unless there was to be another “balkanization” of the Balkans the only hope for Yugoslavia seemed to be in a union of her warring parts. In pursuing it he has also incidentally done much good work, especially in those fields which parliamentarians eager chiefly for the spoils of office had neglected in the ten years of their rule. The legal codes have been taken far towards unification. An agrarian bank has been founded to assist the peasants, and they have been relieved of many indirect taxes. Taxation which previously bore most heavily on the Croats was adjusted so that the Serbs in their turn began to complain. Railways and roads have been improved; even the potholes of Belgrade have disappeared. In the first year of the Dictatorship there was the almost unprecedented spectacle of Government officials being not only tried, but convicted, for bribery and corruption. In the first year, too—it would be unfair to judge by the later years, when the world crisis fell upon all—Yugoslav exports showed an increase all round. And in the third year, realizing rather tardily the extent of the opposition to his imposition of Yugoslavism by decree, King Alexander presented his subjects with a Constitution—on the drafting of which they were not consulted—and a Parliament—which the majority of the electorate boycotted.

But the King's promise that the Dictatorship would give way to a constitutional regime when the State administration

had been cleansed and strengthened has not been fulfilled. The first burst of reforming zeal has expended itself, and State officials are back in their old sinful (and very human) ways. The name of the country has been changed to Yugoslavia, and old historical boundaries have been obliterated; but the essential problem of Serb-Croat relations has not been solved by this pretence that it does not exist.

Instead, new problems have been added to it. In his vain attempt to rid the country of what he calls “tribal and confessional parties”, King Alexander has announced, at regular intervals, the formation of a new Yugoslav Party which is to be devoted not to sectional interests, but to the Yugoslav State. The Yugoslav Party exists mainly on paper. In the same attempt to create unity he has endeavoured to enlist men of good standing in his Governments, irrespective of their party ties. The extent of his success can be gauged from the lists of nonentities in the cabinets under the Dictatorship, (cabinets, incidentally, no more stable than those of the preceding parliamentary regime).

Particularly significant of his subjects' reception of his reforms is the change that Slovene opinion has undergone. Of all the minorities incorporated in the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom the Slovenes gained most. Though a section of their people went under Italian rule, they were given a national university, a complete educational system of their own, and unrestricted use of their language. For this reason complaints were rarely heard from them; in large numbers they found posts in Government offices in Belgrade; and for some three years after the establishment of the Dictatorship, Father Koroshetz, most experienced of Slovene politicians, served in Yugoslav cabinets. Now Father Koroshetz has resigned. Some four months ago a military conspiracy was discovered in the heart of Slovenia—officially dubbed Communist, it was without doubt Federalist. The Slovene people have been antagonized by what they consider interference with their religious liberties in the matter of education.

The Croats, it need hardly be said, are more antagonistic than ever before. The Serbs threaten to sink into the apathy

which was theirs under Turkish rule—still recent enough for its psychological after-effects to be felt. And the only positive political result of four years' work is that politicians of every shade—Serb, Croat, and Slovene, Moslem, Catholic, and Orthodox—are now for the first time united—in opposition to the King, his personal government, and his mock Parliament.

Financially, the regime has accomplished no work big enough to be offered as excuse for political oppression. For the past four years there has been no effective parliamentary control of the Budget, and the real state of the country's finances cannot therefore be estimated. But the trade balance is adverse, the Government deficit heavy, and military expenditure—of which no public discussion is allowed—continuing on a scale unjustified by Yugoslav needs. If military expenditure is reduced, there will be danger of a spread of the disaffection already apparent in the Army: it was on the Army's support that the Dictatorship was founded. If military expenditure is not reduced, the deficit must grow to unmanageable proportions, for hope of further credits from abroad is rapidly vanishing.

French sympathy, on which the continuance of French loans to Yugoslavia depends, has long been alienated. If a report from a usually trustworthy source is true, the Constitution of 1931 was only granted to the Yugoslav people on the demand of the French Minister in Belgrade, who told King Alexander that "*une constitution quelconque*" must precede any further French loans. The Constitution, being granted, was recognized in France for the poor thing it was. And in recent months the French Socialists, now very near the French Government, have expressed in unequivocal terms their preference for a Yugoslav republic rather than the present regime.

From every point of view the Dictatorship is in sorry plight. Nor are its troubles likely long to remain purely dialectic. Unrest in the Army has already been mentioned. Recent incidents on the Bulgarian, Austrian, and Hungarian frontiers have shown that in the matter of international decency and common sense the officials of the new Yugoslavia are no better,

and in some cases much worse, than the officials of the old Serb-Croat-Slovene State. In Dalmatia light-headed youths, encouraged by the official Press and by the purely nominal sentences inflicted in the rare cases in which they have been brought to trial, have committed acts of vandalism against Roman monuments, thereby reviving a dispute with Italy which had for some time lain dormant. In Croatia insurgent bands have sprung up and are training the peasants in shooting: the fact that previous Croatian independence movements have not been markedly warlike only adds further significance to this latest development.

On all sides, in fact, the Yugoslav Dictatorship seems to be nearing a crisis. If and when that crisis comes, the Karageorgevitch dynasty—like an older dynasty in a recent revolution in another Mediterranean land—may suffer first. King Alexander, we are often assured, is a man of the highest principles and finest personal character—chorus to every post-war dictator from Bela Kun to Stalin—and for once the record bears the assurance out. Few reigning monarchs can have had Alexander's experience of life, and none has been brought nearer to the sufferings of his people. Born in exile, he lived abroad until the assassination of Alexander Obrenovitch brought his father to the throne. Made a man before his time, his first duty to his country was to fight in the war against Turkey, and thereafter in the series of wars in which Serbia was engaged until she was overrun by the Austrian army. Regent at twenty-six, he bore the brunt of government in the worst years of the war. With his army he took part in the murderous Albanian Retreat, and with it he remained, except for brief visits to London and Paris, throughout the Macedonian campaign. A king without his kingdom, he was for a long time also a king in poverty. And when he finally returned to an enlarged estate, it was also to a capital and countryside despoiled.

Such experiences might have turned any man to easy ways of life. In Alexander they reinforced a natural bent towards modest living and hard work. For some years after his return to Yugoslavia he lived in a house much less costly than that of

his Parliament, and he continues to work twelve hours a day, relaxing only in an occasional game of chess. His personal kindness was shown by attention to the soldiers' wants during the war. His devotion to duty both Serb and Croat admit. His steadfastness in the pursuit of what he considers the first needs of his country his own acts have many times attested.

But when all due tribute has been paid to King Alexander's honesty and disinterestedness, the facts remain: that his own estimates of his country's needs have been widely different from the estimates of his subjects; that his officials have attempted to impose his views by methods much more reprehensible than any employed in Slovenia and Croatia by their former Austrian and Hungarian rulers; and that, by taking upon himself sole responsibility for his country's government, he has taken upon himself sole responsibility for the misdeeds of his country's officials.

There remains a clear way out of troubles which threaten to come soon if the Dictatorship in its present form continues. Though their demands have naturally been exaggerated under the impulse of persecution, there is little doubt that the Croats would still accept autonomy with a Federal Yugoslav state; as the Serbs would undoubtedly welcome a return to a democratic regime. But the way of federalism now appears to be the only way. Unification by force has been tried and failed. And unless the way of federalism is taken soon, the failure of the experiment in force may become even more disastrously apparent.

REVENANT

BY KATIE GANDY

A FLYING return visit, after twenty years . . . Why not? argued Letty's ghost. Lots of people did it . . .

So it condensed itself into its most compact and solid form, and floated in, one evening, through the open study window.

"Yes, this is the room," it said. "And there's my photograph. Heavens, what a freak! And one of Arthur, too. That's new since I was here. He's getting fat . . ."

Round the room it drifted, the room where the material Letty had written those five slim volumes of exquisite, gem-like verse. Nothing changed, not even the attitudes of the cushions on the divan. And a bowl of flowers where there had always been one.

"This is nice of Arthur," thought Letty's ghost, touched. "Almost as though he'd known I were coming."

It flitted across to the table, to the little pile of morocco-bound volumes lying beside the flowers, as if upon an altar. And near them, bound in white vellum, edition-de-luxe, two others. *The Life and Letters of Letitia Lichfield*.

"Dear me, how distressingly alliterative," thought Letty's ghost.

But it was interested, nevertheless, and opened a volume at random.

"Phase the second," it read, turning the pages with wraithlike fingers. "The awakening gleam.—Until this stage of her life, Letitia Lichfield had beheld all Nature, as it were through a glass darkly . . . Now, through the alchemy of Love, the veil was lifted, and she beheld the Universe anew. Each tiny flow'ret held for her its deep and mystic secret. The print of the Master-Thumb was everywhere discernible.

The common daisy was, to her, a daisy no longer . . .

To see a world in a grain of sand."

"I bet Arthur wrote this," thought Letty's ghost (and when a ghost thinks, it is a kind of spiritual X-ray; you can watch the whole process as you might a chicken roasting in one of those ovens equipped with glass doors). "It's so like him to pick out the most obvious quotation. And he always did like capitals."

It turned the solid page, as though a gust of wind had blown it.

"—The Blade of grass was now a blade of grass no longer; the song of the thrush explained the Riddle of the Universe: the common daisy was no longer a little entity of white and yellow, but a clue—a clue to creation!"

"I wish I had a clue to what Arthur was talking about," reflected Letty's ghost. "And I do wish he'd stop harping about daisies. He seems to have got them on the brain."

Then it perceived a dark and heavy vaporous substance shaping itself around the pages of the book and expanding so rapidly that within a second it seemed to fill the whole room.

It spoke, like Letty's ghost, in a kind of sighing whisper.

"I am the Tradition of Letitia Lichfield," it said. "I can't help it who you may be . . ."

Letty's ghost could feel itself dwindling perceptibly in the presence of this superior power.

"I used to be Letty Lichfield," it explained, almost apologetically.

A wave of what might have been cordiality passed through the other.

"Ah," it said graciously. "I perceive that we are connected."

"I wanted to ask you . . ." began Letty's ghost. "That is, you might be able to help me. What's all this about daisies?"

"Quite simple," returned the other. "A daisy to you was not a daisy; it was a Symbol."

"No, it wasn't," said Letty's ghost. "It was a daisy. Just a daisy."

"Allow me. It was a symbol. A symbol of the Infinite.

Of the Eternal Mind. If you want me to quote—from one of your inferior pieces, I must admit. However:

I met him on my evening walk, a saucy fellow on a stalk.

You remember how it goes on? Symbolism. All symbolism."

Letty's ghost was silent for a moment.

"I rather liked that poem," it remarked wistfully. "It was one of my favourites."

"I can't help that. It's very poor. Your early period, of course."

"Did I have periods?" Letty's ghost was surprised. "I didn't know that. What were they?"

"First period, from the year 1890 to 1895. Immaturity. Early gleams. Marriage, and consequent development; deepening of thought and outlook, ripening in the years 1895-1900 to full maturity. That's your second period, culminating in 'A Thrush at Daybreak.' Universally acknowledged to be your finest work."

"'A Thrush at Daybreak'," murmured Letty's ghost, half to itself. "—That was when I was in love with Andrew Lomas . . . He used to live next door."

And a faint sigh vibrated through it, like a breeze from the open window.

The other seemed to grow even bigger and darker.

"Rubbish," it corrected severely. "You were devoted to your husband. Out of that great love sprang the 'Thrush at Daybreak.' You dedicated it to him. You were a passionately devoted wife."

"No, I wasn't," murmured Letty's ghost dreamily. "Arthur always bored me so dreadfully. He meant well, but there you are . . . And I was terribly in love with Andie. We used to meet early in the morning, at the bottom of the orchard. I dedicated the 'Thrush at Daybreak' to Andie, not Arthur. I couldn't help it that they both had the same initials. . ."

It sighed again. "Andie's married now, I hear . . . And four children . . ."

Its voice trailed wistfully away.

"You *dare* to drift in here, uninvited, and to tell me this pack of ridiculous lies?"

The other was really angry, now. It towered to the ceiling, and spread itself around and about Letty's ghost, as if to envelop and absorb it. "Well, we shall see what Arthur will have to say . . ."

From the direction of the dining-room floated the crescendo of an opening door. It was followed by the sound of footsteps in the passage outside, and with them, voices.

The voice of Arthur.

" . . . Yes, this is the room where she did all her writing. All our dearest, all our most precious hours. . ."

He cleared his throat impressively.

"In this very room," he went on, "I wrote the 'Life and Letters' "

There was a murmur of appreciation from his unseen listeners. Letty's ghost, shrinking towards the window, obtained a fleeting glimpse of a portly figure in a dinner-jacket.

"Sometimes," continued Arthur, pausing dramatically at the open door, "I have the feeling that the soul of Letitia still haunts the room like incense. To-night, I feel very strongly her presence amidst us . . ."

But he was wrong, for Letty's ghost, frightened, was already far away back on the journey to Olympus.

FOR GABRIEL OAK

(*who would understand*)

I've often had the lambs to keep
when they were weakly, or the sheep
had died, but now my heart must weep
that death's a busy trade :
all's fallen in pieces—and this spring
a witless, wooden creaking thing
mocks me and the poor beasts I bring
whose life waits for a blade.

I never cared till yesterday
when Mallock came and took away
the three young lambs that play'd all day
and one that used to run
to lay its head against my knees
when I beneath the orchard trees
would sit to eat my bread and cheese,
the morning's work half-done.

Now apple-blossom to the ground
falls drifting in a shower around
me as I sit. There is no sound,
no thrusting muzzle bold :
like shadows in a looking-glass
shepherding winds drive clouds that pass
white flocks across the skies' blue grass
back to a painted fold.

MARGARET BRISBANE.

DELIGHT

Primrose-starred and foxglove-gay,
Bluebell-misted, pale with may,
Loud with chaffinch, witched by thrush,
Stilled in evening's twilit hush ;
Gripped in Winter's icy hold,
Splashed with Autumn's splendid gold,
Summer-clad or drenched with rain,
Winds my high-hedged Devon lane

Where the Spirit of Delight
 Wanders laughing day and night ;
 Laughing that the Sun can dress
 Flowers in rainbow loveliness,
 Or when opalescent clouds
 Scamper by in hurried crowds,
 Happy just to watch their shadows
 Change the trees and hill and meadows ;
 Joyous when the wind, sea-born,
 Dances with the proud-necked corn ;
 Chuckling when the moonbeams play
 Where the tree-flung shadows lay ;
 Laughing with the stars which strew
 Diamonds in the leaf-held dew . . .
 Never do I seek in vain
 Him down that long Devon lane. . . .
 When at last I, peaceful, sleep
 In that bed red-earthed and deep,
 Though I may not hear the thrushes
 Singing in the hawthorn bushes,
 Or the songs the winds do sing
 As they make the catkins swing ;
 Though I may not watch the Sun
 Coax the buds till, one by one,
 Head of blue and head of yellow
 Wake to nod at purple fellow ;
 And although I may not see
 All the ebon tracery
 Which the slim-shanked hazel fingers
 Sketch where yet a sunset lingers,
 And I may not watch the night
 Drip with stars of fickle light ; . . .
 Still, I think, to where I lie,
 From the lane which edges by,
 Through the years that follow after
 There will come that echoed laughter,
 So that I may not forget
 Spring will follow Winter yet.

A. R. UBSDELL.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IN the larger world nothing very definite has happened.
 Germany is not sure whether Herr Hitler may not make
 up some compromise with Herr von Papen which would
 render government possible on ordinary parliamentary lines ;
 but for the moment General von Schleicher
 stays at the helm. In France, M. Paul-
The Unstable
World Boncour, who replaces M. Herriot, seems to
 say that he means just what M. Herriot meant ; but in truth
 they are waiting for a new crisis when the Budget comes ; and
 meanwhile Frenchmen express their sense of M. Paul-
 Boncour's personality by saying "*Il nous fallait une tête ; on*
nous a donné une chevelure." However, they would very
 probably have said the same about Benjamin Disraeli ; tempta-
 tion to a *mot* is not easily resisted in Paris, but it does not
 prove that there may not be a head under a head of hair.

In America action has gone so far that Mr. Roosevelt is
 prepared, on taking office, to confer with British representatives
 on debts and other world problems ; and that is as far as action
 is likely to go in America for some time—with one conceivable
 exception. Japan has made what looks like a formidable move in
 occupying Shanhaikwan, at the very end of the Great Wall of
 China, and on the very border of Manchuria where it is nearest
 Peking. The United States is sensitive in this quarter : and
 though America would much prefer that the League of Nations
 should impose a veto on Japan, failing this, they may threaten
 interference.

Far more significant is the report of a strong American Committee on what they call Technocracy. Having investigated the phenomena of over-production and resulting from the vast accumulation of capital during the war by a people whose dream was to multiply dollars, they reach the conclusion that under modern developments man ought to be able to provide everybody's requirements by working four hours a day for five days a week : but that unless production is controlled, the channels of distribution will remain blocked as at present. Revolution in the United States, which certainly is not impossible, will, if it comes, draw inspiration from this doctrine. It implies that requirements must be standardized ; but that should be easier in a country many of whose cultivated citizens prefer food out of tins to what we buy grossly in butchers' shops. As to drink, beer or whisky could be made under these conditions, though certainly not good wine ; which is one of the reasons why technocracy is not likely to gain a hold in France. But shall we be allowed gardens to work in during our spare time ? Shall we be allowed anything of our very own ? Is technocracy compatible with the institution of private property ? or is it only applicable to such a society as exists—most uncomfortably—in Russia ? On the whole, the United States is the country where the Russian experiment is likeliest to be repeated ; and the gospel of technocracy is the best propaganda for it as yet produced from any authoritative source.

Within the British Commonwealth there have been startlingly sudden developments which may lead to closer concentration—or again, to a loosening of the already loosened bond. General Hertzog in South Africa kept his Dominion separate from Great Britain on the gold standard. So did Canada, but Canada's intimate connection with the United States imposed reasons which do not apply at the Cape. People in general took the view that General Hertzog's attitude was in part due to a desire to assert separateness for its own sake and was a phase of his extreme racialism. At all events, Mr. Tielman Roos, formerly a chief leader of Nationalism, broke

away, explicitly on the gold question, implicitly on the racial issue ; and though no coalition between him and General Smuts has at the moment of writing been effected, one seems probable. Meantime General Hertzog has been driven to go off gold, but has refused to go on sterling, thus making the worst of both worlds. It is possible that a Coalition of South Africans who desire to strengthen the Commonwealth ties may come into power : but so far Mr. Roos has refused to take service under General Smuts, and indeed began by proposing that General Smuts should be ruled out as the alternative head.

In Ireland negotiations were in progress for a coalition among those who wish to see Mr. de Valera out : it was generally recognized that the country did not wish again to entrust power merely to Mr. Cosgrave's section of the old pre-Truce Sinn Féin party. The proposal was first put forward by Senator Vincent, who has just presented the beautiful Muckross estate at Killarney to the nation and has never been controversially in politics. It was backed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Byrne, who was a member of Redmond's party at Westminster before he entered the Dáil—and whose personal influence among the Dublin poor is almost incredible. At the same time Mr. de Valera was in difficulties with his Labour supporters and decided to go to the polls before opposition was organized. At the time of writing nobody is sure what will happen. Mr. de Valera has the traditional advantage of asking the Irish people to do that which England desires them not to do—though certainly if any Englishmen desire to see Ireland suffer, they will hope for Mr. de Valera's success. There is a general willingness among opponents of the present Government to see Mr. Cosgrave again at the head ; but unless some agreement can be reached by which the other elements are assured of a real share of power in case of success, success is not likely to come. Mr. Dillon, son of the old parliamentary leader, has stood in with Mr. Frank MacDermot to form a new Centre party, and both of them are men who would raise the average level of administration. But there are half a dozen of Mr.

Cosgrave's late colleagues—Mr. Blythe, Mr. McGilligan, Mr. Hogan, Mr. Mulcahy and Professor O'Sullivan—with whom it would be very difficult to dispense ; for they have more than earned their Cabinet rank.

Mr. de Valera has made an emphatic appeal for order at the elections. It would have little chance of being listened to but that the Army Comrades Association, presided over by the brother of Kevin O'Higgins, now numbers 40,000, and stands forward to prevent the breaking up of meetings and interference with the polls. Otherwise the I.R.A. would take charge of the matter, and the Irish people would not get, as they will now, the chance to justify their title to self-government. For, though individual Irishmen have shown the power to administer and to govern, and others, notably Mr. de Valera, the political gift for managing a situation, the Irish community has not so far displayed under self-government the self-protective qualities of citizenship. They have now their chance either to run violently down a steep place into the sea, or, as the British have done so often, to dig their heels in. Yet at worst, I do not believe a plunge would be fatal ; experience is worth paying for, though Mr. de Valera certainly is making it expensive, and though it may be the unpleasant experience of scrambling back abject and dripping to the shelf from which they plunged.

Scotsmen's claim to Home Rule reached the point of being seriously considered in the House of Commons, as is only natural, seeing what names, famous in the past or in the present, demand a hearing. Naturally, the demand has not the pressure which existed in Ireland, for Scotland has had its own way in the matters which are felt most intimately—religion and education. So far as I can judge, national pride is the main motive force, and a very proper one. My own view is different, and has at least the merit of being based on experience. Irish legislation and administration could not conceivably have started under conditions more unfavourable than were those of the Irish Free State in 1922—and Northern Ireland was

Scottish Home Rule

little better off. Yet under those conditions better work was done for Ireland, both in legislation and in administration, than at any period of the half century that I remember—although through that half century the British Parliament was on the whole honestly trying to do its best by us. Yet three essentials were lacking : response to national sentiment, knowledge of local conditions, and, thirdly and chiefly, time. Under modern conditions, it is a full time job for a Parliament and Ministry to attend to the wants of a small country. It needs time to experiment, to make mistakes and correct them.

Mr. de Valera's government appears to me to have made mistakes which, if persisted in, would be ruinous ; yet that is not to be surprised at, in view of past history : I do not mean the history of past centuries, though that helps, but of the last twenty years. Scotland would start under no such handicap ; it would have the advantage of observing in Ireland two distinct systems of self-government, and could choose its model, or shape a new one. At least we shall not be told that the objection is congenital incapacity : that the Scots are "incapable of self-government"—which was the parrot cry about Ireland. It got its answer when a dozen Irishmen, untried and unknown for the most part, had to undertake the task of straightening out the chaos to which the country had been reduced, and did as good a piece of work as has been accomplished by any government. Work in Scotland would probably run smoother, be more humdrum and certainly not less workmanlike ; and it would add a new interest to the charm of a romantic and beautiful capital whose past deserves a less provincial present than it has lapsed into since railways set up the tendency to over-centralisation.

Appositely enough, we are presented with the first biographical study that has yet been devoted to the father of this movement for Scottish autonomy. It is not the most important fact about Mr. Cunningham-Graham that he should, in June 1930, have headed the list of signatories to the Covenant of the Scottish National party ; nor is Professor Herbert West (of

Mr.
Cunningham
Graham

Dartmouth College) specially qualified to expound this aspect of his subject's activities; but the detail is set in its proper place in this survey of a most picturesque career, and I at least am thankful to the biographer for the general bird's-eye view—and thankful also for the enthusiasm of his tribute to a writer who has, any time these five-and-thirty years past, made the profession of literature seem a less drab business than it has to be for most who follow it. Yet Mr. Graham, even now with a list of thirty books and upwards against his name, has never become quite a professional. It is the great charm of his work that he seems always to be writing because an impulse has seized him. The amateur theory of literary creation is that you should write when the spirit moves you: whereas in fact the professional author, like the professional billiard player, pianist or painter, is perpetually at work, and so has command of his instrument. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, when he attempts a work of length (for instance, his *Conquest of the River Plate*), is apt to let the interest flag, after a brilliant opening. He is at his best only in the sketches and stories which might almost have been written at one jet, and which are, as a rule, variants on a theme that has inspired him since he began to write—his reaction against vulgar standards of "progress" or "success." There are apparent exceptions; for instance, the short story *Beattock for Moffat*, which nobody who has read it will ever completely forget: a thing to rank with the best in Maupassant. Just as in the great Norman's work a score at least of varying episodes illustrate one underlying grimly humorous conception of Norman character, so here the Scot, without saying a word about it, makes us feel what in other places he has poignantly expressed (among these being his discourse to Scottish Nationalists before their Covenant was signed—the strength of the home tie which binds this most vagrant of races to its mother soil; and the reticence, the stark laconism of expression, which masks their deep-seated sentimentalism. The Scot in this type of the race is Lowland, not of the clans that used keene and pibroch; he is of the "gentle Norman bluid" that came riding with lance in rest to Harlaw against the tartan-clad claymore-men. Chivalry

there was in the Highlands, but not the chivalry of horsemanship, which Mr. Cunninghame Graham has celebrated in all its phases, down to where it glorifies even the rodeo and the circus. Wherever there is horsemanship, he will always find at least some touch of chivalry.

Yet nothing could be less like the traditional "horsey man". No doubt he would have got on perfectly well with Mr. Flurry

The Cult of the Horse

Knox, for example, though not quite so well perhaps with the knowing patrons of the race-course whom Mr. Galsworthy sketches. But he learnt his horsemanship in a school where the horse is to the rider what the dog is to the shepherd—and more, for on the pampas as he knew them, man dismounted had little chance of life. The cult of the horse is only one expression of Mr. Graham's passion for wide and untamed spaces—that feeling which gives him a power most unusual in a landsman to interpret the traffic of the seas. Professor West leaves my curiosity unsatisfied as to how much this adventurer has been a seafarer, and where he learnt all the things that are as remote from the passengers by an ocean liner as is desert travel from the *train de luxe*. Still, we have here in some detail the outline of this writer's life; beginning with South America from seventeen to three-and-thirty; then, after some years of trying to save his ancestral home, Gartmore, from sale, a brief period in Parliament, much devoted to the Irish question. When Mr. Graham first went to gaol, it was for claiming the right to organize protest in Trafalgar Square against the conditions of imprisonment meted out to the late William O'Brien: and this led to his friendship with Wilfrid Blunt, then also *in vinculis* for similar reasons.

I am glad Mr. Graham lost his seat, for the parliamentary life does not combine well with literature, and it was only after 1895 that he became a writer. His second imprisonment was different in kind; a Moorish chieftain held him up when he was trying, disguised and in defiance of orders, to reach Tarudant. He was thus enabled to compare two prison systems, and agreed profoundly with the Moorish view that

solitary confinement is infinitely more brutalizing than the less physically hygienic arrangements which used to shock Europeans at Tangier. This is the only country outside of these islands where I might compare Mr. Graham's descriptive writing with my own remembered impressions: but I prefer to record a comment. The volume of sketches called *Success* had just come out when I was in Tangier, and Henry Bishop, who has painted these towns of the Atlantic seaboard with unequalled delicacy of perception, had been reading the Moorish studies in it. "What is the use of painting", he said to me, "when a man can do all that with a few words?"

And indeed I think no writer of our times has equalled Mr. Graham in pictorial quality, or in the power to bring out the significance of a scene—whether it be the bones of a Spanish admiral still propped in the chair whence he saw his over-matched fleet blaze into ruin rather than surrender, or, as in his last book, *Writ in Sand*, the gesture of an acrobat who gathers his children back beside himself, once more safe after a dangerous feat. That volume, published last October, comes, we are told, from an octogenarian: I had as soon read it as anything that he ever signed; and "Tschiffely's Ride" which follows the circus sketch is even more characteristic of this far-travelled cavalier, from whose writings there might so easily be compiled a manual of the essentials in horsemanship and in chivalry.

This year's winter show at the Royal Academy displays only the work of certain academicians who died within the past ten years. Mainly it is an exhibition of Orpen, whose work in oil fills the first three rooms, while his sketches and drawings overflow into others. By its volume, therefore, it compares with the post-humous exhibition of Sargent and astonishes by its variety, as Sargent's work, when brought together, did by its monotony. The same contrast is even more obvious when one passes to the rooms given to Dicksee, La Thangue, Tuke and Wyllie—all thoroughly representative British artists, who repeated themselves with suitable variations in the manner that the

Orpen and
Others

British public comes to feel safe with. I mean no disparagement of the open air painters who give you a window opening on the sunlit sea and bathers, or the barge-laden Thames, or of some characteristic hedgerow side in Southern England. They have only in the last resort one song apiece, but a good song; and at times Wyllie could touch the imagination powerfully—though I am not sure whether a painter is not condemned nowadays by the mere fact that he achieves this result, which is supposed alien, if not hostile, to his proper immersion in form and colour. Dicksee, of course, is frankly literary and tells a story—for which I do not blame him. The trouble is that he tells it, so to say, at secondhand, in a manner caught up from Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt or the early Millais: and monotony is more bearable when the song is the singer's own.

Nobody would deny that Orpen is often imitative, inspired by this or that master, or, on the other hand, that Dicksee, even when he imitates, does not contribute something of his own. Still, essentially, Dicksee dilutes; Orpen, even when as quite a youngster he attempted a full-dress Hogarth canvas (the "Play Scene from Hamlet"), turned out work full of lusty sap: or, later and better, when he and Rothenstein worked together, and were together under the inspiration of Vermeer, the result was an original—as in "A Chelsea Window."

But it is naturally—for he died comparatively young in years and in temper still almost schoolboyish—to the later work one must turn for complete expression. Technically two nude figures in sunlight, painted in the studio whose building was his last delight, seem to me the height of achievement. They give what to him was beauty's acme—vibrant, exultant life. Elsewhere, even when he is at his best, beauty is secondary; he never neglects pattern and harmony of colour, but the essential is to express the poignancy of something noted and observed. This may be a man's face and figure; yet in portraits only too often he was content with mere dexterous representation, and this is true of half the war pictures selected

Some War
Pictures

for this exhibition. Only one of the generals—Sir Henry Wilson—is painted with delight and amusement; even Foch is just dashed off. For though the war fired his imagination as nothing else ever did, it was not the generals nor the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles that set his powers working to the full; it was this or that officer or man at arms, swiftly and incisively portrayed; or, again, and more characteristically, episodes of the war, in trenches or out of them, rendered with a shuddering emphasis of gesture. The only thing of this kind in the three main rooms is the group of women in a night-bombing—what a picture of fear! But nobody should miss the selection of pencil and water-colours hanging in the South room. Pictures of men resting under their mountainous packs—simple work of observation, but how significant! But there is more than just observation in “The Man with a Cigarette”, bandaged and half-stripped, waiting in the trench for stretcher bearers; or again in that grim study in charcoal and wash which shows three wrecks stranded in the receiving room of a casualty clearing-station. It is not exactly horror that these things convey, for this artist saw the war with enthusiasm; but no artist, in pencil or in prose, has so conveyed its grimness: perhaps because there is humour in the vision.

There is always humour behind his work at best; for instance in that masterly thing “The Dead Ptarmigan” where he shows himself gun in hand holding up the white plumaged bird. It is painted with infinite gusto and decorative sense, but essentially it is a burst of laughter over the absurdly triumphant sportsman. Or again, in “Behind the Scenes”, perhaps humour is not exactly the word to describe the painter’s attitude towards the two figures silhouetted there so delightfully against a vast shadowy background; it is rather a sense that the staginess of their surroundings makes the real there unreal: and yet how they live! how they are poised! Every line speaks. I offer my congratulations to the Corporation of Oldham, which had the judgment to acquire this perfectly characteristic example of a master who, if he is not to be reckoned among the great, yet at his best makes everything else in the exhibition seem devitalized.



THE AMERICAN MIND

by C. E. M. JOAD.

“INTERPRETATIONS,” by Walter Lippmann. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

To make everybody buy a dozen times over what he does not want; to induce every woman to buy sham pearls, sham furs and sham silk stockings, and every man a radio set that he may be rendered more accessible to advertisements of cheap cars to take him to any place other than that in which he happens to be; to give him credit when he has no more cash, and to bellow and screech at him, until he is quite incapable of reflecting what is the good of it all to him; in a word, to flood the world with goods and more goods, such is the gospel of progress, and such the gospel of America before the slump.

And not only of America, for it was rapidly communicated to the world. All nations driven by the same urge to make and to sell as much as possible, are at the same time by means of exchange restrictions and tariff barriers doing their best to make it impossible for any other nation to sell to them. To sell to every one and buy from no one, this, the gospel of extreme national selfishness, has under the leadership of America become the gospel of a world ruined by nationalism.

But the Americans, it will be said, are swayed by ideals; they are, indeed, if their professions are to be believed, the most idealistic people that the world has known. Theirs, for example,

is “the ideal of service”. Which means in practice? That wealth makes progress and progress money; with this you pay for scientists to invent machines to enable you to sell ever more goods to ever more people. This is idealistic because ostensibly you serve the world by providing it with goods. It is only incidentally that in the process you make more money!

The above strictures summarize reasonably well the attitude which Walter Lippmann adopts to the current, or recently current, creed of his countrymen. It is expressed in a series of newspaper articles, contributed by him to the *New York Herald Tribune*, from the autumn of 1931 to the summer of 1932. These articles have been collected by Allan Nevins, arranged under headings according to their subject matter—for example, “The Depression in the United States; Causes and Nature”, “America, the War Debts and European Depression”—and republished in the present volume.

In its almost exclusive concern with the American scene, a concern which invests the book with that slightly parochial air which even the work of the most cultivated Americans seems unable wholly to escape, *Interpretations* is liable to prove a little disappointing to the English reader.

Two things, however, he does succeed in doing. First, he brings home to one

the unparalleled intensity of the present slump in America. The figures of the unemployed are appalling; banking is tottering; national finance is faced with an enormous deficit; municipal finances are chaotic; the farmers are on the verge of bankruptcy; private and municipal charity is nearing exhaustion. Mr. Lippmann was writing six months ago; today the same problems persist, are, indeed, so much worse that to them is added the supreme problem of staving off absolute collapse.

Secondly, he renders it difficult to feel that the slump is, nevertheless, an unmitigated disaster. The gospel of material success, with a summary of which I began this review, has so infected every department of American life and thought that nothing short of its proved failure seemed likely to discredit it. Now if, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, the religion of success fails, it fails utterly; it cannot, like other creeds, succeed in one way while failing in others.

What new gospel is likely to take its place? Mr. Lippmann points out, and rightly, that we are faced with nothing less than the necessity for a change in the whole economic system; in the system, and in the social motives which have made it what it is. "The supreme social problem of the twentieth century," he says, "is to find energies as powerful and as persistent as the acquisitive and the competitive which are disinterested and co-operative in effect." This substitution of motive is not easily to be achieved. Just as it took "several centuries to solve the problem of scarcity, so it will take long generations to solve what we may call the problem of the management of plenty. The solution of that problem depends upon changes in human motives as great as those which distinguish a feudal peasant from the

modern business man." As great, and greater; for both peasant and business man are surely primarily acquisitive. Moreover, can the world wait so long? Will not the forces of disruption destroy the fabric of civilization, before it can learn to adjust itself to this new, disastrous fact of plenty? There is little, surprisingly little, Communism in the United States, but what Mr. Lippmann has to tell us of the forces of individual lawlessness, of gangsters and racketeers and baby snatchers, makes the answer doubtful.

Describing the contemporary social scene, he makes the shrewd observation that it is the very excellence (in the sense in which to be excellent is to be morally perfect) of the American laws which makes it so difficult to deal with lawlessness. "So thoroughly are the American people imbued with the idea that the law must express moral perfection" that they have outlawed not only the major crimes but the peccadilloes of human nature—in fact, all the "impure thoughts of man".

Thus, "by their moral fervour as lawmakers they have made a large part of the people allies and clients of law-breakers." At the same time, so jealous are they of their liberty that they refuse to the Executive and the Judiciary the necessary authority to administer even mild and reasonable laws. "It is fair to say that we have the strongest laws and the weakest Government of any civilized people." The disrespect for law arising from the facts that nearly all Americans are driven by the minor weaknesses of human nature to break it, and that, owing to the weakness of the Executive, most of them do with impunity, is no doubt responsible for much of the present trouble. It is difficult in the light of the facts of Mr. Lippmann's survey to think that it can account for all of it.

INDIA IN PERSPECTIVE

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA: VOL. VI THE INDIAN EMPIRE, 1858-1918 Edited by H. H. Dodswell. Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.

It is probable that in the very immediate future vital decisions concerning the government of India will have to be made by the British Parliament. It is a most disturbing thought that those decisions will, in many cases, be made by legislators who have only a fragmentary knowledge of the facts which they are presuming to handle and control. To venture to legislate on the matter of India without understanding the essentials of the problem, is just as indiscreet as finding one's way through a powder-magazine by striking matches. The final words of the exceptionally intelligent introduction to this sixth volume of the *Cambridge History of India*, put the case with precise accuracy: "it aspires to show clearly and firmly the historical background, without some knowledge of which political decisions become matters of mere sentiment and chance." That is a principle which lies at the root of all sane political and economic action by ruling persons. The penalties for disregarding this law are around us in England; in India, at the present time, the punishment may be irretrievable catastrophe.

This volume covers the period 1858-1918. Strictly, it ends with a chapter on the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms of 1919. But the more one studies the

problems of India the more one realizes the paradoxical fact that it is more necessary to know what happened in India a hundred years ago than to attend to the events of the last months. It is mere journalist's conceit which believes that the latest telegram is the last word.

The peculiar value of this *Cambridge History of India* is that one is presented, as a whole, with one of the greatest historical tales of the world's records. Even if the attention is confined to the British connection with India, which is only the last phase of a far longer story, it is soon clear that Clive and Warren Hastings are much more important in present politics than the work of Lord Morley and Mr. Montagu in recent years. The fundamental fact about India is that it lives by deep-rooted traditions; which have not been overwhelmed, as in western lands, by the advantages and disadvantages of modern science and scepticism. After reading this and the earlier volumes of this series one could not commit the stupendous folly of Macaulay, who went out to India with an illiterate enthusiasm to persuade the inhabitants to learn the English language and read English books; thinking that then all would be well. As Sir Verney Lovett here explains, Macaulay hoped to create a new class of persons: "Indian in blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinion, in morals and in intellect." After reading this history one would as soon try to turn a tiger into an elephant by

giving it a new diet. Sir Verney himself sums up this political escapade with calm irony: "The new policy was carried into effect in Bengal by a brilliant Whig politician who possessed no knowledge of the history of Indian thought and no understanding of the Indian mind."

It is impossible to mention in detail the many excellences of this most valuable and most attractive work. The chapter on the Mutiny is a model of impartial scholarship: the follies and the cruelties of the British are not concealed; and it becomes clear that it was not India that revolted, but only one provincial mismanaged army, craftily used by a small group of self-seeking politicians. In the words of Mr. Butterworth, writing of another province: "The storm of the Mutiny raised only a couple of ripples in Madras." That sentence has the valuable quality of getting the whole picture in proportion. In another chapter, Sir Patrick Fagan examines the work of the new Co-operative Societies, concerning which he writes: "the moral education in self-help, thrift, self-respect, and social solidarity which is being silently imparted can scarcely be overestimated." That is a valuable hint that probably the salvation of India will not come by new political constitutions, but by reorganized villages. This volume, being written by men who were first administrators, is naturally inclined to see such vital truths; which might have been overlooked by historians, bred in class rooms where politicians are considered important persons. For another example of this original mind, one would mention the brilliant chapter on Burma, by Mr. G. E. Harvey. But there is not a page of this volume which can be neglected, particularly at this moment.

ITALY IN THE MAKING, 1815-1846, by G. F. H. Berkeley. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY Italy has been well served by her English historians; and Mr. Berkeley is a not unworthy member of a distinguished company. He has selected an earlier and more prosaic period than that preferred by most of his forerunners. His volume begins on the morrow of the Congress of Vienna when Italy was divided into ten states ("or eleven, if we include Monaco"); and it ends with the election of Pope Pius IX, which may be taken as the starting-point of the *Risorgimento* proper. It was the period when Metternich, who represented "not so much a nation as a treaty", dominated Europe. In Italy, Charles Albert of Piedmont and Pope Gregory XVI ruled the most powerful of the Italian states. Beyond the borders of Italy, Mazzini—in the long run more powerful than either—was organizing his revolutionary society *Giovine Italia*.

The book is designed, as the title suggests, as a prelude to the history of the *Risorgimento*. During these thirty years the Napoleonic leaven of nationalism was at work even in clerical and royalist circles; and Mr. Berkeley's main theme is the contrast between the aims and methods of the "Moderates", whose ambitions centred on a federal union of existing Italian states, and of Mazzini, whose ideals were the destruction of monarchy and of the Papacy and the establishment of a united Italian Republic. In the long run, neither party saw its hopes completely realized. Mazzini's principal ideals—the destruction of the temporal power, and fusion instead of federation—were achieved; but monarchy remained, and Italian unity was effected under the ægis of the House of Savoy.

It is perhaps temperamentally impossible for the same writer to do equal justice to the fiery, dogmatic Mazzini and to the timid, vacillating Charles Albert. Some readers will think that Mr. Berkeley, whose sympathies are strongly royalist and Catholic, has been a little unfair to the great revolutionary leader. It is, for instance, surprising to find him accused of a "visionary" programme. If we consider the overwhelming forces opposed to him when he opened his campaign, we shall be amazed not at the extent to which his ambitions proved unrealizable, but at the extent to which they succeeded.

The central figure of the period in Italy itself is King Charles Albert—"the Hamlet of Savoy", as Mazzini not uncharitably called him. He had this in common with the Prince of Denmark that his frequent tergiversations seem to have sprung rather from the indecision of his character than from calculations of self-interest. But they created more than once the not unnatural impression that he was trying to hunt with the Austrian hound and run with the Nationalist hare. He was certainly no hero; and if he afterwards became one of the instruments of Italian unity, it is a striking instance of the way in which history, when the moment is ripe, will make its great men out of the most unpromising material. Mr. Berkeley writes of him with sympathy and understanding, and makes him a human, almost a lovable, figure. The whole book is indeed, a masterly analysis, based on published and unpublished material, of events in Italy during these thirty years. The period is in general little known to English readers; and it is perhaps for this reason that we feel occasionally as if we were watching an army of supers or scene-shifters, while the real actors in the drama of Italian unity were busy

elsewhere—in London, where Mazzini was weaving his endless intrigues, or in South America, where Garibaldi was performing prodigious feats of valour and biding his time.

JOHN HALLETT.

SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Cape. 18s.

ARGENTINE TANGO, by Philip Guedalla. Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

THERE could hardly be a contrast more complete than that between these two books, each inspired by a tour in South America. Count Hermann Keyserling is, of course, though Teutonic in origin, one of the few true cosmopolitans, entering, though with almost too Teutonic a thoroughness, into the life of the country in which he happens to be and evolving therefrom a fantasy which represents at least in some part the very essence of the country in question, and in some part the irreducible residue of limitation by origin and education from which in the course of his wanderings he has not been able to free himself. In particular, in these meditations, he may perhaps be said to suffer from the exaggerated respect felt by almost all of those compelled to spend their lives in wandering for those who have their roots in the soil, and this he works upon in such a way as to arrive, by a kind of *ad hoc* mysticism which again betrays his origin, at a new and original mythology for South America. He calls it "The Continent of the Third Day of Creation", and all the essays are variations on this theme or on particular aspects of it. It is impossible, naturally, to accept every statement that this method leads him to make, but it is used to support a collection of brilliant intuitions and comparisons which make the essays of universal interest.

By contrast Mr. Guedalla appears very, perhaps unfairly, arid and flippant in the space which he devotes to such matters as the mere degree of luxury of railway travel in the Argentine, and limited by the prejudices of a place and class. But on reflection it becomes apparent that this impression is in fact unfair, for if his comments on the behaviour of the French in South America are one-sided, it is obvious that he is content to have them appear so, and thus do less harm than by an unjustified claim to impartiality; and there are, embedded in the background of ingenious trifling, such gems as the picture of the New Yorker who "as he sits beneath his Tammany vine, regards the citizen of Buenos Aires as a helpless victim of unnameable corruption . . ."

From Mr. Guedalla the intending traveller will obtain both more obvious entertainment and more information about what he is going to see. But it remains true that it is probably to Count Keyserling that he will turn to help him resolve on his return the unclassified impressions which contain the best part of what we learn from seeing new peoples and places.

ALAN M. WELLS.

EVERYDAY THINGS IN CLASSICAL GREECE, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. *B. T. Batsford, Ltd.* 8s.

IN this book the authors complete their survey of Ancient Greece begun and continued in two earlier volumes on Homeric Greece and Archaic Greece. We are told that the book "deals with life, events and personalities from the Battle of Salamis (480 B.C.) to the surrender of Athens in 404 B.C." It has been written for "boys and girls". This last is an important point. There

are already so many books about the classical period of Ancient Greece that we should first question the purpose of one that claims to be instructive.

Chapters I, II and part of III, which contain illustrated descriptions of "Greek Architecture", "The Town and its Public Buildings", and "Town Houses", are well done; they provide a clear, interesting and not over-technical account, based upon good authorities. The same thing may be said of the facts concerning "Everyday Life" that the authors think worthy of notice, presumably by "boys and girls". But in the last chapter we are treated to a poor summary of Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* which, apart from being out of place at the end of the book, was surely not required as a background to "Sea Fights and Land Battles".

The book as a whole is badly arranged, and some of the most significant features of life in Ancient Greece are overlooked or treated in a manner that gives a false impression. Slavery, women and sex (the problems of hetairæ and pederastia are ignored), politics, philosophy and religion—these basic questions are referred to, if at all, in such a way as to gloss over the truth about the Greeks, so far as it is known. And why stop at 404 B.C.? The trial and death of Socrates, the life and works of Plato and Aristotle, are not unworthy of mention in a survey of Classical Greece. The authors refer to Plato's *Republic* and Xenophon's *Symposium* (why not Plato's?). They tell us little of the politics and philosophies of everyday life that gave rise to these dialogues.

But perhaps such matters are too high for "boys and girls", who will, however, learn a great deal from the most excellent drawings with which the authors have decorated their book.

ROGER CHANCE.

MONETARY DOCTORS

MODERN MONEY: A Treatise on the Reform of the Theory and Practice of Political Economy, by Lord Melchett. *Martin Secker.* 10s. 6d.

PLANNED MONEY, by Sir Basil P. Blackett, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. *Constable.* 5s.

BOTH Lord Melchett and Sir Basil Blackett point to the same goal, a rational monetary system which should restore money to its original function—a secondary one—of a means of exchange, a convenience of our national and international life and not its cross. Both bring us back with a bump to the human values that have been so sadly neglected in the latter-day development of the credit system. There is a certain resemblance, too, in the remedy proposed—divorce of the currency from gold and creation of a national and imperial system not so liable to "jam", to use Mr. Montagu Norman's own word, from outside causes. Yet when it comes to recommendations for concrete action, what a world of difference!

Lord Melchett, as befits his subtitle, covers an enormous amount of ground. When the subject is neither industrial organization nor applied science one is conscious that the author scores as many misses as bulls, just as was the case of the first Lord Melchett in *Industry and Politics*.

His prescription reduces itself to a few simple ideas. As an industrialist he desires above all stability. As a great pioneer in the field of scientific invention he is impressed by the fundamental fact that the wealth of the world increases year by year (according to the League of Nations statistics the average rate of increase is 3·2 per

cent.); and he insists that the monetary system must be remodelled to serve what *The Times* has called "the economics of glut". So far so good. But the method proposed hardly seems to meet the case. He advocates (1) a double currency posited on the productive capacity of the nation, the "Sovereign" for domestic purposes and the Pound Sterling for foreign exchange purposes, the latter being really based on a nearly equivalent store of gold, and (2) a Bank of England Discount Corporation whose purpose should be to even out the widely differing psychological and monetary factors on which, under present conditions, credit is based, according to whether the sun of prosperity shines or a general depression sets in.

That, with the swift progress of science, most countries will become increasingly self-supporting Lord Melchett takes for granted. He assumes too that, for the same reason, the industrialists and engineers within each political unit will more and more call the tune. To that extent he is a "technocrat". But surely you defeat your own object—concerted planning in terms of the national production, as in Italy and Soviet Russia—if you palter with financial interests which are bound by the rules of an "international" system? "Big business" has been thinking in these terms in Germany for years, and it has nearly come to the end of its tether. Lord Melchett does not seem to appreciate that under the new conditions created by science some form of consumer credit is indispensable, not simply better monetary

facilities for the producer. And finally his political ideas—on Empire Economic Unity, on Fascism, etc.—are almost childish.

Sir Basil Blackett, on the other hand, while severely practical in his proposals for monetary reform, is conspicuously alive to the spiritual trend underlying contemporary political phenomena. As he suggests, the first and most important step is to get rid of the false dilemma in the public mind, Nationalism *v.* Internationalism, which has been so long imposed by the rationalist thought of the nineteenth century—and Mr. H. G. Wells.

The ordinary man has been indoctrinated with the idea that any attempt to seek salvation and relief from the world's economic distemper on a national basis is contrary to progress and "the way the world is going": whereas really, as Sir Basil Blackett insists, it is the existence of a so-called "international" financial system in a world whose life is actually in terms of so many independent political and economic units which is the real anomaly. Whatever the mugwumps may say, the world is *not* a single economic unit.

That cosmopolitan dream has become a nightmare. The monetary technique of the City is no longer applicable to a world of nations consciously revolting against a surrender of their sovereignty to British finance.

The National Government still refuses, it is true, to admit that the game is up, the gold-standard game with British rules. But all the time it is proceeding to measures in the commercial sphere which preclude any return to the *status quo ante*. Sooner or later there must be the financial counterpart to the definitive departure from *laissez faire* and "free trade".

Sir Basil Blackett's monetary pro-

gramme for a local currency guaranteeing stability of the internal price-level shows the way forward. He pleads for the group of countries whose currencies are, in practice, attached to the pound sterling to take the lead with action of this kind. If the gold-countries are unwilling to follow, the Exchange Equalization Account expedient will prevent any undue fluctuations of the £ on the market, while the gold available here may still be used as a convenient medium for international payments. The author gives reasons to show that a constant price-level can be assured by means of an index number reflecting wholesale prices of all important commodities. He explains also that, although the consumer *qua* consumer does not appear in the picture, the same person's interest is really served because

"each increase in the national dividend will be used to improve the remuneration and thereby to increase the purchasing-power of all those who are engaged in creating that national dividend".

Here is the acid test. It is something that a director of the Bank of England should give full weight to this consideration.

But, of course, the *sine qua non* of any success in thus making Money the handmaiden of the National weal is Planning. This book continually emphasizes that monetary reconstruction is only one element, albeit an important one, in the task of readjustment of the national communities to the real twentieth century world in which they are living. It means, in place of an illusory "international" monetary standard, an emergent "financial society of nations" based on the affirmation of nationality like the League of Nations itself.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Centenary Edition. Edited by P. P. Howe. Vols. IX, X, XI. Demy. 15 guineas the Set, 21 vols.

THESE three volumes strike one as being more thoroughly representative Hazlitt than any which have so far appeared in this edition now nearing completion. In them we have the painter-art critic writing on the English picture galleries, the traveller in France and Italy ready with spirited generalizations on the Latin character, the bitter controversialist attacking William Gifford—"Sir, You have an ugly trick of saying what is not true of anyone you do not like; it will be the object of this letter to cure you of it"—the judicious critic of *The Spirit of the Age*, the unremarkable moralist of *Characteristics*, the obtrusive Boswell of the *Conversations with Northcote* and the lover of *Liber Amoris*. This is as full a picking of Hazlitt's interests and nature as we could have.

He was, of course, not a man to conceal himself. He walked more nearly naked than any other English essayist. He does not necessarily tell us everything, but everything may easily be discerned. He does not turn himself into fantasy, or put on a collection of foibles like cap and bells. There is no essayist who tries less to endear himself to us.

The egoism of Hazlitt is in fact that of the confirmed and inured traveller, the divided and therefore homeless man who spends most of his life in inns material and spiritual. How well we know that agonized, dogmatic, suspicious and cantankerous character ready for discourse and reminiscence but warming himself by none of the diffused interior fires of a harmonized nature. He has to fight, argue, protest, and enthuse to keep warm. And

what heat he generates is more from the head than from the heart. As we sit at the inn with such a man, now fascinated, now bored, now caught up in the argument we know and dread the moment when his loneliness will become too much for him, as the intellectual zest dies, the muddled smoke of confession will bring awkwardness and discomfort upon the company.

He has been wronged. . . . We draw back. It is not that we are out of sympathy with the wronged, but we know from sad experience that not all these brilliant, haunted creatures whose nonconformity gnaws like a rheumatism in their joints, not all who hold us with their "skinny hands" have a tale like *The Ancient Mariner's* to tell. Hazlitt's hand we know was in fact fishy and limp. We know that they who have made a fetish of their lonely integrity have often deceived themselves. Either they did not give themselves because they could not feel; or they felt and their minds absurdly tripped them.

With these suspicions we open *Liber Amoris*. There is no doubt that Hazlitt felt passionately in love with his landlady's daughter and that she was a common little minx. We can readily believe he was a querulous and unpleasant lover. And we can add him to the long list of men with fine minds who have thrown themselves ignominiously at the feet of ignorant and petty women who have treated them, one nevertheless feels, as they deserved to be treated. What is so unpleasant about this affair which Hazlitt exposes with such grandiloquent self-pity is not its guiltiness but its undignified blamelessness. It has all the nastiness of a petting party romantically disguised. He would have cut a better figure in a brothel; and Hazlitt, as a writer, is unreadable unless he is cutting a figure.

And what is unforgivable is not the episode itself, for every man has a right to make a fool of himself, but the collapse of his judgment and taste in writing about it. Hazlitt, we repeat, is a man of zest and not a man of feeling. There are ways of writing about such affairs, but *Liber Amoris* is the awful example of how not to do it. The highly personal writer who exploits his personality as Hazlitt did has a greater need of reticence than any other.

The compensations of love are, however, mysterious. *Table Talk*, the high water mark of Hazlitt, was written at the time of this passion. Turgid and ridiculous as the divided moralist is in the throes, he was fertilized by them. We must not complain. And Stevenson's refusal to write a life of Hazlitt because of *Liber Amoris* is the crowning piece of humbug from that arch-humbug. With the Irish and English quarrelling in Hazlitt's blood one may see in painting and love the two things at which he conspicuously failed, arts which could have given him peace. But theories of salvation are irrelevant. Were not his last words "I have had a happy life"? It is probably the truth.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

DIALECTIC: OR THE TACTICS OF THINKING. By Frank Binder. *Scholartis Press* 10s. 6d.

THIS is a wholly individual—indeed a quite remarkable—book, written, it is clear, not because either publisher or author wished merely to thrust yet one more volume upon the market, but because the latter's heart and soul were in it and its subject. It is a blossom whose roots are years of thought, a life-time's development. One can scarcely propose to review it—that might be done better a year hence than immediately, for it is a book to live

with, that bears fruit as it is tended and waited upon.

Its title is accurate enough, up to a point. A text-book on dialectic, a treatise on the tactics of thinking, showing by exposition and illustration the arts of analysis of argument and of effective reply—yes, it is these, and most of us may profit by reading it as such. But how much more! For clear thinking in controversy quickly appears as but the beginning—yet the necessary basis—of clear thinking about life, of, in a word, philosophy. Moreover, as the embryonic infant retraces his evolutionary ancestry, so does the developing dialectician display the stages of that intellectual "evolution from instinct, which is knowledge by feeling or by the instant perception of forms, to reason which is knowledge by thought, or by the laboured application of measures." Before we know it we are launched, from anecdotes of the school debating society, upon a long pilgrimage which ends only in solemn contemplation of "the ironies of God" and—for paradox is not to be avoided—the *chances of human destiny!* *En route* we are given no finality perhaps but words of wisdom upon many esoteric topics—man and the universe, science and religion, subjective and objective, truth and falsehood, art and philosophy, past and present, life and death, freewill and determinism, time and space and relativity. The order, despite the bold chapter titles, is organic rather than schematic, and from the whole emerges a knowledge of mind as the measure of the universe, which does not deny if it cannot confirm a larger universal measure of purpose—of mind too as a mirror we must keep brightly polished if we would have it reflect all coming within its range and without distortion.

GEOFFREY WEST.

PUGIN, by Michael Trappes-Lomax. *Sheed & Ward*. 15s.

"PUGIN?", Mr. Trappes-Lomax pictures the man in the street saying, "Pugin? Oh yes, he was one of those silly sham Gothic people. And wasn't there some row about him and the Houses of Parliament?": and he comments, "It is not enough". But there was no need to apologize for adding so entertaining and well written a biography as this to the world's library. Mr. Trappes-Lomax, in fact, is trebly fortunate. First he possesses the gift of industry, for careful research is everywhere apparent in his book. Then he can write: one does not remember a single ugly sentence. And finally he has chosen as a subject the rich and tempting character of Pugin, the early Victorian champion of Catholic Gothic architecture, about whom it would be difficult to imagine anybody writing dully.

Pugin, having crammed the work of a hundred years into twenty, died in 1852 at the age of forty. His life's work was the attempt to revive the glories of mediæval Gothic architecture. To almost everything in life he put the same question, Is it Gothic? Somebody sent him a Cheddar cheese. He wrote his thanks, saying that the cheese, "although not strictly Gothic in its present shape may be daily rendered more so by cutting into four." He paid court to "a true Gothic woman", and when in course of time a child was about to be born, the stars themselves would fall if it was not "a real Gothic baby." These instances are no doubt trivial. But they are true indications of, to say the least, an unusual state of mind. Pugin, more than any other mediævalist living or dead, dwelt and had his being in the Middle Ages, and if he over-idealized them it was from knowledge

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and not from ignorance that he did it. He was a converted Catholic, who viewed the Emancipation Act as a Heaven-sent chance of covering the land with Gothic Catholic buildings. His powers of work were prodigious. In twenty years he built some twenty churches, and helped in dozens of other buildings; he also did an immense amount of work for Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament. He certainly made history and moreover was himself so richly eccentric and likeable an oddity that it is surprising that there has been but one previous biography. We owe a debt to Mr. Trappes-Lomax, both for the subject he has chosen, and for the just balance between entertainment and scholarship that he strikes in presenting his hero.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY: Occasional Papers: Selected with a Memoir, by Eric Gillett. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

THE biographer has no pleasanter task than to recall from the shades some forgotten figure of the past, and restore it to the light of public memory; and Mr. Eric Gillett has clearly relished his opportunity of rendering this humane service to the frail, tender, and rather elusive talent of Maria Jane Jewsbury, the centenary of whose death occurs during the coming year. Mr. Gillett performs a delicate duty with sympathy and discretion. He does not overstate his subject's claim to remembrance, nor praise her for qualities beyond her reach. But he makes her live; he suggests the charms that led Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, Alaric Watts and Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Mitford and L. E. L. to show faith in her promise;

and he prints a selection from her occasional papers, which proves her to have had an easy, glancing style, a pretty fancy, and a playful wit.

She was the eldest child of a prosperous cotton-spinner, and was born near Derby in 1800. Her mother died when she was nineteen, by which time the family had moved to Manchester, and she was called upon to take care of her brothers and sisters. Among them, twelve years younger than herself, was the Geraldine, who was afterwards the friend of the Carlyles and Brownings, and a successful author in her own fashion. Geraldine may have owed much to the encouragement of Jane, who suffered from literary aspirations at the age of nine, and by the time she was of age had established a steady literary connection with various periodicals and annual "table" volumes of doubtful excellence. Jane "commenced author" by dedicating to Wordsworth two volumes of prose and verse; and, while he somewhat dashed her hopes by saying that he preferred her prose, he welcomed her to his friendship, and to a romantic attachment for his daughter, Dora.

For several years she became a sort of invalid, then shook the lethargy from her, and married, when over thirty, a parson who was about to start for India as Chaplain to the East India Company. The journey was too much for her, and she died of cholera at Poona.

Now, thanks to Mr. Gillett's tactful offices, she steps again into the perspective of the literary scene of a hundred years ago. It is not to be pretended that she takes her place among the mandarins; she would have been the first to deprecate any such promotion. But as her dainty garment flutters among the trees, catching and throwing back the sun-

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light that she loved, she presents once more a phantom vision of sensitive and lively womanhood, whose natural wit concealed so sound a judgment that no less serious a judge than Wordsworth himself declared that "in one quality—the quickness in the motions of her mind, she had within the range of his acquaintance, no equal," praise not lightly to be set aside when her claims to remembrance are reviewed.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

AWAY, DULL COOKERY! by T. Earle Welby. *Loval Dickson.* 6s.

THE ART OF CARVING, by the Rev. Dr. John Trusler. *Cambs. University Press.* 2s. 6d.

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appeal is to the master in the study rather than to the cook in the kitchen.

The author does not, however, remain unpractical, and his *Processes of Cookery* are admirable, the recipes themselves wisely chosen and of a striking superiority when compared with the published recipes of most of the English women experts.

One cannot help noticing the absence of a section devoted to "Eggs." Perhaps Mr. Welby does not like them or, holding the view of his friend Mr. J. C. Squire, that "Eggs is eggs and eggs is dear", wishes to restrain us from indulging in an uneconomical diet.

"Carving of 'roast' or actually roasted meat should never be done in the dining-room" writes Mr. Welby. Very good advice for households in which the food is generally cooked *à la française*, but hardly suited to the really English home where a joint still assumes something of a sacramental symbolism.

But young people must learn to carve, and for them the Cambridge University Press presents *The Art of Carving*, by the Revd. Dr. John Trusler.

This delightful little volume has all the charm of its period—it first appeared in 1788—combined with a definite practical value. The Reverend author's instructions are clear and concise and the book itself is that very rare thing, an old work on "The Table," which is thoroughly suited to modern times; apart from the technicalities of carving what would be more modish than this: "As eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady (for her character should be rather divine than sensual), it will be ill-manners to help her to a large slice of meat at once". . . .

One wonders, all the same, if really the characters of those ladies and not their dressmakers dictated the length of their appetites?

A. H. ADAIR.

AFRICA NOTWITHSTANDING. By Kenneth Bradley. *Lovat Dickson*. 8s. 6d.

MR. BRADLEY is, or has been, for many years an East African official, and these four stories and sketches are therefore the fruit of experience. They are concerned principally with the suitability of the white man's civilization to the country, and with the effect of the struggle which is going on between them on the native African. Mr. Bradley brings to this task neither the sympathy with African minds nor the anthropological scholarship which has so ostentatiously been claimed in favour of many recent writers on the subject, but it may be that his stories are thereby made more faithful records of his experience. He has certainly the gift of objective presentation and, though the stories are very close to facts, he knows how to impose on the facts the discipline of formal perspective and a philosophical outlook. His invention or reconstruction of events is realistic, and the events themselves striking and continuous. There are no halts in the narrative. These virtues, some excellent photographs, and the most agreeable format and type used, all leave a very pleasant impression.

A. M. W.

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SELECTED FICTION

THE MARTYR, by Liam O'Flaherty. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

MR. O'FLAHERTY'S new novel is much less impressive than his last. *Sherrett* was held together by the struggle between the schoolmaster and his enemy, and its progress to an inevitable end. *The Martyr*, though it is also the story of a struggle, has no such unity. Its period is the Irish fighting of 1922, its scene a little country town. Word is brought to the Irregular headquarters that the "Staters" are approaching in force. The Irregular commandant, Brian Crosbie, idealist and fanatic, is sick of bloodshed, and longs to escape from the whole business into some monastic retreat. He receives without enthusiasm his subordinate Tracy's plan to surprise the attackers, and Tracy, contemptuous, assumes command. Even the arrival of Angela Fitzgibbon, a posturing romantic, cannot rouse Crosbie. Tracy's plan fails, through the indiscipline of his men, and the Staters, led by a capable guzzling hulk called Hunter, easily take the town. The remainder of the story consists of the struggle between Sheehan, one of the Staters, and the wounded Tracy, which ends in a truce; and that between Tyson, another Stater, and Crosbie, which ends in the latter's horrible death.

Despite brilliant passages, the story is unsatisfactory, and for several reasons. The character of Crosbie is too weak and deranged to make his sufferings particularly significant or interesting. He cannot hold the book together; and Mr. O'Flaherty, as if aware of this, leaves him and concentrates upon other characters. As

a result, the direction of the book is confused. A more serious fault, which is new to Mr. O'Flaherty's work, is that little trouble is taken to make some of the more dramatic events credible. A fanatic may allow an unarmed man to lead him to the top of a mountain and crucify him there; a priest may be seduced by a good meal from his determination to save the life of a parishioner; but such things are contrary to common experience, and the author who invokes them has to convince us that they really happened in the particular setting of his story. Mr. O'Flaherty has not convinced us here. The energy of the first chapters, the excellence of the scenes in the cave, the fighting at the jetty, the death of the old woman, all in the best O'Flaherty vein, are in themselves the strongest criticism of the rest.

L. A. G. STRONG.

MARFA, by Nina Smirnova. *Boriswood*. 7s. 6d.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER by Richard Church. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

SHE SAW THEM GO BY, by Hester W. Chapman. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

Marfa is no ordinary Russian novel. One might say that its author is to Dostoevsky what F. T. Powys is to Mrs. Gaskell. It is possible that a Siberian might consider her photographic in her realism. I do not know: but if it is so then there can be little hope for the Five Year Plan in Siberia. We have the assurance of the translator that a Russian of Moscow would find it fantastic. The English-

man must find it incomprehensible if he approaches it in an English spirit—in such a spirit, for example, as would enable him to judge *The Old Wives' Tale*. But let him submit himself to this sequence of terrible events, of animal passions and indeterminate hungers, and he will emerge with the conviction that he has had a great experience, though one difficult to relate with his normal literary experiences. The nearest parallels in English, perhaps, are some of the later Elizabethan tragedies—Tourneur's, for example—but the plot-structure of *Marfa* is far less coherent. We are plunged into this strange world at an arbitrary moment, just before Marfa's mother, Barbara, is married to a blind man: we are whipped out of it at an equally arbitrary moment just after Marfa's daughter has murdered her lover. Between these grim events we are immersed in a dark and tumultuous brew of infidelity, incest, murder, madness, drunkenness, cruelty. The effect would be comic if it were not magnificent. We re-emerge baffled, hurt, angry perhaps; but many scenes in the book may likely remain for ever in our memory with a nightmare vividness.

Mr. Malcolm Burr, the translator, is to be congratulated on having produced a style that has the harshness and economy and occasional queerness that seem inevitable. I cannot tell how faithful it is to the original, but neither, I gather, could nine out of ten Russians, since it is written in a provincial dialect full of Tartar and Ostiak words.

Beauty in *Marfa* is a fitful and poignant flame among the crashing discords and lurid glares: in *The Prodigal Father* it is a radiance that suffuses the whole well-ordered structure. Mr. Church writes with restraint, though never aridly. Unlike many poets he

has recognized that prose is not poetry with the rhymes left out. The central figure of his story is an easy-going orchestral player, George Cromwell, who has married a bigoted woman who is devoid of all response to beauty, particularly to music. Their son Bob has inherited his mother's unpleasant religion and has fallen into an unhealthy state of devotion to her which further widens the gap between his parents. George, feeling himself excluded from his family, seeks consolation from the responsive Mrs. Marsh, with whom Bob also falls in love. The death of Mrs. Cromwell brings all these tensions to a head which finally solves them. Baldly related the story may sound thin, but Mr. Church has known how to fill out each character, to enlist our sympathy for each and to infuse into this domestic complication a larger significance.

It is difficult to make the transition from these two novels of considerable literary pretensions to the simple piece of entertainment offered by Miss Chapman, without doing her an injustice. She has written a most admirable romance played in Zarayia, a country which shares more than its initial Z with Zenda. A dashing prince in white hussar uniform, a revolution, an intriguing Russian countess, secret passages, duels—but what would you expect in Zarayia? Without such things the Ruritanian romance would be like a musical comedy without a chorus or a melodrama without a villain. This is Miss Chapman's first novel; she already shows great ingenuity; she writes straightforwardly; she can tell a story. No addict to the literature of escape should overlook her, and the most serious of readers will probably find it difficult to put her book down once he has taken it up.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH 1, 1933

HITLER OR THE JUNKERS?

BY HARRISON BROWN

THE history of German politics today is the history of a nation's efforts to free itself from the remnants of a feudalism long since eliminated elsewhere. Never were those remnants in greater danger and never therefore were they more determined to fight. "This is more than a mere change of Government. It is the victory of the German will over the French spirit in German politics," declared a writer recently in the *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung*, a paper whose proprietor, General von Stulpnagel, will be found to have played an important role in the palace intrigues at the end of January, if the true story of those days is ever written. And the article concluded: "German politics have become German again. And with that, Europe's recovery from the French disease has taken a great step forward". In the main these ideas may be said to lie at the root of the intentions of those who control the new Cabinet, and it is as well that the world should recognize it.

Such articles have been common in the more extreme Right papers lately and they are illuminating for two reasons. They show the rigid necessity of a theory without which the German mind will not budge, and they show too that, in Germany at least, reaction is not a mere term of abuse for cautious conservatism, but stands for a serious determination to turn back the pages of history. The "French disease" is the hegemony of French ideas which sprang from the French Revolution: the poison of humanitarianism, of democracy and the brotherhood of peoples, and above all of liberty. It is not right, the Germans are told by their reactionaries, to blame hunger or overwhelming opposition or their own political incompetence for their defeat in the war. Nor was it economic rivalry nor clever diplomacy which ranged the

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world against the Fatherland. The underlying cause lay deeper, *die deutsche Romantik* was ringed around by a world which had itself fallen a victim to the contamination of the same disease. Thus Spain today has just succumbed to the French infection; Italy is cured, but Hungary still fights for life, whilst Poland, a vassal of France, struggles to protect herself against the taint. England is said to have followed her own line and never to have been much affected. But now at last the time has come to complete the cure of Germany.

When Hitler was awakened from his sleep on that last Sunday night of January, and presented with the ultimatum "Now or Never", his confused agreement to Papen's conditions marked the end of the second experimental stage of government. The first stage was that of a Parliamentary regime under the Weimar Constitution which finally broke down in 1930. Even Brüning's skilful manipulation could not prolong it further, and it was he who inaugurated the second experiment, the "Presidential Cabinet". This was an attempt to combine the advantages of dictatorship with the face-saving of democracy, by basing the Decrees of the Cabinet on the authority and neutrality of a President elected by popular vote. Ostensibly it was a temporary method of bridging a difficult period until means could be found, by amendment of the impossible electoral law or otherwise, to educate the Reichstag in the art of compromise. In point of fact, it was always a risky experiment in a politically inexperienced country rent by violent extremes and racked by inferiority complexes. From the first the suspicion was common that it would be difficult to get back, and the dismissal of Brüning confirmed this. The Papen Cabinet, which lasted from June to November of last year, outwardly maintained the same form, but abused it by stretching the "interpretation" of the Constitution to a farcical extent. In reality Papen deceived nobody, his was a barefaced attempt to profit by his influence with the old President in order to foist on the country the narrow interests of a clique. And the country rebelled.

His successor, General Kurt von Schleicher, was perhaps the most interesting of recent figures in German politics,

but what was known of his career did not inspire the confidence of the nation. Such popularity as he could command came rather from comparison with Papen, and showed itself especially after his fall had made the return of that detested individual possible again. The uncertainty of the situation is shown by the fact that Schleicher's arrival in power was generally expected to inaugurate a strong and lasting Government, whereas his Cabinet proved to have the shortest life of any since the foundation of the Republic.

But in some ways it was the most original of them all. For long the General Staff had been controlling matters behind the scenes, but not since Caprivi, forty years earlier, had a General been Chancellor, much less Dictator of Germany. All things are relative, and as if to ingratiate the Army with the people, the General began by making the contrast with his predecessor as marked as possible. In the nation-wide revolt against Papen, Schleicher saw a national determination to resist any further browbeating by a minority. He took his cue from this, the solitary lesson which the masses seemed to have learnt from the democratic experiment. Shelving all academic questions such as constitutional reform, leaving the crisis to look after itself on the theory that Government interference had hitherto only done harm, the new Chancellor concentrated on two points only, which should be made to serve each other; the relieving of the effects of the crisis by every attempt to reduce unemployment, and the militarization of the country by persuasion. The German people must be coaxed into the military cage, and for this all necessary factors seemed to lie at hand, the nationalism resulting from the insanity of Versailles, the aversion to idleness, the ingrained "love of discipline" and the afore-mentioned democratic feeling in embryo, which liked to feel it was forming its own decisions under the guidance of firm leadership. Schleicher dubbed himself "ein sozialer General". His forte lay in personal contacts, which also proved him to be an exception amongst Prussian officers. That his action was spiced by personal ambition is probable, but his sincerity of purpose should not be considered less for that. His attitude to the people was paternal, they must be

saved from themselves as well as from their enemies. Had the German Left possessed a Lenin it is probable that he would have thrown the masses behind Schleicher and thereby have liquidated the feudal anachronisms which still hamper the nation. Schleicher had this alone in common with the demagogy of Hitler, that in seeking to weld the country he ignored the economic factors and class war at the root of things. But whereas Hitler's "socialism" has drawn millions in subsidies from capitalists on every side, the General openly proclaimed that he "stood neither for Capitalism nor for Socialism".

It was that which proved his undoing and which concentrated against him that inevitable concomitant of autocratic rule, personal intrigue. That his nationalism at least was above suspicion makes the turgid claims of those who overthrew him all the more suspect. For all their protestations the aims of Papen and Hugenberg cannot by any stretch of fancy be identified with the interests of the community. Schleicher fell because he offended the Junkers and had under-estimated the extent to which their spokesman Papen had obtained the ear of the 85-year-old President's son, Colonel Oscar von Hindenburg. And the causes of his offence were chiefly three. He played with "democracy", which must both strengthen labour organizations and also finally render any restoration of the Monarchy impossible; he allowed the shameless swindles of the *Osthilfe* to be exposed by the Budget Committee of the Reichstag—some say he even encouraged the Centre and Social-Democrats in this activity; and he refused to antagonize Germany's customers, and thereby kill what remains of her foreign trade, by sanctioning still higher duties on agricultural produce. His fall ended an experiment which, though doubtless far from that attempt to divert the hardy Prussian qualities into more constructive qualities than that of militarism which many friends of Germany would like to see, was nevertheless a constructive effort deserving of a better fate.

The new Government is a dictatorship of narrow vested interests seeking to conceal themselves behind a popular mask. At the time of writing its activities have consisted in several

despotic decrees curtailing liberty to an extent unknown to present generations in Germany in time of peace, and in the prohibition of certain agricultural imports in the interests of the agrarians. The last-named measures have had the effect of plunging Scandinavian opinion back into the extreme hostility of far earlier days. The Junkers were obliged to adopt a mask because Papen's original intention of forming his own Government again threatened to produce dramatic consequences which might have wrecked everything. But if Hitler has been made a prisoner in the Chancellor's palace, called to sign decrees about which he is rarely consulted, it is certain that he is a very unwilling prisoner. The personal relations between the Nazi leader and both Papen and Hugenberg are notoriously bad, and the indignity of being so obviously guarded can scarcely improve them. The President, too, receives the new Chancellor only in company with the Vice-Chancellor von Papen!

Hitler is no political genius. He has been made by his gift for organization, his boundless energy, his flair for demagogic appeal, and above all, by circumstances. He is a highly subjective character, whose psycho-analysis would be very interesting. To the cold observer he seems completely lacking in that animal magnetism usually associated with popular leadership. But he is a mystic catching fire from the crowd before him. Even in press interviews his manner has been known suddenly to change, and from being a very ordinary man replying to questions he has become a ranting orator for whom the half dozen men before him no longer exist, they have become ten thousand. With such a temperament in such a predicament it is probable that Hitler has never welcomed a campaign so heartily as that on which he is now launched. For, despite its dangers and even though the circumstances are enough to appal a man of greater intelligence, at least he can escape from Berlin!

Such is the "German Mussolini". Of his Party less can be said with certainty today, except that, for the moment at least, it has been saved from disintegration by its leader's surrender to the very men against whom he so successfully

roused the country. National-Socialism was never a Party in the usual sense, it was a great Faith Movement, numbering millions, and drawn chiefly from the petty official and other middle classes, whose proletarianization by the inflation left a sting of bitter resentment. Pre-war Germany was a caste society in which social relations were quite unlike the superficial snobbishness of Anglo-Saxon countries. The roots went deeper and the disruption of the castes, followed by the decline into hopelessness of the bourgeois democratic parties, formed the reservoir which Hitler tapped.

This movement reached its peak in July, 1932. But by the winter the failure of the Party leaders to "cash in" had brought a steady decline. In the November elections the Party voting strength was 4 per cent. less than the figure in July, and even amongst the hired mercenaries, to most of whom pay was the magic word, revolts were common and mutual murder not infrequent. The elections in the little State of Lippe were a bad defeat. There, after weeks of unprecedented campaign focussed on an area so small that every inhabitant could be reached personally, Hitler did not even succeed in regaining the peak figure of July. The Faith Movement had evaporated, dissensions broke out amongst the leaders, the S.A. (*Sturm Abteilung*) could no longer be relied upon, the party's debts were enormous, the Nazis seemed finished. It was then that Gregor Strasser sought to persuade Hitler to join a Schleicher coalition, Strasser was rebuffed and retired in dudgeon. A few weeks later Hitler had joined forces with those whom he detested far more than Schleicher, and whose sympathy towards his difficulties was unquestionably less.

All this is of interest now only in so far as it can perhaps illumine the future, and one thing does indeed seem to emerge from it. It seems almost impossible that the present hastily constructed Cabinet can hang together after the elections. Negotiations have resulted in a joint list between the Stahlhelm and Hugenberg's Nationalists, but there will be many constituencies in which rivalry between this bloc and the Nazis will be acute. The feeling between the two Right Parties is

likely to become all the more bitter as the realization of their minority position in the Cabinet penetrates the Nazi rank and file. This is not the sort of power they have been led to expect, rather does it perilously resemble that "mess of pottage" for which Hitler had always sworn he would not "betray the Party". The Nazi campaign will not be easy; they have to make it in company with their former enemies, from whom alone they can wrest that "full power" which must be their slogan in the fight. To read the contradictory statements of their orators which pour in from all over the country one is tempted to think they propose to rely on sheer confusion. No wonder then that Hitler himself concentrates on empty tirades against "Marxism", of which incidentally Germany has never experienced a day.

The position on the Left is unchanged, except that everything is being and will be done to hamper their campaign. The Left is unlikely to lose many votes, but it will remain out of the political picture. The radio is reserved for Ministers of the Cabinet, which means for the election meetings of the two Parties of the Right. Socialist demonstrations and meetings are rendered difficult whilst the guerrilla warfare and bombing of their buildings increases, with all the greater impunity as the "purging" of the police proceeds. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that political murder *for a Nazi* is no longer a crime; the Storm Troop leader Maikowski, who was given a State Funeral attended by many representatives of the Cabinet and the Monarchy, was a self-confessed murderer. For the Communist Party campaigning is virtually impossible, though it may be doubted if it will much affect them. Nazi leaders talk not only of rendering the Communist Party illegal after the elections, but frequently, and quite openly, of a massacre of its members. Both Parties of the Left are the victims of their leaders, the Communists because they are at the mercy of Russian foreign policy, and the Social-Democrats because they are as weak as they are incompetent. One can hardly blame the Social-Democrats for lack of confidence in "leaders" who carefully pocket their Party badges on leaving the Reichstag or a meeting. Nor can one be surprised if the

working classes, hungry and despondent, are becoming cowed in the face of unlimited armed brutality. Meantime wholesale dismissal of republicans from all branches of the civil service proceeds apace, Catholics suffering as well as Social-Democrats. These measures serve the double purpose of making life more difficult for those of Left sympathies and of finding jobs for an army of Nazis and Nationalists.

All liberty of the press has disappeared. Under the new press decree of February the reasons for which papers can be suppressed for long periods, and thereby usually ruined, are so numerous and trivial that one presumes only expediency prevents the Government from banning the entire Opposition Press. So far as the press is concerned Germany has ceased to be a civilized country. Logically the road would seem to be open to a period of Fascism of the most ferocious type. If that cannot be foretold with certainty it is only because politics in Germany are never logical. Every member of the Cabinet is a sworn opponent of the Parliamentary regime, yet all are at the moment engaged in fighting an election. Hugenberg opened his election campaign by declaring that he had sat in the Reichstag since 1919 "without ever becoming a Parliamentarian". Hitler has announced that if the voters forsake him in this dark hour he will nevertheless continue "to prevent the ruin of Germany". One of his followers declared that the "heavens would fall" before they would allow Adolf Hitler to be turned out again like ordinary Chancellors. The S.A. has recovered confidence, and its uniform is conspicuous in the streets of the cities. The *Stimmung* is kept up by rumours, once more, of a possible march on Berlin.

On the other hand, Papen has persuaded the President to what appears at last to be a clear breach of his oath and of the Constitution, though whether the old man so understands it is doubtful. Thus the Presidential Cabinet in the old sense has ceased to exist, and the next logical step of the Junkers would seem to be to free their dictatorship from the remnants of Presidential authority, since otherwise their plans might at any time be upset by the President's loss of confidence in their spokesman, or by his death. In their blind haste to destroy

labour organizations, a strongly monarchical section of Big Business has allied itself with Junkerdom in an attempt to feudalize an industrial society. The alliance itself has worked for other purposes in earlier more normal times when there was a surplus to divide between them. But that it can only endure with difficulty in a period of economic chaos was shown recently by the spirit with which the *Landbund* attacked industry. A political alliance between two such forces for the present purpose is unprecedented, and is further proof of the fact, if more were needed, that social peace in Germany is impossible so long as the Junker remains.

There can be no "key" to a situation in which every calculation may at any moment be upset by some dramatic incident. Behind everything, however, lies the present fact of Junker control and the determination to keep it or fight. The first question which arises is whether the Junkers can control their Nazi tool, and if so to what extent they can hope to make it do their bidding. To feel really secure the Junkers must have the Hohenzollerns back, but to attempt this at present against Hitler's wishes is impossible, on account of the uncertain factor of the Reichswehr. In parenthesis it should be said that denials from any quarter as to intentions in this matter may be ignored, the struggle is too grim and the situation too fluid for any such statement to be considered binding. It has long been considered possible that Hitler, possessed of power but still faced with the economic crisis, might turn to the monarchy. He has received money and personal support from the Hohenzollerns as from other anti-republican quarters, and relations between them have never been unfriendly. It begins now, however, to seem more probable that his association with Monarchists like Hugenberg will open his eyes to the fact that in their scheme of things there would be no place at all for Adolf Hitler. More and more, then, does it seem conceivable that, in view of the pusillanimity of the Left, the would-be Fascist Hitler may yet become the chief bulwark against the restoration of a Junker Monarchy. If this is so the despised elections assume importance and the Party chances are worth examination, despite avowed intention to ignore the results.

There were two General Elections in 1932 and the percentage figures were as follows :—

				July, 1932 per cent.	Nov. 1932 per cent.
<i>Right.</i>	National-Socialists	..	..	37.3	33.1
	Nationalists ..	..	..	5.9	8.7
<i>Left</i>	Social-Democrats	..	..	21.6	20.4
	Communists	..	..	14.3	16.9
<i>Moderate</i>	Catholic Centre and Bavarian				
	Peoples' Party	..	..	15.7	15.0
	Splinter Parties	..	..	4.3	5.3

Both elections showed a heavy poll, 84 per cent. of the total electorate in July and 80.5 per cent. in November, the first being the maximum figure ever attained in Germany. If 84 per cent. votes again on March 5th, there will be about 1½ million votes to add somewhere to the November figures.

Any attempt to guess the results of the new elections would be worse than useless. Not only has every political wiseacre his own opinion, but here too some unexpected event may occur to upset all calculations. A few remarks only will be made without venturing on prophecy. Two currents seem discernible at the moment, one grounded on the fear of intimidation, and working particularly amongst the petty official class now threatened with persecution or unemployment. This will tend more than propaganda to swell the National-Socialist poll. The other current is strongest in bourgeois circles not dependent on the Government, and confirms previous observations that, when confronted with the danger of social unrest, the German voter of unsettled conviction inclines to vote for moderate Parties. Some slight increase for the Centre is therefore possible. The figures quoted above show at a glance why the Nationalists are not interested in elections, and explain Hugenberg's desire to proclaim a state of "national emergency". The elections are unlikely to do anything for them; on the contrary, they may expose their weakness further and thereby strengthen Hitler's hand against the domination of Hugenberg in the economic field. The total of the two Left Parties together is also unlikely to be much affected. For the National-Socialists the most probable result

is that they will somewhat improve upon their peak figure of July, by remobilizing the voters who abstained in the Autumn, and by slight additions for reasons mentioned above. That they can obtain a clear majority on their own account is considered out of the question.

The holding of elections was Hitler's price for his "co-operation" with the Junkers, and it must be assumed therefore that he had some object other than a mere love of speech-making. On his part, at least, it would not be surprising if he should believe in his ability to obtain a clear majority. Hitler has hitherto known only that mystical authority which he wields over audiences. He has become the most-talked-about man in the world by his own exertions. He has not, like any Monarch or Minister, profited by that permanent flood-lighting which falls upon a given position; he worked in the dark, and finally succeeded in erecting his own spotlight which, since, has never deserted him. Now for once he has the chance to add to this self-made power all the prestige and authority of one already in office. It would be natural if he tended to exaggerate the effect of the double advantage.

But even if a majority is impossible he may still hope to increase his poll to a point far in excess of that ever held by any other German Party, on the strength of which he will claim first right to rule the country. The acceptance of the Chancellorship on conditions is unfortunate in view of the vehemence of previous refusals, but it can also be considered a change of tactics, a first breach in the wall in the attack launched on Germany. Hitler must look to the elections to free him from the toils of the other reactionaries; as their prisoner in any case he cannot live. The first reason, therefore, why this scorner of Parliaments insisted upon running to the voters is the necessity of ousting the Catholic Centre from its key position as the party of balance. If Hitler regains his July figure he can send Papen and Hugenberg packing—or make them prisoners in his stead as he prefers. With 37 per cent. of the votes for the Nazis and 14 per cent. for the Catholics the majority is won. And if the Catholics prove too difficult in negotiation the Nationalists will by then have learnt a lesson

and will become more reasonable. Hitler in any case would have the whip hand.

There is one obstacle, however, to this democratic method of disposing of the Junkers, and that is a pledge given by Hitler to Hindenburg and Papen that the proportion of seats in the Cabinet between Nationalists and Nazis shall remain unchanged whatever the election results, and even though a Catholic or two be added. That Hitler cannot keep this pledge without splitting his Party seems certain. Being an emotional type, he is more liable to be swayed by personal considerations than by anything else. No pledge is likely to hold him anyhow. He has broken others.

The first possible line of development after the elections is therefore that the present position may be reversed and that Hitler may swallow the reaction, forcing them to give him even more for fear lest worse may befall them. A second possibility is a joint demand of Nazis and Catholics to form a Government without Papen and Hugenberg. In view of Hindenburg's strange obsession for Papen such a demand might quite well lead to a Presidential crisis, with the possibility of a Putsch by the Nazi S.A. latent in the background. In the latter event the role of the Army would be decisive, and it is a further factor reducing calculations to guesswork that its sympathies are again uncertain. It is by no means sure that the Reichswehr today would march against the Nazis.

The third possibility is of necessity vague, but concerns von Schleicher. The earlier scheme of a coalition Government supported by the Army, and stretching from the Nazis to the trade unions is still not out of the question. It is the nearest that Germany is likely to come to democracy for a long time anyway. Hitler refused it before, but the trap into which he has fallen—and the vagaries of the Catholic Centre—may change his views towards it. The first steps in such a development would probably be a race to see who could first arrest whom. But that is probably a logical development whatever happens.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA—II.

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

7.—Chile : Santiago

Chile is that country of paradoxical shape which we have all come across in our atlases. It is 2,500 miles long and hardly 200 miles wide, squeezed in between the barrier of the Andes and the Pacific Ocean. On the map it looks like a long cane, or better still the leg of a North American Indian's trousers, fringed out at the bottom with fiords and islands.

Personally I had always imagined that any place at the latitude of Santiago would be Mediterranean in aspect and climate, but apparently not! In the first place it is rainy, with clouds scudding in from the ocean. In addition, the cold Humboldt Current tempers the whole coast almost up to the equator. Yet there is a tropical influence, for the sun is hot, and trees, flowers, in fact everything grows in profusion. Looking east one's view is cut off by the incredible wall of the Andes, which rises in a rampart some fifteen to eighteen thousand feet high, and from which sweep down icy, biting winds.

All this is hardly Mediterranean, but more like a mixture of the high plateaux of the Alpes-Maritimes and the coast of Morocco or Portugal. The sun is hot, the air is cold, the vegetation is exuberant. Finally to complete one's confusion, the cities are Spanish, transformed according to the American school, while the population, although its aristocracy is white, reveals a lower class which is definitely Indian.

In the north Chile is as barren as a desert, in the south like a corner of Norway, while in the centre it is rather Swiss or Italian. In this region the Cordilleras run in two ranges, the lower one on the coast, the other massive, impenetrable, rising

inland. Between the two at an altitude of some sixteen to eighteen hundred feet is a superb wide valley in which is situated the capital, Santiago.

The beautiful city of Santiago stretches at its ease over an area about as large as Paris. The houses are almost all low, having only one storey on account of the frequent earthquakes. They are generally of Spanish style, with inside courtyards, and painted such lively colours as pink, yellow, grey, or red. Occasionally they are ornamented with a balcony. Certain streets which run quite straight between interminable low walls giving a glimpse of the snow-crested profile of the Andes at the end are undoubtedly Indian, rather than Iberian, in aspect.

The elegance and charm of Spain are certainly not lacking, for the gardens and public squares are well laid out and often delightful, especially when in the early spring the Japanese cherries are opening their pink blossoms, the leaves of the pepper trees are drooping negligently like willows, and the palms bristle everywhere erect. In the background is always the incomparable azure sky, against which the Andes rear their snowy summits. Framed in this exquisite setting are old Spanish churches, with ochre-coloured walls and lace-like belfries—one is tempted to declare that no place in the world could be more enchanting than this far-off Santiago.

Alas, that civilisation should pass this way! The Dictator Ibañez, who fell from power recently, wished to modernise his capital, and as a result a dozen skyscrapers now break the harmonious outline of the low-built city. They are in the best style of the third-rate American town, and obviously belong to that class of building which in the U.S.A. is said to have good advertising value. In other words they have been put there simply to attract attention, and serve no useful purpose. In point of fact, those in Santiago have never been finished, for the crisis occurred first, and as they were being built with borrowed money, it is a question if they ever will be finished.

The trouble with the South Americans is that they see everything too big. These people, so charming and optimistic,

launch out as soon as they have any money, without ever considering whether they will be able to carry on afterwards or not. Santiago, like all other South American capitals, is full of ambitious buildings which have been started and then left. You will come upon a palace entirely complete except that the bricks of baked earth have never been covered with the plaster which was to have made it look like a palace. Or a church, perhaps, will have four walls but no roof. The sky is visible through the rafters, as you read the following inscription: "I have chosen this place as my permanent abode." This, mark you, is set in gold letters. Perhaps under these happy skies even Providence itself has become improvident.

However, these weaknesses and temporary stringencies will all be set right in time, and meanwhile they do not prevent this country from being one of the most fascinating in the world. It is agreeable, at once in its intimacy and its grandeur. A few miles out of Santiago the valleys of the Andes afford the most striking contrasts. At one moment you realise that you are away up in the mountains surrounded by glaciers and towering summits down which leap silver cataracts, while snow suddenly falls thickly around and envelopes you. Yet the vegetation is that of a hot country—candle cacti which look odd covered with snow, little clumps of scented eucalyptus, giant mimosa, and everywhere screens of poplars reminiscent of France. Up on the table-lands wherever the country is flat, one has the impression of being in Lombardy on the slopes of the Alps. Great vineyards, also, which produce an excellent wine, and country houses, elegantly situated in their parks, confirm this illusion still further.

Then, too, the country is aristocratic. For about a century Chile has belonged to a group of great families by whom it has been governed. To-day a democracy, still ungainly and crude, is beginning to disturb the peace, and already the political power is passing over to a middle class which is beginning to assert itself. Socially, however, the aristocratic tone is still intact, society being elegant and cultivated.

But will this aristocracy of Chile last? What with the pressure of new ideas from the United States on the one hand,

and the pressure of the masses on the other, is it not bound to be transformed before long? That is the real problem of the moment, a problem which is not only economic, but also political, social, and even racial, for we must not forget that the basis of the population here is Indian.

8.—*Chile : Revolution and After*

The South American countries are governed, or rather they are ruled, by armed force and by money; apparently neither alone is sufficient. The dictatorship of Ibañez, although solidly supported by the army and the police, could no longer carry on once the State coffers were empty. The police proved quite powerless against the growing protests of the public once they were aroused, and the regime was swept away by a wave of condemnation from the middle classes.

The students and professional people were in reality the mainstay of the resistance, which resolved itself into a strike of students and a strike of doctors. The students took possession of the University, where they remained in control, as the police either could not or did not dare turn them out. After trying the effect of a brief reign of terror during which all sorts of people—revolutionaries, passers-by, onlookers, and so forth—were assassinated in the streets, the Government declared itself defeated, and the President took flight.

I arrived in Santiago three days after these events. A provisional government, composed principally of the moderate elements, had taken control and every one was rejoicing in the new-found liberty. I shall try to analyse the situation as I saw it a month later.

An important symptom of this revolution was that the fall of the dictatorship was the work, not of the masses, but of the middle class. The masses, in fact, had suffered less under arbitrary rule than the intellectuals. These tyrannical regimes often look to the lower classes for their support. It was therefore a question of reorganisation, first by setting up a provisional government recruited from the middle classes, and then by the election by universal suffrage of a President of the Republic who would have consular powers. This operation

was delicate in a demoralised country which had been emptied of all political consciousness by four years of dictatorship, but it was rendered doubly so since the country was ruined financially, and full of people out of work and in want.

I followed the development of the election campaign for three weeks. The reactions of public opinion were curious. On the one hand the new regime, being the champion of liberty, did not maintain order with the harshness of its predecessor. The streets were filled with beggars, usually half-breeds, famished wretches who held out their hands for alms, and followed one persistently. It was not advisable to venture out alone at night except in the main thoroughfares. The streets were full of groups of people who seemed to be conferring together—ten, twenty, fifty persons would be crowded round some central agitator who was haranguing them, but whom one could not see. There were many processions, but they caused no disorder. Though the people seemed phlegmatic, one felt that everything was out of control. It was suggested that the police were trying to put everything in the worst light to make the people regret the old regime.

President Ibañez had gone, but he had left behind him a parliament which had previously supported him, or at any rate tolerated him. It still functioned, unpopular, and with no moral authority. I attended a session of the Senate and also of the Chamber. In both assemblies I found that the public galleries were occupied by agitators who had arrived in force, and who were interrupting and insulting the members. Twice the session had to be suspended in order to turn these people out, for they were shouting that the "illegally elected" should resign.

There was still another aspect of the question. The President had left behind him not only the police who had supported him, but also the army. The power of this army appeared to be enigmatical, for although it was unpopular owing to the excessive privileges it had enjoyed, it was hardly possible to establish a solid regime without it, and certainly not against it. The army in these countries is the only social force which is properly organised and which can be mobilised. What was the

army going to do? There had been intrigues in the ranks during the previous week, but the plot had been discovered in time.

The political parties of the Left wished to reduce, or even suppress the army, as they saw in it the abettors of a *coup d'état*, but the Right regarded it as a potential rampart against social revolution. At the slightest disorder, the least hint of trouble, I felt we should see a party of social defence come into being, and quite naturally it would rely on those in possession of machine-guns. Some said that the army should be deprived of its machine-guns, but what would happen if it would not give them up? In the face of such problems, politics became at once simple and cynical.

For years the enforced silence had reduced party organizations to nil. However, spontaneously groups representing different tendencies began to take shape around each candidate as he was announced or forecast.

The Right, which represented the tradition of the great families, had so lost its commanding position that it actually did not dare set up a candidate of its own. It supported the candidate of the Centre, Señor Montero, vice-president of the Republic and chief of the provisional government. Señor Montero, a Liberal, was a well-known lawyer, and had the support of every one who really mattered, but he was seriously handicapped by the fact that he had no contact with the people.

There was one man, however, who was in touch with the people, and that was a former President of the Republic, Alessandri. After having been exiled for some years, he had now returned at the psychological moment. He was a brilliant orator, one of those gifted personalities who possess political magnetism and the temperament of a popular leader. He declined to run as candidate, and rumour had it that he intended to support the Labour candidate.

I met the Labour candidate, a senator by the name of Hidalgo. He was a workman, evidently of Indian descent, and Marxian by creed. The arguments that he put forward in our conversation, against the small property owner, and in

favour of large-scale exploitation as in Russia, using American methods, were pure orthodox Communism.

It was said that the great majority of the working class would vote for him. In the drawing rooms and in business circles everyone became uneasy. They talked of Communism and Revolution, but I felt that they were exaggerating. Possibly they were doing so intentionally so that a government of order and authority might be established as quickly as possible.

In these two extremes lay the dangers which threaten this country, and yet they should not be exaggerated. We have here a social problem which is complicated by a question of race. The rich are almost always white; and the poor or *rotos* (in rags) are always half-breeds. In the parallelism of these two contrasts lies the danger, for at bottom there is the clash of the two races. It was not by chance that the Labour candidate was a man of Indian origin.

The other peril is that, through reaction or fear, they may again resort to government by force. The "sword" is a solution occasionally conjured up by the French bourgeois, but here it is so close at hand that any day it may be brought into play.

I have tried to analyze this situation in detail, less on account of its news interest than to show its political significance and what may be learned from it. The impression which Chile gave me at that time was one of uncertainty, and lack of political moorings. And yet, politically speaking, Chile has always been one of the most reliable countries on the entire South American continent.

NOTE.—In June, 1931, the Ibañez regime was experiencing severe difficulties. The attempt to reduce the pay of the army and navy had aroused considerable opposition in both services. The Cabinet, which had been reorganized on June 30th, resigned on July 10th. After three attempts to form new cabinets, President Ibañez gave up the struggle on July 21st, and sought safety by flight to the Argentine. This was the period of Professor Siegfried's visit.

Don Juan Esteban Montero became head of the provisional government. In September, 1931, a mutiny broke out in the fleet, but was put down. At the presidential elections, held on October 4th, Señor Montero was elected by a heavy majority over Señor Alessandri.

In April, 1932, martial law was declared, following the attempt of an infantry commander to seize the presidential palace. On June 4th Señor

Montero was overthrown by a *coup d'état*, which, differing from the traditional Latin-American revolution, was distinctly Socialistic and Communistic in nature. Señor Montero tried to escape to Argentina, but his aeroplane failed to cross the Andes. A definite struggle for dominance of the Government ensued between the extreme Left wing under Colonel Marmaduke Grove and the more moderate element under Don Carlos Dayila. On June 17th the latter triumphed, and Colonel Grove was imprisoned.

This led to a considerable unrest. Acting-President Villa continued in power until September 15th, when he was removed as a result of the action of the army and navy. This caused a considerable reaction on the part of the public, who appeared utterly tired of the interference of the military in politics. On October 30th presidential elections were again held. The two candidates were Señor Alessandri and Colonel Grove; the former triumphed by a large majority.

9.—Chile : The Economic Crisis

Chile is in the throes of the world economic crisis like every other country, but here it is exceptionally severe, as it arises from three distinct causes, all equally serious.

In the first place we have the great fall in the price of raw materials. In 1928, the last year of prosperity, raw materials accounted for 90 per cent. of the Chilean exports. Saltpetre made up 47 per cent. of the total, and copper 31 per cent. *i.e.*, 78 per cent. for these two alone. When we realize the heavy decline that has taken place in the price of these commodities, we can picture the effect on a country which exports the greater part, if not all the saltpetre and copper it produces.

Superimposed on this general crisis in the raw material markets is a special crisis in the nitrate industry (of which saltpetre is the raw material). Synthetic fertilisers are tending to supplant the natural nitrates very rapidly. In 1894 natural fertilizers obtained from saltpetre accounted for 73 per cent. of the world's production, as against the remaining 27 per cent. of synthetic fertilizers. In 1926 the proportions were almost reversed : 26 per cent as against 74. It looks as if this decline will remain permanent, and if so it strikes a devastating blow at the wealth of Chile.

The third crisis lies directly at the door of the foolhardy borrowing of the late Dictator, Ibañez, who in four years more than tripled the national debt. During this period the United

States was lending without stint, in fact the American banks were urging borrowers to take the money. To-day, after the fall in the price of raw materials, Chile has had to default on the interest on her foreign loans.

Such a situation would be disquieting in any country, but here it is doubly so since the principal sources of national wealth are controlled by foreigners, and the Chileans themselves have no reserves. Hence the question of the balance of international payments assumes a pressing and terrible gravity. The nitrate industry is almost entirely in the hands of the Americans—the Guggenheim group alone owns over half of it*. The copper also belongs to America, at any rate most of it does. Thus the profits from this wealth, when there are any, leave the country in the form of dividends. It is easy to realize how foreign payments under such conditions can only be compared to a hæmorrhage.

Let us now study Chile's balance of international payments. The chief item on the credit side is exports, but as a crisis occurs with a fall in prices, this item is immediately deflated. From 1928 to 1930, exports fell from 1,964 million pesos to 1,328 million. (The peso is worth about 4d.) Now a country with no reserves abroad must depend entirely on its exports to meet its foreign payments. The debit items in the balance of payments are positively crushing. In the first place there is the interest on foreign loans, both public and private. The country naturally could not be developed without foreign capital, but it was tempted to go ahead too quickly, and borrow too heavily, beyond the limits of prudence. Now it has to pay outside of its frontiers interest and dividends on capital so borrowed. Then there is the question of the importation of goods into a country which cannot exist without a whole series of manufactured articles. Even the most ultra-protectionist policy could only create certain types of industry.

I have, however, left the worst feature to the last. The Chileans themselves have always had an incurable habit of

* At the beginning of January the Chilean Executive issued a decree ordering the liquidation of the Compañia Salitrera Chilena, better known as "Cosach", the great nitrate combine.

taking their money out of the country. Absenteeism is the trouble everywhere in South America. Ever so many Chilean families live for years in France or elsewhere abroad, in fact anywhere except at home. Some never come back at all, although their wealth is still invested in their own country. In order to meet the expense, often very considerable, of so much travelling, very large sums are continually being withdrawn. I have not even mentioned the flights of capital which take place when a ruler persecutes certain elements of the population, or when doubt is cast upon the stability of the currency.

Under these conditions—and such is the case at present—Chile finds it practically impossible to pay the foreigner what it owes him. It can only do so by borrowing afresh, and this is not easy so long as the coupons of earlier bonds are in default. The policy of the present government is to suspend the service of the debt and practise drastic economy, to reduce imports by increasing tariffs, and to control rigidly the sending of even the smallest sum of money out of the country. It was hoped that in this way they would succeed in maintaining the internal value of the peso. Danger lurks, however, in the fact that in order to raise funds to pay the civil servants, to support the unemployed, and so forth, the government may be tempted to resort to currency inflation.

Let us try to get at the source of the trouble, for obviously the position of the country is not healthy. It has borrowed too much, that is evident, but the trouble would not be so serious if the borrowed money had been spent on something productive instead of being squandered on display. From my hotel window in Santiago I look out on unfinished buildings fifteen storeys high, for which there was no need, and which bring in no income. The capital thus dissipated had at any rate been useful to maintain the partisans of the government, but this government has since fallen.

It is natural that a new country should go abroad in search of the capital needed for its development, and Chile in this respect will have to be considered as at the colonial stage for a long time to come. But what is so striking, when one studies the details, is the way in which individuals as well as the State

are living on borrowed money. Private budgets do not balance. People spend more than they receive, and consider it perfectly natural, too. A certain land-owner decides that he would like to travel, so he mortgages his property—almost all property is mortgaged, and often to its full value. These people, it seems, will borrow even when they do not need money, for they feel that they consolidate their credit by showing that they can borrow. Therefore, with the exception of the great wealth amassed in certain enterprises, the old fortunes of the Chilean governing classes are gradually dwindling. Many of the aristocratic homes in Santiago are for sale. This is, of course, quite apart from the public auctions of household effects which seem to be an everyday affair.

It is difficult to build up a sound public economy on a private economy which is unsound. Individually the Chileans are charming, cultivated, generous, and kind, but in this country, as in many others on this continent, one feels that they do not take economic matters seriously enough. During the years of plenty they spend recklessly, and then when the lean years come there is nothing left, and they are at the mercy of their creditors. How will Chile ever attain to real political independence when almost its entire debt is in the hands of a single creditor, the United States? This is a difficult problem, which belongs less to the sphere of economics properly speaking than to politics. Perhaps it is simply a question of everyday utilitarian morality.

10.—*Argentina : Five Aspects of the Country*

The Pampa.—It is the pampa which is really characteristic of Argentina, for it is this great plain which above all has moulded the national outlook. It is like the table-lands of the Beauce in France, but flatter, more exotic, and more infinite. One instinctively thinks of the Canadian prairies or the Western American States with their endless stretches in Dakota or Nebraska. It is like the sea, with the sky as the only diversion. Here is all the grandeur of the desert, and yet on every side there are signs of human occupation—countless herds and horses, and here and there is the *estancia* of some great

land-owner, half hidden in a clump of eucalyptus, or willows of tender green. Nature, however, remains untamed. These great plains are still free and untrammelled. We catch sight of pink flamingoes, standing beside immense pools left there by the rain; mirages across a horizon that never ends; carcasses of animals, simply abandoned, reminding us that we are not in the Old Country. It is not the inhabitants of the great cities who will enable us to read Argentina aright, but the men who raise the crops and the cattle in the healthy unconventional atmosphere of this boundless country. Deep in the heart of every Argentine is enshrined his love of the pampa.

Buenos Aires.—This city seems to be a New York set on top of Barcelona, and curiously enough by this method they have created a new type of Paris! Yet I know of no city that is less picturesque, more devoid of what the romantic traveller would call local colour. It is not Spanish, nor yet Italian, nor even American after the manner of the United States, nor is it French, and yet it is all of these combined. Situated beside the sea—or rather beside the Rio, which seems as wide as the sea—the silhouette of the city with its skyscrapers evokes Chicago, but as soon as one penetrates along the streets this appearance vanishes. One is in a Mediterranean city, with narrow streets crowded with people, always on the move, good-naturedly shoving and jostling one another. At certain hours towards evening vehicles are prohibited in the Calle Florida, which is then reserved for pedestrians, just as a delightful street might be in Seville. The crowd is typically Latin, one promenades to see and be seen, the men lined up along the pavement in order to watch the women pass by—in the United States they would be sent to prison for less!

When they built their first streets near the Rio, they made them narrow, but later they began to see big—very big! The Avenida de Mayo, a great thoroughfare running at right angles to the sea, recalls our boulevards in Paris, with its animation, its cafés with the tables out on the pavement, its hawkers, and its air of gaiety. One thinks of the Marseilles *bon mot*, that if only Paris had a Cannebière it would be a little Marseilles.

In Buenos Aires the resemblance is even greater. Architecturally some of the streets reminded me of the avenues leading up to the Arc de Triomphe: the same atmosphere, the same appearance of cleanliness. There is even a little of the boredom which characterizes those new districts in the west of Paris. The very daylight confirms the illusion, for one finds the same tender blue sky, and the humid atmosphere milky and soft, which make afternoon and evening beside the Seine unlike anywhere else. But in Buenos Aires a Frenchman feels that he is very far from home, for the palms and magnificent trees with their abundant foliage remind him in a way of the tropics.

There are also the unending middle-class suburbs which stretch out into the neighbouring pampa. If only this city had a little originality it would be a complete success. And yet it has a certain flavour entirely of its own, the impression it gives of living intensely and joyously. The inhabitants of Marseilles, Barcelona, and Naples have crossed the Atlantic, leaving behind their outworn orientalism, and on their arrival here have concentrated on their own essential characteristic: their determination to live after the expansive fashion of the Mediterranean peoples.

Cordoba.—Here we are at the other side of the pampa, beneath the first foothills of the Andes, in an atmosphere of Algiers, of African Spain, with something even of Provence. The city is Spanish, entirely white, with splendid churches with rich gilding, and saturated with incense like Spanish or Mexican sanctuaries. In the distance appears the profile of the mountains, graceful mountains with harmonious proportions that a poet would love. Now a Frenchman feels quite at home here, for he is again surrounded by the familiar vegetation of the Riviera. Hidden away behind the cypress trees, the eucalyptus and the mimosa, one finds houses tinted pink or blue; the sky too is a faded blue.

As for the people in the streets, there is no mistaking it, the faces are Indian—smooth black hair, dark sad eyes, copper-coloured complexions, high cheek bones, noble profiles—everything confirms this impression. Truly we are now far

from Buenos Aires, and near that northern district of Argentina which was colonized by the Spaniards who came not from the Atlantic seaboard, but from Bolivia, whence they had drifted south.

Tucuman.—This great modern city is situated in the sub-tropical belt, on a plain of incomparable richness, lying in the shadow of the foothills of the Andes. The city, with its white streets crossing each other at right angles, its luxuriant trees, its domes and monuments, stretches out unimpeded on this marvellous exotic countryside. Against the rich soil of black shading to purple, the exquisite pale green tint of the sugar cane looks delightfully fresh. As I passed, the cutters were at work, Indians wielding long knives as they stripped the leaves from the cane with wonderful deftness and grace. Their horses awaited them near by. A few hundred yards away the sugar factory, a monstrous construction, was working full blast, belching out smoke from its tall chimneys and filling the air with the overpowering odour of hot molasses, fermented sugar, and rum. Further off I could see the soil turning over beneath the plough, each plough dragged by six horses. Towards the west the mountain wall with its leafy jungle, its play of light and shade, and the arresting profile of an occasional isolated tree, seemed to call out for a Japanese artist to do it full justice. As I entered the city I passed through orchards planted with giant orange trees, and all evening, under a warm azure sky, the perfume of orange blossoms pursued me, for the city is bathed in it.

Salta.—On a high plateau, 3,500 feet above the sea, is the little white town of Salta. From its narrow streets and squares planted with palms, and its low Spanish houses with their inner courts, the city looks out on to the great circle of barren mountains, tawny or violet in colour according to the time of day. Great poplars break the even line of the plateau, as do rows of weeping willows with their marvellously fresh green leaves. The countryside is lovely, but not unlike other districts in these foothills; the town too is pretty, but again like many others. What is fascinating here is one's proximity to the frontier, using the word in its American sense. To all

intents and purposes we are really in Bolivia. The town is, in fact, an outpost in an Indian territory.

The Indians are everywhere—this old man with scarred features, and brilliantly coloured poncho—or again this Indian caravan with its small nervous horses, the riders seated on saddles of reddish leather, and wearing supple boots and baggy trousers curiously embroidered—Indian again this apparition with Mongolian visage and staring eyes. Once more I am in contact with the America of the redskins, as I was in Peru. What a contrast to the white America of Argentina or Uruguay. How far away one feels!

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I have touched here on only five aspects of Argentina, but there are many more—the snowy Andes, the desert of Chaco, the borderland of the tropics of Paraguay, the Entre-Rios, and in Southern Patagonia the region of Alpine lakes and immense forests—a marvellous country! I have never seen such riches, so varied and inexhaustible!

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITTLE ENTENTE A GREAT POWER

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

IT is possible that 1933 will be marked by great decisions in the high politics of the world, but the existing situation in Europe scarcely suggests its probability. In this country the year began with a feeling of mild optimism, based on a less adverse trade balance and, a little later, on a rising exchange. This feeling was strengthened by the action of President-elect Roosevelt on the Debts question, though most of the news from America could not be regarded as favouring the solution the British desired. At home the National Government remained exceedingly strong; the Ottawa agreements functioned; India, under Lord Willingdon, continued to be well in hand; and if, as the weeks passed by, the mass of unemployment did not diminish and Ireland threatened further trouble, yet the general internal position of England and the Empire was as good as could well be expected in such disturbed and critical times. The colloquialism "not too bad" perhaps about fits the facts.

Unfortunately even the corresponding opposite phrase "not too good" seems decidedly euphemistic if applied to the position of affairs on the Continent. The field of survey is enormous. This article, however, is intended to deal mainly with Central and South-Eastern Europe—that part of the Continent which is the particular sphere of the Little Entente, and in which, though not there alone, the Little Entente, in its increased political unity, now appears as a Great Power, with a Council or Cabinet of its own and definite lines of policy. "All competent observers," said the *Manchester Guardian* in a leader the other day, "are alive to the great danger of the present state of Balkan and Danubian Europe. . . . Central and Eastern Europe are engaged in feverish

preparations for the possibility of war on a scale undreamt of since 1914. Behind the scenes the Powers regroup their forces." These are grave statements. The *Guardian* is not a sensational or alarmist journal; it is known to be exceptionally well informed concerning foreign affairs, and the messages from its correspondents abroad and its leading articles are closely studied by all diplomatists—not, of course, always with agreement or approval, but always with respect. The editorial referred to was founded on the report that arms were being passed from Italy to Austrian factories, whence they were reaching Hungary, a report which had caused great uneasiness among the States of the Little Entente, especially Yugoslavia, and had led to inquiries on the part of France and England.

What is the Little Entente? This question is not otiose, at any rate in this country, as is shown by the fact that our newspapers, when mentioning this political combination, almost invariably feel bound to lighten the general darkness on the subject by adding, after the words the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, usually in informative brackets. Doubtless a description of the Little Entente is given in encyclopædias, but it is highly significant that there is not a word about it in so universal a work of reference as *Whitaker's Almanack*. Yet the Little Entente is not something new; it was projected fifteen years ago, and was definitely constituted in 1920-21 by three Conventions of Defensive Alliance, the contracting parties being Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. It did not call itself the Little Entente in those days; indeed, that appellation was derisively "wished on it" by a Hungarian newspaper, which professed to see in the alliance of the three States comprising it a ludicrous analogue of the Entente of the Great Allies—the Big Entente. The name stuck, and after a while the three States contentedly adopted it themselves. Theirs was not a union of alliance, as its scope was restricted to maintaining the status quo established by the Peace Treaties—the Treaty of Trianon regarding Hungary, which affected all three, and the Treaty of Neuilly respecting Bulgaria, with which Yugoslavia and Rumania were

directly concerned. They agreed to assist each other against an unprovoked attack by Hungary; and Yugoslavia and Rumania, besides, were to take steps in common on all questions of foreign policy relating to Hungary and Bulgaria. The defensive conventions or treaties have been prolonged from time to time for five years; in 1929 their renewal was made automatic at the end of each five years' period. In the same year the three States signed a general treaty of conciliation and arbitration on the model elaborated by the League of Nations, thus exhibiting their determination to co-operate with the League in the consolidation of peace. The Little Entente is a strong supporter of the League, and has been so from the beginning of its existence. It is not a mere coincidence that Dr. Edward Benesh, for a dozen years past one of the chief figures at Geneva, has been all that time the leader and spokesman of the Little Entente.

There has been no change in the policy of the Little Entente. Very early in its history it was confronted with the demand for the union of Austria with Germany (*Anschluss*), and pronounced against it, as it was bound to do in its circumstances; it continued to oppose this union—up to the time when the question was settled, apparently for some years to come, by the condition attached to the new loan to Austria. Based on the observance of the territorial status imposed by the Peace Treaties, the Little Entente was faced from the start by campaigns for its revision in one way and another. *Der Revisionismus* is as old as the Treaty of Versailles; it might be said to antedate it, for the Paris Peace Conference vetoed the *Anschluss*; at least, the vanquished never made a secret of their ultimate aims. From the outset Germany resisted the Treaty in every way she could, and her success has certainly not been discouraging to the others. Apart from the union question, however, the Little Entente was not much concerned politically with Germany in its first years, but its attitude to her was not unfriendly, and Czechoslovakia in particular sought to keep, and did keep, on good terms with her, despite the quite evident fact that the general orientation of the Little Entente was towards France. But this orientation did

not mean that "vassalage" which some propagandists assert, for it tried from the first to co-operate with the Great Allies on terms of full equality, as was shown conspicuously at the Genoa Conference.

After Austria it was with Hungary that the Little Entente had chiefly to deal by resisting the irredentist claims and plans of the Magyars, as well as the projects for the restoration of the Hapsburgs. In 1921 it was tested by the two attempts of the former Emperor-King Karl to regain the throne of Hungary, and it proved its value in preserving the peace of Central Europe. Further, it promoted the salvaging of Austria in 1922, Czechoslovakia taking up part of the necessary loan; it also interested itself in the salvaging of Hungary two years later, when the three States secured a share in the control of the loan, floated, like that to Austria, under the auspices of the League. One of the conditions in the negotiations was an undertaking by Hungary to fulfil her obligations under the Treaty of Trianon. As the general situation afterwards became more stable, the Little Entente next endeavoured to add to its defensive, negative foundation a constructive, positive programme by entering into treaties with the neighbouring and other States, with a view to their joint collaboration in various fields—all well in line with the policy of the League. From 1924 to 1927 relations between the Little Entente and Hungary gradually improved. Then there came a change.

After what turned out to be a flirtation with Yugoslavia, Count Bethlen, then Prime Minister of Hungary, signed with Mussolini at Rome in April 1927, a treaty of friendship and arbitration with Italy. Unease, rather than distinct trouble, had marked the attitude of Rome and Belgrade to each other ever since the war, but it was not till 1926, when Mussolini "put through" the Treaty of Tirana with Albania, that relations between Yugoslavia and Italy became seriously strained. There followed a war scare that lasted some months; when it passed the tension still persisted, the Press of both countries keeping it taut by incessant recriminations. In 1927 Yugoslavia signed a treaty of friendship and arbitration with France—all the States of the Little Entente have treaties

with France—which was anything but welcomed in Rome; Mussolini replied by announcing a military convention for twenty years with Albania, which did practically make that small land the vassal of Italy. The inevitable result was an intensification of Yugoslav feeling. During 1928 the Yugoslav Government of the day, through Dr. Marinkovitch, then its Foreign Minister, tried hard to bring about a better state of things with Italy, and in this he had the whole-hearted backing of the two other States of the Little Entente, but the effort was not particularly successful, and the proclamation, early in September of that year, of Zog as “King of the Albanians,” and not as King of Albania, did not help matters, for were there not many Albanians outside the kingdom—that is, in Yugoslavia? Was not the title, then, of the nature of a threat? In 1929-30 the execution or imprisonment for long terms of a number of men belonging to the Yugoslav minority—probably the most repressed minority in the world—in Italy, who had been condemned for treason or “terrorism,” again excited intense indignation and resentment in Yugoslavia, and anti-Italian demonstrations took place throughout that country, and even at Prague. There were counter-demonstrations in Italy, accompanied by harsh outbursts of the Press on both sides.

And so we come down to the events which occurred and the statements made towards the end of last year—events and statements, it may well be supposed, that brought the Little Entente to hold a special conference on December 19th and 20th, 1932, at Belgrade. Behind all this Yugoslav-Italian crisis there stands, it must not be forgotten, the conflict between France and Italy. A point also to remember, before passing on, is that Budapest now lies within the orbit of Rome, by the deliberate choice of the former.

Since its inception in 1920-21 the Little Entente has held a considerable number of conferences, some of which have been of a routine character at fixed dates each year, while others have been called for the consideration of emergent, critical phases either of the general European situation or of the particular Central and South-Eastern European situation. The

routine conferences took place in one or other of the cities or towns of the three States, as did some of the special conferences, though more usually these were held at Geneva while the Council or the Assembly of the League was in session. An attempt was made to hold a regular conference twice a year, but was not persisted in, one reason being that Geneva, it was supposed, provided well enough the opportunity, if required. The conferences have always consisted of the respective Foreign Ministers of the three States—at present MM. Benesh, Czechoslovakia; Yevtich, Yugoslavia; and Titulescu, Rumania. Dr. Benesh may be called an original member; he has been Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia since that State came into existence in 1918, and has taken a leading part in all, or nearly all, the Little Entente conferences, to say nothing of many other conferences, including that very recent, semi-private one which opened up the prospect of a settlement of the Anglo-Persian oil controversy. With his long, unbroken years of service and experience since the war he is a unique figure in high politics—he has been the one and only “permanent Minister” in Europe, to give him the title that sometimes was conferred on Briand, though not quite so correctly. He is not an orator like Titulescu, but his voice has been heard on all the great questions of the period. An admirable custom of his is to deliver a detailed, carefully-prepared speech on such questions—the Protocol, Reparations, Disarmament, and so forth—in the Czechoslovak Parliament, and most of these addresses have appeared in French and English versions. Titulescu is also an eminent statesman and diplomatist; he had been a member of the Little Entente conferences before. Yevtich is a newcomer.

A regular or routine conference had taken place at Belgrade in May 1932, at which the conversations turned largely on the depressing economic situation, the failure of the proposed Five Danubian States Plan of M. Tardieu to materialize, and the approaching Conference of Lausanne. The progress, or the lack of it, on the disarmament question at Geneva was considered. There was nothing sensational; journalists voted the conference a dull affair. It was announced that the next

conference would take place about the customary date in Czechoslovakia.

The special conference at Belgrade on December 19th-20th 1932, met in very different circumstances, for what was practically a new situation had developed meanwhile. It had been caused by the agreement of the five Great Powers to concede equal rights in armaments to Germany, contingent, however, on an "organization of peace which would ensure security," and by the menacing attitude of Italy, coupled with the sudden and violent growth of revisionist propaganda in Central Europe, in consequence of the fresh success of Germany.

One striking tribute to the Little Entente its enemies have never failed to pay, and this is to prophesy before each conference, whether regular or special, that it is likely to be the last to be held, because of internal dissensions—the wish being father to the thought! Sometimes the attack does not go quite so far, the Little Entente being credited (to its discredit, of course) with bellicose aims, and all sorts of dark, suspicious tendencies. The late Belgrade Conference was no exception to this rule. Before it opened the Italian, Hungarian and Austrian newspapers teemed with the strangest assertions concerning its "real" objects. Much was made of supposed differences between Rumania on the one hand, and Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia on the other, respecting the non-signing by Rumania of a pact of non-aggression with Russia, whereas France and Poland had concluded such pacts with the Soviet Union. It appeared to be forgotten that, apart from the duty of giving information loyally regarding its actions by any one of the three States to the others, the Soviet question is excluded from the framework of their common policy, each State being free in this matter; this was settled long ago. About a month before the conference there had been a meeting in Belgrade of representatives of the General Staffs of the three States of the Little Entente. Commenting on it, the *Berliner Tageblatt* reported that one of the main subjects discussed by the soldiers was the conclusion of a military alliance with France, a proposal which it alleged

was accepted by Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, but rejected by Rumania. In reply, the *Indépendance Roumaine* of Bucharest rightly characterized these statements as a fantastic invention, which would not be worth mentioning were it not symptomatic of the methods of enemy propaganda. The idea behind this and the foregoing specimens of it was to insinuate that Rumania was not a "firm" member of the Little Entente. What took place at the conference itself showed how absolutely untrue this was, for the Little Entente emerged from it certainly stronger than ever before.

A few days after the meeting of the General Staffs of the Little Entente there had appeared an article in the *Sunday Times*, by Mr. Wickham Steed, which aroused very great interest and even greater apprehension on the Continent; Mussolini thought it of importance sufficient to warrant his referring to it in a public speech. The article purported to set forth certain plans of Germany and Italy in common. Central and South-Eastern Europe were to be divided by these Powers into two "spheres of interest," the northern sphere covering Poland—with the re-annexation of the "Corridor" in the forefront of the programme—and Czechoslovakia going to Germany; and the southern sphere going to Italy, supported by Hungary, who would have her "lost" territories restored to her. In Italy the truth of this statement, which was described as "madness," was denied; but Mr. Steed, two or three weeks later, in the same journal, maintained that the information given was correct, as Mussolini himself "well knew." Meanwhile there had been, as was inevitable, an increase of the tension between Yugoslavia and Italy. A sign of it was the damaging of the Lions of St. Mark, the emblem of old Venice, in the Dalmatian village of Traù, by Yugoslav fanatics; the Italian Press denounced the outrage as a gross insult to national feeling. Answering an interpellation in the Senate at Rome on December 14th, Mussolini said that "what had taken place must be considered a symptom revealing a state of mind which continues to illustrate Yugoslav hostility to Italy"; and he touched, not lightly, on other "acts of violence" by Yugoslavs against Italy. Throughout the speech

no mention occurred of acts of violence against Yugoslavia by Italians—as, for instance, at Zara, where on December 5th all the windows of the houses and shops owned by Yugoslavs were smashed, as were the windows of the Yugoslav Consulate. Alluding to Mr. Steed's articles, the Duce stated that "a great foreign newspaper announced that Italy was harbouring aggressive designs against Yugoslavia," and with superb aplomb he dismissed such statements as "attempts to embroil the situation." In this country we admire the constructive achievements of Mussolini in Italy; his foreign policy is quite another thing. How it appears to the Yugoslavs is well expressed in the following extract from a letter of its Yugoslav correspondent in the *Central European Observer*, Prague:

Italy is feverishly engaged in fortifying her eastern frontier. All along the Yugoslav border new roads are being built, trench-systems made, deep concrete dugouts constructed and gun emplacements prepared. Zara, the Italian base on the Yugoslav coast, is also being hurriedly and extensively fortified. The same intense activity is noticeable in Albania, which has become little more than an Italian colony since the Tirana Pact was signed. Great naval bases, absurd in view of the needs of Albanian commerce, are being constructed on the Albanian coast by Italian engineers; fine motor roads, capable of bearing the heaviest traffic, connect strategic places on the frontier with these ports, although at present they are used principally by tribesmen on ponies; and Italian officers are busy reorganizing the Albanian army.

The arming of Hungary and Bulgaria, forbidden by the Peace Treaties, is a public secret in Central Europe.

It is just, however, to state that Italy counter-accuses Yugoslavia of "arming to the teeth." It may be recalled that Mussolini a few years ago charged the Yugoslavs with preparing an expedition against Albania, and neutral investigation disproved it. No surprise could be felt if, in the position indicated above, Yugoslavia was strongly preparing her defence; but the truth appears to be that she has done no more than keep her army equipped with up-to-date *matériel*, and, as for her navy, it is barely sufficient for the policing of her coast. This article is not concerned with her domestic policy; but it must be perfectly clear to all observers that the Italian menace unifies

her in a much greater measure than her internal difficulties tend to disunite her.

It was under the shadow of that menace that the special Belgrade conference of the Little Entente was held. Naturally, that conference had other important subjects to discuss, such as the latest phase of the disarmament question, the projected World Economic Conference to be held this year in London, and, what we hear hardly anything of in this country, "Eastern Reparations." At Lausanne the solution of this last problem was postponed, but must shortly come into prominence, as, though it scarcely affects Czechoslovakia, it is of considerable interest to Yugoslavia and Rumania, both of which States having found that the disappearance from their Budgets of receipts under this head has added materially to their financial and economic difficulties. Stress was laid on the unity, both in policy and action, of the three States, positive decisions on all matters under review having been reached. But something more was achieved. After the conference an official *communiqué* was issued, which stated:

The Foreign Ministers of the Little Entente will energetically continue the policy of peace and friendship with all nations which has been successfully pursued by them through the last twelve years. They have arrived at the conviction that at this moment the general interest commands the closest co-operation among the States of the Little Entente in all political and economic questions, as well as in permanent and continuous work for the organization of peace in Central Europe. The Ministers consider it necessary to bring the organization of the Little Entente into harmony with present conditions to enable it to fulfil its enlarged tasks. . . . A Council of the Little Entente has been created consisting of the three Foreign Ministers as a permanent body representing the interests of the three States. It will regularly assemble at least three times a year to discuss questions of foreign policy, as well as the problems specially interesting the three countries in their mutual relations. A Secretariat of the Little Entente has simultaneously been formed to prepare the work of the Council, to follow the co-operation of the three States in the political and economic spheres, and to deal with material concerning all general questions of foreign and economic policy.

Behind these words it is impossible not to see the response of the Little Entente to the strain of the times—not only to the general situation, but also to the particular situation in Central and South-Eastern Europe. There is in them the

evident feeling that quick action may have to be taken at any moment, and that vigilance can never be relaxed. Hitherto the Little Entente might be said to be a somewhat loose political combination; it now stands forth as a unit—as a Great Power, embracing three States, with a joint population not far short of fifty millions and a total area of upwards of 270,000 square miles. It acts and will act as one—solidly. This is its reply to the revisionist campaign; in this way its basic policy of the maintenance of the Peace Treaties will be carried out; and in this way it is dealing with the “Hirtenberg affair,” the smuggling of arms from Italy, via Austria, into Hungary, referred to in a preceding paragraph. This business somewhat resembled what was known as the “St. Gotthard affair” five years ago, when machine-gun parts, billed as agricultural implements, filling five wagons, arrived from Italy at the little frontier station of St. Gotthard *en route* for Hungary. This fresh affair seems to be much worse than the other, as, according to Press accounts, forty wagons were employed in it and their contents were put at 80,000 rifles and 200 machine-guns. And if some of these reports are to be believed, the Hirtenberg case is only one small link in the long chain of a large-scale action towards re-arming Hungary.

The first session of the Little Entente Council opened at Geneva on February 14. It closed on February 16 with the signing of a Statute termed “Pact of Reorganization of the Little Entente,” the fundamentals of which were given as:—

From the political point of view, so as to emphasize the transformation of the Little Entente into an international community endowed with personality: . . . the Ministers have decided that any political treaty and any unilateral act of any one of the three states which changes its relations to a third party must have the unanimous consent of the Council of the Little Entente. The same applies to any economic agreement which entails important political consequences.

“An international community endowed with personality” is good. A “Great Power” is simpler. The violent reaction to the new Pact shows that the Little Entente has not organized itself as a Great Power a day too soon.

KARL MARX: FIFTY YEARS AFTER

BY JOHN HALLETT

WHEN fifty years ago—on March 14th, 1883—Karl Marx died at his home in Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, he had spent thirty-five years, or three-quarters of his working life, in London. Long before he crossed the Channel he had made his first serious studies of political economy in the works of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and James Mill. He obtained his practical knowledge of the conditions of labour and the life of the working-classes from his compatriot and *alter ego*, Frederick Engels, for thirty years a clerk in a Manchester textile firm. The works of his maturity were written in the reading-room of the British Museum. His English studies and his English experiences played a vital part in the building up of his system. Yet, when he died, he was probably less widely known in England than in any other leading European country; and after his death the rare pilgrims to his grave in Highgate cemetery were almost exclusively foreigners. It is only in the past fifteen years that—for reasons which may fairly be called fortuitous—the name of Karl Marx has become familiar to the English reading and thinking public.

The father of Karl was a Jewish lawyer of Trier (or Trèves), named Hirschel Marx. In 1824, when the boy was six, Hirschel Marx was baptised a Christian with all his household and exchanged the name of Hirschel for that of Heinrich. His conversion came too late to change the habits of a lifetime. It did not relieve him of the apologetic demeanour and deprecatory gestures which were the traditional attitude of the Jew to his Christian fellow-subjects. He was a doting father; and many letters written to his son, while the latter was at the University of Berlin, inculcate the virtue of humility and the

value of winning the good graces of "influential professors". It is easier, in the light of his upbringing, to forgive the overbearing truculence which Karl Marx exhibited in later years to his fellow-men. There was never a clearer case of filial revulsion against home environment.

Young Marx studied law and philosophy in Bonn and Berlin, wrote verse (strange to relate, his first work to appear in print was a lyric poem), and coveted the chair of a professor. But the growing unorthodoxy of his opinions closed this arena to him; and he took to journalism. He became a contributor to, and then editor of, the *Rheinische Zeitung*. Under his masterful control it soon rose to be the most vigorous organ of radicalism in Germany, and was in constant conflict with the censor. In 1843 its further publication was prohibited; and Marx—he was still only twenty-five—migrated to Paris.

In Paris, he continued to write, to study and to agitate. Before long, he was expelled as an undesirable by the French authorities; took refuge in Brussels; returned to Paris in the revolution of 1848; and in the same year, in partnership with Engels, issued the now famous *Communist Manifesto* ending with the slogan, "Workers of the World, Unite!" The collapse of the revolutions of 1848-49 made the continent of Europe too hot to hold him. In the summer of 1849 he became a permanent settler in England, the one country which regarded the activities of foreign revolutionaries with contemptuous indifference.

The remainder of Marx's life was, even for Victorian England, drab and uneventful. By the time he came to London his father had been dead for many years, and his only sister had married a settler at the Cape of Good Hope. He had made no friends in his youth; and his arrogance had alienated one by one all the associates of his journalistic days. His philosophy found no place in the scheme of things for sentiment or affection; and his life was, to a remarkable extent, consistent with his philosophy. His enemies were knaves or fools. His disciples were the instruments of his work. The rest of mankind was indifferent to him. He wasted no superfluous emotion on any of the three categories. And from this rule

—or this practice—he admitted only two exceptions: his wife and children, and his friend Engels.

The courtship and marriage of Karl Marx is the one romantic episode which clashes with the sober, unemotional pattern of the rest of his career. Yet here, too, Marx's character was consistent with itself. He knew precisely what he wanted; he wanted it with passionate energy; and throughout his life he wanted nothing else. In his nineteenth year he fell in love for the first and only time; the lady was Jenny von Westfalen, daughter of a Prussian official. Undeterred by any consciousness of social inferiority, he pressed his suit and was accepted. The mutual affection of the lovers survived his long absence at the University of Berlin, during which—maiden modesty preventing direct correspondence—he wrote her poems. Six years after their first meeting, the wedding was solemnized; and Jenny was for nearly forty years the faithful and devoted partner of Marx's ambitions, hardships and hates. She bore him six children, of whom three daughters alone survived; and Marx proved no less tender as a father than as a lover and a husband. His courtship had been a model Victorian romance; his marriage was a perfect Victorian example of harmony and respectability.

The friendship of Marx and Engels is a rarer and more unaccountable phenomenon. Between Marx and Jenny the devotion was mutual and equal; and if the more obvious sacrifices fell to the lot of the wife, the discrepancy sprang from the circumstances, not from the nature, of their relationship. The relationship between Marx and Engels was, on the other hand, in every way one-sided. Engels, already working in the Manchester office of Ermen and Engels, a textile firm in which his father was a partner, first met Marx during a visit to Paris in 1844. He was then twenty-four, and Marx two years older. In philosophy, Marx had a background which Engels lacked; but in the sphere of economics, the younger man had thought more deeply and more clearly. They found a close correspondence between their conceptions of history and society; and Engels, instinctively recognizing in Marx the force of a dominant personality, placed his whole

stock of ideas at the latter's disposal. The precedent thus established was followed throughout their long association. It has become impossible, with the lapse of time, to assess the share of original thought contributed by Engels to the body of doctrine succinctly known as "Marxism."

There were other debts of a more conspicuous, though not more important, kind. Marx was at all periods of his life—it is one of the pleasanter traits in his character—indifferent to considerations of material welfare; and he married in the sanguine expectation that his literary labours, or some beneficent Deity, would enable him to support a family. Things were already difficult when he was living in Brussels; and when, with wife and three children, and another child about to be born, he crossed over to London and established himself in rooms in the prosperous suburb of Camberwell, the position rapidly became catastrophic. During his first winter in London, the last remains of the legacy he had inherited from his father melted away. In the spring, the Marx family suffered eviction for non-payment of rent, and piled into two small rooms in Dean Street, Soho, the quarter of the poorest foreign refugees.

From this time Marx and his family were dependent for their very existence on the charity of Engels who, after a few years in Germany, had just returned to Manchester. Marx engaged in intermittent literary and journalistic hack-work. At one period he was contributing a weekly letter, at the rate of a guinea a week, to the *New York Tribune*; then he and Engels were writing in collaboration articles on European military history for the *American Encyclopædia*; later, Marx acted as London correspondent of a Viennese Socialist paper. But revenue from these sources was neither constant nor adequate to the growing needs of a young family. "My marriage", he wrote gloomily to Engels, "is more productive than my pen".

For six years the Marx family lived in Soho, assailed by the constant menaces of "the landlady, the baker, the milkman, the tea-merchant, the greengrocer and the butcher". The children learnt to return to importunate tradesmen presenting

their bills the stock answer: "Mr. Marx ain't at home". There was often not a shilling in the house. When one of the children died, the costs of the funeral had to be borrowed from a French neighbour. From his mother, still living in Trier, Marx received "tender expressions but no cash". She is credited with the sage remark that "it would have been far better if Karl had made some Capital instead of writing about it". A Dutch uncle, his mother's brother, was occasionally more helpful. But in the long run it was Engels, and Engels alone, who kept the bailiff from the door and enabled the Marx family to exist. Nearly every letter of Marx to Engels during this period contains either a request for money or an acknowledgment of a "Post Office Order" or "Bank of England Notes". The latter, in accordance with the cautious practice of our Victorian ancestors, were cut in half, and the halves forwarded by Engels in separate envelopes at different times.

In 1856 a legacy from Frau Marx's mother enabled the family to purchase £40 worth of second-hand furniture and move to the vicinity of Haverstock Hill; and in tall Victorian houses in this solid middle-class district Karl spent the remainder of his life. There were still occasional crises with rent-collectors or tradesmen. But Engels had succeeded to his father's position in Ermen and Engels, and flourished in the role of a capitalist; and the value of the Bank of England notes and other remittances to London grew with his prosperity. In 1860, the receipt from Engels of a £100 note "caused great delight in the whole house"; and a few years later cheques for still larger amounts are recorded. During the last ten years of his life Marx—thanks entirely to Engels—ceased for the first time to wonder where the next week's, or the next day's, meal for his family would come from.

The central event of Marx's life in London was the foundation, in September 1864, of the International Working Men's Association, now commonly known as the "First International". Marx had, however, less to do with this event than is generally supposed. The organization of the inaugural meeting which was held at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, was

in the hands of Professor Spencer Beesley, a well-known Radical of the day, who presided. The English trade unions were well represented; there was a good sprinkling of Frenchmen from French workmen's organizations; and several supporters of Mazzini formed a respectable Italian contingent. It was difficult to find suitable German representatives; and in the end, *faute de mieux*, invitations were sent to a German working tailor named Eccarius and "Dr. Marx". Eccarius spoke at the meeting in the name of the German working classes. Marx, never an orator, remained silent; but when a committee was set up to draft the rules and programme of the association, it was necessary, in order to preserve the balance of the nationalities, to put on it the only two Germans present. The name of Marx appeared last on the list of those elected to the committee.

But Marx was as aggressive in committee as he was retiring in public. The rules and programme of the association as eventually adopted came almost entirely from his pen; and as a member of the General Council he continued quietly to direct the policy of the association in all matters of importance. He remained, and chose to remain, a power behind the throne. He rarely appeared in public, and did not even attend the annual General Congresses held at Geneva, Lausanne and Basle. Probably few members of the association had any idea of the influence he wielded. When, in 1870, Professor Beesley wrote an article on the "International Working Men's Association", for the *Fortnightly Review*, the name of Marx did not once occur in it.

The *Fortnightly* of this time, under John Morley's editorship, was a Radical journal with an international as well as a national outlook. It accepted articles from distinguished foreign refugees in London such as Mazzini and the German Karl Blind. In 1868, on the eve of the publication of *Das Kapital*, the idea was mooted that Engels should write an article for the *Fortnightly* giving an account of the Marxian system. Beesley promised to sponsor it and submit it to John Morley. Engels had his doubts from the first. He opined that it would be "damnable difficult to make the dialectical method clear to the English review reader". But Marx encouraged him

with the assurance that "the readers of the *Fortnightly*, as of the *Westminster Review*, flatter themselves that they are the longest heads in England (and therefore, of course, in the world)". The article was written and submitted. But John Morley refused it on the ground of "lack of space"; and Engels was left to console himself, like other authors of rejected contributions, with the reflection that the journal was in the hands of "a lousy bourgeois clique."

The long-headed readers of the *Fortnightly* had to wait another seven years for their first introduction to Marxism. In 1875 there appeared an article on "Karl Marx and German Socialism" by one John Macdonnell. The writer found Marx a pronounced pessimist, "the Schopenhauer of economists", and concludes with the reflection, which is almost as true today as it was in 1875: "People may do him the honour of abusing him—read him they do not". But this attempt to initiate the English reader into the mysteries of Marxism remained an isolated one; and for more than forty years after, the files of the leading English journals may be scanned in vain for any important reference to the works or personality of Karl Marx.

Even today the personality of the man excites less interest than the doctrine which bears his name. Marxism is a strange hybrid—with all the ungainly virility of the mongrel—born of German metaphysics and English economics. When Marx began to study philosophy in Berlin, Hegel was still the recognized oracle of the schools. Hegel had created an important revolution in thought. Previous philosophers had conceived ultimate reality, whatever its nature, as something fixed and static. Hegel conceived it in the form of a World-Spirit or Natural Reason, which operated, by a constantly progressive historical process. In this process every movement produces, by an automatic reaction, its opposite; and of the resulting conflict between opposites, between thesis and antithesis, is born the final synthesis. The analysis of this process came to be known as the Hegelian Dialectic.

But by the time Marx appeared on the scene, the younger generation, while retaining the Hegelian method of analysis, had turned Hegelianism upside down by reversing the Hegelian

conception of ultimate reality. These young Hegelians (sometimes known as "the Hegelian Left") were agnostics in religion, and Radicals in politics; and for them reality consisted not in a World-Spirit, but in Matter. Man can be explained in terms of his material surroundings. "Man is what he eats (*man ist was er isst*)", was the famous dictum of Feuerbach, the leader of the school.

It is from this point that Marxism takes its start. Marx accepted without question the Hegelian Dialectic, the conception of thesis, antithesis and synthesis as the basis of historical process. But as regards the nature of reality, he was no more satisfied with Feuerbach than with Hegel. It seemed to him that to take Hegel's "World-Spirit" and re-label it "Matter" did not carry you much further unless you explained the nature of the conflict through which your material reality expressed itself. For the Pure or Metaphysical Materialism of Feuerbach, Marx substituted what came to be known as Economic Materialism. He believed that the conflict on which the historical process depends is a conflict of class based on the possession of the means of economic production. The *bourgeoisie*, or capital-owning class, has established a monopoly of the means of production. In so doing it has called into existence its antithesis—a capital-less labouring class of the proletariat. The conflict between *bourgeoisie* and proletariat, between capital and labour, will finally resolve the antithesis and produce the synthesis—a class-less society.

On this Hegelian trunk Marx grafted the fine fruits of his study of the English economists. He learned from them to analyse the price of exchange-value of a commodity into wages, profit and rent. But since profit and rent both accrued to the capitalist, Marx still more simply divided value into wages, the share of the worker, and the rest, which he called "surplus-value", the share of the capitalist. He took from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* the definition of capital as "a certain amount of labour amassed and kept in reserve"; and he found in this definition the source of his conception of a fundamental Hegelian hostility between capital and labour. In a primitive state of society, the worker not only owned his

own tools but took for himself the whole product of his labour. Under capitalism, an increasing part of the products of his labour was filched from him by the capitalist. The capitalist system was a gigantic scheme for exploiting and robbing the workers, at whose expense it flourished.

Now, whatever the ultimate value of the Marxian theory (and it possesses, like most other economic theories, a sort of abstract validity *in vacuo*), there is no doubt that it comprised both a brilliant and accurate analysis of the main trends of nineteenth-century history and a powerful popular appeal. Marx predicted that capitalism would, with the lapse of time, become more and more closely organized, big capital driving out small; that the working classes would be driven more and more to organize themselves against it; and that, finally, capitalism would collapse under its own weight and under the attacks of the workers, and would be replaced by a "dictatorship of the proletariat"—a prelude to the "class-less society" which was Marx's ultimate ideal. The first two predictions were fulfilled to an amazing extent, and over the greater part of the inhabited world, in the thirty years following Marx's death. The third was realized, though only in a single country, by the Russian Revolution of 1917. These facts do not constitute a proof of the correctness of Marx's economic theories. But they do give Marx a claim to be regarded as the most far-seeing genius of the nineteenth century and one of the most successful prophets in history.

But the moment of the apparent triumph of Marxism is the moment of its severest testing. All is not well in the Marxist camp. In one important particular the Russian revolution, with the reckless impatience of great events, gave the lie to its master. Marx had proved that the proletarian revolution must follow, with the scientific inevitability which dominated his system, on the highest development of capitalism. It must happen first in the most advanced capitalist countries. For an economically backward country like Russia Marx had no use whatever. "I do not believe," he wrote emphatically to Engels, "that old Europe can be rejuvenated by Russian blood". And he never ceased, throughout his life, to pour

his bitterest scorn on Russians in general and on Russian revolutionaries in particular.

When, therefore, the proletarian revolution first broke out in Russia, good Marxists like Lenin were bound to feel a trifle apologetic. Their apology to the memory of Marx took the form of declaring—and believing—that the Russian Revolution was an integral part of the Marxian world-revolution, and that Russia had merely, by some strange and unpredictable accident, preceded the rest of Europe by a few weeks or months on the path of revolution. It was not to be supposed that the proletarian revolution, if it did not spread elsewhere, could maintain itself in backward Russia. Such a supposition was flagrantly anti-Marxian; and the first duty of the Russian Revolution, in the interests of self-preservation, was therefore to foster revolution in other countries. This remained, at any rate until the death of Lenin, the official Soviet view; and the Soviet leaders vented their anger and disappointment, not on the capitalists of Europe and America (for no Marxist expects a capitalist to indulge in voluntary self-immolation), but on the trade unions and working-class organizations, which had failed to bring down the tottering bulk of Capitalism with a Marxian *coup de grâce*.

Then, about 1927, the scene shifted once more. Trotsky was expelled for heresy, and Stalin issued a revised version of the gospel according to Marx. It was now declared to be a damnable error to suppose that Russia's economic backwardness made her an unfruitful soil for the proletarian revolution, or that a proletarian regime could not be maintained in Russia alone. It was a reasonable conclusion; for the revolution in Russia was firmly enough on its feet, and the prospects of revolution elsewhere seemed nil. But the new Marxism brought its own problems. For if world revolution was no longer the prime objective, some new objective must be found to inspire the faithful; and if the proletarian revolution in Russia was to be regarded as successfully accomplished, it would soon be time to make the transition from the "dictatorship of the proletariat" to the new "class-less society" of which Marx had spoken.

But this ideal of the "class-less society" is, as all good Marxists know, the Achilles' heel of Marxism. In this culminating point of his system, Marx abandoned science and reverted to the Utopianism which was fashionable among the Socialists of his youth. He was not, it is true, sufficiently naive to believe, like Saint-Simon, Fourier or Robert Owen, that the capitalist lion would one day lie down with the proletarian lamb. But he did believe that, once the lions had been exterminated, the lambs would lie down side by side for ever in a paradise of unending and uneventful bliss. The "class-less society" of Marx is, in fact, as dull as the heaven of the orthodox Victorian; and it inspires as little credence and as little enthusiasm. Once the world revolution has been relegated to the background, it is difficult to find in the dry bones of Marxism anything to stir men's passions or steel them to fresh endurance or fresh endeavour. Such, in a word, is the crisis of Marxism in the present-day Russia.

But the fiftieth anniversary of Marx's death finds the capitalist world confronted by a crisis not less grave. In 1927, when the Soviet leaders silently dropped the policy of universal revolution, the capitalist world seemed safe. It had surmounted the crisis of the war; it was on the crest of a new wave of economic prosperity; the grim predictions of Marx seemed to have been definitely discredited. Very different is the position today. There are now few thinking men who will dismiss with confidence the Marxian assumption that capitalism, developed to its highest point, inevitably compasses its own destruction. The idea is once more abroad that the capitalist system has received notice to reform or to quit. It is still faced with the challenge of Marx's famous peroration:

The centralisation of the means of production and the socialisation of labour at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. The integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

NATIONAL OR PARTY GOVERNMENT?

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

THE careful studying of historical records is not one of the English virtues. Five minutes' thought on the subject would make it clear that the best way of knowing what should happen in the future is to examine what has happened in the past. For the events of the past are the inevitable foundation on which the future must rest. Every event must have a cause; and yesterday is the main cause of to-morrow; what is new is only a small factor. Irishmen start political discussions as near the day of creation as possible. If we ask them to pay a debt incurred ten years ago they find one we have owed them for a hundred years. When an Irish peasant expressed dislike of the late Queen Alexandra, the reason was that her Danish ancestors had killed a large number of Irishmen at the battle of Clontarf in A.D. 1014. This, of course, is carrying the historical method too far. Englishmen would not remember a Danish invasion longer than a week. When they trooped off to fight as allies of France in 1914, it probably did not enter the heads of one in a thousand that half the foreign history of England had been fighting the French.

So it is not surprising that very few realized the great historical significance of last year, 1932. It was the centenary of the Reform Act of 1832; which historians have usually set down as one of the great landmarks in our national life. Of course, this celebration was casually mentioned in the Press, which in its hunt for good copy is ready to welcome any anniversary; for there is a general opinion that the next best thing to something new is to dig up the old on the appropriate day. But the really significant thing about the centenary of the Reform Act of 1832 was generally overlooked,

namely, that this hundredth anniversary of its birth also witnessed the almost catastrophic overthrow of all that the Reform Act had represented in its day. The joyful centenary was also a funeral service.

The Reform Act of 1832 had been the first clear sign of the political triumph of the new economic system; which was expressed by all those factories and machines and masters and men, usually summed up as the Industrial Revolution. It was a triumph of the "new rich" traders (and their more modest middle-class followers) over the oligarchical aristocrats and the country squires who had ruled Britain since the Whig revolution of 1688; and, less obviously, since the feudal period.

The two root ideas of the new politics of 1832 were, first, that factory industry was of more importance than agriculture; and, secondly, that the liberty of the individual trader to do what he liked was more sacred than the power of the State to order him to act for the public good. In concise words it was a policy of industrialism and *laissez-faire*. There was also a great political factor which was representative of 1832; namely, the system of Party Government; which may be said to have reached its climax in the carrying of the Reform Bill.

Now the year 1932, if we had only possessed any historical sense, should have been recognized as witnessing the overthrow of the supremacy of all those principles which triumphed in 1832. In 1932 the predominant notes of serious political controversy were, first, the revival of agriculture, in spite of the industrial demand for cheap food at all costs; secondly, the return to Protection, and a planned national organization which would over-ride the liberty of the trader to do as he pleased for his own profits; and, lastly, the supplanting of the Party system by a National Government which contained members of the three chief political groups.

It has been craftily assumed by partisan writers, and unfortunately confirmed by too many historians, that the Party system is a fundamental factor in our political structure. An examination of the historical evidence makes it clear that

it is only of comparatively recent growth; and that it has never penetrated deeper than the superficial soil of political intrigue. In any precise sense, the Party system began in the second half of the seventeenth century; when the Whigs and Tories took the place of the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the Puritan Rebellion. The politicians of Charles II's time were a very disagreeable set. Their chief principle seems to have been that they lacked all principles, except to seize office in any way that brought success. Shaftesbury was one of the chief leaders; he was a man who deliberately fanned the Papist Plot of Titus Oates, in the hope that it would bring himself and his party into supreme power. Now, a man who used Titus Oates as a tool, cannot be considered a decent person. Yet that incident may be fairly taken as one of the first indications of the Party system in English politics.

Throughout its history the Party system has been too often based on selfish intrigue, and not on great political ideals. On the surface, of course, the national welfare has been loudly asserted; but on digging down the root is continually discovered to be the desire for office, and all the power and financial perquisites that follow therefrom. Take that violent warfare of parties during Robert Walpole's premiership. Never was partisanship so bitter; yet we find that his opponents did not change his policy when they had won—but only took his offices. When Pitt the Elder had got rid of Walpole he admitted, openly, that he, Pitt, had been wrong in his opposition, and Walpole had been right. Party has usually considered persons before principles.

The deeper truth is that political development has gone on almost independently of political parties. They were never necessary as instruments of rule; they were only essential to small men who had no chance of getting office unless they enlisted the help of similar men, who were seeking power and office, like themselves. The public business has not been assisted by the Party system: it has been continually hampered and delayed by it. Hundreds of sincere patriots have entered politics with a passionate desire to serve their country; and they have been thwarted by the political party intrigues

which enclosed them on all sides. The party system ruined the honest careers of Benjamin Disraeli and Gladstone alike. They made the Radical Jew pretend he was a Tory; and the Conservative Gladstone try to talk like a Liberal.

It is only when considered as the continuation of a long historical process that the events of last year can be seen in their proper proportions. So examined, the present National Government gives some hope of a return in the direction of the more national, non-party governments which controlled England before politicians were invented. Such men as Burghley and his son, the first Lord Salisbury, were professional statesmen whose business it was to make laws and regulations for the good of the State. Of course the result was not perfect, since these rulers had many imperfections; and Burghley was too much restrained by the personal wishes of Queen Elizabeth; as the present Government may be too much under the influence of the surviving political intriguers and the powerful leaders of trade and finance. Nevertheless, compared with the older political groups of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the present Government has some claim to represent the whole people.

The co-operation of the Tories and the Socialists is much more natural than most people realize. The Tories have always believed in the control of industry by the State. Burghley believed in a planned, national organization of trade. Strafford believed in a vigorous administration of the Poor Law; and the expert historians of his period have proved that the poor were rarely as well cared for as during the despotic period of Charles I's Government. The Socialist ideal of State control is only the extension of the Tory plan. So when Socialists join with the Tories there is no change of principle; but, rather, a tendency to make the conception of the national good cover a larger number of citizens.

The triumphant Whigs of 1832 imposed on the nineteenth century their general policy of *laissez-faire*, or freedom from State control. Liberalism allowed the great industrialists to make fortunes regardless of the welfare of the rest of the community. The Tories soon began to resist this economic

anarchy. Shaftesbury and Disraeli, and a few others, insisted on factory legislation, and other social reforms which would restrain John Bright and his fellow manufacturers from doing as they pleased. Bright hated the trade unions; while Disraeli's Ministry in 1874 (in the words of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, *History of Trade Unionism*, pp. 290-1) "completely satisfied the trade union demand . . . Collective bargaining with all its necessary accompaniments was, after fifty years of legislative struggle, finally recognized by the law of the land."

The union of the Tories with the more intelligent of the Socialists in the present Government is then an easily understood alliance; and it is only the presence of the few Liberals in the National Government which needs serious explanation. There is a sound reason why the best Liberalism should be included in a National Government. The Liberalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (as it was represented in active politics, by the advocacy of the *laissez-faire* anarchy which its plutocratic masters demanded) by no means represented the real virtue of the Liberal philosophy. There is an unanswerable case for the liberty of the subject, in mind and body, which such men as Falkland understood during the Puritan revolt against Charles I's rule. There is always a need for protective laws which will save the citizen from the coercion of even the best of Governments. The recent stupid treatment of Mr. Tom Mann is a case in point. Every genuine democrat desires to repress physical force—because force is always autocratic and intolerant, and, in the long run, anti-democratic—but only dull bureaucracy can have mistaken Mr. Mann for the leader of a revolution. There was ample need for the present Lord Chief Justice to protest against the despotism of the bureaucrats of Whitehall. There is a sound and urgent case for liberty; and for that reason there will always be room for true Liberal representatives in the ruling body of the State.

But there was no room (under any logical law of thought) for the presence, in a really national government, of men who called themselves Socialists, and yet went through the land

protesting that a system of protection by tariffs was a violation of the eternal principle that every merchant was free to trade as he pleased. It was a denial of the most elementary principles of their collectivist faith; which taught that the State has the right to control trade in the interests of the whole community. When the Socialist Free Traders shrieked the old cry "No taxes on the people's food", it was going backward to the Cobden days, when the manufacturers had tricked the people into giving them cheap labour in their factories. One must regretfully write that there is much reason to believe that the "cheap food" cry was raised by many of the Socialists, not because they believed in its economic truth but because they hoped it would give them the support of the thoughtless masses—and of many of the shipping and financial magnates and retail and middlemen dealers! Again (and this is perhaps the most important point) by going back to the factory-town outlook of the Industrial Revolution, the Free Trade Socialists were continuing the fatal policy which has almost deprived Britain of her vital agricultural life.

The National Government, with all its immaturities and half-hearted action and half-grasped theories, is a very radical change in the policy of Great Britain. The late eighteenth and nineteenth century political philosophy, which had taken root under the influence of the Liberals of the plutocratic Industrial Revolution, was ending in a condition of industrial and social anarchy which obviously could not go much farther without disaster. Of course, there are many who will argue that this disaster is world-wide, and common to Liberal and Tory philosophies alike; and there are still simple souls who believe that the chaos of the international world markets will grow orderly again if we only again sweep away trade barriers and get a complete world Free Trade—which will put us all once more at the mercy of the strongest financiers and the most grasping merchants! There are still people who believe that the greatest law of economic life is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest.

Such being the historical position of the new National Government, what hopes are there of its fruitful development?

Few would assert that its present accomplishments are very great. The important point is to consider whether there is any sign of a permanent change of action which may reverse the older policy that, as the results proved, was leading to obvious disaster. There is only room here for a mere outline of the essential points which give signs of a new and better direction in our national life.

(1) The overthrow of *laissez-faire* by tariffs is much more important than an attempt to increase national trade. It is an indication that the planning of the State is to take the place of the go-as-you-please anarchy which ignored the public welfare. For example, it is no longer considered wise to allow the land of Britain to go to weeds, just because the people who live in towns and work in factories are completely callous of their rural fellows. The ruin of agriculture by low food prices is a case of deliberate sweating of one class by the rest of the nation. There is no example in history of a state which has long survived the destruction of its agricultural life. The great Republic of Rome fell when the farmers of Italy were ruined; and just the other day M. Herriot prophesied the coming fall of England for the same reason. Now that we are no longer bullied by Free Trade idealists we are beginning to recover our sanity; we see the obvious truth that by neglecting our land we have been not only risking starvation and our healthiest industry, but also throwing away the chief hope of absorbing our unemployed by developing a home market for our manufactured products.

(2) There is another vital hope from the overthrow of *laissez-faire*. Hitherto, we have (in complete union with the Liberal principles of the nineteenth century) done nothing for the unemployed except offer a dole. A sum of some £800,000,000 has been spent since the War in this liberal manner. During that period Signor Mussolini, who is not hampered by the traditions of Manchester plutocracy, has reclaimed millions of acres of fever-marshes and carried out innumerable public works by the surplus labour of those dislodged from their normal work by the world crisis. We have nothing to show for our dole except millions of dis-

heartened unemployed. The Italian system is sane planning or State collectivism, as against thoughtless *laissez-faire* inaction.

(3) This leads to another possible advantage of the new party coalition. The labour class bias of the Socialist element will do much to counterbalance the opposing aristocratic bias of the Tories and the plutocratic traditions of the Liberals. There is, therefore, a chance that there may be a more sympathetic understanding of the position of the unemployed. It is of the utmost importance to realize that in the complex modern industrial and social world the individual is the almost hopeless sport of his environment. Of course, certain persons may be exceptionally placed: one man may drink too much, or be excessively lazy, one may be duller witted, or mentally perverse and unmanageable. Yet these are only exceptions; the general rule is that the economic machine is now so complicated that the individual is almost at the complete mercy of his social fate. It is now beyond any contradiction that the labour market, as at present organized, cannot find work for those who seek it. Therefore, it follows that a just society will hold itself responsible for individual disaster (of which its own social complexity is generally the cause) by organizing a labour market that will absorb the unemployed.

(4) This finding of work is, in other words, the planning of industry: and that is perhaps the main function of the modern state. There was a time when it was possible to think that the duty of the State had ended when it kept the peace, leaving the productive work to be done by individual citizens. That theory is now as obsolete as the belief that the sun goes round the earth. If the planning of industry and commerce could still be left to the attention of personal enterprise, so much the better; and the State could then be only a superior policeman, to keep noisy persons quiet. But the evolution of industry has taken the control out of the hands of individual manufacturers and merchants, and put it under the power of vast national and international combines which are almost as impersonal as the state and the super-state. How can one expect the English cotton trade, for example, to maintain itself

unprotected against rivals in Japan who live on a diet of rice and water, instead of beef and beer? It is no longer a case of the State against the individual; but rather of the State against the international rivals and combines. Of course, these combines are controlled by individual minds of immense energy, which may be a great social asset. But when the State intervenes to control the direction of trade, it is often fighting for the defence of individualism against the collective machinery of the trusts. It is the legitimate function of a State to protect its citizens against the excessive liberty now in the hands of other nations or the great industrial groups.

(5) But here again, the National Government system promises to have an advantage over more partisan practices. The Socialists have been too ready to approve of the abstract virtues of the State intelligence and its collective action. There is something that is true in the Liberal ideal of *laissez-faire*. Man is a very imperfect animal; and it is necessary to encourage, or even bribe him, to do his best. Evolution has not relied altogether on the protection of policemen and the spoon-feeding of nurses. Energy must be rewarded. The bureaucrats of the eighteenth century were often corrupt; and that had to be stopped. But we now know that their successors of the twentieth century can be tyrants or stupidly lazy. The ordinary observer knows enough people in Whitehall to suspect that if we were left to the sole care of State officials the nation would go quietly to sleep. So if the Socialists lead us towards State control of industry, the Tories and Liberals (who have had longer experience of the ways and methods of the ruling class) will see that this control is performed in such a way that the forces of individual effort are encouraged as much as possible. It is probable that the State of the future will confine its attention as much as possible to planning and controlling, and will leave the performing of the work to individuals, who will be rewarded in proportion to their energy and skill.

(6) The first business of the State will be to handle obvious cases where its own action is imperative. The present National Government has several such cases immediately to its hand;

matters which are not of such appalling difficulty as the problem of unemployment, which can only be solved by a slow and gigantic reconstruction of the economic life of the whole nation. These smaller problems are so obvious that they will be the test of whether this Government knows its business and is worthy of our trust. One such test case, for example, is the problem of transport. Under the dull-witted system of *laissez-faire*, the railways and the road traffic companies have been allowed to clash in a mad competition. Even the Victorian Liberals had enough sense to put certain restrictions on the railways; though all parties ignored the insistent advice of the Duke of Wellington to keep the lines under stricter State control. The newer road cars are indeed controlled by licences, but it is the licence of pirates! Compared with the railways, road transport can do what it pleases. It is even allowed to kill over 6,000 persons a year; whereas, if the railways slaughter a score of passengers there is an outcry. To keep to more legal technicalities, the railways are at law common-carriers—that is, they must carry all goods brought to them; whereas the road carriers are free to take just such goods as they please. They naturally take all the highly-rated traffic; and leave the poorly paid heavy goods (such as coal) to the railway companies. Now no intelligent government would have allowed this anarchy to develop. The railways are an essential part of the national life; and a National Government that is worth its name will pass a drastic law ordering the rail and the road systems to be combined and share the profits equitably. There are many ways of replacing the stimulus of competition by other methods than anarchy. If this National Government cannot handle this problem, it is improbable that it can handle anything. Its recent proposal to put a higher tax on heavier lorries is the evasion of political amateurs, not the solution of statesmen.

But before the governing body can produce the good results indicated above, it will be necessary to construct a political machine of which the wheels will go round when pushed. There have been, and are, thousands of earnest politicians in

the past and present ; but they have found themselves in a political intrigue which prevents the accomplishment of any serious work.

Many of the evil taints of the old Party System would be got rid of by a comparatively simple reform. Abolish the Party Whips, and allow every clause of a Bill to be decided by argument and not by party pressure. This reform will be necessarily followed by another ; let every Government have the right to sit for its full term of years, unless ejected by a direct vote of censure of Parliament. It will only be fair to give the Government this protection, if its Party Whips can no longer drive the Party sheep. The general result of these two rules would be that the House would pay more attention to logic ; and less to intrigue behind the scenes. For the Party Whips are the chief instruments by which powerful and selfish magnates and interests get their will accomplished. The disappearance of the Party Whip would mean the strengthening of intellect in political affairs. It would restore initiative to the best men in the Cabinet if they could appeal to the common sense of the House.

This may be called a proposal for the abolition of the Party system. It is probable that we shall never get a scientific Government until this destruction is ruthlessly performed. The Party system was made for politicians and not for statesmen ; and it is now the laughing stock of intelligent people and the gibe of cynics throughout the world. The final word on modern government is that it is now far too skilled a profession to be performed any longer by political amateurs. These were sufficient when electoral laws, and such like, were the chief work of Parliaments. That is all over now ; and the business of statesmen is the planning of the national life ; which is an infinitely more difficult work than the passing of Reform Bills.

THE TWENTY-SIX COMMISSARS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. MALLESON, K.C.I.E., C.B.

IN the autumn of 1918 certain events happened in Russian Central Asia of which the British public was, and still is, practically ignorant, but which made a very great sensation throughout Russia. To understand this sensation let us take a parallel case. Let us suppose that a Viceroy of India-elect of the political eminence of, say, the late Lord Curzon, accompanied by his commander-in-chief, some members of his council, and a number of senior officials, had set out for India ; that, *en route*, they had been arrested by a hostile power and forthwith shot without trial. It may be imagined what a tumult this would have caused in English public opinion. Yet this is precisely what happened in September 1918, to Stepan Shaumian and his companions. Shaumian had been appointed by Lenin to supreme charge of Russian Central Asia, an area as big as India itself. He and all his companions were shot near Krasnovodsk by Transcaspian Mensheviks. The deed, afterwards ascribed to British perfidy, caused an uproar throughout Russia, and accentuated that hostility to this country which has endured to this day, but in the din of the closing months of the Great War was totally unnoticed in England.

Indeed, the sole reference to this matter in English which has come to my notice is to be found in an official report of the British Trades Union delegation to Russia at the end of 1924. This report, which is signed by Herbert Smith, Ben Tillett, John Turner, John Bromley and others, says, in regard to Baku :

The delegation visited Liberty Square, formerly a large plot of waste ground which has now been laid out as a public garden. At one end of the Square is a monument to the Twenty-Six Commissars who were

murdered by the Mensheviks in Transcaspia. The bodies have now been brought from their former place of burial and reinterred in the centre of this Square. The members of the delegation were profoundly shocked to learn that the massacre of these twenty-six unarmed prisoners, which has now become one of the principal historic events of the Russian revolution, is attributed to the instructions given by certain officers in command of the British Forces at that time operating in North Persia. Since returning to England the delegation has made careful inquiries into this incident, and finds that the evidence entirely exonerates the British forces and their officers. In view of the fact that these accusations are generally believed throughout the whole of Russia, the delegation is of opinion that the matter should be definitely cleared up by a joint inquiry.

Thus the British trade unionists. No such enquiry has ever been held, nor is it easy to see how one could be held, as the Bolsheviks in the meanwhile have themselves destroyed practically everyone connected with the case. Meanwhile there is hardly a British traveller who passes through Baku or Erivan, where a similar monument is erected, who does not write to me, as one of the few survivors of the affair, appealing for the truth. It seems advisable, therefore, before we have all disappeared, that I should set forth the facts as known to me, and which I believe are the truth, particularly as very few people know anything about the events I am about to relate. I propose, therefore, first to explain how it came about that a mere handful of British and Indian troops was, during parts of 1918 and 1919, fighting in so incredibly remote a field as the country between Merv and the Oxus, and how a few British officers virtually controlled for some eight months an area east of the Caspian Sea half the size of Europe. This explanation is necessary in order that the reader may understand how we became involved in the affair of the Commissars, which still holds a prominent place in the Bolshevik Hymn of Hate against Britain.

Everyone remembers that the first half of 1918 was the most momentous and critical phase of the war. The year 1917 had been, on the whole, disastrous to the Allied cause. The Russian revolution had caused the collapse of the Eastern front. Rumania was smashed. Italy had suffered little less than a catastrophe. The French armies were dispirited and in parts mutinous. Most of the severe fighting on the

Western front had been left to the British, and we had suffered immense losses in purely futile operations, with the result that our reserves were used up and our line was very weakly held. Then followed the great and successful German offensive in the spring of 1918; so successful, indeed, that neutral observers might with great reason think that Germany, after all, was going to win, even if she had not actually won the war.

But Germany, like the Allies, was also at the point of exhaustion, not only in man power, but in supplies. The naval blockade had deprived her both of food and the raw material for munitions. In particular she needed petroleum and its by-products, and cotton for explosives. The destruction of the Rumanian oil fields had deprived her of one of her last sources of oil. Cotton was unobtainable. Immense quantities of these materials, however, together with many others, were to be found in Russia, now on the point of collapse. Unlimited oil was to be had at Baku and elsewhere in the Caspian basin, whilst in Russian Central Asia there was two or three years' production of cotton as yet untouched. It was towards the East, therefore, that Germany turned with a view to renewing her supplies. German troops had long had access to the Bulgarian and Turkish coasts of the Black Sea. They now pushed still further afield.

But in this Eastern movement there was something more than a mere quest for supplies. Since long before the war Germany had considered India as the Achilles heel of the British Empire. In that belief she had planted her secret agents and organized her propaganda in India and surrounding countries. Throughout the war a series of German agents attempted to penetrate through Persia to Afghanistan and the Indian frontier districts, with a view to enlisting both Amir and tribesmen in a holy war against the British. Had any such attempt even partially succeeded it may readily be understood how enormous would have been the results in Germany's favour. The campaign in Mesopotamia was based practically entirely, and that in Palestine very largely, on India. Had India itself been in peril these campaigns would have suffered, even if they were not entirely changed in

character. There would also have been a demand for British troops for India. This was the reason why Germany made such persistent efforts to get at Afghanistan, even to the extent of sending an autograph letter from the Kaiser to Amir Habibullah. Not all of the German agents got through, but doubtless those who did managed to intimate to Berlin that some actual military demonstration in the direction of the Middle East was desirable in order to help to precipitate the wished-for conflagration.

In pursuit of these ends we find Germany in 1918 not only intensifying her propaganda, but taking more definite steps. Nuri Pasha was sent with a Turkish army into the Caucasus with a view to the capture of Baku and its oilfields and a subsequent descent on Transcaspia, where there was no force to oppose him. Behind him General Kress von Kressenstein followed up with a German force moving on Tiflis. Meanwhile intensive propaganda was carried out, not only by a host of native agents, but by Europeans, Germans and non-Germans as well. The native agents whispered in every bazaar of the inevitable advance of the "Army of Islam", as Nuri Pasha's force was called. They also started inquiries and drew up preliminary contracts with Persian and Afghan merchants. Even in faraway Kashmir there was serious trouble in the summer of 1918 because the rice producers and dealers were holding up supplies in the hopes of shortly getting better prices from the invaders. As regards the white German agents, there was hardly one of the neutral Red Cross officials entering my section of Central Asia whose baggage, on being searched, was not found stuffed with German propaganda.

Early in 1918, in view of the serious possibility of a Turco-German incursion in Central Asia, the British and Indian Governments took alarm and began to think of counter measures. A small mixed force under General Dunsterville was sent from Mesopotamia to Northern Persia, with a view to the capture of Baku. The story of "Dunsterforce" has been written by its leader, and it is only necessary to say here that, after great difficulties and in face of a minimum of support from the authorities in Mesopotamia, Baku was

occupied for a few days, but had to be abandoned because of the advance of superior Turco-German forces. Apparently at much the same time as this Baku move was decided on, the British and Indian Governments thought of another scheme, in case the first should fail. This was to send a British Military Mission to Russian Central Asia with a view (1) to organize local resistance to a Turco-German advance; (2) to secure, if possible, the Central Asian Railway so as to deny its use to the enemy; (3) to get control of all shipping on the Caspian Sea; (4) to intercept enemy agents, and (5) to counter enemy propaganda. There is no doubt that in order to make sure of any real chance of success this scheme should have been in active operation in the early months of 1918. But there were the usual official delays, and it was not till June 1918 that I was summoned to Simla and told that I was in charge of the mission. The Foreign Department of the Indian Government told me that affairs in Afghanistan were so critical that it was only with great difficulty that Amir Habibullah restrained his subjects, and with them inevitably the frontier tribes, from embarking on a holy war against us, and that the mere appearance of a Turco-German force on the eastern side of the Caspian would precipitate a crisis the like of which had not been known since 1857. The Commander-in-Chief told me that at all costs I must secure the Central Asian Railway and, if possible, all the shipping on the Caspian Sea, even if it cost millions. I was to have practically a free hand, my financial powers were officially described as "unlimited"; but no troops were available, and I left Simla to tackle this formidable undertaking with one thousand rupees in cash and not even a single staff officer!

Travelling night and day via Quetta, Duzdap, and along the eastern frontier of Persia, I arrived in Meshed early in July 1918. It was not a moment too soon, as affairs soon began to move in a decisive fashion. The position in Central Asia was a peculiar one. The revolution of 1917 had spread throughout the area, where local Bolsheviks were supreme from the Caspian to the Pamirs and well to the north of Tashkent. There are only two methods of communication

between European Russia and Central Asia: via the Caspian and Krasnovodsk and the Central Asian Railway, and via the Siberia and Orenburg-Tashkent railways. The North Caucasus at this time was the rallying ground of Tsarist generals, and communications across the Caspian were very insecure. The country between Tashkent and Orenburg, together with a large portion of Semirechia, was in the hands of anti-Bolshevik Cossacks. Further north, on the Siberian Railway, Admiral Kolchak with Russo-Czechoslovakian forces was advancing towards the Urals.

The local Bolsheviks, therefore, were completely isolated, and Lenin was very badly served. These local leaders were men of the most brutal and bloodthirsty type, with the result that there were many risings, chiefly of the native races. All these were put down with the most ruthless ferocity, with the result that when, eventually, Kolchak had been defeated, and responsible officials from Moscow arrived in Central Asia, they reported to Lenin their horror at the methods which had been employed by the local Bolshevik leaders. The chief of these was one Kolesov, and his troops consisted very largely of Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war, who had the option of fighting for the Bolsheviks or starving. In June 1918, Kolesov attempted a mobilization of Russians in Transcaspia with a view to organising a force to operate against the Orenburg Cossacks. His methods, however, brought about much resistance, and Kolesov, who had not in hand sufficient forces to deal with it, had to make a show of conciliation, and returned to Tashkent. From that centre he despatched one Frolov, an even more bloodthirsty person than himself, with orders to "liquidate" the situation in and around Askabad. In the result many prominent local people, and hundreds of lesser note, were shot down without trial and there was much looting. Thereafter Frolov used to drive round the streets of Askabad with a rifle in his hands, and shot at anyone he saw.

Just about the time of my arrival in Meshed Frolov went to Kizil Arvat, between Askabad and Krasnovodsk. The place is a great railway town, the Crewe or Swindon of the Central

Asian Railway. He had not expected any show of resistance and was accompanied by only a small escort. The railway workers, however, held him in such detestation that they shot down Frolov and all his party. Then, realising that they had burnt their boats, the railwaymen decided to dare everything in the hope of suppressing the Bolshevik tyranny throughout Central Asia. After first cutting the telegraph wires, they proceeded in special trains eastwards and, continually adding to their numbers, proceeded to wipe out every Bolshevik official between the Caspian and the Oxus. They even crossed that river, but as a simultaneous anti-Bolshevik rising in Tashkent, which had every chance of success but failed at the last moment through gross mismanagement, had collapsed, with the usual slaughter, they were compelled to stay their advance. Soon, outnumbered, ill armed and undisciplined, they had to retreat, and it was when they had been driven back to the Merv district that they turned to me for help.

This appeal came from the Provisional Government of Transcaspia, a body composed almost entirely of the rank and file of railway workers. Indeed, the whole rising was a workers' one, as the few remaining higher officials of the Tsarist regime had kept very much in the background. The president of the provisional government was one Fountikov, a locomotive driver, a jovial person who unfortunately was over-fond of vodka, and was eventually deposed after he had been charged with dipping his fingers in the State treasury to the tune of no less than seven million roubles. The other members of the government were guards, firemen and signalmen, and almost the only non-railwayman was the foreign secretary, Zimen, who was a schoolmaster and chosen for that responsible cabinet office because he could not only read and write, but possessed a frock coat and a tall hat.

This Government declared itself definitely friendly to us, and it was obviously within its power, if it could maintain itself with our assistance, to afford us at least some of the facilities which it was my object to obtain. There were considerable difficulties, however. Although I had no troops assigned to

the Mission there were in Meshed some Indian cavalry and infantry belonging to the East Persian cordon, a force strung out along the Afghan-Persian border with a view to intercepting German missions. These troops had not been maintained fully equipped, boots especially being scarce. Still, they could be made available if necessary. Beyond this, however, there was a still greater question. By lending armed assistance to the Transcaspian Provisional Government I not only committed my country to hostilities with the Bolsheviks in Central Asia, I also compromised the neutrality of Persia by using that country as a base of operations. As my more or less full powers did not seem to cover questions of such magnitude I put the whole matter to Simla by urgent telegram.

I was careful to state as fully as possible the pros and cons of the case. Naturally it was a serious thing to embark on hostilities with the Bolsheviks in Central Asia with a mere handful of troops which would be operating at a distance of nearly two thousand miles from the nearest base, Quetta. On the other hand, it seemed hopeless to expect that the Bolsheviks, who in European Russia had now ceased to offer any sort of resistance to German penetration, would give us any facilities to obstruct or oppose a Turco-German advance via Baku and Krasnovodsk into Central Asia. On the whole, therefore, it seemed best that I should be authorised to support the provisional government of Transcaspia against the Bolsheviks. This was sanctioned and I was told that, being on the spot, I must act as I thought best. This was rather an ominous phrase, especially at that particular time, when no official, civil or military, could count with confidence on being supported in any action which he might have to take in emergency; or, if apparently temporarily supported, could be sure that he would not subsequently, at the first whisper of adverse comment, be thrown incontinently to the wolves. This uncertainty was conspicuously illustrated in the case of General Dyer not long afterwards.

All the help which could be immediately sent was a detachment of machine guns. These proceeded towards Merv and did great execution. But the enemy was in greater force

and continued their advance in the direction of Askabad. A very gallant regiment of Indian infantry, the 19th Punjabis, then stayed further advance. Later, but this was after the incident of the Twenty-six Commissars, by putting in the 28th Indian cavalry, our forces decisively defeated the Bolsheviks, driving them back in full flight almost to the Oxus.

Meanwhile the Transcaspian Government sent to me at Meshed an envoy to discuss negotiations. This person was one Dokov, who had been a ticket collector. On arrival he was a trifle truculent, but soon altered his demeanour. In the course of a few weeks he took to wearing a collar and tie, shaved with fair regularity, and was continually adding to his trousseau. We were deceived into thinking that his new diplomatic status had caused these changes. In reality it was not so. Dokov was paying his attentions to a Russian lady refugee in Meshed, to whom he proposed matrimony. When someone reminded him that he already had a wife in Askabad he said it was of no consequence. As a Commissar he could dissolve the previous union by a mere notice in the Government gazette. This he did, but after a few months inserted another notice and left his Meshed bride stranded.

At this time the Transcaspian Government, consisting practically entirely of railwaymen, politically fairly advanced Socialists, reconstituted itself by admitting to its ranks a few individuals not quite so red in colour. One of these was Count Dorer, a Social-Revolutionary who had undergone a spell of exile in Siberia on account of his advanced views. Dorer was also deputed to my headquarters to support, or keep an eye on Dokov. It was with the latter, however, that I concluded, during the month of August, 1918, a formal treaty. Briefly in this I pledged my government, so long as the Transcaspian Government defended themselves to their utmost ability, to assist them to the best of my power with troops and munitions, and the possibility of financial aid was not ruled out. In return they promised, on my demand, to withdraw all locomotives and rolling stock from Krasnovodsk, to allow me to mine the harbour at that place, to destroy water and fuel stations along the railway, to render bridges

impassable, and if necessary to remove rails in places. A British engineer promptly surveyed the whole line in order to draw up a programme which would effectually deny the use of the line to a hostile advance.

Despite better reports from the Western front such an advance was still a possibility. After a brief occupation of Baku the troops of General Dunsterville had been compelled to evacuate that place, and the Turks were now there with a German force in support. We shortly possessed an additional safeguard, however, inasmuch as detachments of the Royal Navy were soon afloat, for the first time in history, on the Caspian Sea.

This brings us to the question of the Twenty-six Commissars. Some of these, as will appear later, were men of the first importance, who had been sent from Moscow to "liquidate" the situation in the Caucasus before cleaning up Central Asia. Caught in the Turkish advance, and being unable to escape through the North Caucasus owing to the presence of Denikin and his White troops, they took ship to Krasnovodsk. The wireless station there, which we seldom heard, announced their arrival there early one morning in September. This news was obviously of the first importance. Here was a parcel of the biggest agitators in Russia suddenly decanted on our shores. With a fickle and unstable population it was quite possible that they would soon turn the country Bolshevik once more, and then what would happen to all our plans for stopping an enemy advance? What, too, would be the fate of our troops fighting on the Merv front, tied to a railway line traversing a desert, with no other means of transport or supply, with a Bolshevik enemy in front and another one behind? It was clear that the arrival of such a party in Askabad must be prevented at all costs, since it would certainly precipitate a crisis of some sort. Either they would swing the populace to their side and exterminate our friends the railwaymen, or the latter, to save their own lives, would slaughter the Twenty-six Commissars.

The British Mission did not desire that these Commissars should enter or remain in Transcaspia. But (though probably

their previous excesses qualified them for such a fate) we had no desire to see them murdered. In fact, they were much more valuable to us alive. Apart from getting them out of Transcaspia as speedily as possible we needed them badly as hostages. There were British and allied subjects in Samarkand and Tashkent about whose fate we were anxious. There was a Lt.-Colonel Bailey wandering somewhat aimlessly in the Tashkent area who was liable to be caught at any moment by the Bolsheviks. Hostages, and the more important the better, were obviously of great value to us. It was decided, therefore, to insist that the twenty-six should be handed over to us forthwith, and that we should send them to India, where they would be in safe custody.

It must be remembered that, in the matter of communications, the position was comparable to my being in Marseilles, my liaison officer in London, and the Commissars just disembarked at Aberdeen. My only means of communication with the Transcaspian Government, otherwise than through Dokov, a slow and probably inaccurate method, was by telegraphing to my liaison officer in Askabad. By an arrangement dating from before the war the use of the telegraph lines from Meshed was divided between British, Russians and Persians for stated hours. We had from noon to 2 p.m., and again for an hour in the evening. The Russian hours were earlier than ours. When, therefore, Dokov and Dorer came to see me at the usual hour, 11 a.m., they had already heard from Askabad all about the Twenty-six Commissars. They agreed about the undesirability of the presence of these people in Transcaspia, but when I went on to ask that they should be handed over to us, alive, they demurred. Finally, I had to press the matter strongly and say that if they could not meet us in this matter it might lead to a withdrawal of our assistance. They then said they would do their best to press their Government to accede to our wishes, but that in all probability it was too late, as the twenty-six were not likely to be alive. "It is a question," they said, "of their lives or ours. If they get to Askabad they will bring about a revolution against us, and then all of us, not a mere twenty-six,

but many hundreds who helped to clear out Frolov and his gang, will certainly be slaughtered. Clearly it is better the twenty-six should die, but if you insist we will endeavour to get them handed over to you."

At noon one of the Mission staff went down to the Meshed telegraph office to talk to our liaison officer in Askabad. After relating what Dokov and Dorer had said about the probable fate of the twenty-six, he went on to say that I particularly desired that the Commissars should be handed over, alive, to me, and that I would send an escort to Askabad to take charge of them. He was told that, "if not too late," he was to insist on this. The liaison officer in Askabad was a Punjab policeman, named Teague Jones. Keen and hard-working, and a fluent speaker of Russian, he had one defect as a diplomatist. Instead of being content verbally to communicate his instructions he on more than one occasion furnished a literal copy of them. He did so on this occasion, and the words "if not too late", natural enough after all Dokov and Dorer had said, remained on record and constitute the basis of the charge that the British Mission instigated the murder of the Commissars. "There," say the Bolsheviks, "lies the Machiavellian hint pointing directly to murder."

As a matter of fact, it was too late, and nothing we could have done in the time available could have saved them. At that period we had no troops and no British representative in Krasnovodsk, though we had both some weeks later. That port and its immediate neighbourhood was under the control of a Russian named Kuhn, a strong and pitiless man, as he had need to be, since no other sort survived long in the turmoil of the revolution. He kept himself largely independent of the Askabad Government. Having barely escaped with his life from the Bolsheviks in Central Russia, and having had several attempts on it since he had established himself as the ruler of Krasnovodsk, he governed that place with a rod of iron. Whilst according complete individual liberty to everyone he instantly suppressed all political intrigues. To what extent he really received instructions from the Askabad Government in the matter of the Commissars I know not, but I am of

opinion that even without such instructions he would have made away with them. As it was, he appears to have lost no time. He put them on a train ostensibly for Askabad, but a few miles out from Krasnovodsk the victims were made to alight. They were all shot and buried in the desert alongside the railway track. The fate of the Commissars, and the action I had taken to get hold of them, were duly reported to Simla, and I was told to convey to the authorities in Askabad the horror and detestation with which the Government of India viewed this cold-blooded crime.

Political murders of this sort were so common throughout the Russian Empire at this time, the murderers being overwhelmingly Bolsheviks, that there is little reason for surprise in that the Askabad Government did not seem entirely to share the Simla views on the matter. Indeed, the incident might have passed almost without notice but for two factors: the importance of some of the victims, and the possibility it afforded the Bolsheviks of raising prejudice against the British. The man who was later responsible for disinterring the story and dressing it up in the shape he desired, was one Chaikin, the author of a *History of the Russian Revolution*, which, together with the alleged revelations and confessions it contains, was published after practically all the people principally concerned were dead. Chaikin arrived in Askabad from Tashkent in February 1919, five months after the murders. He posed to me as a Social-Revolutionary fleeing from the Bolsheviks and anxious to join Denikin's forces in the North Caucasus. In his history he says he had interviews in Askabad with Zimen and Fountikov. The latter had fallen from power and was, for reasons already stated, a prisoner. Chaikin affirms that he succeeded in getting a confession from Fountikov to this effect:

On September 20th, 1918, it became known to me that to prevent the escape of the Baku Commissars who had arrived in Krasnovodsk, measures had been taken by Drushkin (Chief of Police), in agreement with Teague Jones, that these twenty-six men should be taken from Krasnovodsk to India, through Meshed. Drushkin, Teague Jones and Kourilev all spoke to me about this matter. Drushkin, explaining the move, told me that the British Mission considered that it was absolutely necessary that

they should take over the twenty-six. As a matter of fact they were not sent to Meshed, but on their way were shot by their guard of Russians and Turkmen, by agreement between Drushkin, Teague Jones and Kourilev. I also, before the fact, was informed of this, but found it impossible to prevent the action in view of the extraordinary situation and the prior conduct of Frolov towards our workmen. The representative of the British Mission in Askabad spoke to me personally before the shooting about the necessity of its taking place, and after the affair expressed his satisfaction that the execution had been carried out in accordance with the wishes of the British Mission.

A somewhat similar admission was, says Chaikin, obtained from Zimen. As to our direct complicity Chaikin writes :

Drushkin was the faithful hound, bought by British gold, in all this system of intrigue, deceit and bloody crimes ; his dearest colleague was the representative of the British Mission in Askabad, Teague Jones ; but the highest responsible official, receiving his instructions direct from London, was General Malletson. This person, even before the war, was the organiser of the British Secret Service on the Indian frontier and in Afghanistan, and had an immense influence on the policy of England in relation to Turkistan and Persia. He was a master in his particular line of work.

Then as regards the importance of the victims, Chaikin states :

The Twenty-six Commissars were, according to both their friends and enemies, the flower of Eastern Bolshevism, its true ideal and intellectual centre. Their disappearance was a matter of extreme political importance for the whole of Central Asia. The blow was struck according to a true but merciless plan by able analysts of the Eastern problem, determined to demoralise and destroy the revolutionary movement in the Caucasus, Persia and Turkistan.

And again :

Of a truth I do not risk being guilty of exaggeration when I state that the destruction of the whole of the Moscow Soviet of National Commissars, with Lenin, Trotsky, Lunacharsky and Chicherin at the head, could not have caused greater consternation to the proletariat of Leningrad and Moscow than the carrying away to British India—as was at first believed—of Shaumian, Djeparidze, Fioletov and the others did to the Baku and Transcaspian workers.

It might be here remarked that the weak point about all Chaikin's disclosures and confessions is that they only appeared after almost all the principal actors were dead. Moreover, I personally was in Askabad during the whole period of Chaikin's stay there. I gave him one interview, and was quite ready to give him more. He never mentioned the

subject of the Commissars although, according to his own account, he had a pocketful of confessions implicating us in their murder. I should have been quite willing to hold an inquiry then, when most of those mentioned in his narrative were still available. As it is, very few remain. Dokov disappeared into the North Caucasus and was doubtless swallowed up in that maelstrom. Kuhn escaped in disguise from Krasnovodsk in the spring of 1919. Fountikov, Dorer and Zimen were all shot by the Bolsheviks during 1920 in Askabad, on the strength, presumably, of Chaikin's revelations. Drushkin died in his bed in Batum in 1919. Teague Jones left the Service after the war and cannot be traced. In 1921, the Bolsheviks, not satisfied that sufficient punishment had been meted out, tried forty-two other persons in Krasnovodsk, of whom forty-one were shot. The Commissars may thus be said to have been amply avenged.

The question of the responsibility for the murders remains, I think, unsolved. Did Kuhn act on his own initiative, or was he merely complying with instructions from Askabad ? It is impossible to say, but I hope I have made it clear that the British Mission tried to save the Commissars. Nor, when one looks into all the surrounding circumstances of the time can I, whilst deploring their fate, quite share the strongly expressed virtuous indignation of the Government of India. Doubtless it was easy enough to enunciate high moral principles from the remote hilltops of Simla. That place, and the great majority of its inhabitants, was never within thousands of miles of the sound of war. Unlike London, it knew nothing of air raids or food rations. London was silent on the subject of the murders, doubtless because, being infinitely better informed, it knew well that all over Russia hundreds of similar cases were happening every day. As for the condemnation of the trades union delegation it is difficult to see how that body, after a prolonged personally conducted tour, could well refrain from mingling their tears with those of their Bolshevik hosts. It would be interesting, however, to place these gentlemen from Eccleston Square in the position of their fellow trade unionists of Transcaspia. These latter had been

through a whole series of revolutions and counter-revolutions, all of a sanguinary character. They, also, had seen their relatives and friends murdered in cold blood, their women ravished, their property looted. At last they became temporarily in the ascendant shortly before Shaumian and his colleagues appeared on the scene. It is true the Commissars were unarmed in the sense that they had been deprived of firearms. But they possessed much more terrifying weapons than automatics—the powers of the skilled agitator whereby mobs are swayed and fresh Bolshevik uprisings brought about. Believing as they did, that the only safe Bolsheviks are dead ones, the railwaymen killed them. They were swayed by none of the ordinary motives for murder, greed, lust or revenge. Their motive was overwhelming fear, for which belief they had good grounds. It is said that to know all is to forgive all; and if we cannot urge forgiveness we can at least plead extenuating circumstances. I wonder how our trades unionists would have acted in precisely similar surroundings?

NEW STATES AND OLD IN DALMATIA—II

BY SIR HARRY LUKE, C.M.G.

IT was characteristic of the two oligarchies of the Adriatic, Venice and Ragusa, that the hatred inspired by the ruling class—intensely jealous to the end of its exclusive privileges—in the rest of the population effectively mitigated the latter's grief at the loss of their independence. In Ragusa, on the night of Marmont's announcement, the burghers gave a ball to celebrate the end of the republic, which they could only visualize at the moment as the end of the oligarchy. On the other hand, it is but fair to the oligarchy to recall that, on the loss of the republic's independence, the aristocratic families entered into a voluntary compact of celibacy in order that they might die out, a compact which was faithfully carried out by all but two of the families concerned. So determined had been the Ragusan aristocracy to share its power with none that the Rector's term of office was fixed at one month, with the necessary consequence that his head on the coinage was a conventional one, in which nothing ever varied but the curls of the peruke. It is also easy to understand why in Ragusa's long history but a single Rector died in office—in the earthquake of 1667. During the period of Hungarian supremacy over Ragusa the rectors received *ex officio* from the kings of Hungary the Order of the Golden Spur; but it was only on their coffins that the relentless Senate allowed the insignia to be displayed.

If Ragusa could be hard to her sons, she has always enjoyed the reputation of protecting strangers in distress. This reputation is being maintained at the present day, for some three hundred Russian refugees are now living there in safety, if in extreme poverty. They have had placed at their disposal a part of the *tête-de-pont* by the Porta Ploče, and within these

massive fortifications have improvised dormitories, a reading-room and a rough-and-ready theatre, where they occasionally organize performances in aid of the most destitute among them. There is also a restaurant, managed by an old ex-Colonel and his wife, who do the cooking and serve the meals; and, although the appointments are of the most primitive, the company is good and there is a spirit about the place—a spirit of sadness and of courage withal—not usually associated with restaurants. It affords a contrast as striking as it is agreeable to the jazzing Prussian profiteers in the *Luxus-hotel* at the other end of the city, who seem singularly blind to the implications of Meštrović's plaque of King Peter of Yugoslavia (Ragusa's one striking modern work of art), which faces them from the walls of the Porta Pile across the way.

IV

SPALÁTO AND THE REPUBLIC OF POLJICA

How many men who, when they come to retire, declare, with satisfaction or with bitterness as the case may be, that they are henceforth going to grow cabbages in their back garden, are aware that the first person to announce his withdrawal from public life in those particular terms was the Emperor Diocletian? But when the master of the western world explained how he proposed to employ his leisure after his abdication—he was the first Roman Emperor voluntarily to descend from the throne—it was with no bitterness, it was longingly and with real joy that he thought of the *olera manibus nostris insita*. Nor was this merely a passing whim. When his Imperial colleague Maximian, who cherished no similar ambitions and had shared in the abdication decidedly against his will, tried to persuade Diocletian that they should both return to power, the only reply he received was:

“If you only saw the cabbages planted by my own hand, you would never make so foolish a suggestion.”

The important Roman city of the district in which Diocletian was born was the now ruined Salona, and it was to his own country that the Emperor decided to retire. Simple as were now his ambitions, however, it was not precisely a cottage that

he proceeded to build for himself on a little peninsula some three miles south of Salona. Freeman calls Diocletian's Palace “the vastest and noblest dwelling that ever rose at the bidding of a single man,” and Horatio Brown admits that with its area of nine acres and a half it is a huge building for a single house. Even now it forms the nucleus of the town of Spálato and houses a considerable population both residential and industrial. Thus, for example, I have never had my hair cut in more satisfactory surroundings than in the excellent barber's shop in Diocletian's peristyle. Both the Palace, and Spálato as a whole, have been well and frequently described, and I do not propose to add another description here, especially as my main purpose is to say something of the Republic of Poljica, which is practically unknown. But as I also like to recall possibly unfamiliar English contacts, I would mention that in Diocletian's mausoleum, which is now one of the smallest and most perfect cathedrals in the world, there once presided in the seventeenth century as Archbishop of Spálato a prelate—one Mark Antony de Dominis—who in the course of a variegated career managed to be for a while an office-holder in the Church of England as Master of the Savoy and Dean of Windsor.

The leading authority on the antiquities of Salona and its neighbourhood is Mgr. Bulič, who conducted the excavations of both the pagan city and the early Christian necropolis. Realizing that ancient sites are not studied in the greatest comfort on an empty stomach, he also built an attractive little rest-house appropriately furnished, where visitors are regaled according to a Latin menu. “*Viator habes*,” announces the delightful bill of fare of this inn “*Ad Bonum Pastorem*”:

VINUM SALONITANUM SIVE ALBUM SIVE RUBRUM SIVE
NIGRUM OPTIMUM QUOD NON CORRUPIT MALITIA
HOMINUM
ZYTHUM BOSNENSE VEL SLOVENICUM
AQUAM SALUBERRIMAM IADRI FLUMINIS
PERNAM SALONITANAM VEL CROATICAM VEL SLAVONICAM
CLUPEAS ISSAEAS SALSAS
OVA RECENTIA VEL SORBILIA VEL COCTA

BUTYRUM RECENS

CASEUM VEL DALMATICUM VEL BOSNENSEM

PANEM BIS COCTUM VEL DOMESTICUM

LAC VACCINUM

COGNAC SPALATINUM

MEL QUOD APIS TUSCULANA CONDIDIT

POTIONEM EX FABA ARABICA

FICUS . UVAM . PIRA . MELONES EX AGRO SALONITANO.

Could anything be more engaging, more encouraging than this? What if the *potio ex faba arabica* jumps a century or two, the *cognac Spalatinum* even more? Can we doubt that the wine of Salona, white or red, was not equally proof against the wickedness of man in the days of the Roman Empire; can anyone resist the appeal of the *mel quod apis Tusculana*—industrious insect—*condidit*?

To the west of Salona the rich, sheltered Riviera of the Sette Castelli—the Seven Castles—extends in a semicircle to Traù. The “Seven Castles” were fiefs granted by Venice to certain patrician families with the obligation to construct thereon castles for defence against the Turks, but have long since grown into prosperous and attractive seaside villages. And at the end of them, occupying a tiny islet wedged between the island of Bua and the mainland, is Traù or Trogir (in either case a dissyllable), architecturally a blend of Hungarian and Venetian Gothic and one of the most picturesque of mediæval towns to be found anywhere in Europe. I should like to linger over the beauties of Traù, over the thirteenth-century cathedral with its celebrated porch, over the ninth-century chapel of S. Barbara, the spacious Venetian Loggia, the narrow streets full of architectural gems, the astonishingly picturesque town walls and towers rendered yet more so by the surrounding water; but it is time to take the reader to the other side of Spálato, where begin the confines of what was surely the most obscure independent European State to survive into the nineteenth century.

Running southwards from behind Spálato is a mountain massif known as the Mossor, and between the Mossor and the sea is a lesser range, that of the Poljica. This range runs

from the little bay of Stobreč, immediately to the east of Spálato, for some fourteen miles parallel with the coast to the town of Almissa, a place which earned during the Middle Ages an unsavoury reputation as a refuge of the pirates who arose with the break-up of the Roman Empire and infested the Adriatic for many centuries. The Poljica range forms the backbone of the small Republic of the same name, which, claiming to have originated in the eleventh century, actually maintained an independent existence until swept away by Napoleon in 1807. The inland valley between the Poljica and Mossor ranges forms the Upper Poljica, the Lower Poljica embraces the villages situated on the slope between the Poljica mountains and the sea. Originally consisting of ten villages, the Republic was enlarged in 1444 by the addition of Postrana and Jesenice, the gift of Spálato, and henceforth embraced twelve villages and their surrounding lands; and in 1806, the last complete year of its independent existence, its population amounted to 6,566 souls, not counting the many Poljicans settled in other parts of Dalmatia.

The Republic owes its traditional foundation to three sons of the Bosnian King Miroslav, who are believed to have migrated about the year 1015 to the region of the Mossor. These Bosnians are supposed to have been followed at no long interval by certain noble Croats from Hungary; and this much is certain, that in later times the nobility of this little peasant Republic was divided into two groups, that of the Bosnian and that of the Hungarian or, rather, Croatian nobles. In due course the growth of the community rendered some form of constitutional organization necessary, wherefore the Bosnian and Croatian nobles, probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century, joined in promulgating an organic law to determine the government of the Republic. At the head of each village there was placed a count (Croatian *Knez*, Italian *Conte*), and every year on S. George's day, April 23rd, the counts met with the nobles and the non-nobles at the village of Gata to hold a general assembly known as the *sbor*. At this *sbor* was chosen the Great Count (*Veliki Knez*, *Conte Grande*), the supreme head of the State, for the ensuing year,

while the local counts were also changed. The Great Count was only eligible for re-election after an interval of five years, but in later times this rule was generally waived and Great Counts have been known to be re-elected for as many as twenty consecutive years. The right of election was confined to the nobles (that of the Great Count to the Bosnian nobles alone), while the non-nobles were entitled to do no more than witness the elections. Thus it will be seen that Poljica was not a whit less an oligarchy than were her greater sisters Ragusa and Venice.

In 1444 the Republic accepted the suzerainty of Venice and henceforth paid her an annual tribute of 3,000 Dalmatian lire (the equivalent of £25), while Venice also assumed the right to ratify the election of the Great Count. During the wars with the Turks the men of Poljica played an active part, despite the smallness of their forces, in the Christian operations against the Moslem; and it fell to the French to put an end to the existence of this vigorous if unobtrusive little State. When in the Napoleonic wars France decided to suppress the Constitution of the Republic, the Poljicans turned to the Russians for help, whereupon Marmont made short work of them and from Gata issued a proclamation, in which he condemned the Great Count and most of the other office-holders of the Republic to be shot, and ordered their property to be confiscated and their houses to be burned. This was in 1807. The last Great Count, Ivan Čović, contrived to make his escape in a Russian ship and, according to some accounts, to take away with him the chest containing the charters and laws of the Republic. He reached Petrograd in safety and there ended his days in 1811, but Poljica as an independent State had ceased to exist.

To-day the Poljicans are scarcely to be distinguished from the other Slavs of the Dalmatian hinterland, although an Italian writer of half a century ago described them as "strong and inured to fatigue, mentally acute, sly to the point of malice, warlike and long-lived." Their former independence is no more than a memory, and they now confine their energies to their agricultural products, prominent among which is the

bitter wild cherry that becomes of world-wide renown when transmuted into the maraschino and cherry-brandy of Zara.

V

THE ITALIAN ENCLAVES

At the division, after the War, of the Adriatic territories of the Austro-Hungarian Empire between Italy and what was then called the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, there was allotted to the former the Austrian Province of Istria; to the latter, with other regions, the Kingdom of Dalmatia, which had been Austrian, and the Banate of Croatia, which had been administered by Hungary.

But this division is subject to three exceptions, for the Italians have acquired, as has been said above, three strategic enclaves on the Albanian and Dalmatian coasts. The island of Sáseno, which overlooks and commands the spacious Albanian harbour of Valona and may now be appropriately termed the Gibraltar of the Adriatic, has already been mentioned; the other enclaves, obtained under the Treaties of Santa Margherita and Rapallo respectively, are the island of Lágosta, which was the westernmost of the possessions of the Ragusan Republic, and the town and district of Zara on the mainland.

The most interesting feature about Lágosta is an etymological one. Has Lágosta given its name to the carob or locust bean, which flourishes all over the island, or is it the tree that has christened the island? And whether Lágosta is locust, or locust has become Lágosta, there is the farther question whether the eponymous "locust" is the carob tree or the lobster, which with the crayfish (French *langouste*, Italian *aligusta*, *arigusta*) is as characteristic a product of the island as the carob bean. It may not be generally known that the English words "lobster" and "locust" are both derived from the same source, namely, the Latin *locusta*, and it is a remarkable circumstance that Lágosta should embody in its name its two principal but so divergent products.

If the circumstance that Zara and its hinterland are now an integral part of the Italian kingdom may be said to constitute somewhat of a geographical anomaly, this is not to say that

politically the fact is equally anomalous. Although the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages are, as are the villagers elsewhere in Dalmatia, Slavs in blood and in speech, the townsfolk are Italian-speaking and partly, at all events, of Italian, that is Venetian, descent. And no less Venetian in physiognomy than most other towns of the Dalmatian littoral is the city where the Venetian Doge Enrico Dandolo deflected the course of the Fourth Crusade. The somewhat sordid story is too well known to need repetition here at any length; suffice it to recall that when the Crusaders began to assemble in Venice in the first year of the thirteenth century and found themselves unable to pay the Venetians the sums they had promised for their transport to the Holy Land, the Doge, a ruthless bargainer despite his blindness, agreed to forgo the covenanted payment if the expedition would stop on its way to recover rebellious Zara for the Serene Republic. How this was done in 1202, how it was then decided at Zara to divert the Crusade from the expulsion of the Infidel from the Holy Places to the expulsion of the Christian—but only Orthodox—Emperor from Constantinople, how the New Rome was sacked by an army which had taken the Cross with a very different purpose, and a Latin Emperor was set up for a while in place of the Greek, belongs to world history; but these fateful events gave Zara for a moment what to-day would be called “a front place in the news.”

Zara occupies a peninsula joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus, which was cut by the Venetians to convert the area occupied by the city into an island, but was subsequently filled in once more. The little peninsula runs almost north and south and on its western side looks across the beautiful Canale di Zara to the now Yugoslav island of Ugljan (Ugliano), dominated by the Venetian castle of S. Michael, on its eastern side across the Old Harbour to the mainland, to which it is joined by a recently constructed swing-bridge. The Lion of S. Mark is well in evidence on the city gates and elsewhere, as is Venetian influence in some of the later churches (notably in the little nuns' church of S. Maria, which is externally a replica of S. Maria dei Miracoli in Venice although internally a night-

mare of rococo gone mad); the earlier Romanesque churches, on the other hand, have more in common with those of Lucca and Pisa. The cathedral, dedicated to S. Anastasia, is a noble basilica whose facade is not unworthy to be classed with that of the Duomo of Lucca.

VI

THE NOBLE COMMUNE OF TUROPOLJE

On the right bank of the Save, opposite the Croatian capital, Zagreb, lies a district unique in the world, the noble commune of Turopolje. This district, divided into twenty-two sub-districts and including in all thirty villages, contains a population of 13,000 souls, every one of whom, men, women and children, although peasants or, perhaps better, yeomen by descent and occupation, are at the same time noblemen and noblewomen by birth and have the right to display—and in point of fact do display—armorial bearings.

This rural community of Turopolje—the name is derived from *tur*, an aurochs, and *polje*, field—is the last surviving example of the tribal organizations characteristic of mediæval Croatia. The advent of feudalism tended to displace these tribal communities, so that even by the fourteenth century they had become reduced in numbers and by the seventeenth century had almost entirely disappeared. Turopolje, which first comes into notice in the thirteenth century, was fortunate to have merited the favour of King Albert IV of Hungary, who ennobled the entire community in recognition of some feat of arms. In 1560—by this time Turopolje had weathered the feudal menace to its continued existence—the members of the community drew up a new constitution which, despite many changes, forms the basis of that force at the present time; and the final consolidation of their noble and autonomous status came in 1737, when the Emperor Charles VI, as King Charles III of Hungary, granted the community an official coat of arms which is in use to this day. Previously the authorities of the community had made use of their personal arms in sealing official documents, and it was with the object of introducing a more regular system that the Emperor decided

that the district as a political entity should possess its communal coat.

Most of the individual families possess their own coats, which were either of their own original choice, subsequently confirmed by the rulers of Croatia, or given to them by direct Royal grant. They are all recorded and depicted in Laszowski's three-volume History of Turopolje, published at Zagreb in the Croatian language in 1910-24.

The head of the community is the *Zupan*, who in accordance with the Statute of 1920 is elected for three years from among the qualified adult male members of the community. His salary is officially fixed at 2,500 dinars a month; but latterly the universal axe has forced its way even into this remote district and the Zupan has to content himself for the present with a monthly emolument of only 2,300 dinars.

The Zupan, who until 1918 occupied a seat *ex officio* in the Croatian Legislature, is assisted by twenty-four representatives of the individual sub-districts, and these dignitaries formerly exercised magisterial and judicial functions in their respective villages. But the administrative reforms introduced by the Central Government in the nineteenth century gradually withdrew the autonomous legal jurisdiction of the community, leaving to it as its principal remaining attribute the control of its considerable landed property. This communally owned landed property consists of some 16,000 acres of agricultural and forest land, which is administered for the joint benefit of the community. The distribution of the arable land, the pasturage, the wood fuel, the acorns from the oak forests for the pigs, *et cetera*, is minutely regulated, is confined to membership of the noble community, and is linked with the ownership of a manor or part of a manor.

The capital of the commune is the village of Velika Gorica, where, in a building adorned with the arms of Turopolje, the chosen representatives of this peasant aristocracy continue to administer what remains to them of their ancient and singular privileges.

LONDON

A Letter to a Friend in France

BY G. W. STONIER

MY DEAR CHARLES,

It is good news that your book is with the printer at last, and that you've decided to make the journey and see London. Strange that you should never have been before. But why in February? It reminds me—heaven knows why—of an Irishman I know, who after a series of prolonged bouts with his wife and an entanglement or two elsewhere, determined to commit suicide, and bought a third-class ticket for Glasgow; where, however, he was found some days afterwards still eating steaks and picking his teeth over lunch-time editions.

My dear chap, you'll hate it; no Frenchman should ever come to London—in February of all months! The days crawl by in a miasmal yellow, one after another like trams on the Embankment, shadows in an infernal twilight; nothing doing; dim lights, puddle and fog; or there's such a wind that you lean and stagger like a coastguard walking out to the call of rockets. I don't know why, but it's always wetter underfoot here than in Paris, the streets have a sort of slime on them, and one usually arrives home with damp socks. And the snow!—(when it comes)—thin and dry from the east, heavier and whirling from the north-west. We should send out our charming Christmas cards somewhere about the end of January, letting art solace life. I wait for the first fall like a child: and then hate it, catch cold as a rule walking about the streets looking for a pretty corner.

Bring Louise with you, bring proofs, bring your stereoscopic views of Afghanistan, a violin—anything; the great thing is to be well armed, and to keep going between meals. Unless

you choose to walk about a good deal as I do, you'll soon find there's *nowhere to sit down*, except on the Embankment or in the parks, both dismal in February and the preserve in any case of down-and-outs. You're only left with the teashops and public-houses and your hotel-lounge—loungers discouraged. There's a pub in Oxford Street where, a notice tells you, "ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen" are "required to sit at the tables" (lonely gentlemen stand at the bar) "and not to remain longer than is necessary for them to enjoy their refreshment." Move on: that's our motto. It was possible once to enjoy London by going bus-rides (in the summer); but now they have covered the tops and plastered them with advertisements, so even that pleasure has gone. A few private lines still run open-top buses which they have not yet scrapped: number 284 goes from Charing Cross to High Barnet, and is the best; there is also a short service between Waterloo Station and the Harrow Road, the number of which I have forgotten.

But, my dear Charles, I have delayed telling you that *I* shall not be here in February: no, I won't be here to show you round. How will you manage? Of course, I can give you introductions to people, who will be very affable over lunch or some other meal, but will drop you dead afterwards—something odd happens to all English people after a meal, probably indigestion; anyway, it's out of the question to expect them to take you round town, except into the nearest club or cinema, both of which I know you hate. And by yourselves, *mon cher*, Louise and you will be utterly lost; and bored—no dilettante boredom this, like afternoons at Versailles or in the rue de Rivoli, but the real thing, London mint.

In Southampton Row (the tourist quarter) I have seen Frenchmen, Germans, Slavs, Italians and even negroes drooping in such dejection alongside the florists' and barbers' shops, and travel offices, that nothing obviously will save them from death before dinner unless they can fraternize with one another or spot a comic paper in their own language on a bookstall. A negro marooned on a London street-corner is the most abject sight on earth; poor devil, the mauve of his face as he stands there, probably next to a paper-seller looking at a policeman

on point-duty, is really touching. *So this is London!*—you wonder if he can possibly get beyond that thought. A moan of debased nigger-jazz leaks out of a shop doorway up the street to complete his discomfiture.

A particular negro—symbol for me as a Londoner of the stranger-in-our-midst and seeker after knowledge—an old man, sits in the Reading Room of the British Museum among a pile of books, pushing his way through them, nose pointing, giglamps alight, a tuft of smoky beard brushing the pages. He wears a dusty bowler-hat tipped forward, so that his spectacles seem to hang from the brim; a frayed coat and blunt boots. Before the War he used to wear a top-hat. He speaks to no one, except himself, and never removes hat or coat: an umbrella beside him on the desk suggests a flying visit. Yet he sits every day of the year in the Reading Room, in that minor Albert Hall lit by five gas moons in the fog, reads mostly Latin books in which algebraic signs are frequent, and only moves to give orders for more books or to go home muttering when the bell is rung before six. Shabby, earnest and naively literate, he has the air of some patient gold-digger who plods away at a claim which others have long ago forsaken. There are half-a-dozen days in the year when the Room is closed for overhauling, and then this old man goes out and wanders about London, pausing a long time over the shops in Fleet Street (does the smell of print attract him?) and looking at pedestrians and traffic with his faraway, dumb negro eye.

Still, if you come I can give you a few hints—notes of a naturalist, which you know me well enough to extend for yourself. Louise will find the restaurants bad, the shops not so bad. There is a freemasonry of women which holds even in London.

Every town (here the guide begins) has two aspects: one seen by visitors, the other by inhabitants. I put the visitors first because they see more; just as a stranger to a house notices the door knocker and the unravelled "pond" in the carpet, makes the discovery of corridors, gazes at the pictures when conversation flagged, leans out of his bedroom window smoking a last cigarette, while his host yawns in front of a

gas-fire and takes his boots off. Yes, we may be thankful for the children, artists, tourists and other eccentrics who break through our routine. Where there is something to see, let's see it! You with your pair of eyes and a guide-book have the advantage of me one way: I on the other hand know the ropes.

London, then, is a town to live in, a tract of urban landscape rather than a city, whereas Paris, Vienna, or Amsterdam is the sightseer's paradise. The Parisian off duty sits outside a café, expensive inside, cheap out; becomes in fact a tourist, all eyes. Englishmen hide away in club or pub—doing what?—certainly not seeing much. I leave this to you. There are few pretty sights in London outside the parks: the changing of the guards at the Horseguards' Parade is pretty, but the Lord Mayor's Show, which attempts prettiness on a Southern scale, is a ludicrous piece of amateur theatricals. We haven't a pretty touch, that's the first thing you'll notice. Our architecture since the War has become famous through a series of blunders which no other city in Europe could have survived. Yet London as I know it has changed very little. The big sights, famous buildings and picturesque dead-ends are safe, and taken for granted; also the monuments that are as boring as the monumental spirit they enshrine—they will remain for the perpetual astonishment of visitors. I prefer the street corner, the public-house, the assorted row of shops. What is profound and lasting in life is not the beautiful or the heroic, but the commonplace. London of all great cities is the most commonplace, and hence the worst to spend a week in and the best for a lifetime. Even its beauties, except for the parks and squares and a few preserved neighbourhoods and buildings, are commonplace—to the immediate eye at any rate. If there is one quality of townscape characteristic of all parts of London, north and south of the river, it is the severe line of smoky identical houses with clustered or branching iron chimneys. On a wet day Queen's Road, Battersea, is one of the most desolate streets in the world—a positive and almost frightening desolation. Round the river and at places by the railways the monotonous dark expanse and severe outline of walls and windowless buildings can produce tremendous effects. In the

drab region of King's Cross you get this extraordinary unexpected severity (which for me transcends architectural beauty) for half a mile along the high-walled York Road, where it runs towards Camden Town through railway sidings and above them; so that in the evening when the road itself is in shadow, the sun slants overhead on clouds of shifting opal steam and a distant cliff of buildings. Urban landscape (I'll give you a list of views in a moment) and not architectural pattern is what you should look for in London.

THE RIVER

It is a good rule when you arrive in a city strange to you, to walk from the station down to the river, and proceed as far as you can along its bank.

A glance at the map of London will show that there is no road running for any considerable distance along the Thames either on the north or south side. London is two towns, north and south, divided by the river with its gulls, watercraft, muted horns and exhalation of fog—all hidden behind the lines of factory and warehouse. Londoners live north or south of the river: that is the only real geographical or local distinction. The river can be seen from the bridges, the two Embankments, the terrace of the House of Commons, the Woolwich free ferry, a number of steps at Wapping, three public-houses on the Isle of Dogs and one at Greenwich. I can never forgive Whistler for having seen so much of the essential beauty of the Thames in London, and having side-tracked it in the picturesque.

LITERATURE

Read:

- J. T. Smith: *A Rainy Day, Life of Nollekens*.
- Casanova: Chapter of his life in Soho.
- Dickens: *Our Mutual Friend, David Copperfield*.
- Arthur Binstead: *Houndsditch Day by Day*.
- James Thomson: *The City of Dreadful Night*.
- De Quincey: *The Opium-Eater*.
- George Gissing: *The Odd Women*.

H. G. Wells : *Kipps*.

Fanny Burney : First volume of the *Diary*.

W. N. P. Barbellion : *Diary of a Disappointed Man*.

PLACES TO VISIT

Houses of Parliament.—Spend half-an-hour in the gallery.
Read one number of Hansard.

Tower of London.—Walk from Aldgate through the Minories (turning off into the miniature Dutch Circus, if you can find it) down to Tower Bridge. I've never been inside the Tower, but as a visitor perhaps you'd better.

Clink Street runs from Blackfriars Bridge to Southwark, close to the river and parallel to it. There was a bear-garden here once, and afterwards a prison—hence the slang word. At night the massive walls and backs of warehouses, mostly in shadow, are superb.

Saturday Afternoon in Leicester Square.—The vigorous life of the West End circulates here on a Saturday afternoon. Motor coaches from the country discharge their passengers outside the Empire ; pretty women come up from the East End ; and with its mixture of cinemas, turkish baths, theatres, Thurston's, picture gallery, the Bedford Hotel, a curry shop and foreign newsagents, this square is the most animated in London. Walk round it, go into the billiard saloon in a side street, and sit finally in the railed-in garden, where Shakespeare, chin on hand and flanked with dolphins, stares vacantly, but without surprise, at the vast new Empire Cinema.

Sunday Afternoon at Madame Tussaud's.—Savour the taste of Sunday at this extraordinarily banal show. The attendants who pose as dummies on the staircase are amusing. *The Chamber of Horrors* (together with the lion-house at the Zoo) gives one, in the way of overheard conversations, a better idea of the *News-of-the-World* side of the English character than any other public place in London.

BEGGARS

There is a type now of London beggar—reflection of the

public conscience and taste in giving (mostly feminine). A beggar, to earn his living, must accord with this type and look as if he had walked out of a bad engraving on a Victorian mantelpiece—"Christmas in the snow", or "At the Rich Man's Gate". Hence, at the end of a line of childish drawings, chalk grottoes, beefy sunsets or the stock salmon-on-a-plate, you see invariably the same face with a dog's appeal in its eye and an exaggerated grease-curl like the professional good boy of a Sunday school. The man is respectable, submissive, pitiable, contemptible and oily. To meet the melting mood he must be disabled (leg or arm), but not badly mutilated, or everyone will walk by in horror ; he must be genteelly shabby, but not in rags—hard up, but not, of course, obviously hungry ; he must *do* something, chalking or embroidery, as a "useful" citizen, but he must not do it *well*, or the superiority of the donor is affronted. He is a walking tribute to sentimentality, and thrives in London as in no other town I know.

OLD TRAMPS

Winter casts up on the pavement, like sticks and pebbles on a frozen pond, a variegated army of beggars, unemployed, tramps, spongers, outcasts, etc. They are on every street corner, sniffing round the public-house door and the sale of racing editions. Tramps come in from the country, gather fag-ends during the day, sleep in common lodging-houses (9d. a night) or out-of-doors, making a round, when it is dark, of the dustbins and refuse-boxes. An old tramp, bent double under a sack and scarcely able to crawl but impervious to bad weather, is sometimes to be seen in the middle of London after midnight turning northwards and beginning a long march (premonition of death?). Such figures seem to have outlived tragedy and to have passed into a solitary timeless existence more dignified than the old age of more fortunate persons. It is impossible to know what thoughts are concealed behind that mask of wretched dignity : perhaps a conclusion has been reached ; or it may be only the unconsciousness of animals. They never beg, and rarely speak.

STREET MUSIC

Mouth-organs, harmoniums, hurdy-gurdies (hired, with padded keys for select streets), bands, Cockney singers, Welsh miners, out-of-work musicians and variety actors. Many of these have a distinctive character; the performers taking advantage of their surroundings. There is a little man who stands in the corridors of public-houses and plays dances (English, Russian and Spanish) on a common mouth-organ. He controls this instrument with marvellous speed and accuracy, emphasizing the beat with a cymbal strapped to one knee. Whenever I have heard him playing I have been astonished at the verve and freshness of his performance. There is a band, too, of out-of-work variety singers with a travelling piano, one of whom, with stick and hat à la Charlie, dodges about the street, getting when possible *in the middle of the traffic*. But almost any street music is agreeable, even the wireless-shops.

THE STREETS

It is in the streets that you will see the life of all classes at its best and most natural—the well-to-do in Rotten Row and St. James's, the middle-class in parks and on shopping parades, the poor everywhere (in doorways, hanging out of windows). We have no havens of leisure corresponding with the continental café where you can establish yourself and look round—no *bistros* where the last few *sous* will recommend. We send our loneliness adrift; or coop it up in horror. The melancholy and suspicious faces of people in tea-shops—over an inadequate egg or tea-cup—are frightening.

* * *

These notes, you see, are fragmentary and partisan. Still, they tell you what the guide-book won't, and on impossible days you will be grateful for my reading-list.

Love to Louise. Don't show her this letter; she'll say it's all nonsense, or that London is a horrible place. Guard against an end-of-the-world mood when you get here in February. Au revoir.

G. W. S.

THE COAT

BY PAMELA HINKSON

PATSEY had delivered his message, standing in the hall at Lloydstown. He had given it in the manner of a conspirator, glancing over his shoulder before he drew the piece of paper from his pocket. He had been lucky to find Mr. Lloyd alone, just coming in with the dogs that were always with him, at his heels. The dogs had come to sniff Patsey suspiciously, and then crossed the black and white stones of the floor to the open fireplace where they lay down, a little steam rising from their coats as they dried. Patsey was hardly aware of the dogs, until, glancing over his shoulder, he met the hazel eyes of Sheila, the red setter, who lay burning herself copper in the firelight. Perhaps he had only imagined that she was watching him. She laid her head on her paws, turning her eyes on her master. She might have forgotten Patsey Kenny, and yet she knew his every movement.

The piece of paper which Patsey had handed Mr. Lloyd was rather dirty and screwed up into a tiny ball. He had had orders to swallow it if he was captured. That was Captain Hyland, who knew how things should be done. Why should anyone capture Patsey Kenny going on a simple errand to Mr. Lloyd?

He had a covering message. Captain Hyland had given it to him dramatically, enjoying himself enormously. If anything went wrong—if he failed to find Mr. Lloyd alone—he was to say to him that Mr. Hyland'd be glad to know about that matter o' the sheep. If he didn't hear that Mr. Lloyd was wanting them he'd be sending them to Ballyclare next fair day. That was a grand message, Captain Hyland had said, smiling over it.

Mr. Lloyd had smiled too, taking the twist of paper from

Patsey Kenny and going back to the door to read it. Outside the sun lit the rain-drenched laurels, and the birds were singing wildly. The big man standing in the doorway seemed to shut the sun out. Patsey stood delicately, each foot on a square of the black and white marble, in a little island. Around him on either side the shadows crept out from the wall. The dogs, shifting their gaze, watched him unwinkingly. He became aware suddenly of that observation. He'd have liked to throw a stone at them dogs, he thought suddenly, or let a kick at them.

But he was only momentarily aware of them. He was thinking of the thick richness of the cloth that made Mr. Lloyd's coat. A man'd feel different in a coat like that, he thought. Sure hadn't someone said that it was the coat that made the man? Patsey who had been stooping, ready to slip into the shadows lest anyone who came should doubt that he was a conspirator, straightened himself as though he felt Mr. Lloyd's coat on his shoulders.

The big man turned and came back into the hall. He brought with him all the poignant sweetness of the rain-drenched spring world outside. Patsey only saw the coat and smelt it. It smelt of leather and tobacco and rain and turf smoke, and wet dogs which had leaned against it, and wet cattle it had touched on fair days, and sheep and horses and stables. "Tell Hyland I am not going", Mr. Lloyd said. He spoke in a brogue richer than Patsey's own, if subtly different. "I was born at Lloydstown and I'll die at Lloydstown", he broke off. "Terrible weather", he said irrelevantly and looked out and saw the sunlight and the vivid passionate green of the wet leaves. "Sure the land can do with it", he said as though he had forgotten.

A sound disturbed them before Patsey could answer. It was on the road beyond the trees, a lorry being driven swiftly. They waited and Patsey's face showed some suspense, until the lorry had passed the nearest point and had gone away again into the distance.

"The Staters", Patsey said under his breath. "Sure, they're as bad as the Black and Tans."

The big man went to the door again and looked out. He could see across the wet lawns, his park in sunlight and the cattle grazing.

"They wouldn't be hurting the cattle", he said. "I get terrible fond of my beasts. I don't know what they've got against me."

"It's the land, sir," Patsey Kenny said. "Sure they're hungry for the land. You wouldn't know what a man'd do if he was to be hungry in that way." And suddenly his body ached with his own hunger, as he looked at Mr. Lloyd's coat.

"You'll tell Hyland then," Mr. Lloyd said "that I'm obliged to him. I'm not sure I shan't be in more danger. Still I appreciate the thought." He smiled at his own thought saying it. "Can you fire straight now, Patsey?" he asked.

"It'd depend on the gun, sir," Patsey answered cautiously.

"So long as you don't hit me by mistake," Mr. Lloyd said with humorous resignation. "Or one of me cattle if one of them was to move suddenly, frightening you. I wouldn't like anything to happen to them. I'm much obliged. Still I'd as soon you left me alone. It's a queer thing for me to have an I.R.A. guard."

"If anything was to happen to you, sir," Patsey said magnificently, quoting: "it'd be a blot on the fair name of Ireland."

"There have been a good many blots then", the big man said grimly. "You'll have a drink, Kenny, before you go."

Patsey had hungered. Now he thirsted. He put both temptations away from him and fled out into the spring twilight where the birds were singing and every rain-drenched thing growing. As he opened the gate into the park he pushed a bullock out of his way. Its side was soft under his hand and the animal turned unresentful eyes on him, breathing mist into the air. The smell of the bullock stirred his hunger again for Mr. Lloyd's coat, which smelt of cattle among many other smells.

And now, more than a month later he stood in a ditch guarding Lloydstown. He had been there a long time—since the flat marsh fields had been yellow in evening sunlight, the sheep and lambs crying in them, occasionally the call of a plover

across distance. While he stood in the ditch the green dusk had come. It lay over the marshes and over the meadowsweet that grew in them, making a strange stillness on the sheep and their lambs as though they were a painted picture. Through the little belt of woods before him he had seen the shadows of the trees lengthening on the grass. Mr. Lloyd's cattle grazing in the park had become still too. He had heard the sound of their feeding for so long that he would not have known if he had ceased to hear it. He had the countryman's ear for unfamiliar sounds. He stood grasping the thing he held, when far away he heard a car being driven through the quiet country. He climbed the bank and slipped into the woods and lay hidden in the undergrowth, his heart beating. So loud was the sound of it that it drowned all other sounds.

The car did not come nearer, and he moved cautiously in his hiding-place. After all, this was better than the ditch where Captain Hyland had posted him. He wondered a little anxiously if Captain Hyland would talk about disobedience to orders. But sure he'd only moved a few yards. And he'd a good view of the house from here. He could see the avenue running to it, pale in the twilight and the long grey wall and the one or two lit windows. It was grand for Mr. Lloyd in there, he thought, safe and sound, with a warm fire and bed to go to, and the Irish Republican Army guarding him and his house. He moved the gun cautiously, sitting now on a fallen tree trunk with it laid across his knees. And, looking down, he remembered the queer thing that it was, that this was one of Mr. Lloyd's own guns. Hadn't he been in the raiding party a long time ago before the trouble started properly, when there were no Staters or Republicans but all the same against the British? And they had blackened their faces and gone raiding the country houses for arms. Mr. Lloyd had been away, or maybe it wouldn't have been so easy. He was the sort that'd fire a shot out of the window at you as like as not. But there had been only the servants, and they had taken what they liked. And an assorted collection they had got.

And now he sat in the woods guarding Lloydstown with one of Mr. Lloyd's own guns. And a queer and clumsy thing it

looked, as if, as likely as not, it'd go off in your hands and blow you to pieces the way poor Thady Murphy was blown over at Maroe. He laid it on the ground beside him cautiously at a little distance, the muzzle carefully pointed away from him. If there was to be another raid now, he thought, it'd be terrible hard not to take the coat. Sure Mr. Lloyd, he supposed, could have as many coats as he wanted. The shadows lengthened outside the woods, and inside it was dark. A yellow light in one of the windows of Lloydstown went out suddenly. Patsey Kenny felt cold. The night was full of the cold-drenched sweetness of the meadowsweet out in the marshes.

He shivered in his thin clothes. That made him think of the coat again, if he had ever forgotten it. He wouldn't have been feeling the cold, wrapped in a coat like that. It was a queer world, he thought. Mr. Lloyd couldn't have half the need of such a coat as many another man had.

The queerness of the world brought him back to his own position in the little wood with the old shot gun at a little distance from him, the muzzle carefully turned away. It seemed a strange way to be fighting for Ireland to be sitting here guarding Mr. Lloyd with his own gun. He had never thought that he'd come to be doing that when he joined the Republican Army. His mood was a little rebellious. The Captain had odd ideas sometimes, throwing back that long hair of his that shadowed his lean pale face and talking of the honour of Ireland, his eyes looking far away as though he saw something on the horizon. It was the Captain's idea that Mr. Lloyd should be guarded because his life and home were in danger over the land trouble. There had always been land trouble as long as Patsey could remember. But the lads had got into the habit of shooting—not Patsey, who had never fired a shot except at a target (which it must be confessed he had never hit) in his life. And Captain Hyland, his face gleaming like a sword, had said they were responsible now, and that the honour of Ireland was in their hands.

Patsey Kenny moved a little stiffly, and all the accumulation of many years' dead leaves seemed to rustle about him whispering a message to be carried through the woods. He thought

he heard something. Listening and straining for it, he was cold from head to foot. That sent him back to thinking of the coat.

He was on the steps of Father O'Connor's house the next morning before the priest had come in from his early Mass. He would wait for him, and he waited in the kitchen where the fire was pleasant. He had been relieved by Andrew Corcoran in the early morning, but the cold seemed to have got into his bones. He had seen the lovely summer dawn without being aware of anything except the chill of it.

Father O'Connor coming in—a thin, tall, young priest with a face not unlike Captain Hyland's—looked at him quickly. A sick call. No. Patsey wouldn't keep his Reverence more than a minute or two.

"It is me you want to see?" the curate asked, a little impatiently. The Canon was sitting down comfortably now to his breakfast in his house beside the Church.

"Yes, Father", Patsey said very hastily. He'd have been afraid of his life of the Canon. But everyone said Father O'Connor was a Republican at heart. "This is the way it is, Father": he began a long story, and the priest, not without a struggle, resigned himself to listen. He glanced at the clock once or twice. Then an unsuspected line of humour showed about his ascetic mouth. He looked at Patsey Kenny more than once, but the man was not aware of his glances.

"You ought to have been a lawyer, Kenny", he said grimly when Patsey was done.

There was silence for a moment. Patsey watched him hopefully. In the cold light his own face was grey and sharp, shadowed with the red stubble beard. A foxy-looking little man, Father O'Connor thought.

"The way it is, Father", Patsey went back to his arguments. "Isn't the labourer worthy of his hire? We've been guarding Mr. Lloyd for the last month, ever since the Captain warned him and he wouldn't go."

"Do you know the Commandments, Kenny?" Father O'Connor asked a little shortly. He could smell the bacon frying for his breakfast.

"Aye I do, Father," Patsey said meekly. "But the way I saw it—maybe it wouldn't be stealing if I was to take the coat . . . as me hire now."

"If you took the coat you'd be a thief", Father O'Connor said. Again the likeness showed between him and Captain Hyland. But sure wasn't it all very well for them, Patsey thought. They couldn't know the way a poor man felt. And here was Father O'Connor talking just in the Captain's way about disgracing the Army and the fair name of Ireland. He went away apparently chastened.

"I see you're right, Father," he said with so much meekness that the priest glanced at him suspiciously. "Indeed, I don't know what came over me to be thinking of such a thing at all."

He thought of it, however, for a week or more, while May turned to June and the lambs called out on the marshes, and the plover cried and the air was drenched with early haymaking and the smell of the meadowsweet. At the end of the week he had made up his mind. He'd be on guard at Lloydstown to-morrow night, posted in the shrubbery, so that all through the long summer twilight he could watch the pale path to the door. The door would stand open as it had always stood. It would be the easiest thing in the world to slip into the shadows, become part of them as he had learnt to become since he joined the I.R.A., and out again.

He wouldn't be feeling the long hours knowing that the coat was his. Sure if he never wore it at all, for fear it should be recognized, the thought of it would keep him warm. He was a little uneasy about Captain Hyland, who had talked of looting as a criminal offence punishable by death. Only his hunger for the coat gave him a desperate courage. For a whole day he thought out his plan. There were the dogs, and that red setter Sheila with her hazel eyes, watching him. But sure, maybe she'd have some instinct that he had a right to be there, protecting the master's property, guarding him and it with his life. His sentiments, unexpressed, were as high as Captain Hyland's. They filled him with a sense of righteous virtue. In time it was as though he walked in armour.

Sure the dog must know. Dogs had great wisdom, they said. All the same, as he lay awake that night he was uneasy about Sheila, the red setter dog. When he slept she crept into his dreams, soft and silky and copper coloured and strangely menacing. She faded with the long twilight and he slept dreamlessly through the hours when a red glow lit the sky beyond the Lloydstown woods.

"Did you hear the news?" A man driving cattle stopped as Patsey went out of the door on his way to the pump for water. "It's a grand morning," the cattle man said irrelevantly. All the dew-drenched air was full of the sound of his bullocks cropping the grass bank. "Lloydstown was burnt, last night," he said. "Every stick and stone of it. They say you wouldn't know one wall from another of what's left."

Patsey thought of the guard. Had they slept at their posts, disgracing the Army and Ireland? He had almost said that, in Captain Hyland's voice with a little mixture of Father O'Connor's. Or put the guns away from them maybe, and not quick enough to take them up, or heard a noise, a whispering of many years' leaves, and lain quiet and hidden until it was over. Sure, some fellows oughtn't to be in the Army at all, he had very nearly said. Then he remembered the coat. "Was everything burnt, Michael?" he stammered. "You're not saying . . . everything. Sure it couldn't be. The boys'd have got there in time to save something."

Michael Whelan picked a grass from the sweet bank and sucked it thoughtfully. "Every damned thing. Mr. Lloyd escaped in his night clothes. Didn't even think to take a coat. And every stitch of clothing he had, gone with the house."

Patsey might have had a knife put into his heart from the expression of his face.

"Nothing at all saved," he repeated stupidly.

"Aye. Nothing at all."

He swung his stick suddenly, and the wise bullocks left their feeding and plunged forward before the stick could reach their soft backs.

"That ould red setter bitch they called Sheila is missing," he said, "and they think she must have been burnt in the

house. Mr. Lloyd'll be terrible upset over that. He was desperate fond of them dogs. He didn't think of anything else, they say, except savin' them and the horses and the cattle in the farmyard. Sheila was always at his heels. Maybe something fell on her."

He moved on with his bullocks along the white road between low, green, dew-drenched hedges with quiet fields either side. "Isn't it a queer thing now?" He turned to call back to Patsey Kenny, his voice growing fainter. "To think of a man's house being burnt like that and he left in the mornin' without so much as a coat to cover him!"

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

EXCEPT for that engrossing topic of leg-theory, which threatened to embroil the Empire, discussion seems to have been chiefly occupied with the American debt. Both the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister are expected to go to Washington for the forthcoming conference. Since these ministers have very little time to spare, the plain man inclines to ask whether they really should undertake the journey. For, here is the situation. By the consent of economists, the incubus of war debts is perhaps the greatest of all hindrances to recovery; it is certainly the most removable. It can be finally swept away by a gesture of the United States, which, in the opinion of economists, would be not only generous but prudent. What chance is there that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain, though they speak with the tongues of angels, can persuade the American people to this step? They are as a people not unliable to panic, but this time it is not panic which affects speculators. Fear, with the menace of things never imagined, the impact of calamities even more startling than strange, is shaking every citizen. Banks have smashed by the thousand; the total loss of savings from this cause alone is reckoned at a thousand millions sterling. In that state of its finances, the American public is asked to renounce a claim for some sixty millions annually upon a solvent debtor. Suppose a similar proposal were made to the French democracy, what would they say? What would any democracy say? I think myself that the only people in Europe who could be persuaded to such a course would be the English, whose mercantile instincts have always guided them to avoid

**The
American
Debt**

driving too hard a bargain. It would be less easy with the Scotch or Welsh, impossible with the Irish. But if the English could be talked into it, they certainly would yield to advisers of their own, not to representatives of the debtor nation. The United States do not lack powerful advocates, home bred, to plead the wisdom of cancellation. But frankly, in face of American institutions and the pledges already exacted from Congressmen and Senators, it seems inconceivable that such advocates should prevail—even when backed by the arguments of Englishmen whose presence will be welcomed as a tribute.

What, then, is the course to be pursued? Undoubtedly the payment made last December earned for the English golden opinions throughout the United States. Another payment will bring in more of this asset—which unhappily has no currency value. If English goods could descend, like Jove to Danaë, in a shower of this sort of gold, defying tariff walls, there might be much to say for it. But practically, can anyone doubt that so long as England feels bound to make these payments, the States will continue to accept the money—and to be very angry with France? As one consequence, France will be very angry with England; and however desirable it is that England should have the encomiums of American citizens, it is even more important that England and France should be on good terms.

The plain man thinks that nothing but confrontation with hard facts can alter America's attitude. We all know that

Great Britain cannot indefinitely continue the payments—cannot clear off the debt. We are all convinced that to attempt it is to accept the inequitable—since the purchasing value of these payments has risen by some fifty per cent., and the debtor's ability to pay has lessened by a figure that it would be hard to estimate. Why then go on throwing millions into a gulf? The United States will be angry; but they will remember their own history—how several Southern States after the Civil War refused to repay moneys borrowed from England, and how the States together refused to pay France more than a fraction

after the War of Independence. Undoubtedly their financial reputation suffered for a time, but the injury, as we all know, was anything but crippling. At present, in the temper of a world cognizant of the facts, I do not believe that a published decision to pay no more would materially affect British credit or alter the value of sterling; and it would be greeted by a shout of relief from Italy as well as from France. There will be hard words in America, but, if the economists are right, the results will soon help those who already advocate the removal of this burden to reconcile their countrymen to what is not a real loss. And meanwhile civilization may begin to recover.

Some years hence, or some generations, the detached historian will find much interest in observing the gyrations of a considerably civilized world in search of political institutions which might avert impending ruin. By that time the super-state in some form or other will have emerged; unless indeed it must be the detached historian's task to chronicle a rapid wreckage. The great war was fought and won in the names of national freedom and democracy: dangerous concepts, not easily expressed in a workable machinery. Democracy is generally taken to mean government by voting on an equal suffrage; but it frequently happens that an active minority considers the cause of national freedom to be endangered by the majority and does not willingly uphold the strict loyalty of arithmetic. Yet there is indisposition, greater in proportion as the country is more civilized, to dispense with voting; and consequently Germany has been suffering from a perfect debauch of elections. Whenever the results have not worked out satisfactorily to the ideas of the active minority, the country has been told to vote again; and in the meanwhile the active minority has gradually approached the point at which they may control the entire machinery. Herr Hitler, unlikely as it seemed, has become Chancellor; but before he really enters on power, the country must vote again. It may give him the sanction which will make it seem

**"National
Freedom"**

legitimate that he should abolish Communist opposition, as Mussolini did with whatever opposed the Fascists. In the end, he may represent the will of the German people as fully as Il Duce incarnates the Italian; and this result would probably advance civilization. But will it quicken disarmament?

Another aspect of the process is seen in France, where democracy has been a reality for nearly two generations. A frugal people finds itself caught between its frugality and its fear; yet here voting takes another form. Nobody proposes a general election: the deputies have been elected for a term of years, it is for them to find some way out which the people will accept. Administration goes on steadily, though the directing power passes from hand to hand, till we all lose count of the succeeding Prime Ministers. It is M. Daladier as these lines are written: quite probably before they are printed it will be some one else; but some compromise must be discovered by which the ordinary taxpayer in France may feel that he is not plundered, and yet sleep secure as to what may result from other people's view of national freedom. His leaders, however, are clear that his national freedom can only be kept intact at the price of taxpaying sacrifices which he has not yet agreed to. The only alternative is that France should persuade other nations to limit their national freedom for the sake of international security to a degree which England in particular refuses to admit: since it would in easily conceivable circumstances put the British fleet at the orders of an authority not wholly British.

These are examples from the greater Powers; two others from the lesser ones are worth noting. In Persia and in Ireland it has been held that financial obligations to another power are limitations on national freedom, if they have been incurred under duress and not from a strong sense of the nation's advantage. In both cases a claim has been made to cancel the agreement without the consent of the other party—which party in both cases is England. In the Persian affair England after some less useful proposals referred the matter to the

**Economic War
with Ireland**

League of Nations, and it is reported that the disputants are now working out a friendly agreement—thanks to the tact of that excellent European, M. Benesh. The case of Ireland, however, is much more complicated and, as it is familiar to me, I deal with it at length.

Mr. de Valera when he came into office a year ago announced that he would withhold certain payments which had been made yearly by the Free State, under the financial settlement agreed to at successive periods by Mr. Cosgrave's government. The British Government was willing to go to arbitration before a court chosen from within the British Commonwealth, but Mr. de Valera, while professing willingness to go before any "impartial" tribunal, refused to accept one so limited; whereupon the British Government, to recoup themselves imposed certain duties on Irish goods, and further announced that they would, as from November last, withhold the preference given to Dominion products. So began an economic war—Ireland replying with heavy tariffs on goods of British origin. The weight of the war fell on Irish farmers, whose exports of foodstuffs have to pay the duties. When a General Election was suddenly announced in January, there was an immediate rise in the price of cattle: for Mr. Cosgrave declared that he would stop the war within three days if he were returned to power, and people believed him. Nevertheless Mr. de Valera came back with an increased following, and his party now numbers half the Dáil; while the Labour group, on whom he had previously depended for his majority, increased their numbers. It is impossible to deny that Mr. de Valera has a popular mandate for going on with the struggle, regardless of the cost; which means that he has communicated to the Irish people his own faith that persistence will win.

The result has surprised most observers. Broadly speaking, Mr. Cosgrave had for him all the men and women of property; he had also the support of nearly all the Catholic hierarchy. Mr. de Valera, however, had many of the younger clergy, and a vast proportion of the young in an electorate of both sexes where

twenty-one is the age limit. He had contrived to convey the impression that he was for the poor and that Mr. Cosgrave was for the rich. But more effective was the suggestion that he stood for Ireland and his opponent for the English interest. That was the deciding factor with an emotional electorate: yet it was strongly reinforced by the magnitude of the sum in dispute. There was being paid to Great Britain from the Irish exchequer something over five millions a year; the equivalent for Great Britain, merely estimated *per capita*, would be close on a hundred millions. This payment was represented as a tribute extorted from Ireland, to which Mr. Cosgrave had slavishly consented. England—incarnated for the occasion in the unlikely person of Mr. J. H. Thomas—was seeking to bully Ireland and it was the duty of Irishmen to resist.

These arguments were addressed to a community four-fifths agricultural, and they had weight very largely because farmers were in despair, knowing that, apart from the duties, the price of all agricultural products had dropped in the English market to a point which seemed to give no hope of profit. Even Mr. Cosgrave told them that the country could no longer pay the sums which went to England, and assured them that he could secure an abatement. They preferred to trust the champion who claimed as a right what the other hoped to get as a concession. These promises made by Mr. Cosgrave will now necessarily strengthen Mr. de Valera's position: for he can claim to have all parts of the country with him in that refusal to pay which is based upon a theory of national freedom.

Yet no nation could be worse placed for such a contest. Under the old order of things, Great Britain would presumably have occupied the ports and imposed Customs duties to recoup herself. Under the present one, tolls are simply charged to Ireland for access to her sole market. Yet they brought in less than half of the amount due; and there is serious injury to British trade in what has always been one of its best outlets. We have not yet been told what is the diminution in British exports

**Ireland's
Losing Game**

to the Free State. On the other hand it is already certain that Great Britain can easily find a substitute for the supplies she drew from Ireland: the Danes are doubtless welcoming Mr. de Valera's victory, and Australia and New Zealand both strengthen their hold in the market for butter, and even the British farmer may have reason to rejoice. Ireland plays a losing game.

Yet all these considerations were put to the electorate by very capable speakers, and had no effect in an election which was peacefully conducted and in which a larger proportion of the electors than ever before came to the poll. It is worth while to examine the reasons. The party which lost was Mr. Cosgrave's, that which gained was Mr. de Valera's: other groups remained much as they were. Indeed, the Centre party, which had made a new start only on the eve of the election, did surprisingly well. Its leader, Mr. MacDermot, a youngish man of old Catholic family, Oxford bred, had made his mark in the last Dail and some of the candidates who went forward in his support were of the former landlord class; and these, even when they did not succeed, got a notably heavy vote. In Donegal the poll was headed—as indeed it has been consistently—by a Protestant gentleman, Major Myles, who won a Military Cross in the war. In another case, Monaghan County rejected Mr. Blythe, Mr. Cosgrave's Minister of Finance, and put in an independent Orangeman by the votes of Mr. de Valera's partisans. In short the verdict of the polls was no way hostile to those most closely associated with English ideas, but went even vindictively against the group of men who have governed Ireland since the Treaty with what seemed to all the world amazing courage and success. But woe be to you in Ireland when Englishmen speak well of you!

It is not always understood that, from the Treaty onwards, Ireland was governed by one section of what had been the Republican party. The decision to accept the Treaty caused a schism; a part followed Collins and Griffiths; part with Mr. de Valera went into opposition, which was pushed to the length

**The
Dividing
Lines**

of Civil war. Outside the ranks of what had been Sinn Fein lay the old Unionists, perhaps two or three hundred thousand; but there were also the old Nationalists, Redmond's followers, still so numerous that at the polls they might have been formidable. When Mr. Cosgrave took control, after the deaths of Collins and Griffiths, he spared no pains to make friends with the Protestant Unionist element, partly on principle and partly because they could be of use to him through their large money interests. But he and his colleagues made no attempt to associate the Redmondites with them in power, and did much to alienate both them and the ex-service men—a very numerous body.

Thus Government rested with a section of one party in the State; and since during the Civil war and for several years after it, Mr. de Valera's followers did not take their seats in the Dail, the Government had extraordinary freedom of action. It was really a dictatorship in commission, and in repressing civil strife it acted with great severity; there were over seventy executions. There was also much high-handed administrative action, generally useful, but often irritating; and the young Ministers were so fully occupied in bringing order out of chaos that they neglected politics. In reality, Cumann na nGaedeal was an administration rather than a party.

Meanwhile Mr. de Valera and his colleagues were free to devote themselves to the tasks of organization and propaganda.

It helped them that they could claim consistency in an extremist attitude, and tax the government with surrender. All those who voted on the Treaty were in theory Republicans; the Treaty was advocated as the stepping-stone to a Republic. But after a few years Mr. Cosgrave's ministry, bearing testimony to the fairness with which they had been treated by England, declared that a fuller freedom was to be found within the British Commonwealth than outside. A courageous man is not afraid of being called turncoat, and no one denies the courage of these men; but such charges are readily listened to in a suspicious country.

**The Gibe of
"Turncoat"**

Mr. de Valera was able to say to Ireland that he at least had never lowered his flag ; he appealed to all the traditional sentiments and prejudices. It is also fair to say also that he appealed to the Irish imagination by qualities which it is to Ireland's honour that Ireland admires. No one questioned his singleness of purpose or his personal integrity : moreover, on the platform or in the Dáil, he argued on principle even pedantically, and he avoided that scurrility which is the curse of Irish politics. I myself have never found him an attractive speaker to hear, nor have felt any charm in his personality ; but these years have shown that he has supremely the power of attaching masses of men to him—a gift shared by none among his opponents, able and brilliant though they are. And all who have met the man in discussion, even when they most dissent from his conclusions, agree as to his candour and courtesy. As to his not being an Irishman, that is nonsense ; the son of a County Limerick woman, he was brought up there by her from early childhood, and the Latin strain in him has been as fully assimilated as was the English in Patrick Pearse or the American in Parnell. For good or for bad, Ireland is responsible for him ; and no man who followed his speeches during this election campaign can call him a demagogue. All he promised his people was an uphill fight—beyond which lay a reconstruction of Ireland.

For it is already apparent that this man's concern is not so much with the political status of Ireland as its internal economy.

He aspires certainly to complete independence, but cares for nothing short of independence for the whole country : and he has given suggestions that if this complete independence of Great Britain were available, he would endeavour to secure some form of " external association ", rather than wholly sever the nexus between the islands. That, however, is academic. He knows that he can, if he chooses, declare the Free State an independent republic, and it is clear that he does not choose. What he seeks to secure for Ireland is economic independence, which in his opinion she cannot enjoy while she is a country producing

mainly for export, with England as her sole market. The very difficulties of this present struggle are to him an argument that national freedom demands a complete recasting of Irish industry. Ireland must learn to live on its own products.

This is no new doctrine : Swift was propounding it two hundred years ago, with his aphorism : " Burn everything that comes from England except its coal ". Well, Ireland just now is buying German coal, and not liking it. Mr. de Valera wants Ireland to grow its own wheat ; it can (though not by any means everywhere), just as it can grow pears, or for the matter of that, peaches. But it is not well adapted to growing either, and in the course of generations the poorest Irish people have come to insist on having two things excellent—white flour and tea. For the case is not now as when Swift wrote in angry protest against the restriction of Ireland's power to export. The adjustments have grown up in a free market, and though much may be done to develop certain industries in Ireland (for instance those that concern leather) the country has in the main developed on natural lines, and was skilfully directed by the late administration. Mr. de Valera wants, on a theory, to force it into defiance of nature. Economically, I think the result can only be disaster.

But there is another aspect. Mr. Cosgrave continually urged the Irish people to be proud of their ability to pay their way : Mr. de Valera has led them on a path of repudiation. In the matter of the land annuities, a remarkable utterance was heard, though it was completely disregarded. Two Nationalist leaders were chiefly concerned in the compact entered into during Wyndham's Chief Secretaryship thirty years ago—a compact whose lines were first prepared by a joint conference of landlords and tenants. One of these leaders, John Redmond, would undoubtedly have held that Ireland is bound to fulfil the bargain in which the Irish tenants became owners of their tenancies on terms that they cordially approved. Redmond, however, is suspect, as being as much a " King's Englishman " as Mr. Cosgrave, General Mulcahy, or any other of the *ci-devant*

Ethics of the Annuities

A Self-Sufficing Ireland

Republicans, whose minds have followed the same curve as that of General Smuts. But Redmond's colleague in the Land Conference, the late William O'Brien, accepted Sinn Fein whole-heartedly and was as little suspect of any bias towards England as is possible for any generous Irishman to be. He could not speak for himself; but his widow, whose life has been devoted to good works among the Irish poor, wrote to the press, saying that when Mr. de Valera first proposed this refusal to pay the annuities, saddling Great Britain with Ireland's debt to the holders of Irish land-stock, O'Brien wrote and begged him to desist, on the ground that these payments were for Ireland a debt of honour.

I recognize that Mr. de Valera has convinced himself that this is not the case, and has even convinced himself that the Irish are as a people punctiliously honest. **Idealism and Debts** Unhappily they have never been good at paying their private debts, and when the Anglo-Irish gentry were in a position to set example here, they were far from exemplary. The revolutionary period demoralized, as it does everywhere, and Mr. Cosgrave's unpopularity is largely due to the severity with which he insisted that debts should be paid. I am told now, by those who should know, that this action of repudiation as between two governments has had the worst effect on private debtors. In short, Mr. de Valera's idealism is not the quality most needed for an Irish leader.

But he is a leader with an organized party. Mr. Cosgrave has shown and continues to show qualities of courage, shrewdness and statesmanship which indicate him as the natural leader of those in Ireland who desire to see Ireland frankly and fully a member of the British Commonwealth. Yet it is obvious that his party must be reorganized on broader and less sectional lines: it must, in fact, include those who now rank as Independents and Mr. MacDermot's Centre Party. Steps were being taken towards some such fusion when Mr. de Valera (for that reason, among others, doubtless) sprang the election on the country. The work has to be resumed, and

it is not easy. General Smuts and Mr. Tielman Roos have not yet compassed agreement in very similar circumstances. But only on these lines is there hope of checking the destructive tendencies of a narrow nationalism expressing itself through democratic institutions. Nations have to learn the beginnings of internationalism within themselves, if the world is to get on. There is, however, this consoling thought. The great national units, France, Germany, Britain and the like, have never hated each other with anything like the venom that prevailed between such "nations" as consorted in old days at Oxford—or as to-day make uneasy colleagues in the Yugoslavian parliament. And the larger internationalism may come easier than the smaller.

Three notable deaths have occurred in the world of letters. Professor Saintsbury leaves a genial and inspiring memory to generations of students, who learnt either from his personal teaching (and these were the privileged) or from his many volumes of criticism. It was never my fortune to experience through personal contact the glow of that enthusiasm for letters which gives their special virtue to his books. Hardly anybody, perhaps nobody, had read more, and I at least never found a surer guide to follow for appraisal. When Saintsbury said a thing was good to read, it never disappointed; and he had a far more catholic taste in literature, than for instance, his younger contemporary, Charles Whibley. Yet Whibley was by far the better writer: it has to be allowed that Saintsbury's work is often confused in arrangement, and his style deplorably parenthetic. He never attained to that easy grouping of facts and judgments which makes it a delight to read the work of one fully his equal in depth and range of learning, W. P. Ker. Yet on the balance it would be hard to know which of these two did most for English scholarship in letters. One achievement, however, stands to Saintsbury's record for which Ker's votaries can produce no parallel, and which Ker of all men would have most applauded, the enchanting triumph of Saintsbury's old age when he made out of remembered pleasures

a book that ranks with Brillat-Savarin's. Everyone who combined the love of wine with even a tincture of literature bought and cherished his *Cellar Book*. It was sad that when a dining club was founded to bear his honourable name, he himself should have been denied the slightest indulgence: yet I believe it warmed his old age to think that Bacchus was worshipped with discrimination in a club that bore his name.

George Moore also died well on in his 'eighties. *Esther Waters*, to my mind his best novel, dates from the Zola period and has Zola's coarse, heavy handling, though the persons and their environment are powerfully realized. The work, however, by which I should expect him to be best remembered is the "Hail and Farewell" series—studies of the Irish literary movement in which he was so odd a figure. They had malice in plenty; but there is no malice in his living sketch of A. E. His masterpiece, however, is Edward Martyn, who in a sense is now George Moore's creation. Martyn, I am told, was just as well able to create a George Moore, no less amusing; but he never got it into permanent form. Moore's triumph is that he fixed here the very essence of witty and malicious talk about a group of unusually interesting characters. I think, however, that the association with Yeats harmed his gift; he was not a poet, and he set out to write a poet's prose; the result was the dead waxwork texture of *The Lake* and *Evelyn Innes*. When Yeats writes in prose one hears a poet speaking; but in Moore's later books, on which so much eulogy is bestowed, I seem to hear the voice of a clergyman reading the lessons. Did Moore, I wonder, laugh to himself when he reflected how completely he had induced the younger race of critics to take him at his own valuation?

These men died after some fifty years of producing work: John Galsworthy had scarcely half that. I have written too recently about him here to say much more. If (as the saying is), posterity commences at the frontier, he has its verdict secure. What his own country, and above all his own craft,

felt was shown by the Memorial Service in the Abbey where all thought not so much of the man of letters as of the man—generous, compassionate, and passionate in his compassion. His most real service lay it seems to me in clearing up the perpetually shifting social code by which conduct is really judged—in raising by examples the question of what is lovable, what is excusable, and what unworthy in man or in woman. There has been much talk of his undue leniency, his tendency to palliate even crimes. But was there ever any judge more exacting when it came to a decision on the point of honour?

In a different circle another great gap is made. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson had achieved a rise without example in the British Army. I cannot judge his services, but it was my luck to find at Lord French's table in Ireland how frank and easy he was in talk, and how genial as well as shrewd in appraisement. Mr. Asquith, for instance, he said, was invaluable in face of the enemy, like a rock when everything seemed to be tumbling about their ears. But in council with his colleagues he thought Asquith too good-natured, lacking in decisive self-assertion. Yet what I remember best from that evening is some talk with the Field-Marshal's A.D.C., a scholarly soldier with the Eton stamp on him, able and keen and saying nothing explicitly about his relations with his chief; but every word conveyed affection and admiration for the rough old man.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

"OUR POSITION IN THE PERSIAN GULF."

A picturesque incident of the British connection with the Persian Gulf was mentioned by Captain Guy Coleridge, R.N., in his article on the historic background of our relations with Persia. He described the remains of a telegraph station in what is said to be the hottest place in the world, a position so desolate and trying to man that two young operators sent out there in 1869 committed suicide. The station was described as one of the Eastern Telegraph Co. but that company informs us that this is a mistake, since the company did not come into existence until 1872, and neither it nor its associated companies had any cables in the Gulf until 1931. Captain Coleridge, while regretting the error, writes as follows :

"My sense of the dramatic did not carry me away, as the General Manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company suggests. I have anchored close to those 'grim remains': they are there now, and the word 'Telegraph' can still be deciphered on the crumbling walls. If he will look at the *Persian Gulf Pilot*; Eighth Edition, 1932, page 27, line 20 *et seq.*, published under Admiralty authority, he will find :—

'Telegraph Islet, 48 feet high, is situated in the middle of the entrance of Maklab Bay; on it are the ruins of the telegraph station that was abandoned in 1869 owing to the intense heat.'

"This is the station to which I referred in my article. I regret my error in attributing this desolate incinerator to the Eastern Telegraph Company, Limited, which did not then exist. I have since ascertained the name of the authority which did erect this station, but as this authority is more august even than the Eastern Telegraph Company, Limited and its Allied and Associated Companies I hesitate to name it."

METTERNICH

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT.

METTERNICH, 1773-1859, A STUDY OF HIS PERIOD AND PERSONALITY, by Algernon Cecil. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 9s.

METTERNICH AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FROM 1809 TO 1813, by C. S. B. Buckland. Macmillan. 25s.

METTERNICH is evidently coming into his own. In addition to the two books now under review there have recently been published an elaborate biography by an American student, Mr. Herman (1932), and two brilliant essays by Mr. Woodward (1929) and Mr. Lockhart (1932). This at least affords evidence that scholars of distinction are anxious to set Metternich forth in his true colours, and (presumably) that there is a public anxious to learn about him. Moreover, it indicates a striking change in historical fashions, if not in political sympathies. To the historians and politicians of the Victorian era the name of Metternich was anathema, and our own Castle-reagh fared little better at their hands. That was the heyday of Liberalism and Nationalism. Parliamentary Democracy of the English type would solve all ills, Economic, Social and Political; while a Europe reconstructed on the basis of Nationalism would bring a prospect of stability and permanence of peace to peoples who at the last great settlement had been bandied

about to gratify the dynastic ambitions of princes or to maintain that balance of power so ardently desired by the statesmen of the day. Such hopes were destined to disillusionment. Men learnt by painful experience that the truths of Political Science are not absolute but relative; that the success of any particular form of Government can be assured only if the appropriate conditions are fulfilled, and that it is hazardous to import ready-made constitutions from countries dissimilar in political traditions and historical development.

From all this it results that statesmen of widely differing types have now a better chance of a fair trial before the tribunal of history than they had in mid-Victorian days. To no reputation has the changed temper of historical criticism been of greater advantage than to Metternich's.

For a full generation Metternich was the dominant personality in Continental politics; and it was as a European rather than an Austrian statesman that he would have wished to be judged. "Depuis longtemps l'Europe a pris pour moi la valeur d'une patrie." Will history judge him to have been a good citizen of Europe? He gave substance to the Tsar Alexander's dream of a Holy Alliance; but in the process he entirely perverted its original

purpose. For thirty years he succeeded in repressing revolution in Germany and Italy and helped to sustain absolutism in Spain. The revolutions of 1848 shook him from the pedestal of power and brought his active political career to an end; but he lived to see the Hapsburg Emperor restored to all his hereditary dominions as well as to the Presidency of the Germanic Confederation and to virtual supremacy in Italy. He was mercifully spared by his death (June 11th, 1859) from witnessing the expulsion of the Hapsburgs from Italy and Germany.

Curiously enough Metternich cherished the illusion that he was born not too late (as perhaps he was), but too early. "I ought", he wrote, "to have been born in 1900 with the twentieth century before me." Imagine his feelings if some cynical fairy had granted him his heart's desire!

The foregoing paragraphs are suggested by the recent appearance of Mr. Cecil's and Mr. Buckland's books. The two books are widely apart, both in style and content. Mr. Buckland's is an intensive study of only four or five years: it is evidently based upon laborious original research and is addressed to specialists. By them it will be appreciated; for it throws much additional light on many dark places. But it is entirely lacking in that grace of style which might commend an intensive study to the general reader and is in places lacking even in lucidity (e.g., pp. 9, 11, 504, 509). But these *laches* will be pardoned by the serious student, who cannot fail to get help from so painstaking a piece of work.

Mr. Cecil's book is of a different kind. This also is clearly based on a study of the best authorities—though with few exceptions they are mostly secondary authorities. And however great Mr. Cecil's learning it is lightly

borne and the results of his own studies are attractively set forth. Mr. Cecil has already established his position as a brilliant essayist and historical critic, but where the essay is expanded into a volume the style reveals perhaps an excess of elaboration. One craves, at times, for greater simplicity and directness of statement. Still his *Metternich* is a most attractive book (in *format*, let me add, no less than in content), and will serve, I doubt not, to make the true Metternich very widely known to English readers.

For my own part I could have spared some of the detail in regard to Metternich's dealings with Napoleon for a fuller treatment of his policy between 1815 and 1848 in Italy. What Mr. Cecil does say about Italy is very well said, but I should have liked more; nor do I think that it would have impaired the *balance*, which, taken as a whole, is one of the most admirable features of an admirable book. Issue might, however, be joined with Mr. Cecil on the statement that "the Duke of Savoy was as arguably [*sic*] a foreigner [in Italy] as the Emperor of Austria",—on the substance as well as the form. It is true that the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine had had a long association with the Peninsula, but neither so long nor so intimate a connection as the Dukes of Piedmont-Savoy. But the point is, of course, that the interests of the House of Savoy were wholly identified with those of Italy; to the Hapsburgs Italy was a by-interest.

It is, however, impossible within the space at my command to discuss detailed points. Suffice it to say that no student will go for help to Mr. Buckland in vain, and that no reader who picks up Mr. Cecil's book is likely to forgo the pleasure of reading it from cover to cover.

AN INTELLECTUAL BÆDEKER

GUIDE TO MODERN THOUGHT,
by C. E. M. Joad. *Faber & Faber.*
6s.

THIS little book is an achievement which puts all who are anxious to find their way through the bewildering jungle of modern theory—philosophical, scientific and psychological—deeply in Mr. Joad's debt. He excels as an expositor, and he not only disentangles the matted strands of contemporary thought in physics, biology, psycho-analysis and even psychical research, but shows to what extent they have influenced current literature and how far their several mechanist or idealist points of view interact or collide.

Mr. Joad opens with physics and biology. By concise and lucid methods he expounds by what intellectual processes the latter has upset the mechanist theory of life as a by-product of non-living agencies and of mind as an "epiphenomenon" of physico-chemical ones. He skilfully inter-relates Butler's and MacBride's development of Lamarckism, Lloyd Morgan's theory of Emergence and the investigations of younger biologists to show that the living organism as a whole cannot be explained on mechanist principles. If evolution is purposive—and teleology has been coming to its own of recent years—it is inseparable from the acquisition of acquired characters and the definition of instinct as unconscious memory. The organism only resembles a machine if its parts are taken separately. But inasmuch as a living body represents the co-operation of inde-

pendent parts spontaneously, and as a whole is more than the sum of its parts, it cannot be contained within the mechanist hypothesis. Mr. Joad then undertakes the more intricate problems of modern physics and describes how the modern theory of matter has superseded the Victorian conception of it as a substance. The external world is now conceived by means of mathematical abstractions as a world of shadows and symbols, of appearances in which the only conjectural reality is consciousness. Thus, the way is open once more for a religious or idealist interpretation of the universe and physics and biology have each along their different technical paths undermined the materialism of the nineteenth century.

Not so psychology and psycho-analysis, whose conclusions reach philosophical conclusions markedly opposed to those of physics and biology. Mr. Joad gives a clear *résumé* of Freud's, Adler's and MacDougall's theories of the unconscious and instinctive elements operating within the human being and describes how they have rehabilitated Victorian determinism and added to it a distrust of the mind or rather confounding of the reason with the rationalization of our unconscious desires. Consciousness once more becomes a helpless by-product of unconscious processes, over which it can exercise only a very inadequate control. Mr. Joad might with advantage have examined the bad anthropology of the psychologists who, in their reference back to the primordial elements of our

being, make a radical confusion between the savage and the primitive. It is possible that the whole of modern life might have taken a different orientation if Freud, whose influence has been so extensive, had not, partly through his faulty and superficial knowledge of anthropology, diabolized the unconscious.

The latter part of the author's book is an instructive commentary upon the flooding of literature, and particularly the novel, by these and allied psychological assumptions. He gives pertinent citations from the works of D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Joyce, Virginia Woolf and others to illustrate how their attitude to life has been deeply coloured by the pessimism, irrationalism and fatalism induced by modern psychology. How curious it is that the diametrically opposite findings of physics and biology have had little or no repercussions upon the layman!

I have by no means given a comprehensive account of the valuable and suggestive material set forth by Mr. Joad. It is possible to quarrel with him upon a few minor details of his exposition—once or twice he contradicts himself, and his own vitalist theory of the universe is open to question in certain particulars. But his book as a whole is very heartily to be recommended, and should be of the utmost service to serious and enquiring minds in clarifying their ideas and lending them a more hopeful outlook.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE MARKETING OF LITERARY PROPERTY, by G. Herbert Thring.
Constable. 7s. 6d.

LATELY, authorship and publishing have aroused increasing interest, which

has materialised in many important, well-written books. Two of the most notable are Mr. Stanley Unwin's pertinent and very competent classic, *The Truth About Publishing*, issued in 1926 and now in its third edition and, in 1930, Mr. Arthur Waugh's urbanely informative *Hundred Years of Publishing*, based on long experience in an older publishing house.

Now, Mr. Shaw, smilingly cynical showman and most entertainingly attractive impresario, introduces Mr. Thring (to whom he pays some justly generous compliments) and gives us a delightful piece of writing, clear and pungent. His fairness to publishers (more authors might imitate him) is as refreshing as his defence of authors, who, he shows as no one else, possess more numerous and enviable rights than any other professional men. Mr. Thring, long Secretary to the Authors' Society, is famed for great ability and integrity, courage and self-sacrifice, and he is admirably fitted to define and describe copyrights, contracts, main and subsidiary rights, agents and libels.

But he is wrong about the wealth of publishers, to whom, despite effort and protest, he is not absolutely fair. And his lists of costs (pp. 225-231) are erroneous: the charges for composition and machinery are based on cut-price, third-rate work; he allows only for inferior paper; he assumes that all copies are bound up immediately; he forgets the great risks run by a publisher with 99 per cent. of first and 80 per cent. of second books; and he ignores "overheads". If overheads are £5,000 on seventy books and previous years' publications represent 30 per cent. (too high except for "educationals") of turnover, then £50 must be added to the cost of each book before the publishers' profit even begins.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

18th CENTURY ENGLAND AND FRANCE

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE ALEXANDRE DE TILLY. With an introduction by Havelock Ellis.
Gollancz. 18s.

FRENCH JOURNALS OF MRS. THRALE AND DOCTOR JOHN-SON. Edited by M. Tyson and H. Guppy. *Manchester University Press. 15s.*

THE BOW STREET RUNNERS, by G. Armitage. *Wishart. 12s. 6d.*

THESE three books, differing widely as they do from one another, have at least one characteristic in common. All three are concerned with telling us of the small details of everyday life in that Europe of the eighteenth century out of which arose the French and the Industrial Revolutions—with what Austin Dobson used to call "*ce superflu si nécessaire*." Text-books, filled with their records of wars and kings and Acts of Parliament, have their important place, but it is a platitude that we cannot understand a period unless we also have a vision of the everyday life of ordinary people. It is by the assistance which they give us for the understanding of that everyday life that these four books are justified.

"Nothing", remarks that admirable and sententious moralist, the Comte de Tilly, "is so bad a training for virtue as to begin life by being raped." It is perhaps the best sentence of some four hundred pages of gorgeous sentences—the best of all examples of the genuine Tilly. A sententiousness of phrasing that reminds one of a governess in a pince-nez lecturing her ward, a content unbelievably different from what we should expect from the tone and, in

conclusion and when we have thought it over, no comment to be made except that Tilly is obviously right—that is Tilly. "Begin life" is so good, and "training" is so good. Indeed, the whole is excellent.

Mr. Havelock Ellis prefixes to these remarkable memoirs of this nobleman and philogynist of the last days of the *ancien régime* a memoir both interesting and erudite. All lovers of Tilly will be grateful to him for much interesting information. Yet he falls into the error of believing that he is doing something deliciously naughty in offering an unexpurgated Tilly to us. "We cannot find fault," he a little priggishly says, "with [Barrière's] moral disapprobation." Now it is true enough that we cannot find fault with moral disapprobation of Tilly. All moral judging is at an end if anybody is going to pretend in paradox that Tilly was anything other than a very bad man. But his book is surely a master's defence of the cause of conservative morality. There are certain trite moralisings on the wickedness of sin in conventional eighteenth-century manner; we make no more of them than Mr. Ellis does. What we do make much of are the two main points of the book, reiterated again and again—that Tilly attempted to live his life without principle and that he himself admitted that, as a result, he was extremely unhappy. A "Song of Songs of epicurean pessimism," Feodor von Zobelitz called these memoirs, and almost every page contains Tilly's own confessions of his boredom and his unhappiness. Crowning all and final

proof of it is the awful calamity of the final suicide at Brussels in 1816. Few men have struck so strong a blow for the old moralities, even if it was the tragedy of his life that the blow was at his own heart. One feels perhaps a little shame at being so enormously diverted by the reading of a life the living of which was so enormously unhappy.

The memoirs are not primarily concerned with politics, but there are a number of passing observations on the political events. Tilly was a strong conservative, but the main interest of his observations is in the evidence which he provides in his own failure to diagnose the disease of his day. He feels in his bones that it is all wrong that such a man as Necker should have power in such a country as France, that he himself should be compelled by the importunities of the money-lenders to obtain a post for such a man as M. L—. Yet he fails to put two and two together and to put his finger on the root evil of society which was bringing it to its destruction—the power of the money-lender. Later, when he went to America, he found in Philadelphia the leader of liberal society to be the immensely rich banker, Bingham, but he still did not see who it was who had overthrown his order.

To Johnsonians all additions to Johnsonian lore are welcome—and Mrs. Thrale was a vivacious lady. Nevertheless it must be frankly confessed that neither Johnson nor Mrs. Thrale came very well out of their French tour. It is extraordinary how lacking in depth are the observations on that tour both of the one and the other. It may perhaps be excusable to have discerned in 1775 no hint of any radical defects in the French economic system, but Mrs. Thrale was as blind to the signs of the coming storm on her second visit in 1784. This book gives

us additional evidence of what we already knew—Baretti's very unpleasant character. Certainly Baretti was a horrid bore, yet surely it is only fair to him to admit that it must have been most irritating for one who knew France well to have to show the country to two people who were so obstinately determined to miss everything that was interesting in it.

The *Bow Street Runners* is a somewhat misleading title. The book for the most part consists of a string of anecdotes of the crimes of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century London. There are too many anecdotes, and by consequence each one has to be unduly cramped for space. The character-sketches, especially that of Fielding, suffer from the same disadvantage. The most interesting pages are those which tell of the curious financial transactions of Lord Dundonald. But why did Orator Hunt and the Westminster mob support him? If we understood that we should understand a great deal of English history.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

EGYPT SINCE CROMER, by Lord Lloyd. Vol. I. *Macmillan*. 21s.

It is a common belief that the unsatisfactory position of Great Britain in Egypt dates mainly from the grant of independence to the Egyptians in 1922 on conditions that have not yet been fulfilled: in other words, that self-determination was bestowed on the Land of the Nile without a solution of certain vital questions—the "Four Reserved Points", as they are called. But, as Lord Lloyd shows with remarkable lucidity and convincingness, the trouble is of much longer standing than that.

This volume deals only with the years 1904-1919, but it was precisely during those years that the essential dichotomy of the British task in Egypt—reform and evacuation—became apparent. The very origin of the British occupation of Egypt was wrapped in doubt, indecision, and ignorance: the Gladstone Cabinet of 1880-1885 which sanctioned it was, as we know from the first volume of Mr. Garvin's *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, one of the worst possible British Administrations. To the dilemma in which politicians left British administrators in Egypt—that of being responsible for good governance and yet at the same time advertising early withdrawal—the commanding personality of Cromer for some years blinded this country. Nor was the great Consul-General ever in favour, as Lord Lloyd would have been in favour, of the annexation of Egypt to the British Empire. He was Liberal enough to believe in evacuation, yet he never showed how such evacuation could be made to square with Imperial interests in North Africa. That problem remained for his successors.

From 1907, the year of Cromer's retirement, down to the assumption by General Allenby in 1919 of the High Commissionership, it may be said, in the language of Burke, that British policy in Egypt has manifested all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength, and all the contortions of the sibyl, without its inspiration. Under Sir Eldon Gorst, the standard of good administration set up by Cromer was partly renounced in favour of experimenting in self-governing institutions. It was an interesting experiment, conducted by a man of considerable intelligence. But as economics must always precede politics, so Gorst's successor, Kitchener, swung the pen-

dulum back. Kitchener's main work in Egypt was on behalf of the fellaheen: his interest in the political side of Anglo-Egyptian relations manifested itself only when extorted by an importunate Whitehall. This being so, it was not unnatural that his efforts in political reform should have lacked that touch of foresight and sympathy which characterised his dealings with the peasants. Politically, in fact, "K." made confusion in Egypt worse confounded; and when the war broke out in 1914 all the larger problems of Egypt, the Capitulations, constitutional reform, and so on, were still lacking solution.

Of the decline of British prestige in Egypt during the war much has been written. The country which we had held since 1882 as a fief of the Ottoman Empire was now changed into a Protectorate. This meant that Great Britain, though not directly responsible for governance, would assuredly be held by Egyptians to be responsible. It was, as subsequent events proved, a mistake of crucial importance, for it gave rise to all sorts of ambiguities, the ambiguities which, though not unwelcome to Whitehall and to Westminster, make life infinitely more difficult for the men "on the spot." Error after error was committed, most notably, perhaps, in allowing Egyptians to recruit Egyptian labour for the war.

The post-war history of Egypt is still fresh in the public memory. The suppression by General Bulfin of the riots of March 1919, was followed by Mr. Lloyd George's impetuous decision to send out General Allenby as a Special High Commissioner. Egyptian agitators whom Sir Reginald Wingate had wisely deported were at once recalled, and so was ushered in that era of anti-British demonstrations and scheming the end of which is not yet.

Lord Lloyd's indictment of British policy in Egypt is shattering. His restraint and skill in narrating the facts are notable, and though many will enthusiastically approve of his extension to other lands than Egypt of the conclusions which he draws from these facts, it is an indication of the strength of his book that one need not share in his general philosophy to realize that on Egypt he has spoken the truth. It is indeed amazing that in the East, of all places, we in this age should be impatient to obtain "results" that future generations will probably account as so much *paperasserie*.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

GORDON. AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, by H. E. Wortham. *Harv.* 12s. 6d.

GORDON. THE SUDAN AND SLAVERY, by Pierre Crabités. *Routledge*. 12s. 6d.

IN Gordon's case (and never more perhaps than when that case was presented by such a master of irony as Lytton Strachey) to belittle is all too easy. A man so many-sided could not but have his ridiculous side.

It is because he was so many-sided, however, that emphasis on the ridiculous has in Gordon's case been particularly unjust. It can be explained by the post-War fashion for belittling the greater men of Victorian days. Now, happily, that fashion has passed, leaving only the reasonable scepticism which was its redeeming feature, and in the long series of articles that have appeared on the centenary of Gordon's birth none has been entirely critical or laudatory and most have been moderate in tone and by so much the nearer to truth.

Mr. Wortham's biography is likewise neither eulogy nor criticism, but a little of both and in addition unique in its kind. There has been a mass of books

about Gordon by his admirers and detractors and by the admirers and detractors of British imperialist policy or of the half-dozen eminent men who had the misfortune to be intimately concerned with Gordon's death. None before has attempted, as Mr. Wortham has done, to portray Gordon the man complete. No fanatically humanitarian or religious admirer could do full justice to Gordon's highly personal stand against slavery or against the Mahdi and his followers. No idealist (perhaps more properly ideological) critic could fully appreciate Gordon's motives on his last expedition to the Sudan.

For Gordon was not an abstraction of Victorian virtues and prejudices, but a man; a man who could display an almost melodramatic courage in face of death—and complain bitterly because a Minister used Foreign Office note-paper for his private correspondence; who regarded life as no more than a preparation for death—and "caught the worldly tram"; who suffered deeply and sincerely over the sufferings of his subordinates—and committed, in his own words, "judicial murder" on them. He was ever an individual, who must be shown in the round if he is to be fairly shown. And by displaying his sometimes magnificent and sometimes petty virtues, his sometimes magnificent and sometimes petty faults, it is thus that Mr. Wortham shows him.

Mr. Crabités has attempted a lesser task. Embracing only the latter part of Gordon's life and laying emphasis on such features of it as Gordon's work for the slaves, his book must inevitably appear less satisfying than the perspective of all Gordon's life. But of Gordon's work in the Sudan it is an excellent study, well documented and easily bearing out its thesis that Gordon has been much maligned.

W. H. HINDLE.

THE LOST LEADER. A STUDY OF WORDSWORTH, by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

SOMETHING of the high motive which Wordsworth constantly acknowledged has driven Mr. Fausset to make this study of Wordsworth. "Our purpose in this book," he says on the last page, "has simply been to suggest through the life-history of a singular man and a great poet something of what those forces (the mysterious forces of life) demand if mankind is to grow beyond its present stage of conflict." In fact, valuable as this book will be found, it loses some of its value as a disinterested study of Wordsworth because Mr. Fausset holds a theory about mankind in general and is at some pains to fit Wordsworth to the theory. He speaks constantly of "the mysterious forces of life", of a child's exultation as something "subdued to the rhythm of Nature," of "the unity which Nature desired and manifested", of "Life" with a capital L. "The child," says Mr. Fausset, meaning not merely Wordsworth but all children, "had humbled himself to life instinctively. It was enough then for him to feel and nothing else. For it was not so much he himself who felt as Life which felt through him." Does this last sentence mean anything more than that Mr. Fausset has elaborated a creed of mysticism and, because he finds children lovable and admirable, has fitted childhood into it with a verbal formula?

Wordsworth, according to Mr. Fausset's reading, after a perfect childhood, met with a disillusion in early youth so shocking to himself that he could never (for fear of further pain and loss) go on with the adventure of life. This disillusion as everyone knows now, arose out of the love-affair with Annette Vallon, and was increased in Wordsworth's slow and unwilling decline from it. The affair was shortlived but ardent,

and Wordsworth found himself father of a child whose mother was not his wife. He had trusted to instinct, followed the dictates of Nature, and was faced, not with the joy of Nature's approval, but the awkwardness of a shocked family, an empty purse, and a duty to be performed which (once he had returned to England) circumstances made impossible. Such misfortune has happened to other youths and they have recovered themselves. But Mr. Fausset argues, and I think more convincingly than any earlier critic-biographer, that Wordsworth never recovered from it; that it was the source of a conflict in his spirit which in the end he smothered because he could not resolve it.

Mr. Fausset admits that, had there been no conflict, there might have been no poetry. Yet there is, throughout his book, a tone (though only faintly heard) which suggests that Wordsworth's failure to find a way back to his former happy instinctive way of life was due to dishonesty, a wilful refusal to see the light. What the light was that he ought to have seen for his own salvation, Mr. Fausset attempts to make clear in a hundred places. He speaks of Wordsworth's "self-stultification", of an "insidious consumption of the soul." He says that Wordsworth chose domestic security, house, income, retirement, and the comfort of "the God of the devout" because they seemed safer than the adventure of life, and so murdered the creative poet in him. And, worse than this, he "could not outgrow an avid craving for self-satisfaction"—was guilty, in fact, of a lust of the spirit. Whereas, Mr. Fausset asserts, the truly creative spirit is "freed from all acquisitiveness . . . lives in what it contemplates. It passes out of the circumscribed life of sense and knows the joy of union in place of

the pleasure of possession. The hunger of egotism is appeased because the individual is no longer prevented by fear or thought of private advantage from participating wholly in the Universe which he perceives The journey from pure egotism to that pure selfhood which is also selflessness has been accomplished."

By thus repeatedly saying what in his belief might have saved Wordsworth, he leaves the impression that Wordsworth was not the victim of a cruel fate. But much of Mr. Fausset's argument is deduced from the cries and agonies and assertions of faith made by Wordsworth, and it would be possible to write quite as long a book as this showing him as the courageous and untiring defender of his spirit against the assaults of time and fate and decay—and failing in his defence. Perhaps the simple truth is that, like the celandine, "This neither was his courage nor his choice, but his necessity in growing old."

Like all honest criticism, Mr. Fausset's book proves provocative. It is difficult reading, but in the end the case he presents is almost unanswerable because so much of the evidence is given in Wordsworth's own words. Half-way through the book Mr. Fausset has occasion to quote Hazlitt's famous description of his first sight of Wordsworth. The note I made at this point in the margin of Mr. Fausset's book says: This book *must* contain much truth—see how all that has gone before enlightens and deepens Hazlitt's words, so that we feel certain that the man, of whom we have been reading Fausset's reconstruction, is that very man at that very moment when Hazlitt saw him.

Besides this, the way in which this analysis of Wordsworth's life brings to life new meanings in long-familiar poems is pretty strong evidence that the analysis is near the truth.

None of the recent books on Wordsworth has done so much to illuminate the seemingly simple as well as the more difficult passages of his poetry. Mr. Fausset has studied Wordsworth with love and with a decided and yet an extraordinarily ready mind. One has to admit that the book is too long and wordy and asks the greatest concentration. But one has to admit also that it is worth it all. And yet—poor Wordsworth!

FRANK KENDON.

POCAHONTAS, THE NONPARELL OF VIRGINIA, by David Garnett.
Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

FROM age to age the tragedy of childhood is re-enacted—that tragedy of ignorance, of curiosity leading into error; and from age to age the actors in it pass and grow into men and women, bearing the traces of younger suffering in greater or in lesser degree. Their escape—and some escape so lightly as to bear but the faintest of scars at all—is among the elements that enhance the poignancy of Pocahontas's fate. The very multitude of the victims of youthful ignorance, the drabness of their existence in most cases, the incompleteness of their suffering, enable us to observe it unmoved; whereas Pocahontas was one for all time; the wheel revolved full circle upon her, consummating the tragedy of one of those rare bright creatures at whose suffering and too early extinction Heaven itself might be thought to lament.

Amid so colourful a setting as Mr. Garnett has recreated for her, a character less than admirably drawn might be dimmed or obscured, if not overwhelmed. He does not attempt to magnify the part unwittingly played

by Pocahontas in the establishment of the Virginian colony. Her comings and goings on the scene are intermittent, from the first when, almost miraculously, her whimsical, childish love of the unknown saved Captain John Smith from imminent death, till, trapped and held prisoner, she became the wife of the industrious John Rolfe. And against what a background she moves all the time! Beauty and cruelty mingle here, not superimposed or turn by turn, but blended—the joy and beauty of the seasons, the happy Indians dancing, childlike, after a massacre of their foes, the cruelties, enmities, treacheries of the two races, their strange and sudden nobility. The Indian prisoner, before the coming of the English, sings quietly as his flesh is torn from him, watching the blackbird, scarlet shouldered, "his own spirit shaking its wings and throbbing in its song." Next, to the age-old tribal raiding there succeeds the more deadly struggle with the white men, a motley, disorganised rabble at first, surviving only because better armed; then gaining ground because, by contrast with Powhatan's aged indecision, their purpose is so utterly relentless, whether they come to trade or to fight.

It may not be accurate history that Mr. Garnett has given us here, though his facts are all drawn from sources of repute. Admittedly it is a reconstruction, conceived in the main as a work of art, and by that standard it must be judged. What more is needed? The facts are here, reinforced by a visit to the scenes of the action. Here too are the light and the shadow, the brilliance and the darkness, the balance and the contrast that go to make beauty. Even without its protagonist, this book, into whose elements cruelty and treachery enter so largely, would be memorable for its savage beauty.

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By FRANK H. VIZETELLY, Litt.D., LL.D.

IN this volume the author gives page after page of valuable advice gleaned from a long experience in working with words. "There are many pitfalls in the paths of those who make use of English," he says, "and these are not restricted to the ignorant or illiterate—they are faced frequently by persons of culture and education. This new guide to speech and writing provides information on the use of English for such persons as need more frequently to be reminded of than to be corrected for their lapses in the use of English."

The aim of this work is to help those who are interested in using their mother tongue correctly, by providing a handy guide for quick reference to such matters of doubt as are treated within its pages.

The author feels that his purpose will best be served by presenting separate words and comparing and contrasting their meaning, and by giving illustrations, providing examples citing such as are of correct usage, and adding pronunciations, without engaging in endless analysis.

An actual extract will demonstrate the valued assistance rendered by this excellent volume.

each, either, both

"These words are frequently confounded. *Either* properly means one of two. A man may fire *either* barrel of a gun, and reserve the load in the other barrel; or, he may fire *each* barrel, first one and then the other; or, finally, he may fire *both* barrels, the implication being that they are discharged as connected parts or a single act. *Either* has been used for *each* or *both*, but in this use *each* or *both*, according to construction, is usually preferable.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on *either* side of the river, was there the tree of life.—*Revelation* xii. 2.

"There were bookshelves at *either* end of the room; (say *both* ends). *Each* hat was stylish, and *both* were low-priced. *Each* horse in turn was led from the stable. I was informed that I might choose *either*; but it was difficult to choose, for *both* were beautiful."

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Here, in addition, is something more, something that elevates it as a piece of work above the static beauty of a picture, more to a level with the art of music. Shall we call it the Pocahontas theme—intermittent yet recurrent with her appearance, till finally it comes into its own, still sweet and light but increasingly charged with a hint of disaster unwittingly invoked. The bright life dances in the forests of Virginia, bright as the nodding scarlet flower called Indian flame that fringes the lakes. Less brightly, but no less purely, it burns in the murks of London or amid the tinsel brilliance of King James's court. Then suddenly it is gone altogether; and by the measure of our grief to-day we know that the author's work is well done.

JOHN LINNELL.

REMINISCENCES OF D. H. LAWRENCE, by John Middleton Murry. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

EVERYBODY with an interest in literary matters knows about the attack on Mr. Murry by Mrs. Carswell, in her book, *The Savage Pilgrimage*. Mr. Murry invoked the law in his defence. He has now gone a step further and attacked. The campaign takes the form of a preface in his latest manner—rather Gertrude Steinish in style and Salvationist in tone; a reprint from the *Adelphi* of his *Reminiscences of Lawrence*; an examination, in the form of notes to the foregoing *Reminiscences*, of Mrs. Carswell's book; and, finally, a reprint of his criticisms of Lawrence made and published during Lawrence's lifetime.

There is something rather nauseating about this spectacle of literary people squabbling like parasites over the dead genius. It reminds one of the fighting of relatives at the reading of a will. Who cares very much whether Mrs.

Carswell washed Lawrence's feet with a pot of spikenard, or whether Mr. Murry played the Iscariot or the St. John to him? It is, of course, easy for an onlooker to pretend to be superior—no priggishness more facile. But at least by being outside the conflict one can keep a better sense of proportion. Lawrence was a wonderful writer, and his influence as a creative personality is still not determined. His novels and his slipshod poetry, and even his frequently boring philosophical excursions with the robe of Nietzsche and the staff of Freud, are all made homogeneous by his vivid and eager personality. That personality seems to have been so strong that it went to the heads of many of the people who encountered it, sending them mad either with rage or adulation.

It took Mr. Murry both ways; and his ensuing conduct towards Lawrence has been the basis of Mrs. Carswell's attack. Let them fight it out together, and write and sell as many books as they may. They are both convincing. What intelligent person isn't, while he is in the act of arguing? But meanwhile the sanctity of the dead is being violated, and nobody who admires an original artist is grateful for the rude interruptions of his contemplation over the beauty and courage of Lawrence's work. One's resentment takes the form of an increased irritation with his weaknesses, especially with the inverted puritanical *snobisme* that made him attack the English sex-philistine. No wonder Lawrence sang a Hymn of Hate so repeatedly. It was not successful, however, in saving him from his friends.

One lovely thing this controversy shows afresh; and that is the star-like wisdom and sweetness of character of Katherine Mansfield.

RICHARD CHURCH.

SOUTHERN CROSS TO POLE STAR, by A. F. Tschiffely. *Heinemann. 15s.*

MR. TSCHIFFELY's book is the story of a horse-lover's great ride from Buenos Aires to Washington, a long trail of ten thousand miles, through country that can be imagined. This remarkable feat has already inspired a pæan of admiration from another great cavalier of the pampas, but what to Mr. Cunningham Graham is material for high poetry is rightly regarded by the adventurous rider himself as an occasion for simple, straightforward narrative. He fears that the critics will find fault with his style of writing. Quite the contrary; we would rather give thanks that his modest sense of his own powers did not lead him to the address of some slick literary ghost, who might have invested the story with drama and colour, but would surely

have deprived it of the marked individuality and plain evidence of truth of detail which make it so well worth reading.

Mr. Tschiffely chose as the partners of his undertaking Mancha and Gato, two Creole horses from Patagonia. These were the half-wild descendants of animals of Arab and Barb blood whom Don Pedro Mendoza, the founder of Buenos Aires, brought from Spain in the sixteenth century. Mr. Cunningham Graham devotes a preface to these noble beasts, which certainly deserve to pasture in the equine Valhalla which he imagines as their proper destiny; for their sagacity, sharpened in the wild, more than once saved the life of the rider. The perils of the way were considerable, and the self-reliance of one who, it is said, once earned his living as a boxer in a booth at Buenos Aires, was a quality not more necessary

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than the care and forethought which, like the expert airman on a world flight, he gave to the needs of his horses. Those suicidal stunts, indeed, might seem to suggest some parallel with Mr. Tschiffely's exploit, were it not for the mercenary publicity which too often inspires them, though it makes them financially possible. There was no limelight for the lonely horseman, till the rumour of his attempt began to precede him, so that in the end he was met and fêted at every village like a conquering hero. Large tracts of the country which Mr. Tschiffely traversed, in the steamy jungles of Costa Rica, for example, or among the almost untrodden mountain tracks of the Andes, are but little known. The wayside encounters, the shifts and expedients of this hard-bitten rider and the unfamiliar scenes and primitive peoples are so described as to leave a most definite impression. In spite of the writer's consciousness of his imperfections of style, this will surely remain one of the outstanding travel books of the year.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

LITERARY SESSIONS, by Eric Partridge. *The Scholartis Press*. 7s. 6d.

MR. PARTRIDGE here reprints fifteen varied essays and articles which he has written during the last ten years. They fall quite naturally into three groups, one of criticism in general, one of criticism of five lesser known nineteenth century writers—if Ambrose Bierce and Robert Landor can be so called—and one of a collection of little articles on various medical by-ways. Most educated readers will find at least something to their taste: contrariwise, there will be few who are not bored by this article or that. That is the price a writer has to pay for ranging so widely in a short book of collected essays.

Perhaps the two most valuable essays he has are those which deal with the public's taste in fiction, and with best-sellers in Fiction. In the latter Mr. Partridge has some very illuminating things to say, and he reinforces his doctrine with an interesting list of novelists ranked under the following headings: Highbrow, Literary, Middlebrow, Non-Literary Middlebrow, Lowbrow. Some of the authors he puts under those headings are interesting. C. E. Montague is Highbrow; Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, Middlebrow; E. M. Delafield, Non-literary Middlebrow; and Agatha Christie, Lowbrow. Mr. Partridge justifies some of his more surprising classifications. He has also a valuable essay on "European Literary Criticism since 1798", which is extremely erudite but also rather formidable.

R. B. L.

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SELECTED FICTION

THE LOVELY LADY, by D. H. Lawrence. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.

A LITTLE of D. H. Lawrence goes a long way—longer I heretically think, than a lot of him. To me fifty pages of his morning freshness budding and ripening into noonday intensity are more stimulating than three hundred pages of his novels in which the intensity is monotonously prolonged, for the natural, inevitable culmination of intensity is in hysteria. Hence a preference and an eagerness for his short stories. He had a genius for penetrating to the outline of a man or woman's essential nature, for swiftly and surely indicating their lines of fate, heart and head but he could not and did not wish to plot out the complex particularities which give a novel breadth as well as depth. His approach was the hit or miss approach of lyrical intuition. His sentences are thrown out over his quarry with the nonchalant *expertise* of the lasso.

This nonchalance became in his later work a kind of sophistication. At first he was struggling with the transcendent being in real people; they were not yet puppets pulled by arbitrary wires. But later, confirmed in his beliefs, he sat back and gave us not people but points of view about them. It was a point of view which enabled him to get marvelously under their skins but, as sophistication increased, there he stayed and played with them, and his early intensity was replaced by something laughing, careless, colloquial and per-

functory. *The Lovely Lady* is an example of this later phase, and even the least finished of its stories have a vital quality which places them far above those short stories which are merely exercises in an expert novelist's ingenuity. Lawrence can be ingenious, too—witness the amusing and not unsuccessful use of a drainpipe as a speaking tube between a voracious and tyrannical old lady soliloquising in a garden, and her overwrought niece laying in the sun on a nearby roof—but these stories are skeleton novels sketched out carelessly while they were still singing in his head and before some doctrinal coagulation had set in—sketches awaiting the final touches that would no doubt have pulled them together; but emphatically no pot boilers.

"The Man who Loved Islands" is the only story in the book which satisfies the demands of literature. It is about a man who went to live a life of patrician exile on an island, and who was driven along the extreme logical road of his decision, abandoning the larger island for a smaller, and the smaller—when human contact threatened to engulf him again—for an islet that was no more than a rock in the open sea. Here is a study curiously reversing the usual Lawrence theme of fulfilment, a study in retrogression and isolation intensifying itself to the freezing point of the soul. Beginning ironically, lyrically and easily, beautifully placing the master on his island

with his tenants, and the island in the sea, the story changes its tone to one of impassioned ironic intensity. It is a marvellous presentation of the contraction and freezing of the self into a fanatical loneliness.

One finds oneself asking at the end if it is not really the story of two souls. Is the vague dreamy-eyed aesthete of the opening pages the same person as the nerve-wracked man at the end frantically digging away the snow from his hut in an Atlantic storm? Has he not, when the story passionately intensifies, given place to Lawrence? Has Lawrence not as usual begun with a stranger and ended with himself? It does not, perhaps, matter. Lawrence was always writing a new fragment of spiritual autobiography, creating a climate for himself to live in exclusively, and not dispersing himself among people as non-prophetic artists have always done. He makes in this story a beautiful terrifying and indelible world, and the minor characters in it take unmistakable life from him whose words play upon them like the rays of a living sun.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP, by H. G. Wells. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

THE name of Mr. H. G. Wells on a book presupposes a certain level of achievement. It sets a standard—the standard of his own past work. To say that the book is poor is not to deny it merits that, for general interest and sheer intellectual vitality, set it above nine-tenths of current fiction; it is only to place it lower than *Tono Bungay*, *Kipps*, or, among later works, *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*. Anything Mr. Wells writes will have pages of penetrating comment, thought-provoking reflections, witty phrases and good prose—these can be taken for granted.

All, certainly, may be found in *The Bulpington of Blup*, but it must be a brain drugged by continual overdoses of the novels of lesser writers that can set his new book with Mr. Wells's best. Simply, it is not in the same class with his best. Almost everything in it he has done before, and done better—the 'Ninetyish aesthetic parents, the pre-War childhood and youth, student-life in London, the discovery of the three S's—Science, Sex, and Socialism—the War. We have had much the same mixture in *Joan and Peter*, *The Dream*, and *William Clissold*, to name no more—and, I think, more vigorously mixed! The new ingredient, unprecedented in the whole range of Mr. Wells's novels, is a central character (one cannot say "hero") with whom the author is never once in any real sympathy, and who in consequence finally passes beyond not only the reader's sympathy but his interest also. The intention was, perhaps, to lead one unsuspecting up the garden path of innocent and sufficiently normal boyish and adolescent day-dreaming, and then to show how, without the electric torch of Science (three cheers for Science!), one may stumble into that slough of delusion which, having begun in self-deception, is responsible for half—or is it all?—the fantasies of Art and Religion. Theodore Bulpington is, one feels, meant to be Everyman but for the grace of Darwin and Huxley. He is also, however, individually such a cad—and a bad egg with so soft a shell—that Everyman must refuse to recognise him as representative, or even as caricature. Conservatism, Catholicism, even "arty" Art, may be open to devastating criticism, but Bulpington does not begin to represent them adequately. Finally, in his drunken apotheosis as the Man who Won the Great War, he becomes a bit of a bore.

No, this is not a very good book. As polemic it never gets down to business at all, either on the Science or on the "Values" side of the fence. As a novel it undoubtedly has good moments, but languishes towards the end. Such a work as Mr. Wells's *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* has a hundred times its creative vigour.

GEOFFREY WEST.

ANN VICKERS, by Sinclair Lewis. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

MAN'S MORTALITY, by Michael Arlen. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

ANKLE DEEP, by Angela Thirkell. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

A DAY OFF, by Storm Jameson. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS is one of the most interesting novelists writing to-day. He has great gifts of characterization and his portraits are painted in such a way that they impress themselves upon the mind of the reader. His sense of beauty is quick and keen, and he has a trick of nomenclature, so comically apt, that the names of his people fit their holders like the most accommodating kind of glove. In addition to these admirable qualifications he has great powers of narrative. All these things are displayed to advantage in his new novel, *Ann Vickers*, and yet I did not feel altogether satisfied when I finished this most entertaining story of an American girl who set out in search of a successful career and who did not find content or mental happiness until she dared to forget her ambitions and to become as simple and natural as possible. I read the book with absorbed interest, and on analyzing my faint feeling of dissatisfaction afterwards, I found that it was due to three things. The picture of Ann is not entirely consistent. Mr. Lewis occasionally lets fall little hints and forebodings about Ann's future, which

resemble the gloomy prognostications so popular with the Victorian novelists. The book is not written with the telling economy of words which was so effective in some of the author's earlier books. In fact there are moments when the reader feels that Mr. Lewis has been taking lessons from that devastating conversationalist, the man who knew Coolidge. In spite of these blemishes *Ann Vickers* is a fine novel, written with the zest and abundance of talent that distinguish Mr. Lewis's work.

One must applaud the popular novelist who is not content with the vein which has brought him popularity, and in *Man's Mortality* Mr. Arlen has made a considerable experiment. This novel might almost have been written by Ouida in collaboration with the earlier H. G. Wells. It is a glimpse into the future when the world has come under the control of a gigantic combine of key industries, International Aircraft and Airways, Inc. The root idea behind this organization was that transport must govern the world. "The architects of this new order were inspired by the splendour of a dream of peace: of peace at all costs, even at the cost of tyranny. They courted tyranny. They were weary of the superstition of humility to the inevitable quarrelsomeness of human nature." The fate of the world under these conditions makes an inspiring theme, and, expert story teller that Mr. Arlen is, he has written an entirely readable book.

Miss Angela Thirkell first revealed her rare and delicate talent in a charming book of childhood reminiscence, *Three Houses*, and after reading her novel, *Ankle Deep*, one feels that she is happier when she does not aspire to the imaginative flights of fiction, although there are many amusing and

penetrating pages in this story of a middle-aged married woman, who returns to England from Canada for a holiday with her parents, and has a most innocent love affair with an unsatisfactory and selfish bachelor. Nothing much happens and yet Mrs. Thirkell never lets the reader's interest flag, and her occasional acid descriptions, such as the visit to the cinema, and the audience at the lecture are worthy of Miss Delafield at her best. The characterization, too, is very sure. Aurea herself, the unsquashable Fanny, and the scholarly Mr. Howard, whose "perception of right and wrong was so finely stern that it could be exercised practically in nothing short of a vacuum", will be gratefully applauded. It seems just possible that Mrs. Thirkell, like Mr. Harold Nicholson, is most at home in a medium which is neither fact nor fiction, but a blending of both. There can be no doubt whatever as to her genuine talents as a writer of English prose and as a delineator of the English character.

Miss Storm Jameson puts the heroine of her new book, *A Day Off*, under the microscope, and, in just over two hundred pages, reveals for her readers' inspection a day in the life of a not very fortunate lady, who was forty-six and getting stout. Miss Jameson has chosen a theme which has extraordinary technical difficulties. Her heroine is a solitary, and therefore the book is a kind of monologue, beautifully written but imposing a sense of a strain on the reader. The quality of the prose is, perhaps, its most remarkable feature.

ERIC GILLETT.

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE, by Dorothy Sayers. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

MISS SAYERS has well justified her position as a writer of first-class detective fiction in this her latest book.

The story opens with the arrival of Mr. Death Bredon as copy-writer to the firm of Pim's Publicity in place of the lately deceased Victor Dean, whose demise was unfortunately hastened by a headlong fall down the office stairs. Mr. Bredon, in between the exigencies of his duties as copy-writer ("A meal begun with Blagg's Tomato Softens every husband's heart-oh!") displays a certain curiosity about the circumstances of the accident, and gradually the blameless house of Pim's Publicity is shown to harbour one or two inmates whose interests are not entirely confined to the orthodox winning of the daily bread.

It would be unfair to the author to divulge the plot further; one can only say that the tangle of clues is unravelled with all the ingenuity of which Miss Sayers is capable. A special word of praise must be added for the setting of the plot. Miss Sayers knows just how to create the atmosphere of a busy publicity office with its harrassed copy-writers and lay-out experts, and it is intended as a compliment to say that one is reluctant to leave the offices of Pim's Publicity to follow up even the hottest of trails.

M. M.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1933

THE INEVITABLE AMERICAN CRASH

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE history of America is strewn with bank failures. Few are the towns of the Middle-West and West where the drama of a bank failure with its subsequent miseries is not part of the local saga.

The failures have been due to various causes—national depressions, crop set-backs, dishonest management, the inherent vulnerability of American banking. But when the local bank failed it always had the same consequences. Hundreds of families lost their savings; scores of business men were crippled financially, some of them for life; and disgrace henceforth rested on the officials of the bank, hitherto the trusted leaders of the community.

When I was a boy in an Ohio town, one of the two banks crashed and the cashier was sent to the penitentiary. This man had lived round the corner from my home, and his pew in church was close to my father's pew. He and his wife were leaders in the social life of the town. I remember the neighbours went in to comfort his wife, going with set faces to do a disagreeable and pious duty. It was very bewildering to me as a child. How could a man have been a pillar of the church and town, and yet have been a criminal all the time?

Statistics of bank failures are incredibly vacant conveyors of human experience. One can say in a twinkling that 9,285 American banks failed in the decade 1921-31. The statement

is useful, for it leads to the abstract judgment that the banking system of America is so imperfect as to need rebuilding from the ground up. But there is no clue to the human tragedies in the words "9,285 bank failures". For the greater part these failures have been in small towns, no larger than the village of 4,500 in which I grew up as a boy. The failures always came without warning. Each one left an entire section of the town, perhaps the entire town, poorer. Each failure invariably meant that trusted men, usually honest men, were dethroned from leadership in the community and that their embittered fellow townsmen thereafter fought an intenser struggle with adversity. Each failure, too, meant that the town on whose growth and progress everyone depended had suffered a reverse from which it could not recover for years.

Small wonder, then, that during all its history America has been debating its banking system, and in epoch after epoch it has made changes in the system in the belief that the reforms would be sufficient to make it safe for the future.

The basis of American banking has been the unit bank. To this day, more people in America believe in the virtue of unit banking than believe in its inevitable weakness. For unit banking is an ingrained idea, part of the belief in individualism, in freedom, in the American dream. The idea is as old as American history, it had its origin in the spirit which drove back the frontiers from the eastern seaboard, across the Appalachians, to the Mississippi, over the prairies, to the Pacific coast.

The Revolutionary War itself was inspired in part by this motive. There was another impulse, from the economic interests of the business men of the colonies. But there was, too, the insistence of simpler folk on making a new world of equal opportunity. These two motives were personified in Washington's first cabinet by Alexander Hamilton, the spokesman of American business, and Thomas Jefferson, the prophet of democracy. The Hamiltonians wanted to concentrate power on the seaboard, the democrats pushed away from the East and began an almost separate life in the Middle West. These Middle-Westerners distrusted the propertied East. To

them it was aristocratic, financially baronial, conservative. The Middle-West was to be a world where individuals were rated by their merits, not by their possessions.

Recent historians have pointed out that Jefferson was not a democrat in any universal sense. The democracy which he envisaged was strictly agrarian. He trusted mankind so long as mankind farmed its own land. He was not so happy about entrusting freedom to the paid labour of eastern industry and commerce. If Jefferson had had his way America would have become an agrarian paradise, imbued with democratic ideals. John Truslow Adams, in *The Epic of America*, points out the paradox that America has become the business world of Hamilton imbued with the agrarian democracy of Jefferson. This accounts for the strain of almost mystic idealism to be found in every characteristic part of America, as alive as the strong materialism which equally distinguishes it.

Throughout the Middle West, and later the Far West, distrust of the East was implanted with the first seed sown by the newly arrived settler. And the harvest of this distrustful seed has seldom failed. There has always been a fear of centralizing power in the East. What Wall Street means to the Middle West today, Eastern finance has always meant. Americans had once been colonists of England, they were not going to be colonists of financiers in New York and Philadelphia and Boston.

Suspicion of the East early showed itself in the aversion from centralized banking. Hamilton set up a central bank, the Bank of the United States. It was closed down in 1811. The charter was revived in 1816, but the first Middle-Western president, Andrew Jackson, vetoed the renewal of its charter in 1838. Centralised banking power to these early American Westerners meant the building of the wrong kind of America.

Since growth was impossible without banks, the right kind of bank was one founded by local men, knowing the local community, working enthusiastically for its growth and development. The absentee banker, like the absentee landlord, was un-American.

This, then, is the tradition of America, and it remains the

faith of a majority of the country. English people, in their compact little island, with its fairly uniform requirements, may wonder that branch-banking is not better appreciated in America. The distance, geographically and spiritually, between a village in Yorkshire and London is not vast. London can well measure the financial needs of a Yorkshire village and do them justice. But the distance between a town in the Dakotas or Wisconsin and New York is, at all events spiritually, as great as that between London and Rhodesia. Indeed, the distrust of New York in the West is even stronger than any distrust of London in the white settlements of the Empire.

The march of American progress has been halted by successive crises, and each of these has brought home to Americans that it was not enough simply to hold to the unit bank. America has been a land of corruption from its early days, indeed the corruption today may be less extensive than at many other times in American history. Bank failures have shown that incompetence and dishonesty were among the root causes of disaster, and for this reason alone stronger forces of control were essential. It has always been the popular American reaction to believe that bank failures were primarily a betrayal of public trust and not an economic phenomenon.

The formation of the first national banks in 1863, it was hoped, would combine the benefits of the unit bank with the safeguard of national supervision and national standards of banking. The expectation at the time was that these banks with national charters would drive out of existence the less strictly controlled banks with state charters. A tendency in that direction showed itself at first. Later it was reversed. The number of banks with state charters today is greater than that of national banks.

In 1912, the century-long debate about banking came to a head, and a "final" reform was instituted. This was the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. The unit bank was retained, but this time banking was so co-ordinated into a flexible system that the Americans believed they had solved the problem. They predicted triumphantly that America had experienced its last nation-wide banking crisis. Hereafter

the strong banks should save the weak, and not the weak undermine the strong.

Every national bank was required to take membership in the Federal Reserve family. Would not these safeguarded banks gain such a prestige that the state banks would be driven to take national charters and come in? Many thought so. But up to the crisis of last month only one-third of the banks of America were members of the Federal Reserve system. True, this third of the country's banks controlled two-thirds of the banking resources. But the Federal Reserve system was still not all-embracing. And what is more, something like 1,700 of the bank failures of the past decade have been of members of that system. Not only was the system no complete insurance against national crisis, it was no guarantee against failures of the supposedly co-ordinated unit banks.

It must not be imagined that unit banking, even with so many banks outside the Federal Reserve system, has meant unco-ordinated banking. The whole texture of banking in America has become more closely knit with the greater integration of the nation. Besides the Federal Reserve system there has been the inter-relationship of clearing houses, of which there are two hundred and fifty in America. And then every small bank has had to maintain correspondent-relationship with some powerful city institution with which it kept deposits and from whom it borrowed funds. In fact, the close relationship of banks—which unit banking is popularly supposed to prevent—is the direct cause of many of the bank failures. A country bank fails; this sets up liquidation which affects a corresponding bank, forcing it to liquidate part of its assets. Bank failures have led not to a vicious circle of failures, but to a vicious spiral. And this spiral has finally embraced the nation.

To some extent branch banking has already taken a hold in parts of the United States. It is unrestricted in nine States, permitted within limited areas in ten other States, and specifically prohibited in only twenty-two States. Three years ago the number of branch banks had risen to 3,618. These branches were not as a rule operated in small towns, but were chiefly

branches in the same city as the parent bank, and less than a third of them were in small towns.

Another development toward closer relationship between banks was the growth of chain and group banks, institutions linked by common ownership by an individual or association of individuals, or by a holding company. This has been a rapid innovation. Three years ago 2,144 such banks already existed, and though they numbered less than one-tenth of the total number of banks they held one-fifth of all the banking loans and investments in the country.

The problem, then, has not been one of the mere lack of co-ordination. Indeed, the unit bank, standing alone, which could fail without injuring other banks and without spreading its weakness through the entire banking structure, might even be regarded as an effective though cruel instrument of a needed deflation.

The difficulty of the banking system has not been the absence of co-ordination but the lack of centralized authority, which could protect banking as a whole from the maladies of individual units as well as of the system. The problem in the first place is the basic one, one might say the philosophical one, of whether to continue the evolution of America as a land of individualism or to transform it into a centralized power.

Without conscious determination, this problem has been on the way to solution by the changes in American life in the past twenty years. Centralization in business is already far advanced. Certain industries have combined, certain commercial enterprises have been constructed on a national scale, and the small individual unit has been fighting a rearguard action. The magnitude of the modern industrial and commercial undertakings has of itself affected the banking system. This organic reconstruction of business is one contributing cause of the present banking crisis.

A normal field for banking activity is the loan of funds to industry and commerce. In former times the bank which made such loans had some oversight and control. It could take measures to make sure that the money would be repaid, and the depositors of the bank protected. But the great industrial

and commercial undertakings, instead of going to the banks for all their money, have been going more and more to the public direct. They have raised capital by issuing shares. Some of the money was supplied by the banks, which invested funds in these issues. But the banks had lost control of these industries, had forfeited one of their essential privileges; they no longer could take precautions to assure the return of their money. The growth of this tendency is revealed in the increase of investments by banks during the past fifteen years, and the decrease of more liquid industrial and commercial loans. There is reason to believe that many of the largest undertakings decreased their bank loans by as much as half, a loss to the banks of billions of dollars of legitimate business.

The banks turned also to real estate. The result was the great building boom of the last decade, which gave American cities a fabulous and often beautiful reincarnation. Both these developments left the banks, this time city banks, rich in resources, vulnerable if once stock-market prices and real estate values fell.

One result of such changes was to decrease the liquidity of banks. This decrease set in early in the 1920's. It was obvious, even in the midst of the boom to everyone, with an understanding of finance. The loss of liquidity, of which the world first learned after the collapse of the stock market in 1929, and which brought the banking crisis to the tragedy in March of this year was a steady development which the stock market collapse merely hastened and rounded off. Not unit banking was at fault here. The nature of banking itself was changing. Even sound banking was becoming more precarious.

The illness of the banking system of America has thus been two-fold. Unit banking has been a source of local disease, and it ravaged a system with a weakening heart. The disease of unit banking could not be treated without a conscious change in the fundamental American outlook. The weakening heart could not be strengthened without a conscious readjustment of banking to the rapid transformation of the very nature of business. Only in this perspective is it fair to examine unit banking and assess its share in the present disaster.

The small unit bank in the Middle West, West, and South was foredoomed by the march of time. National banks, not permitted by law to capitalize for less than \$25,000, and state banks with still smaller capitalizations, dotted the prairie and farming towns. So long as old-fashioned conditions prevailed these local banks functioned fairly well. They financed the movement of the crops. They advanced loans to individuals on "character". They supplied the needed cash for the town's business and local industries.

When these towns were founded, each one had been an outpost of progress. Henry Ford and the cheap car account for some of the high mortality of their banks. When farmers could buy their own cars and run them over newly-paved highways to more distant cities, they began doing their banking out of the village. That was one of the chief causes of bank failures in small towns.

Another cause was the coming of the chain-store and the growth of the mail-order houses. The old-fashioned shop-keeper was a local man, and banked locally. The chain-store came from a distant city where it was financed. It transacted only a small amount of business in the local bank. It had specialised needs which the local bank could not meet. But while the chain-store did some of its banking locally, the mail-order house did none whatever.

A third item of loss can also be ascribed to "progress". American farmers emerged from the world war with heavy mortgages, and with a new spirit fired by the promises of mechanisation. Farming on the old basis had ceased to pay. Rehabilitation would only come by the use of machinery. This machinery was not bought through the local bank. It was sold on the hire-purchase system by the manufacturers, who financed these transactions in large cities.

The final and greatest item of danger to these village banks was, of course, the collapse of farm prices and the consequent inability of farmers to pay off their mortgages. This, however, is the more recent disaster. It fell upon banks already declining in vitality and meaning.

It is not enough to picture the destruction of small banks

as occasional episodes in a few hundred villages, nor to think of the American banking system as consisting of the great city banks and the straggling hundreds of these village institutions. In 1929, America had 10,825 banks with capital stock of \$25,000 or less. In numbers they comprised nearly 40 per cent. of all banks. Banks with capital stock of \$100,000 or less numbered 20,742, more than four-fifths of the total. And 20,008 banks were in towns of a population of 10,000 or less. In a decade of bank failures, roughly nine out of ten were in towns of less than 10,000 population. The figures show that before the crisis of March, four out of ten American banks had failed, and few communities of less than 10,000 population in the Middle West, West, and South had escaped the devastation.

Thus the fires of destruction crept from the prairie and farm upon the cities. Already the city banks, with their disproportionate holdings of securities and of loans on real estate, were in jeopardy. And they quickly became susceptible to any wave of public suspicion. Those in a relatively strong position offered every sacrifice to make themselves liquid. The great New York banks are reported finally to have achieved an ability to pay as much as half their depositors on demand. Less entrenched institutions in other cities were not so fortunate.

The present crisis was averted for a year by President Hoover's establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with government resources to lend to the banks in exchange for frozen but sound assets. Already city bank failures were beginning to be a commonplace. The R.F.C. began pumping liquidity into strong banks. Congress, suspicious of the R.F.C., raised the old familiar cry that the taxpayer was being exploited to save "big business". It passed a law that the loans of the R.F.C., at first secret, had to be public, and thus the receipt of assistance in many cases simply advertised that the danger was desperate.

It was only a step to the crisis of Detroit, where the banks had reduced their liquidity in one of the greatest real estate booms in recent times. Detroit banks could not fail without dragging down the rest of the banks of the State. Michigan

could not close all its banks for a "holiday" without endangering all banks in America vulnerable to public whispers. The strong eastern banks poured their resources westward to quench the rising fires of distrust, but in a few days they had to give up the effort. As Governor Lehmann of New York said, the people of America could not at one and the same time draw out their entire forty billion dollars of deposits and keep their banking system intact. Public confidence was finally gone.

I have left to the end all but a brief reference to corruption in American banking. It has been a factor throughout the past decade simply because of the public belief that it was there. The final runs on American banks at the end of February came soon after two men of national reputation had testified before the Senate committee investigating the stock market. One of these was General Charles G. Dawes, former Vice-president of the United States, who resigned as American Ambassador to the Court of St. James to serve for a time as president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The other was Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank.

The Associated Press report of General Dawes' appearance as witness is worth transcribing:

"With characteristic brusque frankness, Charles G. Dawes acknowledged to a Senate committee today (February 16) that his Chicago bank had 'violated the principle of the law' in loans to the collapsed Insull utilities companies.

"Ruefully admitting that 'the retrospect of the average banker is a sad one,' the former Vice-president testified that his institution, the Central Republic Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, with capital and surplus of \$24,000,000, had loaned \$11,000,000 to the far-flung Insull enterprises.

"He agreed this violated the principle of a law intended to prevent banks from 'putting too many eggs in one basket,' but said when the loans were made they 'were all supposed to be well secured.'

"These securities, he said, are now all held by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as collateral on its \$90,000,000 advances to his bank."

Mr. Mitchell's testimony supplied the information that he had sold securities at a loss of nearly \$2,800,000 to a member of his family, thus escaping heavy income tax, and then re-

purchased them. The Senate Committee learned that he had drawn about \$3,500,000 as bonus above his salary from the National City Bank and National City Company in three years. It learned that the National City Bank, after the collapse of the market in 1929, created a fund of \$2,400,000 to lend money to the bank's own officers, sometimes on no security whatever, to "keep up their morale", and then had transferred the loan to the National City Company, which had written it down to \$65,000. The Committee learned that at times the National City Company, a subsidiary of the National City Bank, was selling short the bank's stock, while it sent through the country high-powered salesmen offering the stock at as much as \$580 a share. At the time the book value of the stock was less than \$70, and the dividend \$4.

It learned that in 1927 the National City Bank issued 250,000 of its shares at \$200 a share, half of the money going to the National City Company. The company with its \$25,000,000 bought the General Sugar Corporation. This corporation had acquired several Cuban sugar companies to which the National City Bank had loaned more than \$30,000,000 some ten years before. When the National City Company took over the sugar company the National City Bank was paid \$23,000,000 in cash on its loans to the Cuban companies. Mr. Mitchell on the stand would not admit these loans had been "bad", but preferred calling them "slow and doubtful". But he agreed that the public which put up the \$25,000,000 had not been told it was to be used for taking over "slow and doubtful" loans.

Mr. Mitchell resigned the presidency of the National City Bank. A few days later President Roosevelt delivered his inaugural address. It contained a passage, typically early-American in its Biblical language and mood, which is unclear without reference to the testimony given at Washington. Here it is:

"The rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and have abdicated. The practices of unscrupulous money-changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and the minds of men. True, they have tried, but faced by the

failure of credit, they have proposed only lending more money. Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow them, they have resorted to exhortations, pleading tearfully for restored confidence. They only know the rules of a generation of self-seekers. They have no vision, and where there is no vision the people perish. The money-changers having fled from their high seats in the temple of civilization, we may now restore that temple to the ancient truths."

The revelations at Washington did not astonish the country, they simply confirmed it in suspicions which all along had been rife, as they were rife—and with similar justification—in all earlier financial crises. If no other indication had been needed, America had seen how bond selling by the eastern banks during the boom had reached the pitch of religious hysteria. The Middle West and West knew all about it, they had entertained and enriched the highly trained, highly lyrical bond salesmen. The securities were sold not only to individuals, but to those self-same weakening country banks which had a right to look to the big New York banks as protectors and friends. When the country was left with these securities after the stock market crash, it felt that banking had better get back to its normal functions and send forth no more highly-trained young men hawking securities. The country was prepared to believe that such banking might be as rotten as it looked.

President Roosevelt has twice played on the country's suspicions of high finance in his appeals for dictatorial power to deal with the crisis. He will disappoint the country if he does not follow these accusations with deeds and let the whips of the law fall upon those who have flouted the law.

But there is a danger which, no doubt, he will strive to avert, and that is that the public might have the delusion that the banking system of America can be made safe simply by sending men to prison. Confidence is always the first essential of successful banking. The American public in the end lost faith in its banks, and they had to be closed. But the observance of the law is not enough to make for confidence, and there still would have been an American banking crisis if every banker in the country had been scrupulously honest. There were other weaknesses in the system besides its inability to justify

confidence. And it may be simpler to improve the ethics of bankers than to strengthen these other weaknesses.

A great banker in London said to me: "What America needs is to stop worshipping its constitution. It is out of date". He may be right, the States may yield at last their independence in fixing the standards of local banks. On the whole these standards have been more lax than the standards set for national banks. But it is easier said in London than done in America. The constitution is not so inflexible as the body of thinking which it has moulded in its century and a half of existence. America has been the great land of individualism and decentralization. Now business is growing to the overwhelming dimensions which blot out the individual and mock decentralization. More centralized banking would be the next step away from the one-time America, and the next step forward to a new America, an America which to many looks ominous, forbidding and strange. This new America may well be inevitable. And the citizens of America, frightened by the magnitude of the present crisis, may consent to sacrifice some of their inherent faith in decentralization to be spared a repetition of the events of last month. If they do, they will take part in a sudden and profound change in the direction of American development, and indeed of civilization.

EUROPE IN TWO CAMPS

BY C. F. MELVILLE

This article, written before the Prime Minister's meeting with Signor Mussolini in Rome, acquires fresh interest from the Duce's proposal of a Four-Power Pact. Mr. MacDonald's visit was prompted by the realization of the growing tension in Europe, the causes of which are here explained.

EUROPE today is divided into two camps, in which the protagonists of treaty revision and the defenders of the *status quo* are ranged against each other in hostile groupings. We are back in the atmosphere of the balance of power and the system of alliances.

The greatest impetus has undoubtedly come from Germany, where the new situation created by the advent of the new regime has given an enormous urge to the spirit of nationalism and the movement for treaty revision throughout Central Europe. The Hitlerist cry of "*Deutschland erwache!*" may be heard echoing throughout all the ex-enemy countries. This is notably the case in regard to Hungary, where the campaign for the revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Trianon is now being pursued with greater intensity than ever before. To a considerable extent it is the case with Austria also. Nazi emissaries from Germany are infiltrating into Vienna, and Hitlerism is fast becoming a force, capturing the greater part of the Heimwehr, and threatening the existence of the Christian-Social Government.

The influence of the events in Germany not only on the German-Polish situation, but also on the Central and South Eastern European situation is therefore profound, especially in the psychological sense. But this influence could not have

been so immediately effective in the realm of practical diplomatic developments if it had not been for the policy of Italy in championing the cause of treaty revision. For Italy has found in *Revisionismus* an instrument ready to hand for use as a lever in her differences with France and Yugoslavia. She has accordingly grouped under her leadership a *bloc* comprising all the smaller revisionist Powers, whilst at the same time supporting the principal revisionist Power, Germany, in the general diplomatic field. The core of this revisionist *bloc* is the close understanding, political and military, which now exists between Germany, Italy, and Hungary.

In addition to these political factors there is the psychological one that quasi-Fascist regimes now exist in Germany and Hungary, and between them and the Fascist regime in Italy there is a not unnatural ideological sympathy. In the not improbable event of Austria being captured for German Fascism, this virtual alliance of Fascist states would be extended to include Austria; in which connection it is significant that Signor Mussolini, who previously had always resolutely opposed the *Anschluss*, has withdrawn his opposition now that Austro-German union is likely to take place on a Fascist basis. Signor Mussolini is said to be in constant telephonic communication with Hitler's principal lieutenant, Captain Göring, whom he considers to be Germany's coming man, and there is reason to believe that by these means Rome has conveyed to Berlin that in exchange for a free hand for Italy, in the Danube region and the Balkans, and a permanent closing of the question of the Lower Tyrol (Italian Upper Adige) the Italian Government would do nothing to prevent the formation of a Hitlerist *Dritte Reich* which would include Austria.

This revisionist grouping has resulted in the creation of its counterpoise in the form of the new Little Entente defensive alliance. The details of this new alliance were dealt with fully by Mr. Robert Machray in the last issue of the *Fortnightly*. It will suffice to add here that, Poland and Czechoslovakia having smoothed over their previous differences, Poland and the Little Entente are now drawing closer together in the face of what is to them the common menace of forcible treaty

revision. At the same time, the Poles, following the French example, have sought to immobilise the German-Russian combination by arriving at a *détente* with the Soviets (*i.e.*, by the pacts of non-aggression.)

Thus a situation psychologically analogous to that of 1914 is now taking shape; and an atmosphere is being generated which causes each side to claim that it is the potential victim of the encirclement policy of the other.

This is the general situation. I now propose to examine in some detail the events in Central and South Eastern Europe which have led up to the present phase of acute tension between Italy and Yugoslavia and its parallel of strained relations between Italy and France; for the Italo-Yugoslav situation is every bit as dangerous as the German-Polish situation.

The origins of the Italo-Yugoslav trouble go back as far as the peace treaties, which created a territorial situation which satisfied neither the one nor the other. Dalmatia, being essentially Slavonic, was given to Yugoslavia; but Italy, evoking the glory of Imperial Rome, and remembering the centuries when the writ of Venice ran on the other side of the Adriatic, aspired to Dalmatia, and resented its incorporation in the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom. Thus a situation was brought about in which Italy felt herself cheated of the fulfilment of the promises made to her by her war-time allies; while Yugoslavia on her part was fearful of Italian penetrative designs in the Balkans.

With the exception of the brief interlude of friendship which followed for a while the Italy-Yugoslav Treaty of Amity (Pact of Rome of 1923), the feeling of mistrust between the two countries not only remained but became steadily worse with the passing of time. The temporary friendship established by the Pact of Rome was broken up by Italy's action in concluding the two Treaties of Tirana and the Military Convention with Albania. Having failed to obtain a Balkan foothold in Dalmatia, Italy had succeeded in doing so in Albania. Neither Rome nor Belgrade can claim to have been impeccable in its Albanian policy. Both invariably regarded Albania as a pawn in their own game of mutual rivalry; a game in which

Italy, having the greater resources, eventually won. It may be said in extenuation of Yugoslavia, however, that her own part in the dubious Albanian game was dictated by very real fears of Italy's expansionist ambitions in the Balkans, fears which have since been more than justified by the recent Italian attempt to bring about an Italo-Albanian Customs Union; a move which, had it succeeded, would have removed the last pretence of Albanian independence and made of that country a virtual Italian colony in the Balkans.

The next cause of dissension between Rome and Belgrade was in regard to Yugoslavia's ex-enemy neighbours. Movements in the direction of a *détente* between Yugoslavia and Hungary, and improved relations between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria were frustrated by Italian diplomacy. Italy concluded a close treaty with Hungary, and Signor Mussolini openly championed the Hungarian claim to the revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Trianon. Yugoslavia then began to suffer the nightmare of "encirclement". Attempts to arrive at a Tripartite Treaty between Rome, Belgrade, and Paris having previously failed, owing to Italian disinclination to enter into such an arrangement, the long delayed Franco-Yugoslav treaty was concluded. Thenceforward Italo-French and Italo-Yugoslav differences became merged into a general "situation".

The explosion of feeling both in Rome and Belgrade over the incident of the mutilated stone Venetian lions at Trau a short time ago was less important in itself than as an indication of the political passions which had long been smouldering beneath the surface. Far more important were the events which led up to and followed after the Trau incident.

Last autumn, for instance, the atmosphere of suspicion was increased by the allegations concerning a secret conclave said to have taken place behind the scenes of the "Europe" or "Volta" congress held in Rome under the auspices of the Italian Royal Academy. According to these allegations, Signor Mussolini, General Gömbös (the Hungarian Premier), a high official of the Bulgarian Foreign Office, and two representatives of the German Nazis, including Captain Göring,

agreed upon a plan for far-reaching territorial changes in Central Europe and the Balkans, including the dismemberment of Yugoslavia and the setting up of an Austro-Hungarian-Croatian grouping under German-Hungarian leadership, and a Balkan grouping under the ægis of Italy.

It may be argued that, granted the premise that these allegations were true, the "Volta" discussions were unofficial, and, in any case, too fantastic to be taken seriously. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the allegations themselves resulted in a great increase of the already acute existing tension ; and, moreover, it cannot be denied that the subsequent workings of Italian policy in regard to Yugoslavia have been thoroughly in keeping with the plans said to have been drawn up at the "Volta" conference.

For some time past Italy had been simultaneously promoting an irredentist propaganda in favour of Italian claims to Dalmatia, and giving encouragement both moral and material to the more extreme internal opponents of the present regime in Yugoslavia. These activities are still taking place. With regard to the former, evidence came to hand a few weeks ago of the formation of an Italian propagandist organisation, under the auspices of the local Fascist party machine, in Dalmatia itself. This propagandist organisation has drawn up the following programme :—(1) the collection of publications, documents, relics, etc., of Italian character in Dalmatia ; (2) the provision of printing and reprinting of pamphlets illustrating the Italian character of Dalmatia ; (3) the drafting of lectures to be given in Italy and other countries of a similar nature ; (4) the circulation of propaganda material, and (5) the organisation of all such other forms of propaganda as might be deemed necessary. With regard to the latter, Italy supplied aid in material and money to Yugoslav political *émigrés* who had fled to Zara, and supported the activities of these opponents of the present Yugoslav regime who were operating from Austria and Hungary ; the aim being to bring about by these means the disintegration of Yugoslavia from within.

The culmination of these activities was reached a few weeks ago with what is known as the Hirtenberg affair, when arms

were sent by Italy to Austria ostensibly for reconditioning in Austrian factories, but in reality, it is believed, for transit to Hungary for the use both of the Hungarian army and of those Croatian malcontents who operate from Hungary, in the event of trouble in Yugoslavia.

The Little Entente wanted to bring the matter up before the League Council, this being the established procedure, as the League is the proper machinery for dealing with such cases. But Britain and France, fearing the effect upon the Disarmament Conference, proceeded to try and settle the matter out of court. The two governments together accordingly made *démarches* in Vienna and Budapest ; and the British undertook "enquiries" in Rome. Finally, after considerable intransigence on the part of the three capitals in question, Italy was induced to take back the arms (mainly rifles) in question. Britain and France hoped that thus the matter would be closed. But even after this settlement an attempt was made by a high official of the Austrian State Railways to switch the wagons carrying the rifles on to the line for Hungary. The official was subsequently dismissed from his post by the Austrian authorities. At the time of writing it is assumed in British official circles that the rifles will be duly returned to Italy.

The Hirtenberg affair, however, had hardly been closed before fresh allegations were made concerning the transit to Hungary from Italy of poison gas and military aeroplanes ; some forty-eight planes, including bombers, scouts, and observation machines, being said to have been supplied between May of last year and the present date. At the same time the Italian press launched a violent campaign against Yugoslavia, a hardly less violent one against France, and quite inaccurately accused Britain of having been dragged at the chariot wheels of the Quai d'Orsay. Echoes of these Italian outbursts were to be heard in the German, Austrian, and Hungarian newspapers.

In such an atmosphere as this M. Henri de Jouvenel, the new French Ambassador to Rome, began his special six months' mission of Franco-Italian conciliation.

The new regime of the moderate Left in France, anxious for an amelioration of the European situation, was prepared for a conciliatory policy towards Italy. M. de Jouvenel, who enjoys a reputation in pacifist circles not confined to France, was instructed to reach an understanding with Italy within the time limit of his special mission. The various questions outstanding between the two countries—naval, colonial, and European—would, if settled, sensibly improve the Italo-Yugoslav situation, and relieve the tension in Europe generally. This view, which was taken by the Herriot Government, and later by the Paul-Boncour and Daladier governments, corresponds with the view of the British Government.

M. de Jouvenel, however, experienced a set-back at the very outset. When he called on Signor Mussolini to present his credentials, he expressed the hope that by the time his mission terminated the Franco-Italian differences would be cleared away, adding that it would facilitate his mission if he could have personal contacts with the Duce. Signor Mussolini replied that while he appreciated M. de Jouvenel's sentiments, he was very busy, and therefore requested the French Ambassador to cover the ground with the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Upon presenting himself to Signor Suvich, M. de Jouvenel's request for personal contacts met with the same cavalier treatment; the Foreign Under-Secretary suggested that he should cover the ground with a technical expert of the Italian Foreign Office. The rebuff to France was obvious. It was clear that the French Ambassador, as a Paris newspaper subsequently put it, was "moving in a vacuum". Later M. de Jouvenel secured another interview with the Duce, which was more polite in tone—Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador at London, on a visit to Rome, having intimated that Britain hoped for better Italo-French relations—but nothing concrete came out of it.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that in all this the Italian Government was inspired by a desire to avoid a settlement with France on the grounds that such a settlement would have involved a settlement of the Italo-Yugoslav problem, which question Signor Mussolini prefers to leave unsettled.

It must be admitted, therefore, that so far M. de Jouvenel's mission has not achieved the hoped for results. Probably, as the Hirtenberg affair demonstrated, the Italian policy of backing Hungary had gone too far to permit of any drawing back on the part of the Duce without a loss of prestige. Under the circumstances the idea, attributed to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of Britain's reconciling France and Italy in connection with the work of disarmament, is, to say the least of it, somewhat optimistic. For indeed there is every reason to believe that Signor Mussolini has definitely thrown in his lot with the German-Hungarian combination, and that the seal will be set upon this understanding when Herr Hitler comes to visit the Duce in Rome, which he is expected to do before the time this article appears.

Italy has protested that she is working for peace and stability in Europe. One can but express the hope that this is the case, and that the aims inspiring Italy's diplomacy are in accordance with her Prime Minister's declared intentions. One may, at all events, readily accept Signor Mussolini's assurances that he does not want war. Undoubtedly his aim is to obtain by diplomatic *combinazione* what otherwise could be achieved only by war. Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that his "pacific" method may in itself create a situation from which war might eventually ensue. For this method is based primarily upon helping to bring about the disintegration of Yugoslavia by encircling her with external enemies on the one hand, and giving moral and material encouragement to her internal malcontents on the other.

A cleverly conducted Italian propaganda has sought to create the quite false impression abroad that there is a community of interests between Croats and Italians and Croats and Hungarians, as against the Serbs. In actual fact the crux of the trouble between Italy and Yugoslavia is Italo-Croat rather than Italo-Serb; for the Italian threat to Dalmatia affects the Croats the most directly. The so-called community of interests is purely a matter of *Realpolitik* on the part of Rome, and a matter of temporary internal political expediency on the part of the more extreme Croatian auto-

nomists. If Italy should push her anti-Yugoslav policy too far she will find the whole of Yugoslavia lined up on the defensive, and the Croats will not be lagging behind the Serbs in national ardour. The Trau incident was a case in point.

While, therefore, it cannot be denied that the national talent of the Yugoslavs for washing their political dirty linen in public has played into the hands of Italy in the pursuance of her Imperialist aims, the fact remains that it is not Belgrade, but Rome which has been provocative.

I have gone into the Italo-French-Yugoslav aspect of this question of a divided Europe at some length because, taken in conjunction with the German-Polish-French aspect, it provides the key to the present situation of rival and hostile groupings. Indeed, the measure of its importance may be gauged from the fact, to which I have previously alluded, that the British Government, in endeavouring to lessen the Franco-German tension on the disarmament question, is trying also to heal the Franco-Italian breach. For it is precisely this situation of hostile groupings, which the Italian policy of combination has done so much to promote, which has been wrecking the possibilities of a successful issue to the Disarmament Conference.

The British Government is sincerely devoted to peace. Its policy is based upon appeasement. Credit must be given to it for this. At the same time it cannot be entirely immune from criticism. For one thing its realisation of the seriousness of the situation has been tardy. And its policy of appeasement has more often than not been a case of piecemeal appeasement. It has lacked a definite policy; and thus the European drift towards open hostilities has in some measure been due to uncertainty as to the line Britain would take. One may describe the lack of definiteness in British policy as the higher empirical genius, or merely as muddling through. The effect is the same either way.

The fact must be faced that the situation is grave. Europe divided into two camps may mean Europe heading for conflict. Yet the elements for its improvement are not altogether lacking. They are to be found in the policy for which our own country

stands whenever that policy is clearly and definitely enunciated. They are to be found in the policy for which the late M. Briand lived, and, in a sense, for which he died. They are to be found, that is to say, in the policy of working for adjustments within the framework of the obligation not to challenge the peace. It is to be hoped that these elements are to be found also in Italian policy, but so far the actions of Italian diplomacy have made it difficult to find them.

Finally, one may pertinently ask the question: Is Italy's present policy in her own best interest? May not her advocacy of revisionism by violent methods come back on her like a boomerang? And is it altogether wise on her part to push her hostility to France to the extreme limit of estranging Britain? For Britain, desiring a Franco-Italian *rapprochement* in the interests of Europe as a whole, cannot but regard with apprehension Italy's determined refusal to accept the olive branch now offered her by France. Surely it is in Italy's own interest, and that of Europe as a whole, for her to be a good European?

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—With regard to Italy's new attitude towards the *Anschluss* (referred to on the second page of this article), it should be added that since this was written, information has come to hand to the effect that the anti-*Anschluss* elements in Vienna, together with the Legitimists in Budapest, are working for the Austro-Hungarian-Croatian grouping—probably under restored Hapsburg rule, in the person of the young Arch-Duke Otto—which corresponds to the plan said to have been drawn up at the "Volta" Conference in Rome. Signor Mussolini is thought to prefer this scheme to the *Anschluss*, but to have given his conditional consent to the latter as an alternative in the event of the former not materialising.

THE NEW OUTLOOK IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY PROFESSOR ARNOLD PLANT

SOUTH Africans are not without a sense of humour, and they must derive considerable satisfaction from misleading the student of South African affairs. Witness, for example, the pleasure with which many of them will teach the new-comer the two Afrikaans adages which epitomize the alleged indolence of their countrymen. "Wait a bit", runs the one. "To-morrow is also a day", echoes the other. The Englishman, who, as Mr. Noel Coward reminds us, will not learn to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun when he goes abroad, detects a good deal of indolence in South Africa if he is encouraged in this way to look for it. And no one could be more completely deceived. The British troops soon learned in the South African War that the Boer could move when he had occasion to do so; and the most recent manifestation of Afrikaner speed, in the economic and political changes of the last few weeks, has once more taught commentators on South African politics that it is not safe either to generalize or to prophesy.

On December 21st, 1932, South African money was probably more firmly established on the gold standard than it had been at any time since England abandoned it fifteen months earlier. No one then, with an intimate knowledge of the political situation, would have paid any attention to a report that either General Hertzog or General Smuts was prepared to accept a seat in a Cabinet which contained the other. Yet within a week South Africa had left the gold standard, and on February 23rd, a coalition was officially announced in which General Smuts had consented to serve in a government led by General Hertzog. Early in May the South African electorate will be

asked to register its approval of both events. For once, surely, the result cannot be in doubt.

There is, nevertheless, much room for speculation in the general situation created by these two events. South African money is now worth but seventy per cent of its former value in terms of gold currencies. How are the monetary authorities maintaining that depreciation? Will it continue? How is the economic condition of the country affected? And in the political arena: how stable in fact is this coalition of the Nationalists and the South African party? Can it formulate a programme which will prevent the early emergence of a strong opposition?

I

In order to understand the coalition, it is necessary to look both backwards and forwards a little. Reference backward will explain General Hertzog's willingness to bury the hatchet; contemplation of the economic problems which will confront South African governments during the next few sessions may account for the readiness of General Smuts to share the responsibility for action with the Nationalists.

The Union of South Africa is hardly yet twenty-three years old. For two years General Smuts, Minister of the Interior, and General Hertzog, Minister of Justice, sat together in Botha's first Cabinet. The issue on which General Hertzog resigned at the end of 1912 was constitutional, and largely sentimental. There was still a strong suspicion, if not hatred of the British among the Dutch farmers in the more remote districts. That distrust found expression in the Republican ideal, which General Hertzog made the basis of the Nationalist party. In the formation of the new party, twenty years ago, General Hertzog had the assistance, as organizer in the Transvaal, of Mr. Tielman Roos, who, oddly enough, is now immediately, though indirectly, responsible for the Hertzog-Smuts coalition.

The Nationalist party was undoubtedly helped by the War, which provided it with a popular economic policy. The two most significant economic effects of the War on South Africa

concerned the gold mines and the urban industries ; and the Nationalist party, hitherto strongest among the more remote Dutch farmers, who were not likely to appreciate the real significance of Dominion status, gained an important accession of strength. The difficulty in securing manufactured imports during the war led to urban industrial development, with the inevitable consequence that when peace was declared there was a strong demand for protection to safeguard invested capital against a renewed flood of imports. It was good Nationalist politics to promise protection for South African industry against British exporters.

As regards gold mining, immediately after the War, when the foreign exchanges were unpegged, gold was worth 110 shillings an ounce instead of 85 shillings, costs had not risen equally, and boom conditions prevailed. The South African currency was, however, pegged to sterling, and after the Cunliffe Committee report of 1919 it became clear that the value of the currency would be allowed to rise in terms of gold. That meant a gradual decline in the profitability of gold-mining as deflation progressed, and the closing down of low-grade mines unless costs could be reduced. Cost reductions would be achieved if free trade were allowed in mining stores ; but the mining capital was largely in British hands, and profits went to overseas investors. It was consequently good Nationalist politics to oppose the foreign mine magnates and protect South African suppliers of stores.

The political wisdom of that policy was confirmed by the labour aspect of the question. Trade union organization had been strengthened by war conditions, and a considerable part of the new urban artisan population consisted of young Dutchmen from Nationalist homes. Much the same was true of the white mine-workers. It is not surprising, therefore, that the growing Labour party had strong sympathy with the Nationalists. The post-war flood of manufactured imports drove the harassed industrialists to press for wage cuts. There was talk of a dilution of white labour by an increased use of natives. The Nationalist party, representing the back-veld farmers, was hardly likely to favour the migration of more native labour

from the country to the towns and the mines. There was consequently an important coincidence of economic interest in the post-war Nationalist and Labour parties.

When General Smuts reconstituted his Cabinet in March, 1921, at the height of the depression, for the Fourth Union Parliament, the government had a bad time ahead. For three years it battled with the slump and brought upon itself the odium which is the lot of every government that reduces its expenditure. Wages were reduced on the State railways ; and when the strike came in the gold mines in 1922, General Smuts himself intervened with the Defence Force and quelled the disturbances. His attempts thereafter to win back popularity were unavailing. Railway rates were cut to the farmers, and a measure of protection was granted to industry ; but General Smuts had to contend with free traders in his Cabinet and among his mine-owner supporters, and he failed to satisfy the industrialists. A whole code of industrial legislation was passed in an endeavour to placate labour. The white workers were in this way still more effectively entrenched against competition. In 1924 came an election. In spite of all, General Smuts was decisively beaten by the Nationalist-Labour alliance, just as economic conditions were showing signs of improvement.

General Hertzog's Pact government of 1924 could hardly have wished for more favourable conditions in which to inaugurate its popular policy of economic nationalism. For five years prosperity hid from most of the population the subsidy and counter-subsidy of one section at the expense of another which the new legislation involved. Thoroughgoing protection was applied with the minimum of delay. By way of tribute to the Republican ideal, the Imperial preference granted on imports from the United Kingdom was drastically curtailed. Farmers' requirements were exempted from the new import duties, but the new Government obviously derived some satisfaction from increasing the working costs of the gold mines. The colour-bar regulations in the mines having been held by the Supreme Court to be in contravention of the Act of Union, an amending law was passed, against

strong opposition, to legalise the colour-bar and make it possible to extend it to mechanical trades in general. Industrial labour was favoured further by an important Wage Act, intended at first to make minimum wages secure for the lowest-paid white workers, but used throughout to fix wages for the whole hierarchy of occupations involved in the industries to which it was applied. These two pieces of legislation, together with the series of Native Bills which constituted General Hertzog's attempt "to solve the native question", had the effect of arousing the native peoples.

Most significant from the aspect of party organization, however, was General Hertzog's "conversion" at the Imperial Conference of 1926 to an acceptance of Dominion status as there defined. Thereafter, so far as the Nationalist party was concerned, Republicanism was dead.

The election of 1929 revealed the absence of any remaining important difference between the platforms of the Nationalist and South African parties. Not united in opposing General Hertzog's native policy; unwilling to criticise protection, the Labour legislation and the other manifestations of "economic nationalism", the South African Party fell back upon the "secession" bogey as the mainstay of its election propaganda. The Nationalists merely pointed in reply to their record during five years of prosperity. Labour was in difficulties over the question of native trades unions. The upshot was that Labour lost ground, together with the South African Party, and the Nationalist government was returned with an absolute majority of ten in a House of 148 members. Already in 1929, with native unrest in the background, there was repeated talk of one strong Centre Party. Mr. Tielman Roos, for five years Minister of Justice, took the opportunity to retire out of politics to a Judgeship in the Appellate division of the Supreme Court.

II

In 1929 began the fall in the world prices of agricultural produce. The Sixth Parliament, now about to be dissolved, has been almost as unfortunate an experience for General Hertzog as the Fourth was for General Smuts. During the

five years of prosperity the farmers bought more land at high prices, and increased their indebtedness to the banks, the trust companies and the boards of executors. The price of wool fell quickly to one quarter of its previous figure, other produce followed suit, and within a year of the Nationalist Government's triumphant return South Africa had become a country of bankrupt farmers, the creditor institutions holding mortgages on which they dared not foreclose, and industry itself selling less and less because of the farmers' reduced purchasing power. The gold-mining industry alone continued to expand its output and to yield additional revenue to the harassed government. Deficits occurred in the national accounts and taxes were increased.

In September, 1931, the United Kingdom abandoned the gold standard, and thereafter South Africa saw the purchasing power of her best customer rapidly decline. Already the unexpected fall in the value of exports had caused additional difficulties by upsetting the balance of payments until imports could be curtailed correspondingly. The collapse of sterling reduced exports still further, and gave an added stimulus to imports. The Nationalist government did what it could to adjust the balance. One thing it declined to do, and that was to abandon the gold standard and relieve the situation for debtors by breaking faith with creditors who had lent gold pounds.

Nevertheless, the belief was strong in the early months that the government would ultimately be compelled to make the South African pound follow sterling, and funds to the amount of about £20,000,000 were transferred into sterling before December, 1932, by private speculators who anticipated a profit from repatriating them afterwards. The transfer of funds necessitated the calling-in of advances by the commercial banks and the further contraction of imports. As compared with 1929, exports were down in 1932 from £96,000,000 to £67,000,000, and imports had been cut from £84,000,000 to £32,000,000. By that means the speculative outflow of capital was successfully financed, at the cost of considerable additional embarrassment throughout the country.

The South African party seized the opportunity to attribute the whole of the country's suffering to the obstinacy of the government in refusing to follow the lead of the United Kingdom by deliberately depreciating the exchange value of the currency. During the course of 1932 the unpopularity of the Government therefore increased steadily.

On December 21st, Mr. Tielman Roos resigned from the Supreme Court bench to throw his bomb into the political arena. He still wielded enormous influence over the Transvaal Nationalists, and it was assumed throughout the country that his supporters could wreck the Government. A sudden speculative rush took place out of South African currency into sterling and gold sovereigns; and when the Cabinet met in Pretoria on Christmas morning it evidently decided that it was too late to save the situation. Convertibility of the currency was suspended, and the South African pound was allowed to sink to parity with sterling, thirty per cent. below its former gold value. There it has since been held.

III

It remains to enquire into the process by which the South African pound has been maintained during the present year at parity with sterling, and into the likelihood of that process being continued indefinitely. The answers to those questions may provide a possible explanation of the willingness of General Smuts to share the responsibility for carrying on the government with the Nationalist party, rather than wait for an election.

It was no part of the case presented by those who opposed the abandonment of the gold standard that it would not relieve the position of debtor producers and others whose money costs exceeded their receipts. Obviously a great deal of production which is at present unprofitable would become a paying proposition if the money value of the output could be raised by depreciating the currency, and money costs did not rise (at least immediately) sufficiently to close the margin. The gain accrues as much to farmers who sell their produce in the world market, and can convert their receipts in foreign currencies

into more South African pounds than before, as it does to gold mining. "Low-grade" farm land becomes workable equally with low-grade ore. What was argued, on the other hand, was firstly that the capitalistic system is not likely to go on working indefinitely on the basis of avoiding bankruptcies by currency manipulations aimed at defrauding creditors, and secondly that in countries situated as is South Africa, with a considerable export surplus in its balance of payments, it would be exceedingly difficult and costly to hold the value of the pound down in terms of foreign currencies.

The events of the present year have shown the wisdom of this latter view. As soon as the depreciation was effected, there followed an immediate repatriation of balances to take the profit. The weekly Reserve Bank statements reflect the movement. On January 13th, 1932, the South African Reserve Bank held no foreign bills in London and no sterling. Since that date, the public has sold sterling to the commercial banks in exchange for South African pounds, and the commercial banks have re-sold the sterling to the Reserve Bank, which has "pegged the exchange" in that it has kept its rate unaltered in spite of the transfers. In seven weeks its foreign bill holdings have increased by over £11,000,000. At the same time the deposits of the commercial banks at the Reserve Bank have swollen from under £4,000,000 to over £16,000,000. And the flow continues. For how long will the Reserve Bank continue to keep the bulk of its assets invested in the short-term market at present discount rates? For how long, also, will the commercial banks be compelled to keep their funds earning no interest at the Reserve Bank? The problem that faces the banking authorities in South Africa is how to engineer an inflation quickly. The only alternative is for the Reserve Bank to sell sterling, which means, of course, to allow the South African pound to rise and eliminate once more the advantages to debtors and exporters. So long as these advantages remain, exports are stimulated and imports deterred, with a consequent intensification of the tendency of the South African currency to rise and of sterling assets to accumulate in the Reserve Bank.

Inflation in South Africa will gradually reduce the advantage from the depreciation of the currency. At the moment the gold mines, the exporting farmers and the government finances all benefit. Gold ore containing five pennyweights of fine gold per ton yields nearly thirty shillings, as compared with 21s. 3d. per ton, while costs are at the moment little affected. The immediate burden from the depreciation of the currency is therefore concentrated upon those sections whose receipts are fixed in terms of South African money and whose expenditure is largely on imports. Inflation will, in due course, raise costs and lead to a rise in wage-rates. Already large increases have been demanded. The time-lag will undoubtedly be greatest in the case of native labour.

The period of transition will consequently be a time of anxiety for any government confronted by a strong opposition determined to make political capital out of its freedom from responsibility. Both General Smuts and General Hertzog, as we have seen, have bitter memories of periods of transition since the War. It is not surprising that they prefer to face the future together. Nor, indeed, is it surprising that they should have agreed, in view of the almost inevitable native unrest which will be aroused by a rise in the cost of living, that repressive native legislation is no longer "urgent". There will be trouble enough without that.

GERMANY IN REVOLUTION

BY HARRISON BROWN

IN Germany a revolution has occurred as unlike the jejune affair of 1918 as steel is unlike paper. Last month I wrote that the Weimar episode was over. It is now already safe to say that the attempt of the pre-war reaction to re-assume control has also failed, and that Germany is once more launched upon a course which bids fair to change far more than Germany.

It is customary to ascribe the phenomenon of National-Socialism to three chief causes: to the demagogic peace of Versailles and the iniquitous Allied policy of humiliation which followed; to the catastrophes of defeat, invasion, inflation and the economic crisis which together have formed the foundation of shifting sand which is all young Germany has had to build upon; and to the weak incompetence of the "Weimar Parties," and especially that of the Social-Democratic leaders. These factors may indeed be enough to account for the hysterical enthusiasm which enables a Minister of the Interior to be applauded for saying that the Government needs no economic programme, "for the name of Adolf Hitler is a programme in itself." But behind all the prejudice and emotionalism which the Nazis have fostered and exploited lies something less definable and more deserving of sympathy; something from which the frenzied demagogues of Hitler have profited without comprehending, and which has gone far to make their experiment appear acceptable to the German people. What is happening in Germany today is more than a political transformation. For want of a better term it may be called a religious movement. The German people feel that they are not *en rapport*, that, despite their technical achievements and superficial modernism, they are out of tune with

the times. Their national movement should be looked upon as an unconscious attempt to remedy this condition. A people long satisfied with blind obedience is struggling to attain the inner calm of self-assurance.

A few weeks ago National-Socialism was in full process of disintegration. Today its much proclaimed "Third Reich" is an established fact and Fascism has penetrated every vein of the body politic of Germany. Historically one man will be seen to be responsible for this transformation, Franz von Papen. It was Papen who overthrew Schleicher with the intention of reigning in his stead. And it was Papen who, to avoid arrest by Schleicher and the Reichswehr, summoned Hitler to be Chancellor. President von Hindenburg has been merely a puppet in the hands of others during all the events of this year.

But Papen's attempt to save Junkerdom by using the Nazis as a foil brought one of the swiftest retributions in history. He called forth a monster over which he speedily lost control and for once found somebody whose actions were swifter than his own. Hitler became Chancellor and for a week or two was Papen's office boy. In the Cabinet were only two Nazi colleagues, Frick and Göring, and in addition, so the Junkers naively considered, they had Hitler bound by a "pledge." But the Junkers reckoned without Mussolini, whose detailed advice it was which enabled the tables to be so completely turned upon them. As Commissioner for the Prussian Minister of the Interior Captain Göring was technically subordinate to von Papen, in whose hands the Presidential decree of February 6th had vested such powers as were left to the Government of Prussia by the Supreme Court's judgment of October. But it was Göring who acted, Papen and Hugenberg were scarcely in the news even during the election campaign; since that event they simply have not counted.

Quite early in February, Provincial Governors and Police presidents were summarily dismissed by Göring, and smaller administrative posts throughout the country followed in rapid succession. The Nazi Hohenzollern, Prince August Wilhelm, said in a public speech that Göring's office was filled to the

ceiling with demands for jobs from faithful Nazis. Each morning the German public awoke to discover that some new step had been taken by the Nazis to consolidate their position and find posts for their followers, irrespective of competence; and a common feature outside police stations was a queue of people waiting to "inform" against their personal enemies.

Long before the elections of March 5th, the campaign had become a farce. All Communist meetings were forbidden as a matter of course, and Socialists, where they were allowed to speak at all, did so in dread of some *agent provocateur* raising a forbidden cry, which instantly "provoked" the police to fire. The Communist and Socialist Press were finally suppressed altogether, and on election day nothing more was permitted than a man outside the polling booths bearing a placard "Vote List X," without the Party title. Nor did the Catholics escape. On February 18th, *Germania* and the Catholic Press throughout Prussia were suspended for publishing an outspoken manifesto from thirteen leading Catholic associations. "What will be the end of this?" it concluded. "A life and death struggle, front against front. Germany the scene of civil war."

But the invasion of the barbarians continued and on February 20th Göring issued an edict to the Prussian Police which was a deliberate incitement to shoot the Opposition. "Police who make use of their fire-arms in the course of their duties will be protected by my authority, whatever may be the result. Those who hesitate may, on the other hand, expect disciplinary action . . . Every policeman must constantly remember that the omission to adopt strong measures will weigh against him more heavily than a fault committed in execution of such measures." The following day the new Nazi Police Chief of Berlin, Admiral von Levetzow, spoke in even more violent language. Less than a week later the step was taken which finally and officially established the rule of force as supreme and unique in Germany. The "political organizations" which had been dissolved by Brüning as a menace to public order were enrolled by Göring as "auxiliary police."

Since then a reign of terror has been in operation which will eventually become recognized as one of the ugliest in recent European history. It is inexcusable on any grounds and explicable only by the characters of those who led and conducted it. These men had never been persecuted themselves—on the contrary, many are criminals with whom past Governments had dealt far too leniently; as for the “Communist danger” which served as the excuse, it was a myth invented for the purpose of the excesses, and is laughed at by everyone acquainted with the recent situation in Germany.

The Nazi terror has been conducted officially, and its starting point was the firing of the Reichstag building on February 27th. This act of arson was committed by a Dutch ex-Communist named van der Lühbe, who, though found by the police without his shirt, still conveniently had his Party papers about him and even appeared in the police photographs still holding the matches with which he lit the fire! The outrage well served its double purpose; simple-minded peasants were stampeded into the Nazi camp and the fiercest measures became for a time permissible. The following day a “Decree for the Protection of the Nation from the Communist Danger” was promulgated and thereby all articles of the Constitution were suspended which related to privacy of domicile, protection of property and inviolability of the mails. The reactionary *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* remarked upon the skilful use of the Communist scare. In other countries too the strange story of the fire being the work of Communists roused universal scepticism.

The ferocity of the official measures and the countless outrages which began to take place caused something like a panic in Berlin. Rumours were rife of a Nazi plan to stage a massacre of their opponents on the eve of the elections, when torchlight processions of S.A. troops were ordered to take place in every town and village throughout the Reich. Bonfires were lit on many hills, especially along the frontiers, and that evening Goebbels, from an aeroplane flying towards East Prussia, shrieked through the microphone: “I am over the

Polish Corridor, I can see Germany on either side, the frontier is aflame.”

Anti-Semitism is not infrequently a form of inferiority complex, and it is not surprising that the persecution of the Jews should be one of the most striking differences between the Italian and German Fascisms. For years the Nazi leaders have inveighed against Jewry and promised the people “vengeance.” In so far as the leaders are concerned it is sheer demagoguery. Goebbels, the cleverest propagandist and most cynical of the band, who has exploited anti-Semitism even more than the others, said once to a foreign acquaintance: “Why do you take this race-theory stuff so seriously? Cannot you see that it is only intended for the people?”

But amongst the rank and file it has taken such hold that the effects will not pass quickly. I have in my possession a printed card which was thrust into the hand of a woman acquaintance in Berlin last summer. It reads: “You are in intimate association with a Jew. It is unworthy of a German woman to pay attention to a Jew, much less to associate with one. We presume that you are not aware of the import of your action and we warn you. Should it be clear from our further observation that this warning has not sufficed, then your name will be registered amongst those women who possess no pride of race and who have given themselves to Jews. In the new Germany a visible mark will be cut or branded on the face of such persons, as a sign for every German man. Do not believe that this is a joke or an empty threat. You have been warned and will be further observed.”

At the time of the elections Göring was approached by a Jewish organization with regard to the protection of Jewish citizens against excesses. He promised that the lives of “honest” Jews should be safeguarded. A few days later he was announcing that he “refused to admit that the police are a defence squad for Jewish stores. An end must be put at last to the nonsense of every rogue being able to call on the police when he meets with his deserts. No, the police protect everyone who walks about honestly in Germany, but they are not there to protect rogues and vagabonds, swindlers, profiteers

and traitors. The Germany of today is not the Germany of a Brüning or of a Stresemann." And this more than usually unbalanced speech concluded: "For years we have told the people 'You can settle accounts with the traitors'. We stand by our word. Accounts are being settled."

It is interesting to note that at the same time Hitler was issuing one of his calls to discipline, and seeking vainly to throw on the shoulders of unknown Communist *agents provocateurs* responsibility for the murders and outrages of his own rabble. At the time of writing this is one of the few clear signs which support the many rumours from Berlin of an approaching split in the Nazi ranks. Göring has grown too big for his shoes, and it is beginning to look as if either he or Hitler will have to go. Unless he resorts to violence it is likely to be Göring who will go. There have been scandals in plenty in the Brown House before, but so skilfully has Hitler kept control that this is the first time another leader has dared to aspire to supreme command, or to speak of "my movement." Hitler is a mystic of mediocre intelligence who functions only in a state of self-hypnosis. He is said on good authority to declaim to the Cabinet in the same empty phrases with which he harangues the crowd. Göring's megalomania has a different foundation. He has been made drunk by the sudden possession of unlimited power over countless lives. "Brutality" is a word which has figured prominently in official statements from Berlin of recent weeks. Göring is brutality personified. It is obvious that Hitler cannot escape responsibility for what is happening today, but it is probable also that he is astute enough to wish now to end the reign of terror.

At the moment, however, the signs point to the probability of the S.A. having got out of hand. Nor is this surprising in view of the character of those usually in command of Storm Troop Detachments. They include men like Heines, a blackguard of the old "Black Reichswehr" who is stationed at Breslau, and Count Helldorf, the leader of the Berlin S.A. Whilst Hitler was calling for abstention from "individual acts" on the part of his followers, Helldorf was addressing a

large crowd from the windows of the Karl Liebknecht Haus, demanding that three Communists should be killed for every Nazi who was shot. This man acquired the reputation of a thug years before the S.A. as a whole had earned its present unsavoury notoriety for cowardly blackguardism. He was first noticed abroad when he led a group of his hooligans in a raid upon the Kurfürstendamm a year ago. Cafés were wrecked on that occasion and passers-by who looked as if they might be Jews were attacked and beaten. With such "leaders" it is not surprising that even in great cities like Breslau and Chemnitz the provincial courts have been invaded, Judges and State attorneys being arrested at the point of the revolver and removed forcibly from the Bench.

It is not impossible that there is some connection between Hitler's difficulties within the camp and the temporary dropping of threats to foreign correspondents. The home press has, of course, been completely muzzled and almost the only items of interest to be gleaned from it are the growing signs of alarm in Nationalist circles at the headstrong action of their allies. Telephones of those known to be interested in politics have been tapped for weeks, and on several occasions British correspondents speaking to London have been inconvenienced by interrupted calls. Immediately after the elections a *communiqué* was issued by the Government stating that "strong measures" would be taken against foreign journalists who spread malicious reports, which in the circumstances may be taken to mean those who were guilty of honest reporting. At least one American correspondent had his cables returned to him later with the explanation that the censored portion "endangered the safety of the German State." Three French journalists were announced to be expelled, and in the case of one of them, the correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, the threat was maintained until the French Government announced that two German Nationalist correspondents would be expelled from France for every Frenchman sent out of Germany.

The fact that the elections were a farce and the Government majority an illegal one, if judged by ordinary standards,

does not alter the fact that they were a triumph for the Nazis. The results enable Hitler to cloak the acts of his Party in the garb of "constitutionalism." The Communist Party has been proscribed by the simple expedient of imprisoning as many of its eighty-one deputies as can be found. (The newspapers announce that their fate is uncertain.) Thus the Government has a simple majority in the new Reichstag and, if the Centre supported them, would have the two-thirds majority necessary to pass a Bill providing for Constitutional amendments. In general the election results were as prophesied, except that the Nazi attack upon the abstaining vote was more successful. They seem to have gained little from other parties, and their increase of five and a half million votes must be put down chiefly to the success of the ramp about the Communist danger, the Bavarian peasant being especially susceptible. The Centre gained slightly and the Nationalists lost a little, both being results which were predicted.

By far the most striking thing was the "Red" discipline. Despite the open persecution of their members and deputies, the prohibition of demonstrations and meetings and the suppression of their newspapers, the Social-Democrats polled 7,176,500 votes, losing a mere 75,000 throughout the Reich. Outside Prussia, where the persecution was less intense, the Socialists actually gained half a million votes. The rank and file showed a discipline worthy of better leadership. That the Communists should have dropped a million is scarcely surprising, and some of the proletariat no doubt swung over again to the Nazis. But in the circumstances the Communist vote is as noteworthy as that of the Socialists, since not only were many of them in flight or in hiding, but known Communists voted literally at the peril of their lives.

Since Parliamentary Government is over and since the Fascists will in any case continue to rule, the figures themselves have only a limited value. It is interesting, however, to see that intimidation had very little effect. Hitler can claim by far the largest party, but it is also true that his support at the polls owed much to ignorance and emotionalism. The politically conscious element of the country remains over-

whelmingly hostile. The fact is significant, emotion and ignorance are useful factors for a war policy, but make poor support for constructive statesmanship, even in normal times. If Hitler is to keep the peace the indications are that he will have to turn sharply Left, a fact which alone is sufficient to account for the alarm of his allies, and perhaps explains such manœuvres as the reported Stahlhelm "request" to the Nazi Commissioner of Bavaria for a restoration of the Wittelsbach Monarchy.

When all is said and done Hitler has accomplished something hitherto unprecedented. He has persuaded the majority of a great nation to vote away their liberty. The world has seen many tyrannies and seizures of power: it has not before seen a people fling itself voluntarily into the arms of tyranny and confirm a seizure. Freedom of speech and thought were, until last summer, complete in Germany; that they have now disappeared is at once a tribute to the superb technique of Hitler's demagogy and a reflection upon the political intelligence of the German nation.

There is doubtless no single explanation of this startling event, but high up in the list of partial explanations must lie the fact that a people long accustomed to military autocracy found the burden of self-reliance for the solution of its own problems insupportable. The Germans were dissatisfied with the old regime—they have embraced old charlatanism masquerading in a new form. The long stranglehold of the Junker seems to have ended; Papen's dream of restoring the Hohenzollerns, and thus consolidating the pre-war class rule for a generation or two, can no longer materialise now that the Army would have to be asked to support a tiny minority against the declared will of the people. That which the brains of the nation could never summon up courage to attempt during the democratic experiment the Austrian corporal has accomplished almost without thinking. His method has been outrageous, but history will forget the method when it ascribes to Adolf Hitler the credit of liquidating the anachronism of a feudalistic remnant.

There is one other important thing which Hitler appears to

be accomplishing : the unification of Germany and the centralization of all administrative power in Berlin. The speed and ease with which this has been done has also astonished observers ; again it was complete lack of scruple combined with a concentration of energy on the consolidation of power which led to success. The hostility of the southern States and their apparent determination to resist the dispatch of Reich Commissioners to take over State control was one of the chief obstacles to Papen's plans in the summer of 1932. A Nationalist Government of the old order dared not take the risk of splitting Bismarck's Germany, and the threat of secession seemed no idle one. The Nazis, however, plunged in where the " aristocrats " had feared to tread. There have been brave words from Bavaria in the past few weeks, and some show of resistance even from Baden and Württemberg, but their strength had been sapped from within by the local Nazi organizations. Papen had no supporters anywhere in the south, Hitler had some at least in every village, and the astonishing stampede of the peasant voter in the elections discouraged the local Governments from any further show of resistance.

Nevertheless the return of the Wittelsbachs to the throne of Bavaria had not merely been discussed, but definitely planned. Unlike the Hohenzollerns in the north, Prince Rupprecht is personally popular, and the only objections to a restoration were based on fears of the " clique " which a Monarchy brings with it. This fear was thought to be less than the traditional detestation of Prussian Berlin and, as the threat of a " Brown Dictator " increased, it was rumoured that the Prince would give the signal for restoration to his followers in the Munich Opera House at the end of a certain performance. But the signal was not given, and on March 9th General von Epp flew from Berlin to take up his duties as State Commissioner. The famous " Line of the River Main," beyond which it was boasted that no Commissioner from Berlin could step without arrest, had faded out of existence. Today the swastika flag with the old Imperial colours fly together on every public building from Kiel to Munich.

From the second week of Hitler's appointment as Chancellor the Nazis have concentrated on one thing only: the seizure of power. They have reached their goal ; what happens henceforth to Germany is their sole responsibility. How long the Junker remnant can remain in alliance with the National-Socialists seems now of minor importance. It was always clear that they could not do so indefinitely. The Nationalists stand for the rule of a minority class in the guise of worship of the State. National-Socialism is an abortion of democracy, and stands for the supremacy of the Party irrespective of class. The one is guided by economic principles which are unjust and, today, even perhaps suicidal, but which at least are known ; the other has no economic principles at all ; its demagoguery has consisted largely of a half-baked and contradictory Socialism, and it must rely for practical guidance on such fresh brains as will now be attracted to it by the force of its *fait accompli*. But the outlook for economic improvement is black, the nation's export trade is almost dead, and the outer world will not speedily recover confidence in a Germany governed by men whose word cannot be trusted. At home, purchasing power has shrunk to tiny proportions and is still shrinking. Along lines of " orthodox finance " there seems little prospect of improvement, and the situation has not been helped by the antagonising of world Jewry.

But the most disquieting feature for the immediate future remains political and is bound up with the anxiety of Germany's neighbours at the success of a Party which has always breathed chauvinistic threats and a complete disregard for treaties. Consciously Hitler certainly wishes to avoid war at present, but he is playing with fire, and in his unbalanced character and hysterical temperament there is nothing to indicate that he will become " reasonable " ; the successful bully does not change his skin ; and since force has succeeded so well at home he may well be tempted to think it will succeed elsewhere. The appointment of Goebbels as head of a Ministry of Propaganda, designed to intensify the already crazy nationalism of youth, is unlikely to encourage confidence in Hitler's wisdom. The apparent lack of necessity for this

step makes it seem just another example of the slavish copying of Italian and Russian methods which has characterised the Nazi movement.

Nor was Göring's almost maniacal outburst against the League of Nations and "the old enemies of Germany" such as to inspire trust in the new regime. "For the living it is a holy duty to fulfil the mission for which Germans have given their lives in the war. If no other way could be found they must be ready to redeem with blood a pledge written in blood." Not even Göring can wish for war for Germany today, but the Nazis talk openly of rearmament as a foregone conclusion, and are at least taken seriously by British manufacturers of aeroplane engines, whose agents are already on the spot. If internal difficulties increase, the old danger of a foreign adventure proving an attraction may become serious. But more serious still is the feeling on the part of Germany's neighbours that if they wait until a Germany of the present temper is rearmed, then they themselves are doomed.

Never was the danger of a "preventive war" so great as in Europe today. The most inflammable corner is the Polish Corridor, of course, and the recent incident at Danzig was a flash sufficiently strong to catch the attention of the outside world. As one draws nearer the zone itself, one finds that the fire burns steadily all the time, all the more fiercely for being half-subdued. It is such a situation which demagogues like Goebbels have been set to fan.

A BRITISH POLICY FOR CHINA

BY OWEN M. GREEN

THE inglorious collapse of the Chinese defence in Jehol was no surprise to those familiar with the turbid workings of Chinese politics. Certain of the Kuo-mintang saw their chance to regain some of their tarnished prestige by appealing to the mob spirit, to score off the hated Chiang Kai-shek (who has always seen the futility of violence with Japan), and to raise a fresh storm of anti-Japanese feeling abroad. But the weak Chang Hsueh-liang, ex-Governor of Manchuria, though goaded into sending some troops into Jehol by taunts of all the "face" his non-resistance to Japan had lost him, never went himself. Not a soldier came from Nanking; nor from Han Fu-chu, the powerful Governor of Shantung. Several of Chang Hsueh-liang's generals wanted only to get back to their homes in Manchuria: their secession was a foregone conclusion. The upshot was more humiliation for China and untold misery for Jehol peasants. How often in the recent years of civil war has one seen these helpless, panic-stricken hordes, caught between two armies, harried by the bandits who follow in their wake, hounded from their homes, plundered, butchered, or left to die of want and exposure; and all for what but that militarists and politicians may score some selfish point?

Yet, seen in its proper perspective, Jehol may prove a blessing in disguise, by arousing the West at last to a recognition of realities in the East. Great changes have been taking place in the Centre and South, and so huge is China that even a monarchical revival in Peking, as a conceivable outcome of the Jehol disaster, need not alter, though it might materially hasten, their tendency.

Quite visibly China is now composed of three or four different States, as independent of each other in fact, as Manchuria is of them all in fact and name. Yet, paradoxically, this may be the beginning of greater unity than China has known for twenty years. The Cantonese, whose ambitions to run the country—against all Chinese tradition and taste—have been the major cause of the discords of Nationalism, are more and more isolated in their historical strongholds of the South. Simultaneously, the Kuomintang's pernicious monopoly of power has been undermined everywhere except in Canton. The solid middle classes, sick of intrigue and misgovernment, are demanding with new and welcome insistence the right to be heard in affairs of state. There are signs of China's recoiling towards a genuinely Chinese mode of thought—such as is bound to come sooner or later, for China has never seen any real attraction in Western culture, and has only tried to borrow its tricks for a shield against the thing itself. On these lines might develop the only system workable in a continent twenty-five times as big as England and Wales, namely, a federation of locally autonomous States such as China was in fact for thousands of years.

Alternatively, she might fall back into the arms of Russia, who all but ruined her in 1926-27. In either direction, the failure of the League of Nations to help China against Japan has brought about a conjuncture of unequalled importance. Never was there more urgent need on Great Britain's part of clear, constructive thinking, both because her interests in China still remain greater than any other Power's, and because her policy in the past six years has had the worst results, for China as for herself. There is no doubt that our short-sighted surrender to violence and breaches of treaty of the Kuomintang during these years contributed largely to instil in them that overweening arrogance which finally brought down the Japanese military wrath.

The conquest of Peking in 1928 left China nominally unified under the Kuomintang as the sole fount of power, unassailable by any question or process of law, whatever they did. Their gross misuse of power and general ineptitude, combined with

the numbers of contumacious militarists who had no idea of knuckling under to Nanking, speedily raised a fresh crop of civil wars, which dragged on from early in 1929 till the autumn of 1930. An attempt was then made to call a People's Convention designed to limit the power of the Kuomintang and of their scandalous District Councils; but at this, Canton, champion of Kuomintang privilege, broke away, and was in a state of virtual civil war with Nanking when the conflict with Japan burst on September 18th, 1931. The wave of war fever was used by the Kuomintang to revenge themselves on General Chiang Kai-shek (who for over two years had been relentlessly attacking their monopoly) by sweeping him from power, and a nominally National, really Cantonese-controlled, Government was set up in December, 1931, on a platform of "strong measures with Japan". A very few weeks of office were enough to show the Cantonese the impossibility of that cry, and they faded quietly away to the South, leaving Chiang Kai-shek to take up the burden of office once more.

The landmark of these days is a semi-official declaration put out by Nanking, early last May, that thenceforward it was resolved to be done with civil war except against the Communists. "If certain provinces or provincial groups were inclined to adopt a particularist policy, there should be no attempt to coerce them." The Government were resolved to concentrate on restoring order in the provinces immediately under their control—roughly the Yangtze Valley, which contains about 170,000,000 people on some of the richest ground in China—and trust to conciliation and the magnetic power of their own prosperity to bring in other regions in due course.

Now to this laudable self-restriction Nanking has stuck firmly. War broke out last summer and dragged on for several months between the two chief generals who farm the great wealthy western province of Szechuan; also in Shantung; but Nanking flatly refused to be drawn into either. One writes with all the caution born of hopes repeatedly shattered, but unquestionably Nanking has done well in its own domains. An enormous campaign, led by General Chiang in person,

cleared the Communists out of Hupeh and Anhwei, where last autumn they were threatening not only Hankow but Nanking itself; and a distinct attempt seems to have been made not only to destroy the Reds, but to redress the grievances on which they thrive. Provincial Governors have been reinstated, and the detestable rule of the Tangpu, or District Councils of the Kuomintang, curbed.

Most notable of all, administration costs, even those of the Army, have been pruned, and, for the first time in its life, Nanking's Budget from February to the end of last year was balanced without loans. Finances have been put under a Board, presided over by Mr. T. V. Soong, the able Minister of Finance, and including several leading bankers and merchants. This change coincides with a visible tendency to bring into the administration the shrewd business classes, whose rigid exclusion by the Kuomintang was not the least of their faults. Nothing is more remarkable than the outspoken attacks on the Kuomintang in recent months, even by their own members. "Less talk, more work", says Mr. Yeh Chu-tsang, a veteran leader of the Party. "Corruption exists everywhere, but our members can only spout lofty ideas." The most unsparing censor of Kuomintang ineptitude is Mr. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen himself, the creator of the Party.

Meanwhile Canton has taken full advantage of Nanking's permission to pursue a "particularist policy". It is the head of what is known as the South-West Group, which includes Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Kweichow, Yunnan and Fukien, though the control over the last two is very shadowy. Several months ago it sealed its independence by establishing its own Supreme Court for the final appeal of all southern cases. Nanking remonstrated, but in vain. The fact should carefully be borne in mind against the day when abolition of extra-territoriality is again mooted, for by all accounts the Canton Court is all that it should not be. Canton also runs its own army, which eats up three-quarters of the provincial revenues. At the Kuomintang Congress held in Nanking last December, Cantonese representatives were conspicuously absent, and, in

spite of the pious wishes of the Congress, they have flatly declined to dissolve their own separate governing Committee. The breach between Canton and Nanking is undisguised.

Yet in reality this is a sign of health. Clever, restless, febrile, explosive, the Cantonese have from time immemorial been looked down on by the rest of China. A Northern general, enumerating the misdeeds of a subordinate, was heard to exclaim, as the climax of the offender's shortcomings, "Why, you might be a Cantonese". They are the craftsmen of China, Northerners the statesmen. There is no precedent in a country where precedent is everything for reversal of these roles, and the more the Cantonese are confined to their own regions, the more chance China has of contriving some framework into which they will fit in their own way.

The North, as the third principal State into which China is dividing, is least easy to define. The nominal head is the miserable Chang Hsueh-liang, ex-Governor of Manchuria, clinging to his alliance with Nanking for some vestige of authority. But there are many rival forces. The Governor of Shensi, for example, an ex-freebooter, got his job from Nanking by turning traitor to his former benefactor Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General", and now flies the Kuomintang flag but runs Shensi as his own kingdom. Feng Yu-hsiang himself, with his own peculiar army of devotees, is apparently entrenched at Kalgan: as always unaccountable, disturbing without being helpful, a thorn in everyone's side. Yen Hsi-shan, the erstwhile "Model Governor" of Shansi, has gone back to his old domain to try to disentangle his feet from the snares of China's politics. Kansu is beyond knowledge and control.

In Peking, Chang Hsueh-liang's own generals are divided. An extraordinarily significant episode was the visit to Nanking in January of the veteran Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, formerly head of the Anfu Club, a political machine of markedly pro-Japanese tendencies. There is very little doubt that he went as representative of a group of ex-Manchurian generals, to sound Chiang Kai-shek on the possibilities of a compromise

with Japan. The attempt failed because the fire-eaters were strong enough to launch the adventure in Jehol—a sufficient illustration of how, in spite of Nanking's recent successes and increased prestige, the tail so often wags the dog in China. But if only China went "out of the news" (as Fleet Street says), the attempt might be renewed. North and Centre agree with each other much better than either does with the South (which, being farthest removed from Manchuria, is hottest against Japan), and there are plenty of men in both North and South who know well that China's real problems lie at home, not with Japan. But while the zealots of Geneva continue to pour publicity upon China's wrongs, the wiser heads dare not, for "face" sake, make any move.

There is not space to deal in detail with the possibility of a monarchical revival. Undoubtedly it exists. "The puppet Government of Manchuria" is an easy sneer. Yet the truth is that the independence movement began in schemes far older than the Japanese intervention. The experiment in Manchuria is regarded by the Chinese most intimately concerned in it as a sort of trial trip, which may, if circumstances are favourable, end on the Dragon Throne. That is why the ex-Emperor, in his new post, has been given the odd, non-committal title of "Chief Executive". Undue haste, as the Imperialists well understand, would be fatal to their hopes. But time means nothing in China. The vast mass of Northerners know nothing of Republicanism, and look upon the twenty-one years that have elapsed since China professed to adopt it as one of the normal periods of chaos between dynasties, a mere fraction as yet of some that have been known.

Meanwhile Nanking's resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia must be a source of grave anxiety. The principal motive appears to have been to forestall a *rapprochement* between Japan and Russia, which was widely advertised last summer when Mr. Matsuoka passed through Moscow on his way to Geneva, and was again being rumoured just before MM. Yen and Litvinoff made their announcement on December 12th. But from any point of view Nanking's action might

seem incredible. Russia's inroads all round the North and North-West of China are utterly unappreciated in the West. Mongolia is her's, *sans phrase*—attached to the U.S.S.R., with Russians directing its Government, training Mongol armies and building railways down to the Chinese frontier. Eastern Turkestan and Sinkiang are rapidly being dominated by Russians, who are also reported to be establishing a foothold in Kansu, that is, inside China Proper. The Communists, although driven off the Yangtze, have only been scattered elsewhere; their old stronghold in Southern Kiangsi and Fukien ("an actual rival of the National Government" as the Lytton Report says) remains practically unaffected, and they are now spreading in Szechuan, where they can easily link up with the Russians over the border. With the Russian Embassy and every Consulate a fountain of Bolshevik propaganda, as they were before and certainly will be again, and with every malcontent in China eager for any chance of recovering the illicit spoils of which Nanking's growing power deprives him, the outlook is very grave.

For the moment the most important, the most hopeful feature one would say, if hopes of China had not so often been frustrated, is the new determination of Nanking to "make good" within a limited area. After all, Nanking has lasted longer than any single administration since the Revolution; it should have learnt something from its disappointments; the Yangtze is the key position of China; and the only practicable course, as Professor Tawney well puts it, is "to establish a secure base in which the State does efficiently what a State should do and from which, when sure of itself, it can extend its influences into regions at present beyond its control". But the obstacles to success are enormous—width of territory, slowness of travel, hordes of place-seekers, rancour of dispossessed tax-gatherers, and the inveterate conviction of every Chinese, especially officials, that his first duty in life is to enrich his own family.

It is the tragedy of China that the policy of help and encouragement so loudly professed towards her by all the Great Powers since the Washington Conference in 1922 appears to

have been expressly framed to defeat its own ends. Of none is this truer than of Great Britain. The general aim of the Washington Conference was "to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government". Four years later Great Britain construed these general principles into a practically indiscriminate offer to renounce all our privileges and concessions in China. The amazing thing is that our diplomatists have always been perfectly well aware, as their own published utterances have consistently shown, that the policy of "patient conciliation" and surrender of our rights and safeguards, as enacted in Sir Austen Chamberlain's famous Memorandum of December 18th, 1926, was bound to fail, because the only conditions that would have ensured success, namely, a responsible Government capable of maintaining law and order, were entirely lacking in China. At every step the Foreign Office saw the light and deliberately shut their eyes to it.

And at every step it was Chinese interests, which we pretended to be serving, that suffered even worse than British. Our surrender in 1927 of the Concessions at Hankow, Kiukiang and Chinkiang (to a mob of Communists, bossed by Russian agents) meant the loss to China of just so many islands of security where alone, in a disordered, lawless land, Chinese capital and commerce can now find safety under foreign protection. Our failure in 1930 to support the British syndicate which had hitherto managed the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, in its just rights as guardian of the bondholders, has meant the disappearance, not only of the bondholders' dividends, but of a hitherto lucrative source of revenue to China. The surrender of the District Council (in which we played the leading part, though it is an international matter) was the direct cause of the Japanese invasion of Chapei, the Municipal Council being impotent to keep order because the Chinese judges were unwilling or too terrified to convict the anti-Japanese rioters.

Most amazing of all were the almost frenzied efforts in 1931 to sign away our extra-territorial rights. In the previous August the Foreign Office had plainly told Dr. C. T. Wang, the

Chinese Foreign Minister, that the reasons now for maintaining extra-territoriality were even more cogent than for instituting it ninety years ago. Yet in the following spring, with no change in the general situation, Sir Miles Lampson was sent to Nanking undoubtedly with instructions to get rid—at any rate, to limit to an extent indistinguishable from getting rid—of our extra-territorial rights. Had we succeeded, no other Treaty Power could have refused to follow suit, the foundation of all security and rule of law in Shanghai would have vanished, and that nerve-centre of immense foreign and Chinese interests, the backbone of China's finances, would have lain helpless, to be plundered by Chinese politicians as all their own cities have been. The attempt was defeated by the Thorburn murder, by the explosion of the Japanese conflict, but perhaps most of all by the reluctance of the Chinese Foreign Office itself to complete the agreement.

It is surely plain that a new cast is needed. As Mr. Justice Feetham vividly shows in his report on Shanghai, we are trustees to China for the wealth which her people and ours have built up under foreign safeguards, and it would do her the greatest possible injury to put upon her responsibilities which she is manifestly unfit to bear. In practically every instance quoted above we committed the additional fault of acting entirely without regard for the interests of other Powers, vitally affected as they were by all we did. The first imperative need is to make it perfectly clear that henceforward, in every matter of international import, those concerning Shanghai and extra-territoriality in particular, we shall only act in full harmony and equality with other Powers. This was always the old rule, and it is most regrettable that we departed from it.

But more than this. China is and will more and more be a chief centre of world interest. It cannot safely be left to the handling of a Department, as in recent years has been too much the practice of Downing Street. Between Russia, Japan and the still uncertain workings of her own mind, China has arrived at a juncture at which Great Britain's attitude will have the greatest influence for good or ill. To bury the

corpse of the 1926 Memorandum where it can breathe forth no more contagion upon China and us is the first essential. That would clear the way for a policy of real helpfulness and friendship based upon realities, rather than upon sentimental dreams of things that never were and possibly will never be. But a constructive, satisfactory policy can only be framed in China. On this side of the world, it is hardly possible even to see what we need to do in China, still less how to do it. The approaching transfer of the present British Minister offers a golden opportunity for making a new start and (as recently urged anew with unanswerable force in Mr. Lionel Curtis's book, *The Capital Question of China*), of sending out a man, from outside the ordinary run of diplomatic promotion, of such administrative experience and stature as would enable him to form just views and impress them upon public opinion at home.

The occasion might well be taken to raise him to the rank of Ambassador. We have Ambassadors in countries surely not of greater importance than China, where "face" is everything.

* * Since this article was written, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang has resigned his command in Peking, in consequence of the defeat of his troops in Jehol, and on March 12th arrived in Shanghai *en route* it is said for the usual trip abroad of defeated generals. His command has been temporarily taken over by General Ho Ying-ch'in, Minister of War in the Nanking Government. General Ho is one of the best soldiers in China and a man of fine character, but as a Southerner (native of Kweichow) his control of the Northern generals and troops is not likely to be great.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA—III

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

II.—*Argentina : National Characteristics*

Patriotism is very strong in Argentina, for the people are proud of their country, and justly so. The immigrants are especially attached to it, and are soon 100 per cent. Argentine, more so if that were possible. The children of foreigners who have settled in the country refuse to speak their fathers' language, and often look down on the authors of their days simply because they were born in Europe. One finds this same melancholy tragedy among immigrants' families in the United States. The English, as impenetrable here as elsewhere, try to remain English, and so are assimilated slowly and with difficulty, but the French, and above all the Italians and Spanish, settle down extraordinarily quickly. The country, however, remains new, young, and incomplete economically and morally. In many ways, and particularly in finance and culture, it still retains the aspects of a colony. Its old world origins have resulted in a clash of traits which is singularly interesting. They have not in any way detracted from the vigorous and natural determination of this people to remain true to their own individuality.

Considering the large number of Italians who have immigrated, especially in recent years, one looks for Italian traits in the national character; quite true, the Argentines are mentally alert, vivacious and subtle. They also have that peculiarly touchy form of national pride. But in reality they are still Spanish, and their culture, particularly among the better educated, owes much more to France than to Italy.

The effect of the Spanish immigration is complicated. The settlers who hailed from the northern provinces—Galicia, the

Basque country, Asturia, and Catalonia—have produced a type of people who are serious, rather slow, rustic, accustomed to earnest patient work, and economical, a trait which soon disappears in the New World. They have the tradition of Western or even Northern Europe rather than of the South. The immigrants from the southern provinces of Spain are quite different, being Mediterraneans and more like Southern Italians. These are the Andalusians and Castilians, true Spaniards in character and tradition. They have the Spanish haughtiness and also an individualism which rebels at discipline, and a certain melancholy which is at once aristocratic and pathetic. In these people an Arab influence is definitely discernible, which harmonizes extremely well with the Indian outlook of the new continent.

The Indian, in fact, has various characteristics which are the same as those of the Moor: his pride, indolence, taste for solitude and silence, and his faculty for passive resistance. The cross of the Spaniard with the Arab in the Middle Ages gave an exceptionally fine type of Spaniard which still persists. The cross of the Spaniard with the Indian, although less happy, resembles the earlier type in some respects. This hybrid hardly exists in that Mediterranean city, Buenos Aires, but near the Andes, especially towards the north, the Indian strain reappears, and one sees traces of it in the features, the gestures, and the carriage of the common people. As for the negroes, there are none—or rather there are none any longer. Argentina is in no sense a black man's country.

We thus have a fine race of men, vigorous, intelligent and noble. The tradition which has had the greatest influence on the formation of the national character and the development of their culture, is the Spanish, with a tinge of Indian, which after all is difficult to distinguish from a tinge of Arab. The Italian evidently brought only a veneer.

The Argentines will tell you that the *gaucho* really expresses the essence of their national character. The true *gaucho* or cowboy no longer exists, but his spirit of independence, adventure, brutality, and his touchy ideas of honour, are still to be found in many who are not and never have been cowboys.

Business is not done in Argentina as it is in Manchester, for the sentiment of honour for its own sake surpasses that of honesty for profit's sake. We are still not so very far from the days of adventure. Nor do politics resemble those of France and England. The leader of the party is often astonishingly like a chieftain with his followers—they still use in their electoral slang the term *caudillo* which applies equally well to a brigand chief or a political leader.

The Latin or Moorish tradition persists in the Argentine family life, which is still strong and vigorous, even in these days of dancing halls, Ford cars and cinemas. Often the family assumes the dimensions of a clan or a tribe, as it does in the Levant. When the married sons continue to live in the same house as their parents, as they frequently do, luncheon every day resembles a banquet, and when the whole family is present in the drawing room it is positively packed with people of every age. Discipline is mediocre, but their affection and readiness to help one another are remarkable. Herein lies the real bulwark against the oncoming tide of Americanization.

Finally there are three traits which distinguish the national character. First, their sadness, inherited from the Arabs and confirmed by contact with the Indians. It saves this people from the complete vulgarity of the newly rich. Like Babbitt, the Argentines are optimists, yet they are not Babbitts, for an air of melancholy hovers about them, and even today they are still at the romantic stage. The national dance, the tango, is not, as we imagine, a sexual expression, but a sad and exceedingly formal measure.

The second trait is indolence, also inherited from the Spaniards, but doubtless corrected to some extent by the Italian strain, and yet destined to endure in this over-wealthy country with a climate which is relaxing rather than stimulating. As a result there is a certain slackness, an inclination to rely on intuition, on inspiration—*palpito* is the word they use—instead of on methodical patient work.

And lastly vainglory—*arrogancia*—individual and national pride, a taste for boasting about one's possessions, and the vanity of being or of appearing to be rich. This trait in the

South American, which has always amused us in Europe, is indeed fairly deeply ingrained in his character. It comes from both Spain and Italy, and is truly Southern and Mediterranean in contrast to the Anglo-Saxon type. From Spain comes a touch of pride, and from Italy the indulgent idea of vanity. The *guarango*, a legendary figure, was rich, or at least wished to appear rich; *chic*, but too eager to look *chic*; elegant, the last word, and determined that no one should forget it! In fact rather like certain exceedingly pretentious members of our golf clubs after the war. The *guarango* hardly exists to-day, but the fact that he once did exist gives us the key to a great deal.

My analysis would be incomplete if I did not mention the influence of French culture, which is quite remarkable among the ruling class. Here France has made her presence felt more than has Spain, for she has contributed a taste for reading, for brilliant conversation, and for intellectual liberalism. In both the men and the women one is aware of a graceful intelligence and an unusual refinement of culture.

12.—*Argentina : Political Parties*

One finds the patriarchal system deeply entrenched everywhere in South America. Until quite recently Argentina was controlled and governed by a group of aristocratic families, in the main of Spanish origin, though occasionally English. They have imbued the country with an atmosphere which is anything but middle class, for politically their attitude was that of great landed proprietors rather than of Conservative bourgeois. They have magnificent estates out in the country, and their town houses in the capital are positive palaces. The strength of this aristocracy lies in the fact that they live on their lands and cultivate them themselves. In this way they are an integral part of the nation, since the country depends on agriculture and stock-raising more than on mines and industry. If the character of this aristocracy were to change, they would lose the mainspring of their influence. Absenteeism or the loss of their wealth would be their downfall.

Up to the first term of President Irigoyen in 1916, one may say that the power belonged to the aristocrats and the social

circles which gravitated around them. Men from the middle class and even from the masses, occasionally worked their way up into important positions, but the system was still essentially aristocratic. Democracy did not start to come into power until after the law of Saenz Peña (1890) which established the secret ballot for the first time, and introduced a form of universal suffrage.

The colonization of Argentina may be divided into two principal phases. The Spaniards who came in the beginning were less colonists than adventurers in search of gold, and they penetrated into the depth of the country, especially to those parts where they hoped to find the "fabulous metal". The country was not, therefore, opened up from the coast towards the interior, as it was in the United States. It was only towards the end of the nineteenth century that a second wave of immigration took place, and this was very like that which went into the United States at that period. This time it was a case of a democracy consisting of Italians, Spaniards, and Mediterraneans in general who furnished the population, while the English and French supplied the capital and guidance.

A Latin democracy was thus built up, first at Buenos Aires, and gradually in the neighbouring provinces, while at the same time in the heart of the country near the mountains, a tradition has survived which is distinctly Spanish tinged with Indian. The cowboy type lingered long in the pampa, although Buenos Aires became virtually a Mediterranean capital. As the country is agricultural and commercial rather than industrial—with the exception of certain parts of Buenos Aires—the democracy that evolved was inclined to be less Socialist than Radical, using the latter term in the French sense. It is not so much a question of organized class-conscious workmen, Syndicalists, and internationalists, as of little folk, a humble bourgeoisie who may be disorganized and unsettled by the demagogues, but who definitely are not revolutionary. One might describe them as a nationalistic, property-owning democracy, believing in equality. As there are no rivalries of either race or caste, the situation is comparatively simple.

President Irigoyen, who was overthrown by the revolution of 6th September, 1930, was a perfect representative of this type of Radicalism. As for his programme, it amounted to little more than finding jobs for everyone. However, that was sufficient, for this argument has a great sentimental power over the masses, especially in a country where practically every one is a candidate for a post of some sort.

He is a curious type, President Irigoyen, a Basque with a Turkish strain in him. At the manipulation of committees he was a positive expert; a figure of the nineteenth century more than of our own day; an agitator of the romantic type; a handsome fellow and apparently admired by women; in addition, he managed to obtain the reputation among the people of being incorruptible. Indifferent to money, he was imbued with a religion of his own, half Theosophical, and half based on the theories of the 1848 Revolution. While President he used to pose as the delegate of the man-in-the-street, and there was something demagogic about his affirmation of equality. On gala nights at the Opera he would fill his box with the commonest people possible, and he forbade his Foreign Minister to go to social functions at the embassies. As his Minister of Education he appointed a man who was almost illiterate.

He shut himself up in his ivory tower to such an extent that his isolation became a legend. Without the least claim to personal ability, he insisted on doing everything himself. In the end the administration of the State broke down, and this was really the cause of the *coup d'état* which overthrew him. Nevertheless he was immensely popular, simply because he exalted the lower classes. Even after the revolution when this old man of eighty was in prison, he was still the most popular man in the country, and there is every reason to believe that Argentina will remain Radical.

This Radicalism is not a question of programme, principles, reforms, or even of good government. It is a state of mind, and also a purveyor of jobs. To quote Gambetta's definition, which is remarkably apt under the circumstances, Radicalism is above all the advent of a new layer of society. The Con-

servatives, linked up as they are with the older and more important material interests, prefer sound finances and an administration which works smoothly. As for the people, do they in any country really wish to be efficiently governed? They gloat over the sentimental satisfaction of equality, and are pleased to think that the posts in the government are not reserved for the upper classes. In this, Radicalism in Argentina closely resembles the Irish demagogy of the United States. Both are equally advanced in their ideas, both are Roman Catholic, and both are jealous champions of the fatherland, of property, and of the family.

I spent a month in Argentina during a presidential election campaign. Although the parties and the groups were numerous, there were really only two tendencies, the Conservatives and the Radicals. In addition, there was a Socialist party, which, though strong in the capital, scarcely existed outside it. As in France, no one would admit that he belonged to the Right in politics—the Die-hards call themselves National-Democrats; the Conservatives, Democrats; the Liberal-Conservatives, Progressive-Democrats. There was a civil legion somewhat Fascist in leaning, and the candidate who seemed to have the approval of big business and the army called himself "the Candidate of the People". As for the Communists, though one was mysteriously assured in the drawing-rooms that they were dangerous and that Moscow was at work, it was quite evident that this peculiar peril was not threatening the country.

The real danger in Argentina lies not in any social catastrophe, but rather in the periodic recurrence of bad administration, bringing in its wake political nepotism, disorder in the University which is closely linked up with politics, and above all financial chaos with the dissipation of public funds for purposes of show rather than profit. Such was the balance-sheet of the Irigoyen regime. The Conservatives who succeeded Irigoyen under General Uriburu made praiseworthy efforts to administer the country more wisely, though not to rule less arbitrarily; but how long will the people continue to support them? Who can say if the country will return to constitutional rule? One is inclined to be pessimistic.

Fortunately, however, our pessimism is entirely relative, for even with the worst of governments, it would be difficult to compromise the future of a country which has such wonderful resources, and whose people are so devoid of revolutionary ideas.

13.—*Argentina : The Political Regime*

The Argentine Republic differs from the other South American States in that its political regime is more stable. The revolution of September, 1930, which overthrew President Irigoyen, appears to be an exception to the even tenor of the past forty years, during which time political activities have been on a strictly legal basis. Argentina is, however, thoroughly South American in its conceptions of government and politics.

The Argentine Constitution (1853) bears a close resemblance to that of the United States. We have here the same federal system, the same president elected by the people, the same assemblies, the same ministers not responsible to parliament, but simply effective secretaries to the President. Such is the letter of the Constitution, which was undoubtedly inspired by the tradition of the United States.

In practice it is all very different. The country, as usually happens, interprets its laws according to its own traditions and its own particular genius. The tradition here is Spanish, and the spirit that of the pampa, which was colonised by an energetic type of man, proud, individualistic, and in the last analysis more inclined to respect force than law. Nowhere do jurists, professors, and political savants pore with such earnest and passionate attention over the wording of the Constitution, and nowhere is this wording and its legal aspects more eloquently dwelt upon! And yet in no other country is individual effort more decisive, more frequent, more irresponsible, and more readily accepted!

In the United States the President is elected by the people but constantly held in check by a powerful Senate, which represents the jealous and persistent autonomy of the States. The Argentine regime resembles that of the United States in so far as it also provides a President elected by a plebiscite, though appointed for six years. But the resemblance ends here,

for although the assemblies exist, and possess their rights, they are seldom strong enough to take any stand against the President. Irigoyen was able to rule for years almost without considering Congress, and the public never seems to have held it against him, nor on the other hand is the supreme power of the President limited to any extent by the autonomy of the States. A clause in the Constitution permits the central authority to intervene in the provinces by substituting for the elected governors "Intervenors" who undertake to run local affairs in the name of the President. The Constitution of the United States contains a similar enactment, but it is scarcely ever used. In Argentina, however, Intervenors have frequently been resorted to since Irigoyen first came into power. General Uriburu also made use of them, in fact I came across Intervenors in all the provinces which I visited. The result is that the existence of the States, which is a reality in North America, amounts here to nothing at all.

In the Argentine regime one person counts, and one person only, and he is the President. I observed the same thing everywhere else on this continent. This is apparently a trait which all the South American democracies have in common. Whether it be the case of a military director as in Venezuela and Chile, a tyrannical president as in Peru, or an arbitrary demagogue as in Argentina under Irigoyen, it is always the same: the essential power is vested not in an assembly, nor yet in a Council of Ministers collectively responsible, but in a single personality.

In creating elected assemblies, Argentina imitated other nations, but in placing the supreme power in the hands of a strong personality whom the people gladly look upon as their representative, she has expressed something deeply characteristic of her own nationality. Their President is not a Bonaparte, nor yet simply an American "boss," but rather a consul, a tribune, the chief of a band, a *cacique* according to the Spanish tradition, a *caudillo* to use the South American expression. In Argentina the political, social, and psychological structure in no way resembles the "commonwealth" which has been evolved in North America.

North America was settled progressively from the coast towards the interior, by colonists who tilled the soil. These people were Protestants, and were used to discussing among themselves the organisation and administration of their churches. They were prepared for democracy, because they controlled even their religion on democratic lines. In South America, however, the colonisation was undertaken by Spaniards in search of gold, who subdued the Indians and made them work for them. These Spaniards were fervent Catholics, and their priests did not encourage them to take any directing part in the affairs of their church. So long as they were under Spanish rule the Mother Country did not permit them to take any interest in the affairs of State. Under these circumstances they had no preparation for self-government. When they were thrown on their own resources it was naturally the most energetic officer, or the man most gifted with authority who rose to power. The Spaniard is an individualist, and accordingly he respects strong individualists. In the political sphere, South America has produced more vigorous personalities than any other continent.

When military rulers were no longer needed the time came for civilian presidents, but they exerted their authority with the same good qualities and the same defects as did their military predecessors; also on many occasions the military re-took control. The civilian rule of Irigoyen was replaced by the military rule of General Uriburu, a Conservative, but, though well intentioned, he was equally arbitrary.

One point that it is interesting to note is that whatever happens, the public rarely protests. No one protested when Irigoyen reduced the prerogative of the assemblies to *nil*, and again no one cared when Uriburu suspended the Constitution for what looked like an unlimited period. From this we gather that democracy in this country is essentially electoral. Once he has been appointed for six years the President is virtually all-powerful, and the assemblies can do nothing to hold him in check, and the same applies to the provinces with their local authority. A revolution is the only means of counterbalancing his absolutism.

I have sketched this picture on the lines of what has happened during the past few years, but we must not forget that during the preceding half century, Argentina was ruled with law and order by a regular succession of Presidents, all of whom respected the Constitution. Nevertheless, the Irigoyen regime has shown what can happen to the Constitution under a President who is both Radical and a "personnalist." It took a revolution supported by the army to unseat him, so the virus of the *coup d'Etat* has apparently not been eliminated, nor yet that of prætorian intervention. We are, moreover, considering the nation which is the most stable and the most solid in South America. Even there democracy is passing through its crisis.

NOTE.—President Irigoyen was overthrown by the Conservatives under General Uriburu in 1930. In April, 1931, in the municipal elections in the province of Buenos Aires, the Irigoyen Radicals polled the heaviest vote. The Conservative provisional government thereupon annulled the elections.

General Uriburu decided that a return to a constitutional regime would be made by holding presidential and other elections in November, 1931. He, however, refused to allow the two Irigoyen Radical candidates to run. The election resulted in the victory of General Justo, the nominee of the Conservative parties. The Radical leaders ordered their supporters to abstain from voting. It was at this time that Professor Siegfried visited the Argentine. General Justo was installed as President on February 20th, 1932, thus bringing to a conclusion the period of arbitrary military rule under General Uriburu.

14.—*Argentina : The Economic Situation*

Picture a rich man who lives extravagantly without counting the cost. His cook may be making his little bit on the food bills, and his butler is hardly economical with his master's money. However, the fortune is so large, and the revenues in a good year are so enormous, that our friend always comes out on the right side. Such is the case of Argentina. The Government is irregular, the administration is spendthrift, and the tendency to borrow is uncurbed. Then along comes a good harvest, prices are good, and everything is set on its feet again. The country survives and starts afresh; another nation might have gone under.

The impression one receives, therefore, is clearly optimistic. How could it be otherwise in a country that is agriculturally

one of the most richly blessed in the world? In 1929 they harvested 6,509,000 tons of wheat, 7,765,000 tons of maize, 2,018,000 tons of flax, 759,000 tons of oats. In 1930 they had 32,211,835 head of cattle, 44,413,221 sheep, 3,768,738 pigs—not to mention sugar cane, vineyards, and the magnificent forests in the south. Argentina is a replica of the United States, Canada or Southern Russia. It is equal to several Rumanias and many Hungaries.

It is a country of vast area, still sparsely populated, there being only 11,442,000 inhabitants, of which 2,300,000 are in Buenos Aires. Consequently its entire economic equilibrium is bound to depend chiefly on exports. On an average Argentina sells abroad three-quarters of her production of wheat, almost all her flax, half her oats, and over four-fifths of her maize. In 1929, animal products accounted for 33 per cent. of the total value of her export trade; agricultural products, which are almost entirely cereals, for 65 per cent., and forest products for 2 per cent. No manufactures were exported.

Countries which export raw products are much alike. They have the same periods of exceptional prosperity, the same periods of depression, and the same monetary repercussions. Also they are seldom wise enough to set aside their surplus in their days of plenty in preparation for the lean years to come. In this respect, Argentina is no exception.

When business is good the favourable balance of exports over imports is considerable, and it is on this excess that the entire prosperity of the nation depends, for the country has practically no other source of credit abroad. Everything else is debit—coupons on bonds held by foreigners, dividends to pay to foreign shareholders of companies operating in Argentina, and finally the heavy expenditure of the Argentine people travelling abroad. When the crop is abundant and prices are satisfactory these various accounts are easily met. There is often a credit balance, of which the visible sign is the importation of gold. Since 1914, Argentina has had many years of prosperity.

The favourable trade balance, however, must be very large. With a moderate balance the country finds it difficult to meet

its obligations. Should there be an excess of imports, the whole system would be blocked, and the situation would become impossible. Consequently as soon as exports diminish the peso weakens in sympathy.

The United States was in a similar position about fifty years ago, but afterwards emerged from it, thanks largely to the war, when it was able to accumulate sufficient capital of its own. Up to the present time Argentina has not done so, or at any rate only partially so. In the first place the Argentines are really only interested in one type of investment, *i.e.* property. They have never tried to buy back their national debt, or to acquire control of the railways and industries which foreigners own in their country. For new enterprises and great public works they are therefore inevitably forced to borrow abroad. When the State needs money, whether it be in times of prosperity for expenditure on improvements and on keeping up appearances, or in times of depression simply to find the means to carry on, they have turned invariably to the foreigner.

My picture is still incomplete, for the real cause of their troubles is that the Argentines—like all Americans for that matter—spend without counting the cost as long as business is good. Worse still, their profits never seem sufficient, so they rush off to borrow more as a matter of course. To mortgage one's house is considered quite the thing, no one ever remarks on it. To ask for credit at the bank does not arouse the slightest emotion, even on the part of the bank manager who concedes it—what a long way we are from the attitude of the big French banks! Out in the country the farmers' purchases are all made on credit in the neighbouring town—the harvest will pay for everything—or perhaps it won't! Part of the account may have to be held over, but the store-keeper realises this, so he has raised his prices accordingly.

Being in debt thus becomes a normal and permanent aspect of life. It is in the very air they breathe and soon appears a perfectly natural state to be in. When the crisis comes, there are bankruptcies on every side, heaps of them. The creditors receive only a very small percentage, but every one takes it

philosophically and gets ready to start all over again, the borrower to borrow and the lender to lend. The character of this continent adapts itself to such a system. There is, however, one point that must not be overlooked, and that is that the system is not quite in equilibrium, for in the end one must always find a new lender with available money, a local lender for current local business, and a foreign lender for bigger undertakings.

And yet, somehow, they seem to succeed. The people get rich and the country prospers; its success is obvious and its future assured. The reason is that up to the present Argentina has always been borne along on the rising tide, and in spite of temporary crises she has sailed ahead with the current. Rich families will have ten children, and even after dividing up their wealth for three generations they are still rich. The reason is that land values have increased so much that the property owned by each member of the family is now worth as much as the total of the original fortune. Take, for example, a big land-owner, used to living well. He spends freely, borrows, mortgages his property; he will be ruined? Not a bit of it! A good year comes along and the value of his crops soon gets him afloat again. Or perhaps he sells a small parcel of land for what the whole estate was worth thirty years ago.

What we would like to know is whether this rising tide will go on for ever. When the tide is no longer rising and, still more so, when it is falling, it may prove very difficult to keep the financial system functioning properly. But even taking all these objections into consideration, the world will always need wheat, maize, meat, and leather, so why worry about the future of such a country?

15.—*Brazil : Rio de Janeiro*

In the South American grand opera, Rio de Janeiro is undoubtedly the leading tenor. If there are seven wonders in the world, this city is one of them.

Its geographical formation is, of course, familiar—an immense bay entirely surrounded by high granite mountains, except where a narrow passage connects it with the ocean.

The mountains all face the same way and seem to be built up in layers according to some divine ordinance. Their sheer summits, rising like sugar loaves and daggers, give the horizon a serrated profile like a Japanese kakemono. In this exotic setting, as if clinging to the rocky crevices, is situated this magnificent capital city. The tenor sings the leading role very well, so unbelievably well in fact that there are moments when one can easily imagine it is all some stage setting.

The beauty of Rio is made up of a tangle of different elements, each recording something seen elsewhere, but taken together creating an ensemble that is incomparable, almost unique. As a background, Nature has provided violet-toned granite covered with hothouse tropical vegetation, slim palms, banana trees, and luxuriant lianas: all of which recalls the Antilles, Martinique, or the south coast of Cuba. The marvellous sandy beaches facing the ocean, from which roll in the unending white-capped breakers, the green colour of the water often half-concealed in light mists, and the tiresome houses in the best seaside style, make one think of Biarritz or Cap Breton. In contrast, we have the fine new residential sections of the city, with their rambling houses shaded by palm trees, their pretentious palaces overlooking the azure blue gulf and their Promenade des Anglais—finer even than the one at Nice—all this is like Monte Carlo. To continue my tale of resemblances, in the upper parts of the town, clinging to the mountain-side and very close to the impenetrable jungle, we have a mingling of the mountain and the sea, and a welter of mauve-roofed houses that is very like the Golden Horn of Constantinople.

Thus the capital of Brazil is at the same time both Mediterranean and Oceanic. Being tropical in vegetation and delicate in colouring, its charm is infinitely richer and more varied than any of our cities on the Riviera. Also it is much more exotic, wilder and more diverse in the character of its civilization—an added attraction to the passing traveller.

Without exaggeration one may say that several centuries separate the fashionable parts of the city from the more distant suburbs, which straggle up the valleys on to the moun-

tain-sides and climb to the rocky heights where the city loses itself in the jungle. In the residential district one lives much as in any great international spa—luxurious clubs, mansions built according to the very latest style of architecture, and brilliant social gatherings. Nothing could be more cultivated than the cream of this Brazilian society, and nowhere will you find finer libraries nor better French scholars. But a mile or two away on the outskirts of the capital you come upon the rude hovels of the negroes—hovels which differ little from those of Martinique or Haiti.

These are the two extremes, of course, but in between one can find every stage. The commercial districts in the centre of the city, with its narrow streets, little quiet squares planted with tropical trees, and great boulevards overflowing with people, made me think of our cities in the south of France—here the animation is more relaxed, for these people are never in too great a hurry, and they enjoy life in their own way. We are, however, in America, for here are skyscrapers, vulgarly aggressive like the showy buildings erected in Babbitt's kingdom in the Middle West. Half of these pretentious offices are empty today—they were never needed anyway.

Another thing that reminds us that we are not in Europe is the colour of the people. Brazil, an old Portuguese colony, possessed black slaves as recently as 1889. There has always been a mingling of the Portuguese blood with the negroes, and freeing the slaves has not checked it in any way. While in the United States a coloured man is pitilessly excluded from a white family, in Brazil, where they are more human, he is admitted. The exclusive white families defend themselves against this intrusion, but generally speaking the atmosphere is kindly in ethnical matters. The result is that in the melting pot a race is being formed that will be entirely new. The interior of Brazil is Indian country, but at Rio the predominant type is white, with an admixture of negro blood.

In the streets one notes that the colour of the passers-by is exotic and warm, full of local colour—literally!—and of variety. Here is a pretty Portuguese girl with black eyes and slightly olive complexion, and a certain slenderness which

distinguishes the charm of the Portuguese from the irresistible triumphant grace of the Spaniard. Two paces away is a negress, black as ink, who, as in the Sudan, carries a load on her head like a caryatid. Here, too, in a luxurious motor car is a group of elegant men-about-town who have just left their club and no doubt are on their way to the most civilised social gathering imaginable. In a window in the same street meanwhile, leaning with their elbows on the window sill, is a black family, like a bunch of human grapes, looking down at you in that peculiar way they have which I have often noticed in the Southern States. It all reveals without a shadow of a doubt the close proximity of their African ancestry. This Rio recalls New Orleans, but a New Orleans where the blacks are not unhappy.

This city differs from those in Argentina or Chile in that the atmosphere is Portuguese, and because blacks instead of Indians furnish the exotic note. There is still another influence which one finds nowhere else in South America, and that is the traces of the Empire which have not yet disappeared. I remember as a child the fall of Don Pedro II in 1889. The heart-broken old monarch retired to Paris, and I can recall having seen him, with his noble countenance and a magnificent white beard like so many of the great men in the nineteenth century. This fine, learned old man, this Marcus Aurelius of the New World, has left pleasant memories behind him in Brazil. The Empire could not possibly have continued on a continent so republican as South America, but no one has anything against the last of the Emperors, and I have met many Brazilians who platonically regretted that the regime had to come to an end.

Nothing could be more startling and melancholy than to find the great palace of Boa Vista set down here in modern America! What was once the abode of a sovereign is now a museum. I received the same impression at Petropolis, a hill station at an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet, where the inhabitants of Rio spend the summer. The old summer palace of Don Pedro, now a college run by monks, still has the elegant dignity of a princely establishment. It is surrounded by the

tropical gardens of this watering-place, which are as scrupulously kept and as perfectly groomed as those of a German spa in the Rhine Valley. Rio de Janeiro and Mexico have both derived from the lingering memories of their royal regimes, now abolished but not entirely forgotten, a charm of their own which neither Buenos Aires nor New York can ever possess.

16.—*Brazil : Politics and the Last Revolution*

In order to understand the domestic politics of Brazil, one must realise that in this country there is no such thing as political life as we have it in Europe. In France, for example, the people are racially homogeneous, and the social classes differ little from one another in culture. Under such circumstances it is possible to create public opinion, and public opinion is the necessary basis of a parliamentary regime.

The Brazilian population, on the other hand, is essentially heterogeneous, being made up of Portuguese from the Mother Country, Indians, and African negroes, not to mention the Italians, Germans and Swiss who have recently immigrated into the Southern States on the borders of Argentina and Uruguay. As a result, we have fundamental differences of civilisation, a social structure in layers, from the pure savage of the Amazon, up to the cultured citizen of São Paulo and Rio. The latter is apt to mislead the foreigner, not that his culture is unreal, but because he holds himself so aloof from the rest of the country that he is incapable of exerting any effective social influence. As democracy requires a certain homogeneity of race and culture, it cannot be built up under such conditions. In North America, the Southern States are to a certain extent in an analagous situation, and so cannot be considered a real democracy either. In addition the immensity of Brazil, the diversity of the climate, and the geographically opposing interests of the various States, all make the problem more difficult. If we bear all this in mind, we are bound to conclude that in spite of its very sincere democratic sentiment, for the present at any rate, democracy

in Brazil cannot be anything more than a façade. Herein lies the explanation of the recent revolution.

Don Pedro II, that wise old monarch, understood the structure of his empire. He realised that the majority of his subjects had no political experience, no real civilization indeed. He concentrated on creating an aristocracy, and one may say that in this he was most successful. Although the republic has maintained the moneyed classes in power, it could have neither the same programme nor the same ideals.

Nothing is gained by looking for doctrines and political programmes in the recent history of Brazil. In actual fact, the public life of the country has been dominated by the rivalry—or at times by the agreement—of the two principal States, São Paulo and Minas Geraes. Minas is geographically the greater of the two, but São Paulo is richer. The latter contributes much more to the Federal budget than it receives, so it would be impossible to govern without it.

There has always been a tacit understanding that the Presidents of the Republic should be chosen in rotation from São Paulo and Minas Geraes. For example, since the war, President Pessoa came from São Paulo, and Bernades, his successor, from Minas. President Washington Luiz, elected in 1926 for four years, was again from São Paulo. The system functioned smoothly enough, for the presidents generally belonged to the same social class, and in every case they relied on electoral organizations sufficiently developed to make it very difficult for any other group to succeed. The new president would then hand out the government posts to his friends, as is always the case. The president was also able to exert a power which allowed him to embark on great undertakings if he felt so disposed.

Departing from this unwritten tradition, President Washington Luiz wished to choose and nominate as his successor Julio Prestes, and to choose him, moreover, not from the personnel of Minas, but from that of São Paulo. The retiring president would thus retain his influence and have himself reappointed four years later to replace his successor, who would in fact be only an intermediary. The temptation to

rule seems to be irresistible in South America. At the presidential elections of 1930 the political "machine" was accordingly set in motion, and President Prestes was returned without difficulty, but by a vote which was lacking in spontaneity, to say the least.

The public would not put up with it, however, and protests were soon heard in the various States which were jealous of São Paulo. Rio Grande revolted, and was supported by Minas and Parahyba. In South America no protest carries weight unless it has an army behind it. The regiments of Rio Grande, and the southern States in general, came out against the ex-President and the successor whom he had appointed.

The Brazilian army includes many officers who are both distinguished and competent, and like many of their compatriots quick to seize upon an idea. Intellectually they have great possibilities. The general atmosphere, however, is not favourable to progress. The leaders are too often isolated in distant garrisons, and so are apt to fall a prey to the virus of politics. In any case, as in pre-revolutionary France, they are too fond of believing that they own the units they command. They are all the more tempted to intervene in politics since the non-commissioned ranks and privates generally follow them without question. As a rule the generals and colonels, being already provided for, are less likely to join the rebellion than the young captains, who are ambitious and impatient. It is always the same story in these South American countries.

The troops of the southern States then marched towards São Paulo, though the Army Command at Rio de Janeiro remained loyal to the retiring President. He was still in power, for his successor had not yet been installed. He decided to resist, and mobilised the reservists to defend the Government against the revolutionaries; the reservists, however, did not care to fight in this particular cause, so they turned a deaf ear and no one appeared. Finally, the generals who were still loyal, seeing that matters were leading up to civil war, decided to take no part. They abandoned President Luiz, who fell immediately when he was deprived of material support. A provisional government, under the leadership of

President Getulio Varga, of Rio Grande, took control. It remained in power so long that it illustrated the truth of the old adage that it is the provisional that lasts.

As in Argentina under General Uriburu, the provisional government was completely arbitrary. The President could hold the election when he pleased, and meanwhile he did what he liked. However, there was a difference, in that Brazil was not ruled by the army. The power was in the hands of civilians, who represented the protest against the electoral practices and politics of the previous regime.

In this the revolution had a political aspect, as it aimed at a thorough purge in politics. This was entirely different from a military intervention, since the army, although it may have had the casting vote, did not itself take control. Several of the Ministers were exceedingly well chosen from a body of men who were sincere reformers. It was always to be feared, however, that any new group would be inclined simply to follow the lines of its predecessors.

There is no point in probing any deeper. The most frequent mistake made in studying South American politics is the determination to find deep currents of opinion where there is in reality nothing more than personal contests.

These troubles do not arise from any fault of the Brazilian people themselves, whom I consider most delightful, but must be blamed on the geography, the history, and the racial structure of this country.

NOTE.—In 1930, as a result of a successful revolt, the provisional government of Dr. Varga came into power and was still in power in 1931 at the time of Professor Siegfried's visit. The Government was struggling with the economic and financial situation. They succeeded in balancing the budget. On May 15th, 1932, a decree was signed summoning a constitutional assembly and fixing the election for May 3rd, 1933.

On July 7th a serious revolt against the Federal Government broke out in São Paulo. The revolt was led by Signor Pedro de Toledo, hitherto the Federal Intervenor of São Paulo. This revolt was finally crushed by the end of September, and Signor Toledo and his Government were deposed. A new government under General Lima was appointed on October 7th at São Paulo.

(To be continued.)

TESTING TIME FOR THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

BY JOHN BELL

BY the 14th of this month the Spanish Republic will have been two years in existence. As is inevitable in all revolutions, bloodless or otherwise, there is a diversity of opinion as to whether the change of regime has been in the interest of Spain. Impartial Spanish historians argue that the Republic was bound to come, just as the Dictatorship came and replaced weak Governments. The seven years' experiment of General Primo de Rivera is anathematised by the politicians in power to-day, but such is the divergence of outlook in Spain that Spaniards who are not politicians consider that the Dictatorship was of great service to the country. They believe that General Primo de Rivera will be remembered as a great patriot when most of the politicians now making a noise in the Cortes are forgotten.

Ill and exhausted by overwork, intrigued against by those on whose collaboration he counted, his estrangement from King Alfonso growing day by day, General Primo de Rivera decided that he had outlived his usefulness, and he made room for General Berenguer. His successor could only form a Government of Monarchists who, up till then, had occupied subaltern positions in the political ranks. The fact is the Monarchy was not in the position to supply new and strong men, with the result that General Berenguer's Government was without authority or moral force. The Monarchy had practically exhausted all its forces; it found itself unable to grapple with the ever-increasing national problems. The Republic had to come, and it came after the startling municipal vote on April 12, 1931. If it had not come, it is the view of many Spaniards that Spain would have been plunged in civil strife.

It is a singular fact that after the lapse of two years, large

sections of Spaniards are now fulminating against the Republic just as they voted furiously against the continued existence of the Monarchy. Many of these people are not opposed to the principle of Republicanism. I have just made a tour through Spain, and I find that while the Monarchists are still strong and have not abandoned hope of a Restoration, the Republicans are decidedly in the majority. But many Republicans detest the policy of the present Government, and they are anxiously awaiting the result of the municipal elections at the end of the present month, hoping that it will seal the doom of the Government just as the decision of the municipal voters two years ago brought about the overthrow of the Monarchy. These elections will be all the more interesting since for the first time Spanish women will exercise the vote.

The foreign observer who takes stock of things in Spain and talks with representatives of all classes of the community is impressed by the strong opposition to the government of Don Manoel Azaña. The politicians who drew up the Constitution of the Republic seem to have been inspired in some measure by the example of Soviet Russia. They proclaimed Spain "a democratic Republic of workers of all kinds." Having got rid of the Monarchy they appear to have gone to the other extreme—to turn Spain into a Socialist Republic. A huge mass of Spaniards do not want a Socialist Republic, and hence the unrest in the country and the keen desire to get rid of Señor Azaña and the Socialists in his Cabinet.

Señor Azaña is a skilful politician, more of a dreamer than a man of action. He was formerly a civil servant, he translated Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, and he entered politics when he saw a chance of realising his vision of a New Spain. Since he became Prime Minister and Minister of War he has practically acted as a dictator, though temperamentally he is one of the mildest of men, totally unlike the average Spaniard. Let him make up his mind on a certain subject, and he cannot be deflected from his purpose. He has reached certain definite conclusions as to what he considers to be the best policy for Spain, and if he is permitted to remain in power he will apply them relentlessly.

The fact that the Socialists, members of the Workers' General Union, sent 117 deputies to the Cortes, suited his book admirably. He took three of the leaders into his Ministry, and they are using their opportunities—so much so that the Radical party under the veteran Republican, Señor Lerroux, called him to book and told him that he and his Socialist Ministers must clear out. The argument the Radicals put forward is that as Spain is not "A Republic of workers of all kinds" legislation must not be in the interests of one class alone. Certainly two at least of the Socialist Ministers, Señor Prieto, Minister of Public Works, who at one time sold newspapers in the streets of Bilbao, and Señor Largo Caballero, who was a plasterer, have rendered the Prime Minister yeoman service. Never before have Socialists exercised power in Spain. They intend to cling to office by every means at their command, for they fear that if they lose their positions in the Cabinet the Republic will free itself from Socialist influence.

Let us see what Señor Azaña and his Socialist Ministers are seeking to achieve. The Prime Minister desires to create a new mind in Spain. His idea of this mental orientation is that it shall fit in with the new order of things to be ushered in by legislation. In other words, he wants the Republic to engage in a work of national reconstruction within the Constitution. Unfortunately for him, his appeal, with its distinctly Socialistic trend, does not find favour with all classes. The Radical and Conservative elements, not to speak of the Monarchists, have conceptions of the spiritual and moral liberation of the country which differ radically from his theories. To those who do not agree with him he applies the epithet, "mental anarchists," who, to his mind, are more dangerous than the members of the *Federación Anarquista Ibérica*, the perpetrators of the bomb outrages in the early days of the year.

Much of the unrest in Spain to-day can be attributed to the profuse promises given to the workers. A millenium was promised. The agricultural workers were to be given the land which had to be tilled for their exclusive benefit. The illiterate peasants, fired by the prospect of possession, were in a violent

hurry to get hold of the land. In Estremadura and other provinces they raided estates and destroyed crops. It was a comparatively easy matter to expropriate the land of those Monarchists who were associated with the ill-fated rising on August 10th last year, but the Government found soon enough that wholesale expropriation was out of the question. Further, it had to look at the matter squarely and admit that it could not be a question of making gifts of land to the peasant population. What it decided to do was to socialise the land, and for this purpose it passed an Agrarian Law by which the land will be acquired by the State with "due compensation" to the owners. An Institute of Agrarian Reform has been brought into being. It is an autonomous body and will operate through provincial juntas, each composed of three land-owners, three peasants, and a president chosen by the Institute. This organisation is now at work throughout the country, and it is calculated that by the time it is in full swing it will have something like 5,000 employees. The task before the juntas is the creation of self-governing peasant communities with money provided by the State. Already the Institute has been given a credit of 50,000,000 pesetas, but by the time the land has been expropriated and divided up, it is anticipated that further huge credits will have to be granted.

At present it is not clear how and when the State will be able to indemnify all the owners whose land has been taken, and there is a suggestion that in many cases payment must be inevitably deferred. Then it has come to light that not all the agricultural workers are particularly anxious to till the land, even under juntas. Many of them are not afflicted with land hunger. They would prefer higher and steadier wages. This State experiment of owning and managing land will be closely watched. It will be a costly affair, and at present no one can say with any degree of certainty whether it will be successful. But if it succeeds, the present Government, with its avowed Socialistic tendencies, will be able to boast of having solved one of Spain's most baffling problems.

Having done so much for the peasants the Government has not forgotten the town workers. To these it has given a sort

of charter which is not possessed by the workers of any other European country. Here, again, the Government of "a Republic of workers of all kinds" has given an amazing proof of class legislation. If in the past Spanish workmen of all categories were kept down, they are now being raised to a status which puts them in the position of top dogs. General Primo de Rivera did something for them, but the Republican Government has improved upon his idea in the sense of giving the workmen rights which sometimes clash with the principles of equity and fairness towards employers. There are now Mixed Juries, working under the Ministry of Labour, for all trades and callings. These juries, composed of employers and workmen, have drawn up schedules of wages and working conditions. The original idea was to prevent sweated labour. But what is happening now is that in many cases employers are being heavily penalised. It is not easy for them to reduce their staffs on account of bad times. As an act of charity they may choose to keep men in their employ at certain salaries rather than discharge them. If the employees are discontented all they have to do is appear before the Mixed Jury, state their case, and the employers are compelled to pay over sums representing the increases of salary that should have been given.

In Spain it is not always a question of paying wages according to merit. Salaries must be paid according to age. It is almost a general complaint that although employers are represented on these Mixed Juries the decisions are very frequently in favour of the workers. The reason is sufficiently obvious. Spain is living under a Republic of workers, and to a Socialist-inclined Government, workers are evidently of more account than employers. Thus we have another reason for the growing opposition to a Government which has set out to legislate, not in the interest of the country as a whole, but in the interest of particular classes.

A great deal of the industrial strife in the country is not due to wages disputes. Increases of wages, admittedly long overdue, have in many cases been readily conceded. But the workers, whether they wear blouses or collars, are insisting on the fulfilment of a promise indicated in the Constitution of the

Republic—that they shall participate in the direction, the administration, and the profits of undertakings. The employers are resolutely opposed to this ultra-Socialist pretension, and if it is persisted in serious trouble will follow.

Another tremendous difficulty is that to be found in Article 26 of the Constitution which substitutes lay for ecclesiastical teaching in the schools. This article is meant to break the power of the Catholic religion in Spain. It seeks to dissolve religious orders whose activities, it is alleged, constitute a danger for the State, and to nationalise the property of the Church. When the great influence exercised by the Roman Catholic Church in Spain is remembered, the opposition to this sweeping reform can be imagined. In every province of the country parents are protesting bitterly against the Bill which seeks to deprive their children of the religious instruction given by the priests. They are bombarding the Cortes with petitions, and they are sustained in their opposition by the political forces arrayed against the Government. An idea of the deep feeling engendered by the Government's anti-religious policy may be gathered from an incident which recently happened at Bilbao. The city council decided to demolish the monument of the Sacred Heart. Deeply affected by this decision, students of colleges came out on strike. Women who prayed before the monument were dispersed by the Guards of Assault, the new police force created in the interests of the safety of the Republic. This action led to an ebullition of protests, not only in Bilbao, but in Madrid and other cities. The commotion caused is a portent of what may conceivably happen if and when vigorous measures are resorted to in order to banish ecclesiastical teaching from the schools.

For its safety, the Republic is relying on the application of the Law of Defence, an unpopular measure since it can be applied in such a way as to stifle freedom of speech. But to be just to the Government, the law is now being applied less rigorously. More latitude is given to the opponents of the new regime. More freedom is allowed to the Press. At one time more than a hundred papers were suppressed. Gradually, as the Republic became conscious of its stability, the papers

were permitted to reappear, and now the Monarchist organs, *Renacer* and *La Monarquía*, in an attenuated form compared to the general news sheets, are again in the kiosks. The Monarchists are even permitted to hold demonstrations, and Señor Azaña sees no reason to prevent them from forming a political party. Evidently he believes that the Republic is now firmly on its legs and that it cannot be shaken by Monarchist activity. The fact has to be stated that while the Monarchists have not abandoned hope of coming into their own again, they are not dangerous to the Republic—for the present, at any rate.

In my judgment more dangerous to the present Government than the Monarchists is the political force known as "Acción Popular." The aim of this organisation, in which women are playing a prominent part, is to draw together all the parties of the Right for the purpose of fighting the Government. Its members have vowed to disobey, individually and collectively, any legislative enactment that goes against their conscience. They say that Spain will go into the next revolution with a crucifix in her hand. They are tremendously serious, these members of "Acción Popular." While I was in Seville they organised a demonstration of no fewer than 12,000 people.

There are other and more dangerous forces against the present or any other Government of the Republic. These are the forces of the proletariat. But, dangerous as they are, they cannot, by reason of the divisions in their ranks, hope to upset the Republic. One section of the proletariat, the members of the General Workers Union, who can be compared to the British Socialists, are out-and-out supporters of the Government. Against them are the Federación Anarquista Ibérica and the National Confederation of Labour. Working together these two organisations have threatened to plunge the country into a general strike, seize factories, power supplies and all the means of production and distribution. Their weapon is the bomb. They are terrorists, and Barcelona is their headquarters. Another anarchist outbreak, if and when it occurs, will be met with all the forces at the Government's disposal. No quarter will be given to these disturbers of the peace. The Government will keep its word given after the last bomb outrages. It may

very well be that the conflict will end with the complete overthrow of syndicalism. The Spanish advocates of direct action will suffer the same mortification of ignominious defeat as was suffered by the champions of similar movements in France and England.

Communists form another force plotting against the Republic. Moscow money is speaking in Spain, but not very effectively, in spite of the noise caused from time to time. The walls of Madrid and Seville bear evidence of Communist activity. The sickle and hammer are painted everywhere, not always in red, accompanied by incitements to revolt. Evidently the authorities have taken the measure of the Communists, for little notice is taken of them, and no attempt is made to obliterate the flaming inscriptions. But the organ of the Reds, the *Mundo Obrero*, is closely watched. Let an article be published which is considered dangerous to the security of the State, and under the Defence Law a fine of 10,000 pesetas is imposed.

Strange it is that a Republic proclaimed in the interest of the workers should find its most dangerous enemies in the Labour ranks. The unrest in the country and the plotting now going on make one wonder whether the Republic was established on a proper basis. Time will tell whether the swing from a Monarchy to the other extreme was in the best interests of Spain. In the meantime there is evidence to justify the doubt whether Spain, having regard to her traditional aloofness, not to say conservatism, is the sort of country to lend itself readily to socialisation, more especially at a time when other countries in Europe are showing signs of breaking away from democracy, when it has degenerated into demagoguery, and are beginning to put their faith in strong men. It cannot be said that the revolutionary period is yet at an end in Spain. The Republic is still passing through its testing time, and the difficulties which beset it will not be lessened as long as the men guiding its destinies are obsessed by political ideals which do not seem to be those of the country as a whole. But let the truth, as far as I have been able to find it, be told—there is evidence everywhere that the Republic has come to stay.

EAST POLAND AFTER TEN YEARS

BY A. G. MACDONELL

EXACTLY ten years ago I spent six months in the Eastern Provinces of Poland, Polesia and Wolhynia, where the Society of Friends was working on the reconstruction of the devastated areas, and last autumn I revisited them in order to see what progress the new Republic of Poland was making in its colossal task of rebuilding itself.

I was amazed at the difference which ten short years had made. The changes, physical and moral, were unbelievably great. A whole, vast countryside of agriculture and forestry has sprung out of a deserted wilderness. A population of starving refugees has been converted into a population of self-supporting farmers, and, incidentally, a rampart of sturdy individualism is being stretched across Europe from the Baltic to Rumania against the encroachments of Bolshevism.

To appreciate fully what has been done during the last ten years, it is necessary to understand the condition in which the Wars—from 1914 to 1920—left these unfortunate provinces.

When the great German-Austrian offensive burst upon the Gorlice River in Galicia in 1915, spread north and north-east, and finally developed into a drive upon a front of two or three hundred miles, the Russian Armies had to retreat as fast as they could to avoid wholesale capture. In order to delay as much as possible the advance of the Germans and Austrians, the Russian High Command gave instructions that Cossack rearguards were to destroy and burn every building, blow up every bridge, drive off all livestock, and deport all the inhabitants, throughout the entire length and breadth of the evacuated zone. These instructions were given by the Russians in a spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of Allied

solidarity, and the sacrifice was all the more freely offered as the country to be devastated was Poland and not Russia.

"Self-sacrifice is a noble thing, I'll send one of my own relations," as the old song says. The Cossacks threw themselves with enthusiasm into their congenial task, and in the course of the weeks during which the retreat lasted, made an extremely thorough job of it. Polesia and Wolhynia were destroyed from end to end. Every house in every village was burnt, every railway station, public building, church and bridge blown up, and about three million people were driven eastwards as far as the valley of the Volga and even further, into Siberia.

In the winter of 1915 the Eastern front was stabilised into fixed trench lines which ran through these two provinces, and the German military engineers settled down with all their famous thoroughness and skill to make a trench-system which could be defended by an occasional caretaker and, here and there, a charwoman or two. Naturally, they succeeded. They built a trench-line on the edge of marshes, in front of woods, on the forward slope of undulations in the great Polish plain, everywhere on ground selected by themselves, and they equipped it with dug-outs, fortified it with concrete pill-boxes, and defended it with a sea of barbed wire, sometimes fifty or sixty yards in depth. This lasted till the break-up of the Russian armies in 1917 and the Treaty of Brest-Litowsk, after which the countryside was covered with German commissariat agents, who penetrated far into White Russia and the Ukraine in search of food for the starving Reich. Then came the Armistice, the departure of the Germans, and the foundation of the Republic of Poland. But there was no rest for Polesia and Wolhynia. The White Armies were in the field against the Soviet. Yudenich was defeated in front of Petrograd and his remnants went south to join Balakhovich.

Balakhovich was defeated and his remnants became independent bandits. Petlura was loose in Galicia. Makno, the famous Ukrainian bandit, was only just across the border. Then came the Polish-Bolshevik war of 1919-1920, when Pilsudski swept into Kiev and was promptly swept out again,

and Budenny's Red Horse Army poured irresistibly into Wolhynia like the ancient Tartars, and Warsaw and Europe were only saved by the desperate efforts of the Poznan cavalry and Marshal Weygand's staff. The Bolshevik tide of invasion ebbed, and it ebbed, of course, through the two wrecked provinces.

But even this was not the final calamity. In 1921 the terrible Russian famine overwhelmed the valley of the Volga, and the Poles and White Russians and Jews, driven thither by the Cossacks six years before, fled homewards to escape from death by starvation. When they arrived home, by train or on foot, with no possessions except what they could carry, they found a deserted labyrinth of trenches, barbed wire, ruins, skeletons, shells, and weeds. For seven years no plough had touched the land, and the birch-forests were spreading in every direction with millions of little birchlings that were already five, six, or seven feet high. For things grow quick on the black earth of Wolhynia. There was nothing to eat, except what could be scratched out of the soil, mushrooms and roots and bark off the trees, and nowhere to live except in trenches and dugouts. And in the winter the sanitary cordon of hospitals, which the Government and the League of Nations had established along the frontier, broke down under the strain and typhus entered Polesia and Wolhynia, raging furiously until the spring of 1922 when it died down, as typhus always does in the spring, leaving a population that contained few babies and no old men and old women.

That was one of the problems which, in 1921, faced the Polish Republic, only just three years old; which, in addition, was trying to cope with such other little problems as a non-existent currency, the creation of a railway system out of three separate systems, the codification of law out of three separate codes, the welding together of three separate parts of the country—each of which had a different religion—the creation of a Civil Service, a state of war with Lithuania, and a thousand other difficulties, internal and external, national and international.

The first of the changes in the condition of Poland may be

found in the port of Hull as one steps on board the Polish steamship *Rewa*, belonging to the Polish-British Steamship Company, and plying between Hull and the Free City of Danzig and the new Polish port of Gdynia. The white and red flag with the white eagle now flies on the High Seas. That is something new. The mercantile marine of Poland is small as yet, but it has at least begun.

The *Rewa*, officered by Poles who were officers of the Russian Imperial Navy and by Poles who were in the German Imperial Navy, was comfortable but slow, and it took three days of quiet jogging before the towers of the Marienkirche, Christendom's seventh biggest church, loomed across the waters of the Gulf of Danzig.

The condition of Danzig, ancient and picturesque link in the Hanseatic chain of ancient cities, is outside the scope of this narrative. The traveller, waiting for the arrival from Gdynia of the Warsaw express, is deafened by the thunder of the interminable goods-trains, rolling up from Upper Silesia with their loads of export coal, and the port, so far from being ruined by its Polish rival, has recently built a new basin to handle the Silesian coal. Nor is this the place to talk of Warsaw and its changes of ten years, though much might be written about them. For it is not until the Warsaw-Rowno express has travelled several hours upon its eastward journey to the Russian frontier that the region of Cossack devastation begins.

The first unusual sight which meets the traveller's eye is at the town of Chelm. The old town is about a mile or a mile and a half from the railway station—for the Russian engineers who built the railways hit upon the ingenious plan of blackmailing each town of Poland and placing the railway-station at a distance from it which varied in inverse ratio to the amount of blackmail extracted—and is surmounted on the crest of a small wooded hill by two magnificent domed churches. Between the old town and the station there is a regular cluster of new red-roofed houses, built upon another slight slope and forming a regular garden-city suburb. Such a thing was unbelievable in East Poland ten years before. After Chelm the line

runs through rolling hay-fields, bright with great drifts of blue cornflowers and wild anchusa and poppies, until it crosses the river Bug, famous during the War for many a sanguinary battle, into the province of Wolhynia itself.

Kowel is the next important town, and here the evidences of reconstruction do not have to be searched out. They stand up and hit the traveller in the eye. There is a fine new railway-station ; a huge new office of what corresponds to the County Council and Lord-Lieutenant combined ; a new church ; houses made of stone ; a small hotel, a restaurant, and obvious signs that building was still going on. Ten years ago, Kowel was a scattered conglomeration of wooden cabins. East of Kowel comes the region of the fixed trench-line and the rivers, Pripet, Stokhod, and Styr, which, running from south to north in parallel lines into the Pripet marshes, were converted by the Germans into almost impregnable field-fortresses. A motor car from Kowel or Luck can reach the old front-line in an hour or so along the old pavé military roads which have successfully defied the encroachments of the mud of Poland. As one approaches the Eastern Front, the whole atmosphere changes gradually but perceptibly. Cultivation becomes straggly. The hayfields merge into marsh-land. The strips of corn are irregular and patchy, and the young birch-forests spread their pale green and silver outposts further and further into the ground which they have won from man. Silence falls. There are no distant shouts of workers in the fields or the sound of a barking dog or the clatter of wooden wheels on the cobblestones. Even the birds seem to have given up singing in the battle-area ; and the desolate, silent stretches of marsh and reeds and stagnant pools are made fifty times more desolate and mournful by the knowledge that thousands upon thousands of dead men lie, forgotten by all the world, under these reeds and that, in the hideous noise of war, they created this desolation and silence. Here and there concrete gun-emplacements nestle among the birchlings. Shell-holes and long, winding communication trenches are still visible. The barbed-wire has gone, and the weeds and nettles have swallowed up the dud shells, but shattered tree-stumps, gaunt and

withered, stand above the new forest-life around them. Further on, there is a monument to the German "Heroes of the Stokhod", and round the base of it graves of German soldiers who died so far from their Fatherland.

The Eastern Front, the old trench-line, has been too colossal a nut for the Polish Republic to crack. The forests have gained too tight a grip. And in the East there was no flood of benefactions immediately after the Armistice was signed. There was no adoption of towns and villages by English towns and villages. There was no irruption of sightseers, tourists, inquisitive ex-soldiers looking for the dug-out that Old Harry got so drunk in just before the Arras push, or char-à-banc expeditions of British Legionaries or American dollar-scatterers, or families looking for the graves of dead sons and husbands. Instead there were bandits and Bolsheviks and typhus. Can anyone be surprised that Poland has found the task too difficult ?

But immediately outside the trench-zone the work has been begun. Take for instance, the village of Holoby, a mile or two from the Stokhod. There the houses and the church have been rebuilt and the village shops are well stocked and the people smile. There are cows and horses and sheep again, and a village stands where a cluster of dug-outs and sheets of corrugated iron used ten years ago to house the villagers.

Further east again is Rowno, an important railway junction and scene of much fighting, not only in the Great War, but also in the Polish-Bolshevik war when Budenny burst into Wolhynia at the head of his Red Horse Army. In Rowno there is now an excellent little hotel, spotlessly clean, and a restaurant which is as good as anything one is likely to find in an English provincial town five times its size. Rowno in 1921 was one of the biggest camps on the Sanitary Cordon when the "repatriants" were disinfected before going into the interior of Poland. The actual frontier-station is not Rowno itself, but the picturesque little town of Korsec which, thirty miles east of Rowno on a dead-straight pavé, a Tsarist military road, lies on both banks of a river and is surmounted by an ancient ruined castle, built of beautiful old brick and now overgrown with splendid trees. The military road plunges down one

bank of the river—almost a ravine in this flat expanse of steppe—up the other side, out of the town and past the barracks of the military outpost. But just beyond the barracks there is a post in the middle of the road, and beyond the post the road is green with grass growing between the stones. Fifty yards further on the road is knee-deep in grass and weeds and there is a gate across it. The gate is the end of Western civilization. Beyond it is Soviet Russia. It is a queer sensation, leaning on that gate and staring across the great rolling Ukrainian steppe, mysterious and silent. In the distance a woman is cutting corn with a sickle. It is difficult to realize that that woman, visible, real, existent, is under the Soviet regime. She is a worker in Bolshevik Russia, only a mile away, and yet in a different world. A Red sentry comes dodging towards the gate through the standing corn. The Polish escort, without which no one is allowed down to the frontier, unsling their rifles and the sentry dodges away again.

The frontier is marked here by a row of posts, each with a bundle of straw tied round its top for visibility in winter, there by a high fence, and elsewhere by an ordinary fence of posts and wires, all in a most haphazard fashion.

A few yards beyond the fence are the ruins of a small village. Nothing is left save a heap of bricks here and there. As recently as last year it was a village, but the people were all driven off into a collective farm and all traces of individualism were ruthlessly destroyed.

The outpost at Korsec live in a new wooden barrack with a neat garden in front and a tower from which a sentry, field-glass in hand, watches Russia and the corresponding outpost-towers to north and south of him. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and Poland is taking no risks. But it is symptomatic that the outpost is keen on gardening and that the menace of the Red Army is apt to make them smile. One word more about Korsec. Let the traveller beware of the hospitality of the Mayor and the Captain of the Garrison. They will give him, if he is not extremely careful, a lunch of eight courses with at least two glasses of vodka with each.

From Rowno there is a strategic railway which runs due north, parallel with the frontier. In 1922, it was impassable, as the Cossacks had most efficiently blown up the great iron bridges over the Horyn and the Pripet rivers. Now the bridges have been replaced—the twisted ruins of the old one are still lying on the banks of the Horyn—and the railway is working. The country through which it runs is flat and covered with forests. Wolhynia, with its rich black earth and enormous crops of wheat, is soon left behind, and the train plunges into the interminable, sandy birchwoods and pinewoods of Polesia. Mile after mile the track tapers away into the distant woods, as straight as a Roman road. The wayside stations are piled high with logs awaiting transport. The only activities of the people are timber-felling and, occasionally, haymaking.

The Pripet river, which drains the celebrated marshes into the Dnieper, meanders slowly, with many off-shoots and islets and tributaries, among a huge expanse of pleasant green marshy meadows which are dotted here and there with flocks of cows, sheep, geese, horses and goats. Ten years ago there was hardly a cow or a sheep in the whole province that had been left by the passage of armies.

At last the slow comfortable journey is over and the train jogs unobtrusively into the railway-junction of Baranowicze, the key to the eastern frontier of Poland. Baranowicze, now a town of 30,000 inhabitants, is on the direct line, both as the crow flies and as the trains run, from Moscow to Warsaw. South of it lie the Pripet Marshes, miles of impregnability; north of it are the deep, dark forests of Lithuania; east and west are flat plains, ideal for fast, cavalry invasions. Part of Napoleon's army marched towards Minsk by Baranowicze, and the sandy track along which it went is called by the peasants the Napoleon Road to this day.

In 1914 it was one of the chief mobilization stations of the Tsarist Army. Then it became the General Headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicolas, where, as Paléologue describes it, the staff lived in the Imperial trains, drawn up side by side in the forest. Afterwards, when the Russian army retreated and G.H.Q. went back to Mohilev, a terrible battle was fought

at Baranowicze and the fixed trench-line passed not many miles from the town.

Another battle was fought here in the Polish-Bolshevik war of 1920, and in 1921 the town became the chief station for the repatriants. For every train of typhus-ridden, exhausted fugitives from the Volga which went from Russia to Rowno, ten trains went to Baranowicze. The camp, in this scattered pine-forest which had sheltered the Imperial saloon-cars, was one immense scene of misery, disease and starvation, where a band of heroic workers, Polish, British and American, struggled to cope with the tragedy. There is a monument near that forest now, to commemorate the two hundred and more workers who died of typhus during that desperate time.

Such has been Baranowicze, a town within fifty miles of the Soviet frontier, and, in the event of any kind of trouble on the frontier, a town that is certain to be the first objective of an invading force. If there is any town or village throughout Polesia and Wolhynia which must be destroyed if a Bolshevik army makes once again for Warsaw, it is Baranowicze. It is, therefore, not only a key-point of strategy but a key-point of *morale* as well, and it is possible to make an accurate estimate of Poland's attitude towards the potential menace of the Red Army from its attitude towards the reconstruction of war-shattered Baranowicze.

Taking the military side first, there is, of course, a garrison. The country is ideal for fast-moving cavalry warfare, flat, hedgeless, open, and the garrison, therefore, is mainly composed of cavalry, commanded by the crack cavalry-soldier of Poland, General Stanislas de Skotnicki. General Skotnicki, at the age of twenty was one of the first seven troopers who rallied to Josef Pilsudski's standard on August 3rd, 1914, and was the first soldier to cross the frontier of Russia from Austria. When the Pilsudski Legion was formed as an integral part of the Austro-German armies, the original seven naturally were promoted and Captain Skotnicki was at one time stationed behind the German lines at Baranowicze. After the collapse of Russia, the Legion refused to fight for Germany against the Allies and were interned in the Rhineland until

the Armistice, when they immediately flocked back to serve their freed country under their old leader, now Marshal Pilsudski. Almost immediately the Polish-Bolshevik war broke out and in 1920 Lieutenant-Colonel Skotnicki, aged 26, commander of three regiments of cavalry, was the recognised *beau sabreur* of Poland, the Lasalle of the Light Horse, leader of innumerable charges, idol of his men and of his officers—his chief of staff was fifty-two years old—and bearer of a charmed life. After the war, commandant of the cavalry regiment at Poznan, he was promoted brigadier-general at the age of thirty-two, and for five years before my visit he had been in command of the Baranowicze garrison. Military life in the garrison, therefore, is assured of one thing. It cannot be dull under such a commander, and there is an extraordinary atmosphere of gaiety and efficiency and self-confidence about the soldiers in this outpost of Europe. For it is nothing less. The Polish army is the defence not merely of the Republic but of Western Europe.

On the civil side of life there is the same quiet optimism about the future. The town has not only been temporarily rebuilt, as all the devastated towns and villages have been, entirely in wood and thatch, but a beginning has been made upon the second rebuilding in stone and tile, and all building in wood is now forbidden. Neat stone houses are springing up in ones and twos and groups. A new hotel has just been opened made of red brick. It is small, but perfectly clean, with a hot bath available at any time of the day, and electric light. There is an excellent open-air restaurant with orchestra and dancing-floor, cafes and small shops.

But it is in its public buildings that Baranowicze astonishes. The railway-station has, of course, been rebuilt. That was essential. But there is also a new hospital full of up-to-date equipment, even running to artificial sun-rays for children, where lectures are regularly given in first-aid, child-welfare, and general hygiene, where thousands of cases are treated free every year, where an eye-specialist—vitally important in a country of dust in summer and snow in winter—is always available.

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From Baranowicze the night-express rolls smoothly back to Warsaw, crowded with travellers as all night-trains in Poland are, and from Warsaw another night express runs to Gdynia and the Hull-bound steamer of the British-Polish Steamship Company. This is not the place to speak of the great concrete and steel port which is springing up out of nothing at Gdynia, the bulging warehouses on what used to be a sandy beach, and the loading-cranes discharging cargoes where there was only a sea-gull or a fishing-boat. Above Gdynia lives Wacław Sieroszewski, Siberian exile, poet, novelist and patriot, who can watch from his villa on the hill the growth of Gdynia, symbol of all that he has devoted his life to. His villa is called "Kadrowka," after the Kadre, the dauntless seven who crossed the frontier of Russia on August 3rd, 1914, to raise the standard of Polish Independence, and in 1920, Trooper Sieroszewski, aged fifty-six, rode in one of the cavalry regiments commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel de Skotnicki, aged twenty-six.

This is the bare record of things seen in a part of Europe which has suffered terribly and which has saved its soul by its own exertions. The provinces of Polesia and Wolhynia are a living example of the triumph of an unquenchable spirit over disaster. In ten years the people have turned, by their own labours and endurance, from grubbing in the fields on all fours, like beasts, for roots and fungi and stray ears of corn, to the growing of flowers in their little gardens. The little villages of East Poland are bright with sweet-williams and pansies, delphiniums and stocks, and the children have a smile for the passer-by.

THROUGH THE OTHER WIFE'S EYES

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Translated by Joan Redfern

LOOKING from the large, ample window of her husband's bedroom, Anna could see, as though placed on the bright azure of the spring morning, a branch of almond tree in full blossom, and could hear, mingled with the soft beat of the fountain in the garden below, the festive chimes of the churches far and near, and the happy chatter of the swallows, drunk with the air and the sunshine.

Turning from the window with a sigh, she noticed that her husband that morning had forgotten to tumble his bed, as he did habitually, to prevent the servants noticing that he had not slept in it. Kneeling on the floor she leant on it with her elbows, and then, half-closing her eyes, she stretched her whole body on it, sinking her fair young head into the pillow as if to savour the freshness and coolness of the linen. "Better if you had slept here," she murmured, and got up, tired.

Her husband, Vittorio Brivio, had to leave that night on business, and she had come into his room to prepare the suitcase for the journey.

The packing finished, she decided she must really tidy the wardrobe, which needed it badly. Opening the large bottom drawer she found it to be filled with the discarded suits of her husband's. Taking them out one by one she brushed and folded them in turn, replacing them neatly. And in folding a shabby, discoloured jacket she noticed that there was something hidden in the lining—a stiff, flat-shaped object, that felt like a bit of cardboard. She was curious to look at that flat-shaped thing that had lain so long hidden in that lining—who knows how long!—perhaps for years and for years, forgotten by everyone . . . And thus it was, after three years

of marriage, that Anna discovered the photograph of her husband's first wife.

Pale, shaken with agitation, her heart beating and her sight dimmed, she ran with it quickly to the window, and stood there for a long, long time, staring at the likeness of that unknown woman.

The photograph was old, and what first caught her attention was the queer, fussy costume and hairdressing that once of course had been smart, but now looked dowdy; it seemed, somehow, to eclipse the face, which in the photograph looked dark. No sooner, however, had she grasped the features, detaching them, as it were, from the dress and general appearance, than she was struck by the eyes—and instantly her heart leaped with an impetus of hatred: the hatred of posthumous jealousy, the contemptuous hatred she had felt for this woman from the very first day when she (Anna) had fallen in love with the man who was now her husband.

So this, then, was Vittorio's first wife—the wife who had deceived him, and who, when he had accused her of her fault, had committed suicide. Yes, it was she! it was she! . . . There was no room for doubt, for on the photograph was written in faded ink: "To my darling husband, from his Vera."

"My darling husband!" . . . Preposterous! Her hands shook so violently that she dropped the photograph. These intimate words seemed there merely to spite her—to flaunt the closeness of the tie that had bound this woman to Vittorio.

Anna had hated her—and with reason. Had she not deceived Vittorio! How had it been possible to deceive a man such as he! . . . Moreover, she had a double reason for hating her. It was because of her and her history that Anna's father had opposed her own marriage so bitterly—as if indeed her poor Vittorio had been to *blame* for the infamous conduct and suicide of the wife who had deceived him! . . .

But when the first reaction had subsided, she was seized by curiosity. She felt she must just have a look at that face, must see it more carefully. But she was almost prevented by a feeling of panic, by the thought of handling an object that

had belonged to a person who had died so tragically—a feeling confused and mixed (though she did not know it) with all her passionate love for the husband who had once belonged to this other wife.

Picking up the photograph, she held it in the full sunlight and examined it closely. The face shown was so unlike her own as to be almost a contrast. How strange! she thought, how strange that Vittorio, who had fallen in love with this woman and had certainly considered her beautiful, had been able, later, to fall in love with herself, who was so utterly different! . . .

Yes, the face was beautiful. Even to Anna it seemed beautiful—oh! far, far more beautiful than her own! And those were the lips that Vittorio's had kissed with the passion of youth! . . . But why that droop of the mouth, so sad and so mournful? And why the pain in those deep eyes? Why, oh! why the profound sorrow in those features? Again Anna was shaken by repulsion. The true and humble goodness of that face seemed an outrage. And yet, strangely, there was a hint of something in those eyes that distantly reminded her of her own as she dressed in front of her mirror in the mornings, thinking of Vittorio . . .

A quick, energetic step was heard in the passage, and she had barely time to thrust the photograph in her bag when her husband appeared—impatient, restless, preoccupied . . .

"Good Lord!" he groaned facetiously, looking at the open drawer, "whatever have you been up to? Oh! I see! As usual! Tidying up! . . . Well now, of course, I shall *never* find anything again!" and he emitted a short laugh that seemed to come only from his throat, as though something had tickled it. And laughing like that he looked at his wife, almost as if asking *why* he had laughed. And he blinked very hard and long with his keen restless little eyes, black like coals.

Vittorio Brivio, who was twenty years older than Anna, treated her as a child, incapable of anything deeper than the ingenuous, half-childish love with which she surrounded him often to his annoyance. He responded to it now and again, when it happened to suit him, but always with a sort of ironical

condescension, as much as to say : " Oh, all right, just for a bit I'll be a child too, to please you—but don't let's waste too much time about it."

Meanwhile the old jacket was still on the floor where Anna had dropped it. Her husband, seeing it there, snatched it up and, carrying it to the window, shouted in a harsh voice to a servant who was working in the garden. When the man appeared beneath the window he flung it in his face, with : " Here, it's for you ! " And then, to his wife : " So now you'll have less to brush—and to tidy up, thank God ! " And again giving vent to his stunted laugh he blinked his eyes very hard and long, and then with an absent, preoccupied look, turned quickly and hurried from the room.

* * *

There was nothing in the least unusual in Anna being left alone when her husband travelled on business. And he had often left her for a fortnight or more, not merely for a day or two, as now. And he had often started at night, exactly as now. But when night came, Anna, still distressed and upset from the discovery of the photograph, felt a strange fear of being alone, and confessed it, weeping, to her husband, as she bade him goodbye in the hall. But he, unaccustomed to her tears, and entirely immersed in thoughts of his journey and business, was only exasperated :

" Whatever's wrong with you now ? " he exploded irritably, " you're behaving like a baby." And off he rushed in a hurry, slamming the door behind him as he went.

The slam of the door made Anna jump, and she remained standing in the little hall, the tears frozen on her cheeks. Then, giving herself a resolute shake, she turned to climb the stairs to her room, intending to go to bed, and to sleep.

The bed was ready for the night, the maid waiting for her. " You're tired," said Anna kindly to the girl, " don't trouble, I'll manage for myself. Good-night."

When the maid had left she undressed slowly ; her eyes fixed on the ground in front of her. Putting away her frock and folding her clothes neatly on a chair, she took her bag

and put it on the bed-table—and suddenly remembered the photograph inside it ! Again her heart leapt with anger, as the thought that that woman's eyes might be looking at her with pity. Taking the bag impatiently she threw it on a sofa near the bed ; the leather of the bag between the photograph and herself would, in fact *must*, hide from her the face of that dead woman.

Slipping into bed she turned off the light. Then, by a strong effort of will, she compelled herself to follow her husband, in imagination, step by step, on his way to the train. She did it to stifle a feeling that since early morning had kept her alert—criticizing, observing, studying him. She knew exactly what that feeling had sprung from, and she wanted to get rid of it, to expel it from her heart.

The effort strained and excited her. But she managed, with extraordinary clearness, to picture the long road, deserted at night, lit by reverberating lamps, whose light, reflected on the pavement, seemed to tremble and quiver. Round the foot of each lamp was a circle of shade ; the shops at that hour were dark and shuttered. She saw her husband's car that was taking him to the station ; she saw herself waiting for him at the barrier, she felt herself following him with her eyes along the platform ; she saw the lugubrious train under the glass roof ; she heard its din and clatter and its gloomy echoes. Now ! . . . The whistle has sounded ! . . . The train is off ! . . . Vittorio's form is fading into the darkness . . . is vanishing . . . has vanished . . .

The illusion was over. With a start she came back to herself, and opening her eyes looked round her little room, as though something were missing, as though she were alone, in a void.

And the thought came to her that perhaps, since the very day of her marriage, she had always been alone, in that void—though only now was she beginning to be conscious of it. If she had not noticed it before it was because she had filled that void up with herself, with her own love, her own tremendous love for her husband ; if she noticed it now it was because for the whole of that day she had held her love, as it were, suspended—to see, to observe, to judge . . .

"He didn't even say good-bye to me," she thought, and again began to cry, as though the fact that he hadn't said good-bye were the real reason for her crying. Reaching for her bag she fumbled for her handkerchief, and her fingers came in contact with the photograph. Well now, of course she had really no choice, she was practically forced to have another look at it! . . . Turning on the light, she took it deliberately, and again examined it.

Strange what a wrong picture she had made of this woman! Looking at her real likeness she had a sense almost of remorse. She had thought of her, somehow, as big and rather stout, with bright, challenging eyes—a trivial, rather vulgar sort of person, very fond of laughing and of stupid jokes. And instead, *this!*—this young slender woman, this girl, whose very features exhaled a soul profound and suffering! Different, ah! yes, from herself—but not in the sense she had imagined. In fact it was the contrary. That sorrowful mouth seemed never to have laughed, whereas her own had laughed very often, and merrily. And certainly that olive-skinned face (as appeared from the photograph) had a much less laughing look than her own, that was fair and rosy.

But why . . . why . . . so sad? . . .

An odious thought swam into her mind and at once she averted her eyes, feeling that the photograph was a menace, not only to her peace, her love—the love that that very day had received more than one wound—but to her proud dignity of loyal wife who had never harboured the most distant thought against her husband. But of course!—that woman of the photograph had had a lover, and of course it was not Vittorio but the lover, the lover, who had made her so sad . . .

"Not Vittorio, but the lover, the lover, the lover," she repeated again and again with frenzied obstination, as if by insulting her she could hope to get rid of her. But in spite of herself she still saw her, she still felt those eyes looking at her.

Unable to sleep, she next concentrated on this lover, trying to recall what she knew of him in an unconscious attempt to divert the sadness of those eyes to him, and away from herself.

But except for his name—Arturo Valli—she knew so little.

She knew that he had indignantly denied the accusation, and at once got married to a girl of their acquaintance, had refused Vittorio's challenge to a duel and had left the town; to return, however, later, when Vittorio had married again and had left it himself.

Pondering these wretched events: of this cowardly Valli, living now so happily and contentedly; of the husband who had been capable of marrying again and taking up life with zest as though nothing had happened; of her own immeasurable joy at becoming his wife; of her three years of marriage with never a thought, except of hate, for this dead woman—suddenly and quite unexpectedly there rushed into Anna's heart a wave of compassion. Once more she saw her, but alive, and far, very far away, at a long, long distance. And those deep, tragic eyes, so intense from passion and from suffering, seemed to be looking into her own, and with a faint, very pitiful smile and the tiniest shake of the head she seemed to be trying to speak to her, to tell her of something . . .

* * *

Anna was afraid. For the first time since her marriage she saw, she felt herself, alone—alone for her life. Since the day of her wedding, not once, not even for an hour, had she seen her father, nor her mother or sister—she who had adored them! She, the most docile of daughters, had had the strength to rebel against her parents for love of Vittorio. For love of Vittorio she had fallen dangerously ill, and would certainly have died had her father not consented to the marriage. He had consented, yes, because the doctors had forced him. But he had vowed from the day of her marriage, for him and for his, she should cease to exist.

Her husband had placed her in comfort, even luxury. As for the difference of age, so feared by her mother, not a person ever noticed it, least of all herself. Vittorio had not a sign of age, neither in body nor in mind. In body, with his tireless strength and impatient energy, he was a man in his prime. Still less was he old in mind; his alertness, his enterprise, his enthusiasm for life and for novelty seemed inexhaustible.

Ah, no! it was of something very different that Anna, seeing him now for the first time (though without suspecting it) through the eyes of this other woman, found reason to complain—of his neglect of her, his almost contemptuous neglect of her. She had been wounded by it before, but never, never as that day. Her family had deserted her, as though in marrying Vittorio she had somehow dishonoured them, and had ceased to be fit for their company. And the husband who ought to have consoled her seemed to think that her sacrifice had been nothing at all, and was merely his right. His right, yes, because she had fallen so terribly in love with him. But surely, for that very reason he ought to have consoled her, to make it up to her . . . and instead—

“The same . . . the same . . . as ever” . . . seemed to come from the dolorous lips of the dead woman.

So she, too, had suffered—had suffered, because of *him*! She too, knowing that he did not love her, had felt this anguished emptiness! . . .

“Was it so? was it so?” asked Anna of the photograph, her voice broken by her sobs.

And those humble, loving eyes, so deep and so true, seemed to pity her in their turn, seemed to feel compassion for that desertion, for that sacrifice unrewarded, for that love that was shut into her heart, almost like a treasure in a cupboard, of which her husband had the key, but never, never to make use of—like a miser.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is not easy to find a point from which to begin the survey of the various cataclysms which have been taking place; perhaps the best that offers is to be found in an article which the *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie* devotes to the memory of Count Albert Apponyi, supplementing it by a reprint of a speech on *La Crise de la Société des Nations*, delivered by the Count at Vienna on January 28th, ten days before he died. M. Georges Ottlik scarcely exaggerates in saying that Apponyi was not only a legend on the lips of his people, but a statesman to whom homage was paid by the five continents of our globe; at all events, knowing nothing of the man, my ignorance was nevertheless aware almost subconsciously of his value to Europe. One felt that he had faith; that this old aristocrat, sprung from a most masterful people, had flung himself wholeheartedly into the effort to create a new world where right should be asserted otherwise than by the sword; and that, speaking for a nation which of all the defeated had been the most mutilated, he took his place in the common council with perfect dignity and entire good will. No doubt the personal charm which M. Ottlik describes contributed to this diffusion of regard; for charm has an extraordinary power to radiate beyond the limits of physical presence and across barriers of language, especially if high courtesy is the expression of a noble nature. In losing him, not only Hungary, but Europe, has lost the man who perhaps best of all was able to bring to the central League collaboration from the defeated; and his last utterances are worth marking.

The crisis of the moment is felt in regard to three matters, on each of which the League has failed to achieve what was expected of it: hostilities in the Far East, the international difficulties of money and trade, and the proposed steps to disarmament. As to the first, Count Apponyi holds that the League was bound to do the best it could with the means available; that success in smoothing over such hostilities would have been a triumph; but that the League is no more proved useless by failure here than is a doctor whose patient dies. Such a metaphor will not bear pressing, but it conveys sound sense. In the same way, he holds that the League cannot be held responsible for the economic crisis; it gives sound advice—if the nations disregard it, they are to blame. But the question of disarmament is to him vital. Unless advance can be made along this line, the League repudiates the principles to which it is bound.

What then are the chances of success on this crucial issue? Not brilliant, certainly. We have to remember, and the Hungarian statesman emphasised this in his address, that the League must be composed of persons each of whom by irresistible heredity is compelled to construe the League's purposes in terms of his own country's interest. He would have us remember that the League was born, in a sense prematurely, out of the throes of a vast struggle; that men brought into the making of it the passions of conflict. It is needed above all for the weak, yet what they need is not the institution as it exists today, but as it may become. The task of the vanquished is to assist in redressing the balance, which at present leans too much towards the victors; and this they must do by maintaining an attitude which is "logical, virile, and calm."

Whether Hungary's attempt to smuggle in rifles was strictly "logical," on the premises accepted by members of the League, might be argued; it is certainly not a step towards disarmament. The outstanding fact, however, is Germany's attitude, which may be virile, yet is assuredly not calm, nor consistent

**The War Spirit
in Germany**

with any peaceful programme. Herr Hitler, who was by many German observers regarded as the prisoner of President von Hindenberg and von Papen, has led captivity captive, and at least half Germany appears to be engaged in a war dance. There is no question here as there was in the Japanese case, of military men taking a plunge out of control: the militant spirit has been whooped up in the army that is not an army—a factor much more threatening to the peace of Europe than the regular troops—and English people have to face such questions as these: Suppose Germany invades Poland, and France intervenes to protect Poland? does France become the aggressor as against Germany? and if she is, then is England bound by the Locarno Treaty to assist Germany? Very possibly allowance must be made for a popular movement fed so much on rhetoric as this one of the Nazis has been, and there are indications of a desire to enforce discipline among the Brown Shirts. But can anyone doubt the danger? or doubt that the worst thing for peace would be to promote in a Germany, whose head is Herr Hitler, the belief that Europe can be frightened into concessions?

Appeasement of the discontented is necessary, and not for Germany only, nor chiefly. Hungary has a powerful case, based not on sentiment, like Germany's claims to the Corridor, but on far more material grounds. The position now is that immediate disarmament seems impossible. Nobody will reduce forces in a society where a powerful individual shows every sign of running amuck; and a series of very great concessions has only so far fostered this disposition in the German people to whom they have been made. It seems as if the part to be played by Great Britain would be, failing disarmament, to promote proposals for revision by a European conference, on which the neutrals of wartime should have a large measure of representation. If Germany chooses to seek redress reasonably and peaceably in this way, so much the better; but if Germany does not so choose, there is reason to hope that Hungary may; for Hungary has not taken a line which

implies defiance of League and Pact together. The real danger to peace in Europe is not in Germany by itself ; it is in the formation of a block of discontented Powers who see no prospect of advance by peaceful methods :

If not on these lines, it is difficult to see how Great Britain can assist in stabilising Europe, for one cannot mistake the public attitude towards any suggestion of intervention by force. There was much disapproval of a resolution passed by the Oxford Union to the effect that its members were determined not to fight for King and Country : there was angry surprise when a motion to rescind this resolution was rejected by a very large majority in a very full house. I have not the least doubt that many of these voters, if the need came, would act in a very different sense. To the best of my recollection on August 4th, 1914, only one man rose up to oppose Sir Edward Grey's demand that war should be declared on Germany unless Belgium were promptly evacuated. Almost the next thing we heard of that speaker, Colonel Wedgwood, was that he was in the " River Clyde " landing at the Dardanelles.

Still the two votes at Oxford, especially the second, indicate that a revulsion from the idea of war has taken possession widely of the English people ; and when Sir John Simon spoke in the House of Commons on the conflict in the Far East, one passage in his speech was cheered louder than any other : " I am determined to keep this country out of trouble." It was a perfectly sound observation, because England cannot afford to go to war with Japan, since she has not, nor for that matter has the United States, any adequate naval base within the necessary distance. But I do not think that is why the House of Commons cheered ; rather, it was because, if the League of Nations were to attempt to enforce a sanction, the task must fall on England in unfair proportion ; and probably those who hold most strongly that every Englishman should be ready to fight for King and country are least disposed to see Englishmen fight for the League of Nations. That is

natural enough, because Englishmen in general do not feel they are in the League for their own protection, but for the protection of other people. Throughout Europe the small nations cling to the League as a shield ; but only one great Power is at work to strengthen this bulwark for its own security. France is willing to risk the lives of many thousand Frenchmen, and to lessen the completeness of French sovereignty, in order to establish and use an international police. Germany, on the other hand, is apparently willing to smash the League of Nations to pieces in order to secure the right of developing its full potential of military strength. That is the central conflict in European affairs. Meanwhile England, where perhaps missionary ardour for the League as a spiritual force is stronger than anywhere, is ill content unless that ardour can be expressed by emphatic gestures.

Again the Foreign Secretary's speech and its reception furnish an illustration. Sir John Simon announced that, since the League had formally condemned Japan's action, an embargo would be placed on the supply of munitions to Japan, and also to China. This decision, afterwards revoked, was welcomed because it appeased the sense of moral indignation. Yet, considered as a gesture, was it effective ? The essence of League action should be that it is international, and in this case England acted alone : It was done, no doubt, with the desire to give a lead. But Japan was indignant that her former ally should thus have, in a manner, thrown the first stone ; and China was not grateful, since China, on whom, by the League's finding, aggression had been committed, was deprived of a source of supply for means of defence. Nor could China have been appeased by the reason given, which was that cargoes consigned to China might be seized by Japanese cruisers, and in that way England might get into trouble. When so much prudence is necessary in a gesture, perhaps it is better to refrain ; and all the more because the gesture may have to be revoked. Unless the other powers which supply armaments joined England in the embargo, an intolerable position would arise.

The Arms Embargo

Keeping England out of War

England depends at all times for her supply of weapons mainly on private firms ; in times of war, she depends on these firms for a nucleus of munition development. These establishments maintain themselves by supplying the very large number of states which do not manufacture arms, and they compete with Americans, French, Italians, and others. If it becomes known that a state dependent on outside supply which adopts, say a British type of rifle or machine gun, is liable for reasons of public morality to find that supply cut off, while supply from other sources is not so interrupted, naturally that state will transfer its custom ; and the decay of these firms would sap Britain's military strength in a way that does not appear in the budgets. All the indications being that other nations would not follow the lead given the quickest way back to prudence was the best. It is not heroic, but it restores an international attitude. Membership of the League should involve the spirit of teamwork, just as does membership of a football team.

Japan's swift success leads to many reflections ; one being that whether Manchukuo is or is not a real state, China can scarcely claim to be, for her troops had no unity of control. Another conclusion points to the formidable efficiency of mechanised troops. Numbers may count for much less in future, unless disarmament reduces all nations to the same level of equipment. In this case it would seem that the superior equipment of the Japanese has rendered warfare much less bloody, and that the decisive factor has been increase of speed by mechanical transport combined with air attacks. Still, when fully armed civilisation is at war with anarchy, the result cannot be in doubt. The tragic fact is that here civilisation is at war with itself. A fully equipped and fully educated member of the League of Nations has incurred the League's condemnation by a virtually unanimous verdict. Yet the result will be to give competent government to one of the regions which are called by the common name of China and which, under that name, experience internally the most demoralising effects of war.

**Lessons from
the Jehol War**

What is more, but for the existence of the League, China in her dealings with Japan would probably have avoided those reiterated small breaches of faith which, under cover of the League, it seemed safe to risk, and for which Japan could enforce no penalty by any means which the League recognises. Every month makes one thing plainer : that nations are even less prone to observe an inconvenient law than individuals, and that no society of nations can hold together without those sanctions which are necessary to make a society of individuals possible.

Events in Germany have been staggering in their swiftness, and a very crude nationalist domination has been imposed, without a trace of resistance, on powerful units like Bavaria, which had the tradition of a separate and almost independent right. **The Nazi Revolution** Yet one thing made irresistibly for the Nazi success. All Germany had been bound together in defeat. Herr Hitler came saying : " I am for Germany and against those who got us down ". It was as hard to resist as Mr. de Valera's cry : " I am for Ireland and against England. " The mere fact that Hitler's failure would have been welcomed in France was worth millions of votes to him. This is the ABC of nationalism in politics ; and today Captain Göring announces triumphantly that this is no longer the Germany of Brüning or of Stresemann. Well, it is perhaps better that we should know where we are ; and I cannot see why it should be regarded as a menace to the peace of Europe that Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia should have decided to make common cause and act in external affairs as a single unit. M. Benesh is certainly as good a European as Herr Hitler. If the unit were extended to include Poland, the chances of war would be materially lessened. At present it would be idle to deny that they exist.

American affairs are matter for specialists in finance ; but surely they will afford in future a classic theme for declamation. Juvenal would have found it better material than Alexander :

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis

These people got practically all the real wealth in the world into their hand, and their one idea was to double it by speculation, till within ten years real and unreal grew so confused that money lost all meaning. One thing, however, seems clear : America has found a man at last. He sounds as forcible as his namesake, and has the merit which the earlier Roosevelt did not possess, of terse brevity. We may be thankful he escaped what Theodore, when he also met a madman with a pistol, called " the ordinary risks of the trade ".

I would commend to readers the very remarkable novel by Simonne Ratel to which there was awarded last year the *Prix Interallié*. Whatever that distinction may signify, *La Maison des Bories* has beauty and force in no common measure. So far as its meaning is concerned, it is a study of maternal passion set in opposition to masculine desire. Its doctrine, however, is the least good thing about it ; there is too much suggestion of a feminist thesis. All that makes the book delightful is the picture of a Frenchwoman surrounded by three children, one of whom is not even her child, but to all of whom she is a good fairy rather than a woman, the dispenser of every comfort and all understanding, playmate and guardian, sunlight and shelter. Yet she is perfectly real, and most certainly they are not fancy children : nothing could be more alive ; the boy, in spite of gifts which may make an artist, has all the badnesses of a troublesome urchin, and his father has great reason to think him unsupportable. The father himself is intolerable, but not incredible ; he has the traits of a disagreeable Frenchman carried to the verge of caricature, but not beyond it. Amédée Durras is a man of mark in his own way, a geologist of eminence, attending punctually to his work in mountain solitudes, somewhere on the Massif Central ; but he has all the vices of pedantry and precision, and that ferocious egoism which no doubt is sometimes found in the male (though less generally than this authoress suggests). It hurts his self-importance that his wife Isabelle should give to the children a passion that she has never felt for him, and his jealousy

concentrates itself upon their son and finds means to inflict torture, instinctively. He himself had been brought up under fear ; and so, *eo immitior quia toleraverat*, he takes it out in punishment of the younger generation, and is met with savage rebellion. Thus the conflict goes on ; two systems mutually opposed at work in the same house ; the woman by ceaseless watchfulness fostering whatever is joyful and sunny, and unravelling dangerous kinks in the child mind ; the man with domineering intervention undoing her day's work in five minutes, inflicting his penalties on the real head of opposition and punishing her through the child. Drama begins when a new person is added—the inevitable other man. It is part of Simonne Ratel's creed that, being a man, he can only bring more trouble, and Isabelle has to cope with his unreasonableness also. But he serves at least to depict as one who sees it the lovely group made by the interchanging tenderness of woman and children.

Yet all this sounds too abstract. Nothing could be less abstract than the life of the children and their animals on that out-of-the-way plateau. The quarrels are not about abstractions, far from it ; humour is woven all through the tragic scenes ; and the culminating series begins because the father has ordered that the old cock, Le Colonel, shall be killed. Jean refuses to eat his portion at *déjeuner*, and after repeated refusals and commands it comes to "*je ne mangerai pas le Colonel. C'est toi qui l'as fait tuer—assassin !*"

I cannot see an English small boy making that dramatic utterance, nor indeed an English father behaving quite like Amédée. But these people are French to the core ; no English small boy would have reflected, as Jean does, that it is all the more shame to kill the Colonel because he will be no good to eat ; no English mother would feel herself roused to the point of homicide by the threat of a boarding-school for her son—but the boarding-school is not in the tradition of Isabelle's race. The two little girls, entirely different in type, are adorable, but in a perfectly French way ; and to describe them, or to make their speech, Simonne Ratel finds words that

bubble up like water from a clear spring. A more perfect study of children I have never met with in any language; and its philosophy cuts deep, without seeming to philosophise. It would not be true to life if it were not amusing as well as charming; happy children are both by the nature of things; but this observer sees also the force with which passions of love and hate can work on a child's mind. These are matters which certainly a woman is better fitted to understand than a man, but it is not often that a woman has such genius to expound them. There is a good deal to be said for the view of this feminist that woman is the constant guardian of life which the male almost accidentally transmits—occupying himself in the interval with more pretentious concerns.

It should be added that mother and children belong to and are fused in a French landscape of bare upland, sunscorched and windswept, unlike most of one's ideas of France; yet its beauty and its character are conveyed with the same freshness of delighted contemplation as marks the picture of Isabelle and her brood. The cry of the quail is a sort of keynote, just as the curlew's call would be if one tried to summon up memory of a Scotch or Irish sea lough.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE MODERN FIRST EDITION MARKET

by A. J. A. SYMONS
(Secretary of the First Edition Club)

THE financial revolution which during recent years has destroyed or diminished the values of stocks, shares, general property and the (hitherto) accepted principles of economists, has naturally exerted a considerable influence upon the prices of rare books. Indeed, I myself have known cases of rare books sold by auction in recent months for a tenth of their market value of four years ago. Such a drop as this may well dismay the small collector of First Editions who sees the value of his own books diminishing day by day. Will prices, he asks himself, ever rise again to their former levels?

It would seem, at first thought, that this question is impossible of answer in view of present conditions. Yet, perhaps, after all, some conclusions may safely be drawn from the circumstances to be considered.

In the first instance, it is to be observed that not all books have suffered equally in price since the slump started. The heaviest sufferers have been certain modern first editions, and first editions of some 18th century classics; the Sinjohn books of John Galsworthy, for example, and Boswell's Johnson. Now, in both the cases cited, there is really a better reason for the fall in price than there ever was for their rise. The first edition of Boswell,

despite its importance in English literature, is undeniably a common book. Before the boom of the late 1920's it was to be had for £20 or less. Then, as the speculative wave which culminated in the Hatry crash rose, it soared from twenty pounds to very near a hundred. And now it is back to its original price. The Galsworthy books have done better, odd as it may seem. They still command more money than they did ten years ago. Nevertheless, they have fallen sadly from their peak points; and so have the (for a time) much-sought-after first editions of Bernard Shaw. Even the *Shropshire Lad* has suffered in the rout.

Such falls were to be expected; they would have occurred even had there been no official "slump"; and personally I am glad that they have happened. The fact is, unwelcome though the realisation is to the true book-collector, that for several years the book-market has been used as a medium for speculation by more or less astute gamblers in prices. On the principle of backing a rising market, these individuals, for a time profitably, followed the lead given them by even more astute booksellers; until with the world crisis came the pricking and collapse of that particular bubble. Hence it is that rare books which were not pushed up in price in the hectic

years following 1925 have fallen back very little; they were not used as market counters. In some cases these books are more valuable to-day than they have ever been. Early examples of rare medical books, for example, and specimens of the work of the early printers, fine bindings of most classics, good manuscripts, herbals, and a number of really scarce modern books, would still find a ready sale at substantial prices. And these instances could easily be multiplied.

There are good reasons for this discrimination. Books are valuable primarily for their use; not solely their obvious use as reading copies, but their further use as historical documents, or as beautiful objects to contemplate and copy. Research students and editors will always need early texts to work from; hence University and institutional libraries are always in the market for editions of textual importance. Many new centres of learning have been founded or extended in the last fifty years, particularly in America; and most of them still have leeway to make up. The acquiring of specimens of books printed by Gutenberg, Aldus, Caxton, and their rivals is a proper object, which such institutions will not much relax, even in difficult times. And since books of this sort are really rare, they are unlikely ever to be much cheaper than they are today.

Books which are common, or depend for their claim on purely sentimental considerations, are obviously in a different category. Purely as a matter of interest, any serious book-collector would naturally prefer a first edition to a reprint. But, since these times are serious and stringent ones, I do not anticipate that there will be any noticeable increase in the number of

modern books which fetch high prices, save where there is exceptional rarity and interest to justify it; and I am doubtful if collectors of the next generation will pay as much regard as we have done to, say, the first edition of Barrie's *Little Minister*. True, in its three-volume form, it is difficult to come by; but it is not an important book; and I am sceptical if anyone will ever again be found prepared to pay the price of a small motor car to possess it. On the other hand, George Gissing's early novel *Workers in the Dawn*, a copy of which was recently sold by auction for £130, is extremely rare in its first edition, and exists in no other form. Here are cogent reasons for its high cost; but there is no similar justification for *The Shropshire Lad* or *A Man of Property*, neither of which is rare, both of which may be easily obtained in other forms.

There is not space in a short article to enumerate the many other books which, for similar reasons, have retained their value despite the general fall; nor is it a good thing that those with money to spend should buy (say) George Moore's unprinted volumes of early verse in the hope of reselling them for more. But, in the interests of book-collectors who like good things on their shelves, and because an inclination to prophecy is a difficult temptation to resist, I will hazard the view that, twenty years hence, the collectors and librarians of that day will deeply envy their forerunners the opportunity of buying contemporary manuscripts, corrected proofs, and interesting presentation copies and autograph letters, at present-day prices. These things have all the attractions of sentiment attaching to a "mint copy in original wrapper", and a value for the scholar and student as well.

SCIENCE AND THE UNIVERSE

by C. E. M. JOAD

WHERE IS SCIENCE GOING ? By Max Planck. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

SCIENCE IN THE CHANGING WORLD. Edited by Mary Adams. *Allen & Unwin*. 6s.

THE NEW LEARNING. Edited by F. J. E. Raby. *Nicholson & Watson*. 8s. 6d.

THIS composite review may most appropriately begin with a word about Planck. Planck's reputation as a thinker stands on a very different footing from that of his contemporary Einstein. The name of Einstein has the order of celebrity belonging to a film star; Planck's is practically unknown outside the world of physics. Yet Planck's quantum theory enunciated in 1900 has revolutionised our conception of the physical world no less radically than Einstein's theories of relativity. Our universe, so Planck's theory would seem to suggest, is not, as we are accustomed to suppose, continuous in time; it exists discontinuously, jumping into and out of existence like a jack-in-the-box. If we ask what there is between any two existing states of it, the answer appears to be "nothing at all". Again, Planck's famous constant, "*h*", cannot but suggest to the theologically minded that the creator of the universe thinks in terms of whole numbers.

What sort of man is Planck? Einstein has written a preface to the present book to tell us, and Mr. Murphy in his Introduction fills in the outlines of the picture. Planck belongs to the

most attractive type of pure scientist; he is generous, simple, and modest; he is a passionate musician, and he celebrated his seventy-second birthday by climbing the Jungfrau. Emphatically, however, he is not a literary man. The essays collected in *Where is Science Going?* are almost entirely lacking in the literary charm which has seduced so many literary men into accepting the personal *obiter dicta* of writers like Eddington and Jeans as the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of science. The essays, which are difficult and fairly technical, are mainly devoted to semi-philosophical subjects, such as:—"Is the External World Real?", "A Scientist's Picture of the Physical Universe", "Causation and Free Will". In so far as any general conclusions emerge, they are as follows:—Planck refuses to accept Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy as a ground for supposing that nature is not strictly deterministic; is opposed to Eddington's attempt to explain away the outside world in terms of pointer readings; believes intensely in human freedom; emphasises the reality of moral choice; takes a subjective view of our knowledge of the external world, and frequently writes of science as if it were a mode not of discovering fact but of expressing the creative capacity of the human mind. Science, in fact, he seems to suggest, is a branch of art. Planck does not, however, make the mistake of taking his personal, still less his philosophical

views too seriously, and emphasizes again and again the importance of distinguishing between the pronouncements of the scientist who sits back in his arm-chair and generalizes about the universe at large, and those of science proper. Einstein makes the same point. *Where is Science Going?* ends with a transcribed Socratic dialogue between Einstein, Planck, and Mr. Murphy, from which I quote a significant passage (Einstein is speaking):

"You must distinguish between what is a literary fashion and what is a scientific pronouncement. These men are genuine scientists and their literary formulations must not be taken as expressive of their scientific convictions. Why should anybody go to the trouble of gazing at the stars if he did not believe that the stars were really there? Here I am entirely at one with Planck. We cannot logically prove the existence of the external world any more than you can logically prove that I am talking with you now or that I am here. But you know that I am here, and no subjective idealist can persuade you to the contrary."

The contributors to *Science in the Changing World* are for the most part of the same opinion. In an illuminating introduction to this series of talks delivered over the wireless, Dr. Holland defines the "primary aim of science" as that of obtaining "reliable facts". Admittedly, "no-one can restrain the constant temptation to offer an interpretation, to form a theory"; but it is a significant fact that the most successful scientific workers, men like Darwin and Faraday, are also the least given to theorising; indeed, their "remarkable success seemed to arise from a dominant tendency to subordinate theory to observation and experiment". Professor Levy, whose talks on "What is Science" constitute the first third of the book, makes the same point. The fundamental object

of science, he insists, is not to form theories, but to try experiments; science, in fact, is the organised method of trial and error; one forms a hypothesis and sees whether it will work. Scientists take a definite pride in this provisional character of their own results; they are "trying all the time to upset their own equilibrium. They are continually digging away at their own foundations." Professor Levy stresses the importance of the motive which prompts the scientist's efforts; is it to discover truth, or merely reasons for a pre-formed view of the universe? To answer, we must investigate the sciences of human nature, and Professor Levy is therefore succeeded by Julian Huxley who talks on life, especially human life, and J. R. Baker on the evolution of mind.

It is to be feared that *The New Learning* has been prompted by the second of the two motives cited above. It is an outline of everything designed—it is difficult to avoid the conclusion—to support the theistic hypothesis. Science and religion stage one of their frequent and familiar reconciliations, and writers on science use the break-up of materialism as an excuse for invoking God to take the place of the outmoded machine. That the substitution is justified by the present state of scientific knowledge is a highly dubious proposition. Admittedly, the universe today is more mysterious than it has ever been before, and, where no hypothesis is certain, almost any hypothesis may be possible. We know, in fact, too much about the world today to think that we know anything for certain.

To many minds this obvious fact is intolerable. Rushing to supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas, they demand in the words of Mr. Raby, who introduces *The New Learning*, that

there shall be supplied to them "a more or less unified view of the world conceived in terms of knowledge". Some, at least, of Mr. Raby's contributors have done their best to meet the demand.

Unity admittedly results, but it is achieved by a process of careful and tendentious selection. If you want to believe that God is at the heart of things, that the spiritual and the friendly underlie the alien and the brutal, and that all is therefore well with the world, read *The New Learning*. But if you wish to know whether the present state of our knowledge justifies these conclusions, you would be better advised to turn elsewhere.

To return to *Science in the Changing World*, many readers will find the last section of this book the most interesting. It contains a series of addresses by Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Hugh I'A. Fausset, Hilaire Belloc, J. B. S. Haldane, and Oliver Lodge, dealing with the impact of science upon civilization. Most of the contributions emphasize the same point that our scientific knowledge has outrun our social wisdom, with the result that science has brought us within measurable distance of destroying ourselves. Machines which dominate our lives in time of peace will destroy them in time of war. Against these things Mr. Fausset and Mr. Belloc protest, the former exhorting us to "cultivate the inward life", the latter emphasizing the fundamental freedom of the human spirit. No doubt, but Bertrand Russell's protest is the more effective; his contribution is, indeed, at once the most striking and original of all of those in this section. Science, he points out, has made society more organic, yet the minds of those who rule it continue to be swayed by ideas appropriate to politically separate nation-

states. In face of such a situation national patriotism is a dangerous anachronism; the outlook of world citizenship can alone save the world. But, as Mr. Russell caustically remarks, "The indications at present are that men would rather see civilization perish than adopt this means of preserving it. But it is probable that after the next war they will change their minds; if they do not, scientific civilization will disappear."

INTELLECTUAL CRIME, by Janet Chance. Noel Douglas. 5s.

As the centuries pass one practice after another, previously accepted as in keeping with current morality, comes to appear disgraceful in the eyes of a new generation. Such, in the last hundred years, has been the fate of slavery, and of the political subjection of Labour and of women. Miss Chance is engaged upon the brave struggle of making intellectual dishonesty share the same fate. It is true that she does not hope ever to render it punishable by law, but she is at war with it in whatever place she may find it, particularly in the churches, which she regards as rooted in dishonesty, in so far as the statements which they put forward as certainties are supported by insufficient evidence to make them so, and are therefore deceptive and an encouragement to a dishonest frame of mind. She argues her case well, and although she has a special animus against the churches, she is not afraid even of the now terrible idol of science, at least, as represented by prominent scientists. If anything is lacking to her book it is perhaps the sense of humour and the wit which might have been her most valuable weapons. A. M. W.

THE WAITING CITY. An Abridgment of Louis-Sebastien Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, by Helen Simpson. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

MISS SIMPSON in her preface whets the reader's appetite with a thumb-nail biography of the author, a witty, quarrelsome, rather shoddy man-about-town, who aired his republican sentiments in the last days of the *ancien régime*, and lived to defy both Robespierre and Napoleon. *Le Tableau de Paris* is an immense, sprawling work in twelve volumes first published in Switzerland (to escape the censorship) between 1782 and 1788. Its title accurately describes its contents. It is, in Arnold Bennett's phrase, an early example of that "higher journalism kind of thing" which is more common in the twentieth century than it was in the eighteenth. It just misses those undefinable qualities which make a book a classic; but it retains sufficient freshness, after a hundred and fifty years, to make Miss Simpson's selections from it excellent reading. The attractiveness of the volume is enhanced by a number of particularly good reproductions of contemporary prints and engravings.

The reviewer's task, in dealing with such a book, is not to criticise, but to offer to the reader a few specimens of the bill of fare. It is amusing to follow Mercier's preoccupation with the Parisian traffic problem. Socrates, Horace, and J.-J. Rousseau, as he sagely remarks, were content to go on foot. But "our moderns" must have their *berline* or their whisky (the English word masquerades oddly in French as *whiskquet*); and the man who "likes to take his time, and use his legs, and do his thinking as he goes" not only has mud splashed all over him, but runs a good chance of being "broken on the wheel" like a criminal. It is

absurd for the police to boast of having cleared the streets of the capital of footpads. "Ordinary caution suffices where footpads are concerned; but against these moneyed murderers in their tall tumbrils no vigilance avails."

Mercier has the untiring and indiscriminate curiosity which makes the perfect observer; and he seems equally at home in every grade of society. He will discourse with easy irony on court etiquette:

Your great man stares you up and down. . . . If it offends you, you have your remedy: find some underling, and treat him the same.

Meeting a prince of the blood, the correct thing is to meet his eye, and then yield place to him. . . . He is not displeased to be stared at; recognition is a sort of compliment.

And at the other end of the scale he is equally familiar with the filthy flea-ridden lodgings round the Palais-Royal, frequented by prostitutes and by too-easily-beguiled foreign tourists, or with the gruesomely insanitary prison of Bicêtre.

The city which Mercier so graphically describes was on the eve of the great Revolution. But of this he had no inkling. The troops, the fortresses, and "the eternally watchful police" made the prospect of any serious trouble seem "altogether remote."

The Parisian's instinct seems to have taught him that the little more liberty he might obtain is not worth fighting for; any such struggle would imply long effort and stern thinking, and these are not in his line.

In truth, Mercier was no philosopher and no politician; but he achieves to perfection the vivid, superficial impressionism of the eye that is fixed entirely on external things.

E. H. CARR.

JAPANESE POEMS

by EDMUND BLUNDEN.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HAIKU. Translated and Annotated by Asatarō Miyamori. Tokyo: Maruzen. 20s.

POETS in Japan have principally written without didactic or controversial ambitions, pleased if they might combine in a few syllables a picture and a sentiment; the title of their works altogether might well be "Moments of Vision." Their brief enchantments may to some extent be likened to the Greek Anthology, which, nevertheless, does not illustrate the delicate enigmatic manner practised by Japanese poets to tell their secrets. Japanese poems have mainly defied translation, and imitation of them has not done well; that little poem of Allingham's, "Four ducks on a pond," is as near as English verse has reached to their quick significance. And yet it belongs to a tradition of fuller discussion than the *haiku* writers created.

To what extent the imaginative reference of a Japanese poem may be spoiled by the friendliest Western interpreter, Professor Miyamori shows by one or two amusing examples—he will forgive me for saying "amusing," for the matter has its serious aspect too. He takes an exquisite symbol of happy peace seen by Buson, which he translates,

Upon the temple bell

A butterfly is sleeping well;

then he gives the version of a well-meaning and erudite enthusiast,

The butterfly sleeps well

Perched upon the temple bell . . .

Until it rings!

The last line is not found in the Japanese, and transmutes a timeless sleep into one that will be terminated rudely at dusk, when the bell will in fact be rung. Even that fine pioneer of things Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain, is shown by Professor Miyamori to give the wrong sense to some *haiku* in his desire to explain.

The first thing that captures one's attention about Professor Miyamori's venture in the field of Japanese poetry for foreign readers is the size of his book—something like 900 pages. I imagine that it is the most ambitious attempt of the kind ever seen. There is an extensive introduction, supplying a notice of the *haiku* form and a history of its progress, with biographies of several masterly poets—Bashō (Dryden's contemporary), Buson, Issa (1763-1827) and Shiki, who died young in 1902. Then follows the anthology itself, numbering 973 poems, which are presented in Japanese characters, in Romaji, and in English translations; moreover, in commenting on these poems, the translator often includes numerous specimens of the renderings already extant, in English and in French. The reader may perhaps feel, in face of this massive work, rather in the position of the snail in one of the poems:

O snail, climb Mount Fuji,
Very, very slowly.

To encourage him, Professor Miyamori has included in the book a series of

illustrations, sketches in colour or in sepia by the best light impressionists of the world. It may be that these pictures will be valuable aids to the realization of what the poems convey to Japanese feelings.

For even the precise and devoted work of Professor Miyamori, by itself, cannot yield us the spirit of the originals. One is aware of that almost immediately. The best known poem of Bashō, early introduced by him in his discussion of his subject, stands thus in his English:

The ancient pond!
A frog plunged—splash!

That is all. There is nothing in the few words to show us why the poem is so popular in Japanese, let alone the awakening of our own associations and instinctive sensibilities. Turning to the same poem in the body of the book, one finds another version offered:

The old pond! A frog plunged—
The sound of the water!

but even that does not let us into the mystery. Almost three pages of comment follow. Through these, probably, the reader arrives at a notion of the purpose, the quality of the poem. But in many instances he has no such chance. Here is the Professor's version of a modern *haiku*:

Ah! first of all by telephone
Have come the New Year's compliments!

We may guess what the Japanese implies here; the telephone, a modern mechanism, becomes the servant of immemorial custom, and earns a little song of affection. But the term "compliments" is beneath the occasion, the "Ah!" is in the way (the Japanese poet begins "Quickest of

all"), and the humdrum rhythm is misleading.

The difficulty is that Professor Miyamori, admirable and remarkable as his knowledge of English is, is not thoroughly alive to the varieties of our expression. In a little humorous poem, for example, he will put an unnecessary "Lo!"; or he will say "touring" instead of "travelling," or refer to a "deceased wife's comb"; or make a monkey in the rain seem "craving a small rain coat"; or describe a man who sells carp as a "crucian-monger." His patient literalism, inadequate in its nature to the subdued intimations of the originals, which perhaps demand an element of substitution in the rendering, is handicapped by his inability to recognize at all times what kind of an English word he is using, obsolete or unestablished, rich or jejune. But it is far from my purpose to dissuade readers from making the acquaintance of his anthology.

For there are translations here which, though they lack the full beauty of their sources, need small accompaniment, recommending themselves:

When I look at the lotus flowers
There are no other flowers.
Or again,
Under cherry-flowers
None are utter strangers.

The whole book is a possible "paradise of dainty devices," even though it is for the reader to supply a great deal of the paradise for himself. The topics of the poems and the way in which the Japanese spirit has played upon them, imperfectly as we may appreciate or approach them, compose a delightful region for the fancy; and Professor Miyamori has in the aggregate done us a great service, with an old-fashioned high seriousness throughout.

SHELLEY AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS

THE LIFE OF SHELLEY, by Thomas Jefferson Hogg. **MEMOIRS OF SHELLEY**, by Thomas Love Peacock. **RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON**, by E. J. Trelawny. In Two Vols. With a New Survey by Humbert Wolfe. Dent. 15s.

It is odd that nobody has anticipated Mr. Wolfe in his admirable idea of shepherding into one fold the three most famous biographies of the poet based on personal friendship and each one dealing with separate phases of his life. Hogg's biography, hitherto the least accessible of all three, takes the narrative up to 1814, just before Shelley eloped with Mary; Peacock carries us on a little further and corrects many of Hogg's insinuations, while Trelawny's boyish and vivid testimony of devotion is occupied with the last months at Pisa and Lerici. To bring these Lives together within the compass of two companion and companionable volumes is a psychological illumination not only upon the poet whose fiery magnetism and heightened sensibilities were a rushing wind for delight or disturbance to all who came into contact with him, but upon the men who recorded their impressions of him.

Each of the Lives reflects a totally different attitude towards the living meteor whose shining path enkindled them. Peacock's is a painstaking, pre-eminently honest and loving series of memories spiced with a gentle irony. Trelawny is the pure enthusiast whose ardours are redeemed from *naïveté* by the writer's bluntness and trenchancy. Shelley was the only constant love of his chequered life and the swashbuckler in a few score of burning pages kneels down before the "ineffectual angel" whose bright

powers had subdued his truculent and flamboyant nature. But the most interesting, as it is the longest, of these personal memoirs is Hogg's. Hogg was a thoroughly vulgar, ambitious and rather unscrupulous man of the world and in 1855 he sat down to recollect the glowing youth which he had borrowed from the incandescent spirit he so irritatingly and semi-maliciously calls "the divine poet." Mr. Humbert Wolfe in a concise, well-balanced and sensitive preface, sets out in detail the particulars of that undercurrent of ridicule and calumny which appears through all the rather fulsome lip-service he accorded Shelley. The extremely skilful manner with which Hogg inserts his "buts" into his pious commemoration makes a most readable book as well as a highly suggestive autobiography. Hogg's life is as much about Hogg as he liked to think of himself in his dashing youth and Hogg as he really was, as it is about Shelley. The book is so deftly written that but for certain facts such as the deliberate alteration of Shelley's letters which Dowden discovered, it would be difficult to detect whether Hogg was writing with deliberate malice or unconsciously expressing his suppressed jealousies, worldly disapprobation and sense of inferiority. But it is certainly a masterpiece of adroit denigration.

What is even more interesting is that Hogg's portrait left a legacy of opinion upon Shelley as the feckless, irresponsible, harebrained child and worse which, conjoined with Matthew Arnold's patronage, lasted well into the twentieth century. Mr. Wolfe's admirable Preface deals that view a very shrewd blow.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

NOW A STRANGER, by Humbert Wolfe. *Cassell*. 6s.

PERHAPS the first twelve years of human life are the most important, the most near to the mystery of reality. They are certainly the nearest approach to that eternity which is said to be our final state. We *live* then; we do not merely exist in a metrical monotony of days that lack hope, fear, faith, or rapture. So different, so pre-Expulsion from Eden are those first years, that it is almost impossible to return and rekindle our memories with their magic light and warmth.

Mr. Wolfe has done so. The effort has cost him a lot. It has stripped him—we see the process—of many of his literary mannerisms, and has forced him to throw down the mask of semi-satirical derision which he has been wont to hold before his face even in the moments of his greatest poetic compulsion. In the opening chapters of this record of his childhood, the reader's illusion is sometimes distracted by epigram and verbal swordplay; but as the story unfolds, the author also is awed by the scene, and walks humbly back along the road whence he came forty years ago. His style grows simpler and more true to character as he proceeds, so that at the end it deals with the death of the poet's father, and paints a portrait of the poet's mother, both achievements giving the satisfaction of absolute rightness, of art in complete harmony with life. Never before, I think, has Mr. Wolfe ever touched so near to perfection, or shown a self-knowledge so assured that it is able to dispense with that forced fervour with which the Jewish mind, in its singular sensitiveness, confronts the mind of the Gentile with *its* singular sensitiveness.

Mr. Wolfe's book is coloured with the tints of this miserable and unnecessary

antagonism. He shows, with poignancy, the Jewish child, impulsive, ingenuous, eager for quick sympathy, chilled by the cold contacts with English schoolfellows, whose creed of reserve and caste-consciousness—the result of an inverted sentimentality—imposed upon them the cruel necessity for baiting this little stranger. But he held his own, partly by an innocent obtuseness. The mature author, however, in speculating how much his nature was affected by this environment of petty and unheroic hostility, is justified in his bitter irony, and in his indictment of racial and national prejudices. Not even Zangwill was more mordant on the subject.

Apart from this justifiable touch of bitterness, however, there is no rancour in the book. It is full of gentleness, generosity, fun, and laughter, and a passionate appreciation of and quest for beauty and that quality in life which for want of a definition we must call "virtue." In sensuous experience, in human relationships, in scenery, in books, Mr. Wolfe betrays—unconsciously—his quick detection of this "virtue" which is the essence and value of all experience. That quickness was the predominant quality in this child's character. It made his relationships with his parents, his brother and sisters, and the half-realised world of grown-ups and children in which he dwelt. It made him precocious, a creature whose sayings and doings caused his mother "to ponder these things in her heart"; it made him sensitive to rebuff and savage in defence; and it has ended by making him a poet who has not yet fully explored the depths of his own personality, though the voyage began so abnormally early in those years now recorded.

RICHARD CHURCH.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY, 1882-1932, by R. L. Mégroz. *Nicholson & Watson*. 8s. 6d.

MR. MÉGROZ possesses two important qualifications for the task he has set himself: he has read a great deal of verse, and his taste is catholic. A further point in his favour is that though for his own convenience and ours he arranges his poets in groups and makes use of one or two conventional labels, he warns the reader at the outset that these groups and labels are not to be taken too seriously. The general dissertation which precedes his examination of particular works is of a kind to inspire confidence. He remarks, for example, that Romanticism and Classicism:

are complementary virtues in good poetry, always present although varying according to the poet's mentality in the contribution which each makes to the character of the poetry. By his humane concerns and his insistence upon "natural" language and neglected normalities of life, Wordsworth is the most classical poet of the nineteenth century, and it is only the accident of his leadership of a literary revolt against effete poetics that has caused his romantic quality to be so greatly exaggerated. He is as predominantly Classical as Coleridge was Romantic. Thus we see that our labels leave poetry of any epoch a mixture of vital elements that are universal, and all that arises for generalization is the predominance of certain of these elements.

This pronouncement, whether one agrees with it or not, suggests some independence of mind in the critic; and indeed Mr. Mégroz is by no means afraid of expressing unorthodox opinions. The inevitable weakness of such a book as this, which aims at all-inclusiveness, is that the speed of the survey is inconsistent with the dignity of the subject.

G. B.

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THE DARK INVADER, by Captain von Rintelen. *Lovat Dickson*. 9s.

WE have had our war books that revealed the hideous but straightforward war of the fighting man. Captain von Rintelen's revelations are of that often more dubious side which is politely cloaked under the name of Intelligence. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall tells us that the book "shows so clearly how a man, either soldier or sailor, should act when the interests of his country are at stake." Maybe so; but, however necessary these activities may be, most men will hope to be excused such service; they would prefer the trenches. The weapons of these officers would be called in any other connection trickery, deception, betrayal. We must be realists, however, and remember what was at stake; and even those of us who do not wholly subscribe to the principle of all's fair in war, can still be astonished with admiration for the cleverness and, in Captain von Rintelen's case, the courage of their undertakings.

This German naval officer's memoirs are chiefly concerned with his stay in neutral America on a mission to sabotage the shipping of war material to the Allies. His activities are almost incredible in their scope and wiliness. He founded a bogus agency through which he actually contracted with the Russians and was paid for shiploads which he despatched duly equipped with detonators. As the detonators were packed in his own warehouses he was able to make the deliciously impertinent gesture of asking American detectives to protect him from sabotage during loading. He founded a union—Labour's National Peace Council—through which he carried out such effective peace propaganda that at times the whole port of New York was on strike against

handling war material. Their strike pay came, of course, from Germany. He intrigued with Mexico against America and with Ireland against England. One delightful episode was when, passing as a British commander, he listened to the confidences of the British Naval Attaché about himself. His successful career of patriotic service, which if he had not been an officer in war-time would have had a less pleasant name, was brought to an end by an apparent recall to Germany which in reality was one of Admiral Hall's little tricks. Admiral Hall, it seems, had the German secret code, which he found most useful among other things for luring Admiral von Spee to the destruction of his squadron.

After being a prisoner of war for some time in England, Captain von Rintelen was mysteriously handed over to the American civil authorities and suffered four years penal servitude in disgraceful conditions. Our part in that transaction is not explained; perhaps it is just as well.

Apart from the absorbing interest of his personal story, Captain von Rintelen has many queer lights to throw on the obstructive and foolish ways of German officialdom and the successful cunning of the British Naval Intelligence under Admiral Hall. His criticisms of Herr von Papen, who was then Military Attaché in New York make one wonder in what country at present Captain von Rintelen is living.

The book can be most strongly recommended for its intense interest, its astonishing revelation of the darkest side of war and the complete absence of cinema-spy atmosphere. It is illustrated with photographs. Those of the author and Admiral Hall are most revealing.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. *Bodley Head*. 7s. 6d.

POST-WAR Germany provides a new variant of the "bread and circuses" text and a valuable if tragic object-lesson in "democracy". Successive Governments, under Social-Democratic inspiration, strove manfully to supply the mass of Germans with "bread", in other words to cater for the material welfare of the many. Mr. Mowrer might perhaps have enlarged upon the very real benefits which the Republic bestowed on a people wretchedly impoverished by a lost war and a Carthaginian peace. He does, rightly, emphasize the fact that its leaders straightway came to terms with "big business" and sacrificed their cherished principles on the altar of "prosperity". And he shows how in their zeal for the *Fürsorgestaat* (Social Services State) and the full dinner-pail they played into the hands of the old oligarchy of wealth; just as with their misplaced tolerance they shut their eyes to the anti-Republican activities of officers and bureaucrats of the old regime. It was all in vain. The people preferred circuses. They missed the pomp and circumstances of Imperial Germany. They longed for the martial trappings, forbidden fruit in a "disarmed" Germany. Inflation, the effects of the world crisis and middle-class snobbery did the rest. Above all, every one of the chief characteristics of the Weimar Republic having been imported from abroad, its sponsors failed to elaborate any new social ideal in keeping with the German *Weltanschauung* or in line with the nation's history to replace the Prussian cult of *Macht* and authority. The result was that German Romanticism in all its most crude manifestations was given full rein. It found its focussing-point in the personality of

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THE SCHOLARTIS PRESS,
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Adolf Hitler, "a showman of genius". Mr. Mowrer (who is the able Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*) does justice to the most amazing revivalist campaign of modern times. And so "the most democratic State in the world" has relapsed into a spiritual chaos. Not merely reaction and the original sin of militarism, as the author would have us believe. It is simply that in the political twilight which has befallen a nation still struggling to work out its own congenial form of democracy the old Prussian tradition stands out like a rock—a very haven and rock of salvation for many decent Germans from the mob-rule of today.

Mr. Mowrer's is an utterly depressing picture. He shows us how, owing to criminal weakness on the part of the early Republican chiefs, not excepting Ebert, the Army was allowed to retain a privileged position in the new State; how the judiciary were taken over wholesale from the old Germany and, anti-democratic to a man, have consistently fathered a travesty of justice scarcely less repugnant than the present blatant terrorism; how all parties contributed to the "mental fixation" of treaty revision at any price and to acceptance of the stab-in-the-back theory so necessary to German pride; and finally how the stalwarts of the Prussian autocracy have skilfully fomented and fostered, through the spontaneous growth of the National-Socialist movement, the popular agitation necessary for their own reinstatement in the seats of the mighty, etc., etc.

One feels, nevertheless, that Mr. Mowrer is congenitally incapable of giving the phenomenon of National-Socialism its due. Affirming dogmatically that, short of Communism or Fascism, there is no choice but Liberal-

democracy, predicated on reason, he does not seem to see that the Liberal rationalist pattern is not the last word in political wisdom and that the Germans, in their insistence on historical relativity, on the utter folly of trying to force each national being into a common mould, are, for all their unwholesome exaggerations, teaching this generation a salutary lesson. Democracy is a jewel with many facets; it may be that the new Germany will play a leading part in constructing the twentieth-century cosmos.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE FUTURE OF INFANTRY, by B. H. Liddell Hart. *Faber & Faber.* 2s. 6d.

GENERALSHIP. Its Diseases and their Cure, by Major-Gen. J. C. Fuller. *Faber & Faber.* 2s. 6d.

THESE two small volumes are the first of a series of concise text books on military subjects. It is curious to find General Fuller, a protagonist of mechanical warfare, adopting as a kind of war cry the assumption that "the more mechanical become the weapons with which we fight, the less mechanical must be the spirit which controls them". His chief "disease of generalship" is the separation of generals from their men in battle. He illustrates his argument from the war, when "the army having been bled white at Ypres was in March the following year thrown back by the Germans, and what do we see? Directly the front is broken the generals and their staffs pack up . . . army headquarters go back so many miles, corps headquarters so many, divisional headquarters so

many, and so on day after day, dragging the front back with them."

What would he have? A general must conform to orders and avoid being outflanked in a retrograde movement; he has to control his whole command and influence the action by the use of his reserves. He cannot rush to the front line and abandon the direction of the whole, merely to be in contact with a few of his men. The range of modern weapons, the vast extension laterally and in depth of great numbers, preclude the general from acting like Napoleon at Lodi. General Fuller instances Colin Campbell at Cawnpore; but Campbell had a few years earlier helped to lose Chilianwala by leading one of his brigades and leaving the other and his artillery "in the air".

He would cure this "disease" by having younger generals, and he draws up a list of the young generals of history and their victories. It is doubtful whether his diagnosis or his cure will find acceptance.

Captain Hart's pamphlet on the Future of Infantry is a useful contribution, and more definite than its companion volume. His suggested organization of a "new model" infantry battalion supplies food for thought. His historical sketch of the development of infantry is elementary, and his view that "infantry have only been decisive in battle in exceptional circumstances" is open to question. His remark that in the Iliad and the Old Testament "the champions contend, and when the issue between them is decided it is followed by the slaughter of the sheep who have lost their shepherd" may be commended to General Fuller. If generals in command raced to the front in order to be near a few of their men, loss of control, confusion, and disaster would surely ensue!

R. G. BURTON.



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THIS WAS MY WORLD: An Autobiography by the Viscountess Rhondda. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

LADY RHONDDA'S has been so unusual an experience that one has often wished she would set it down, and though she has now done so only in part, her book is packed with interest. And this interest is not so much the actual record of personal achievement as the psychology of a deeply interesting period in women's development. Born in very fortunate circumstances at the end of the 'eighties, Margaret Haig Thomas had just reached maturity and marriage when women were first stirred into active intervention in politics by the Suffragette campaign. What that meant to a young woman of unusual gifts which had up till then lain dormant for want of any sufficient interest to vitalise them, she has herself put down better than one ever remembers to have seen it put before:—

"For me and for many young women like me, militant suffrage was the very salt of life. The knowledge of it had come like a draught of fresh air into our padded, stifled lives. It gave us release of energy, it gave us that sense of being of some use in the scheme of things, without which no human being can live at peace. It made us feel that we had a real purpose and use apart from having children."

Not that this particular suffragette was devoid of maternal instinct. "A family of at least twelve children" had been one of the dreams of the rather shy and reserved only child, who spent so many hours making stories to herself amongst the trees of Llanwern. But, looking back, she realises that even in very early youth she knew that motherhood was not a whole-time job, scarcely even for the working-woman who has to do it all for herself, certainly not for the well-

to-do who have nurses, schools and governesses to help them. And this particular girl, like so many others of her time, whether consciously or unconsciously, wanted a full-time job, wanted to be extended, to put forth all her powers and meet them face to face, as their comrade, their colleague, their equal. Only that way could she lose the sense of inhibition, of frustration which haunted her in adolescence.

This particular girl got her wish, but how many did not! She tried first the way of marriage, but that proved a misfit, as great a one as her short sojourn at Somerville College, Oxford, whence she seems to have brought away mainly a general impression of dowdiness. Certainly good dressing was not in pre-war days a distinguishing mark of the Oxford young woman! But marriage with an M.F.H., twelve years older than herself and hunting when you were deadly afraid of fences, was not much better than College as a career. The way of escape for Margaret Mackworth came in work with her father, in definitely sharing his interests in becoming his "right-hand man" on a proper business footing and at a salary of £1,000 a year. And the original suggestion came neither from him, nor from her, but from the quiet detached, Scottish mother, who with the unexpected divination of an on-looker said, suddenly, "Why not try Margaret?" The result was the woman of affairs, the director of companies, the proprietor of newspapers whom we now know as Viscountess Rhondda, who inherited her father's peerage and carried on many of his undertakings. That she understood him and loved him devotedly is clear from the beautiful sketch of his character and work which she has included in this book.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

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*Contributors to the April number include—
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SCOTTISH ABBEYS AND SOCIAL LIFE, by C. G. Coulton. *Cambridge University Press*. 12s. 6d.

THE habit of mind in a reader which Bacon condemned in his famous sentence, "Read not to confute", seems to be that which many readers bring to books written by Dr. Coulton. The capacity which he has of provoking contradiction is strange, for it seems to prove that the interest which the reading public takes in the Middle Ages is more passionate than it is judicious. Suppose that instead he had chosen to make himself an expert on the age of the Stuarts or the eighteenth century, would almost every book that he wrote be followed by a wordy warfare between his detractors and admirers? Most people would answer No to the question, which is a proof of the curious partisanship which most readers bring to their study of mediæval life. The Middle Ages constitute after all a vast tract of human history, and in the documents of more than a thousand years all points of view are likely to find expression and justification.

Dr. Coulton is read most profitably by those whose interest in his subject is deep but still entirely dispassionate, for only so can a reader surrender himself to the impressive sweep and range of the knowledge of the first mediæval scholar of our time. That is to say that in such a book as this, he is at his most attractive. For this book is an amplified reprint of the Rhind Lectures, delivered in Edinburgh in 1931. Throughout he maintains the oral form of their original delivery, and though the amplification has doubled the length of the text, it has not changed the style of delivery. A lecturer has to be at pains to keep his audience interested all the time, and can see for himself if at any point that interest flags.

That is why reprinted lectures are usually so readable. He must also avoid even the appearance of special pleading for nothing becomes so quickly tedious.

There is no special pleading here, but a careful and dispassionate marshalling of facts and evidence, introduced by an almost moving confession of faith. "I regard monasticism as one of the great formative forces in the social life of the Middle Ages; and that at certain times and at certain places, I would call it even THE greatest and most beneficent force. Moreover, even at the times of worst decay, the average monk was leading a more regular life than the average outsider." Each department of monastic life and activity in Scotland is examined in the light of the contemporary evidence, and though, as is inevitable, in each department the tale is one of slow decline as the tragic drama of the Reformation draws nearer and nearer, there is throughout no contradiction of the estimate of monasticism with which Dr. Coulton begins. Scottish monasticism is not, of course, a virgin field of study, but it has not been exhaustively worked as the monasticism of other European countries. In choosing it as the subject of the Rhind Lectures, Dr. Coulton has added to our knowledge of mediæval Europe as a whole.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

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JEHOL: CITY OF EMPERORS, by Sven Hedin. *Kegan Paul*. 18s.

THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA, by George Sokolsky. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

THESE two books read well together, Dr. Sven Hedin's book recalling one of the greatest periods in China's history, Mr. Sokolsky's throwing vivid light on her present troubles. The latter, originally published in America, is most welcome in its English edition, and is really indispensable for an understanding of what is happening in China. Mr. Sokolsky's unrivalled intimacy with Chinese politics and politicians is combined with a rare gift for making them easy and interesting for the bewildered West.

To see what China really revere, turn to Dr. Sven Hedin's fascinating description of the glories of Jehol, with its many lovely photographs by Dr. Montell, sad though the picture of neglect and decay must make one. This is a book to prize and dip into many times. The author deals chiefly with the two principal temples built by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung—the Potala, to celebrate the submission of the Mongol and Sinkiang Princes, and the P'u-ning-szu, to commemorate the subjugation of the Dzungars. The latter houses the Great Buddha, which is 19 ft. higher than even the well-known Colossus of Nara in Japan—so vast, in fact, that there is not room in the hall to see more than a piece of it at a time. Adding to these the many other temples, the fairy Summer Palace and the huge hunting park, once filled with the rarest birds and beasts in Asia, one is amazed at the magnitude of conception and splendour of execution. The book is well rounded off by extracts from old memoirs about the great Emperors K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung.

O. M. G.

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CASSELL

SELECTED FICTION

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Gerald Bullett. Heinemann. 6s.

MR. GERALD BULLETT is one of a few living novelists whose work bears no marks of having been written in the Machine Age. It springs direct and untainted from the sources of life in himself. He feels what he thinks—and, indeed, when he thinks, his emotions flowing naturally into his thoughts without let or hindrance. This is a rare virtue in the modern novel, which, to a greater extent than the careless reader (most readers are careless) notices, has been infected by the principle of mass production—this consists in turning out a sound standard article, neither above nor below the average in taste. The magazine reader who strayed without knowing it from the instalment of Mr. So-and-so's latest novel into the adjacent column—which was advertising the delights of a trip abroad—had every excuse for his blunder. Not only the subject matter but the style was identical.

Only Mr. Bullett could tell us with what effort he maintains the integrity of his attitude to experience. The fact that he writes (for his readers) too rarely is perhaps significant. *The Quick and the Dead*, a short book, is one of the finest he has written. By allowing the narrator to re-live in memory part of his boyhood, living only in those moments in which his deepest self was involved, he gives us nothing that is not perfectly realised and significant. The child remembers one particular field in sunlight or the moment in a summer evening when he saw hundreds of tiny frogs crossing the road, as vividly, and with the same sense of its being rich and strange, as he recalls events of infinitely more material importance.

Essie Calamy, his young, pretty mother, had a lover, and one day she told her husband that Claude was not his son. Calamy accepts the fact, not without pain but without any mean bitterness, and through the boy's mind we receive and deeply feel the largeness of mind and simple generosity of this middle-aged country shoemaker. Again by the unsentimental directness with which it is told, we feel the rightness and pure delight of Essie's love-making. It becomes evil in the ugly minds of the self-righteous, and it is their condemnation of her, the condemnation of Little Bethel and its pastor, the Reverend Benjamin Fleer, which presses on poor Essie until she dies of it, and even Calamy's kindness and love cannot save her.

In our day the life of the senses is doubly menaced by the puritanism which takes subtler forms than the horrible Fleer and by the violent falsity of the reaction against it. It is Mr. Bullett's fortune as a writer that the life of the senses is as native in his mind as it was in Blake's and with something of Blake's pure energy. But he has the misfortune to live when the senses flourish only in defiance of the age. This gives to his work the poignancy, the lovely brightness, of one of those rare moments when we see, hear, and feel with a heightened motion of all our senses. No doubt he has to pay heavily for holding to values other than those exalted by a mechanical civilization. To his readers he gives what is rare enough to be doubly precious, a quickened understanding of the impulses which shape human life and the pure pleasure of contact with a mind honest, sensitive, and exquisitely sane.

STORM JAMESON.

MANDOA, MANDOA! by Winifred Holtby. Collins. 7s 6d.

ACORNED HOG, by Shamus Frazer. Chapman & Hall. 7s 6d.

STALLION, by Marguerite Steen. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

A HILLSIDE MAN, by Con O'Leary. Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.

Mandoa, Mandoa! is exceedingly difficult to classify. It is perhaps easiest to begin by saying what it is not. The first thing it is not is an extravaganza; and one realises this with something of a surprise. For its plot is extravagant enough in all conscience. An unsuspected African kingdom is freakishly, patchily, and temporarily Westernised, and becomes a resort for Western visitors, amid circumstances that are often extraordinarily funny. Under everything, however, Miss Holtby's purpose strives seriously, almost grimly: the froth of fun falls in unsuspected weight, lashing us with the harsh sting of satire. The benefits of civilization—are they benefits indeed, to the careless, amiable, louse-pursuing Mandoans, or to the bitter crowd outside an English labour exchange? Miss Holtby's pages seem to put this question; and to answer it.

There is no need, however, to be earnest about Mandoa. Talal, the Lord High Chamberlain, will serve as a symbol for the story. He longed for refrigerators, cars, aeroplanes, and everything made known to him by the four films which the stranded film company had left as ransom in Lolagoba. He said "Oh yeah!" with supreme dignity, took an interest in the League of Nations, had buried his daughter alive, and was the chief apostle of progress in Mandoa.

The Mandoan religion was subject

to a similar confusion of the primitive with the sophisticated. Christians, they confused the Gloria with Gloria Swanson. They had six hundred and seventy-nine archbishops, one of whom had to bless the Virgin Princess nine months before a daughter was required of her. If the benediction was successful, he became Arch-archbishop. If not, he disappeared. The effects of still further civilization on this country are interesting. Prince's Tours Ltd. exploit it, M.P.'s intrigue about it over lunch tables, and it attracts the attention of the Air Ministry, the League of Nations, humanitarian bodies, and the editors of weekly papers. Miss Holtby's story is far too complicated to summarise. It involves such individuals as Michael, Prince's youngest director, his ne'er do well brother Bill, who finds his spiritual home in Lolagoba, and Jean, who thinks she loves Bill. There are alarms and excursions, a kidnapping and a rescue, a royal wedding, and a fire. It is no disrespect to Miss Holtby to say that none of her previous work had prepared us for the feat here accomplished. The book is uneven, but only because parts of it are so good. Here and there, as in the death of Rollett and in an occasional obvious tilt at civilization, Miss Holtby's touch is a little heavy; but the book as a whole is a great success.

Acorned Hog is talented and highly ludicrous. It begins with ordinary enough satire upon Oxford, and develops progressively into the happiest extravaganza. The fun begins with the passing of the Universities Bill. A Socialist M.P. with the pleasing name of Laxative plans to purge Oxford and Cambridge of those undergraduates whose only qualification to be in residence is social or financial. Phillip Kinnell, the hero, whose eyebrows are

his most important attribute, qualifies in the sifting examination for manual labour only, and becomes a railway porter. His eyebrows come to the rescue, however, and he is soon flying to New York, ostensibly to beat a woman's round-the-world record, but really the bearer of secret papers. Not till he crashes does he discover the magnitude of the White Rose conspiracy in which he is involved. Democracy has been tried and found wanting. How Hollywood provides socialist England with a real king (a film star) and how our effete aristocracy is supplanted, the reader must find out for himself. Mr. Frazer writes with ingenuity and a pleasant assurance and is not afraid to let us see what he thinks.

Miss Steen's story does not quite come off, though it is more interesting than many successes. To Jim Devoke, husband of the saintly Ursula, falls once a year the pleasant task of taking "The Pride", a famous stallion, on duty round the neighbourhood. The task is pleasant, because Jim is considerably less saintly than his mate. Ursula turns a blind eye to his goings-on, but his carefully contrasted daughters are not so complaisant. This time, however, Jim meets a tartar. Hitherto he has easily possessed the women he wanted, and gone away satisfied. Tamar, his new find, possesses him, and fills him with a hunger new in his experience. In a few days she has destroyed his manhood and set him at odds with The Pride. In revenge, he throws vitriol over her. While he is in prison, Ursula cares for the damaged Tamar, even though her daughters leave her.

Miss Steen has a vigorous and impassioned imagination, with the power of creating a world of her own. The trouble about *Stallion* is that it falls

into two separate parts, conceived each on a different plane of reality. The Jim-Ursula-Tamar-Pride part is in one dimension, with all the characters bigger than life size: the Miss Blandford-Lovekin-Mildred-Fenny, etc., part is seen with ordinary realistic observation. The result is that the two never fuse, and it is hard to believe wholly in the former section. We doubt whether Jim would ever have felt as he did when he set out with the stallion, and we frankly disbelieve Ursula's reflections about the trees. All the same, it is a striking, provocative book, and one part at least, the relationship between Miss Blandford and Fenny, is perfectly done.

Mr. O'Leary's story of Ireland during the last century is not in the same class as the three preceding books, but it is vigorously told and full of incident and colour. The hero undergoes many vicissitudes, including the making of a fortune and periods of imprisonment, returning at last from Dartmoor to his native land.

L. A. G. STRONG.

THE SEVENTH AGE, by Jean Schlumberger. Translated by Madame Bussy. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE STRANGE RIVER, by Julian Green. Translated by Vyvyan Holland. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

JEAN SCHLUMBERGER'S *Saint Saturnin*, which was awarded the Northcliffe prize for the best French novel of 1931, has not gained by translation; the original title was better, and the present tense of the narrative goes rather awkwardly in English. Still, Madame Bussy has made a good job of her translation, and though this novel may not seem to possess the "greatness" attributed to it by French critics, it is worth having.

The theme is the tyranny of old age; the tragedy, bordering on the ridiculous, of an old man who becomes feeble-minded and suspicious, and yet has the power to make his family unhappy. Strange women force their way into the house as his "companion", he has grandiose schemes which result in the loss of three-quarters of his fortune: these events disturb the close-knit harmony of a prosperous bourgeois family, which up to that time had existed on terms of placid affection. The whole story takes place at Saint Saturnin, where the various members of the family converge, and where old M. Colombe hacks down the treasured pines on the estate and barricades the door of his bedroom against imaginary attack. "He would be better out of the way"—that is the thought in everyone's mind, and the love they still feel for the old man makes it more painful. The characters of a number of people are shown as they react to this situation, as they patiently face it or it gets on their nerves. In Nicholas, the old man's younger son, Schlumberger has created an interesting type (he should have made more of him), who is best described in this Chinese proverb which Nicholas applies to himself: "He who, conscious of being his own light, is content to be obscure—he shall be the paragon of mankind." Nicholas is a "failure", he has never made the most of his gifts, he is content to manage the estate and live like a farmer, content with his wife and children and few visitors; and he feels, as do many who live obscurely, that such an average existence is its own justification. If Schlumberger were a great novelist, he would have made Nicholas a great character of fiction—the possibility is there. As it is, Nicholas is interesting; his rejection of the chance to go out into the

world goes deeper than anything else in the book.

Mr. Julian Green's *The Strange River* depressed and bored me, yet I can see that of its kind (which is not particularly high) it is a good novel. It is self-sufficient. The spiritual cowardice of the hero, the tangle with a wife who dislikes him, and her sister who desires him the more as she begins to feel old, the cunning and inertia and expressionlessness of all three, the compulsion of the darker Paris streets and the tow-path of the Seine at night—all these combine naturally to make the atmosphere of the novel. *The Strange River* is atmospheric all right, but with the listlessness of a thunder-sky that threatens and then passes off.

G. W. STONIER.

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THE LEAGUE AND THE CLUB OF FOUR

BY DR. E. J. DILLON

THE Peace Treaties of 1919 will live for ever in history as monuments of human ineptitude, and the League of Nations will be remembered for ages as the embodiment of an American expedient which in its concrete form has almost ruined Europe and is still playing havoc with the civilized world. Had the founders of that international organ been statesmen instead of a knot of ambitious patriots matched against one unsound doctrinaire, their course was clear. They ought to have identified themselves with the vital interests of humanity and to have realized the ideal of a peace that should redress grievances, respect rights, and recognize neither victors nor vanquished. But not one of them had the strength of will that would have enabled him to press on his colleagues a policy of conciliation through justice. So they began their work by righting some cruel wrongs and ended by carving up national territories of which they allotted large slices to foreign countries, dismembering nations, and sowing the seeds of hatred and dissension throughout the earth.

The problem to be solved was politico-psychological—the establishment of mutual trust and neighbourly relations in the world by means of a league of the ex-belligerents—but at the Midas-like touch of the transatlantic idealist the League was mechanized and turned into a diplomatic instrument

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which depended for its efficacy upon military superiority. It had a two-fold aspect: it was partly a mutual insurance company to enable the nations possessing ill-gotten lands to enjoy them without molestation, and partly an alliance for choking off all attempts by the mutilated peoples to recover their severed provinces. Naturally these hapless communities evaded the arbitrary decree whenever they could do so with impunity, for the sated uphold the law that protects them, whereas the hungry hate and resist it. And so it came to pass that three of the states-members of the League who were solemnly pledged to renounce war and its implications were caught red-handed smuggling arms from Italy via Austria into Hungary with the object of enabling the last-named country to break her word, re-arm clandestinely, and make ready for violence and bloodshed. This grave breach of faith provoked a harsh note from France and Britain, for it was asserted that similar malpractices had gone on for some time.

In view of these things it seems pertinent to ask to what extent accusers and accused can still trust each other and what it would boot them to have each other's signatures appended to a hundred pacts and treaties? Moreover, Italy, Austria, and Hungary are not the only States charged with backsliding. Others are tarred with the same brush. That explains why France, who is nothing if not candid, virtually says to her partners: "All your assurances, pacts, covenants, and treaties are but scraps of paper. They offer no guarantee of peace, no grounds for security. And until I have such security, I refuse to disarm". This unsolicited testimonial to the inefficiency of the mystic-mechanical method makes one pensive.

And so the cardinal fact remains that neither the States which lead nor those which are led put trust in each other's promises. Still, for the curious onlooker there is something supremely artistic in the suave, simple-hearted way in which they tell each other things that are sheer unbelievable. Most of their acts and all their solicitude are inspired by over-mastering eagerness, first to secure for their respective countries

advantageous positions in the coming world-war, the one event regarded as certain, and to accumulate an adequate stock of the deadliest weapons for the emergency.

France, a republic in name, in reality a great nationalist empire, armed to the teeth, abundantly provided with the sinews of war and seconded by a host of allies bound to her by the most sacred ties of pecuniary and political interests—dares not disband a regiment nor dismantle a fortress, so low does she rate the value of the numerous pacts and treaties already ratified. And her point of view is easy to understand. On the other hand, a nation thus panoplied appears to critical onlookers to be a living negation of the spirit of the League. But France is not the only delinquent. "One hundred per cent. nationalism" is everywhere trump today. The vanity and optimism of hot-headed politicians have rallied all that is best in the world round the various standards of patriotism. And those who are in earnest about the moral union of peoples are profoundly disheartened. It sometimes looks as if Jules Lemaître was right when he said that the humanitarian dream is the enemy of states and countries. For if the amount of give and take required for the lofty purpose of the League exceeds the maximum allowed by considerations of national security, the members of that areopagus might as well be trying to turn a windmill with a drawing-room bellows.

It is significant that almost every nation in the League is planning out its future on anything but a peace basis. One and all they are consciously heading for Armageddon, adroitly manœuvring for strategic positions there. And strange though it may sound, this is true even of the United States, whose pussy-foot activities almost escape observation. Even Belgium is elaborating a system of armed defences for her eastern frontiers against the demilitarized Rhine province! Every event, every incident in the world today, is measured by the military standard. If the needs of commerce or industry call for a new railway from one point to another, army experts step in and require it to be built along a different route or with costly sidelines. And their opinion is acted on. Every new discovery in chemistry, every fresh invention in

ballistics, is studied with a view to taking due advantage of it in the coming struggle irrespective of pacts, promises, and prohibitions. Of these harmless documents little or no account is taken. And the statesman who puts his trust in them deserves to be impeached. Thus, despite the unanimity with which the use of poison gases has been condemned by all nations, the manufacture of gas-masks continues brisker than ever, and in Germany the entire population is being systematically trained to employ them to good purpose: Even in far-off Brazil the government is planning the transfer of the capital from Rio de Janeiro to Bello Horizonte in the state of Minas Geraes, largely in view of the coming war because the former city is exposed to attacks from the sea.

Europe then is faced with this dilemma: on the one hand the present cat-and-dog life of nations is such that peace cannot be safeguarded for long without real revision of the obnoxious treaties, and on the other hand any attempt to modify these will be met with armed resistance.

To untie this Gordian knot was one of the tasks set for the Disarmament Conference and, that select body having failed to discharge it, the Club of Four, should it ever enter upon its functions, may be asked to try its hand. And that is by no means the only intricate knot tied in 1919 by the treaty-wrights who mechanized the mutual relations of the peoples of the world. But the task of undoing them seems hopeless. The nations are not disposed to make the necessary concessions: France felt unable to forgo the commanding position she had obtained by dint of hard labour, tact, and splendid munificence. Besides, she is not free, being answerable to her allies and they to her. Rumania is bound by golden chains to France's political chariot, but is also drawn to Germany by over-mastering economic interests. And, as her finances are practically ruined, she is in sore need of further loans and in imminent danger of having to make further sacrifices. Yugoslavia, who owes so much of what she is and has to the treaties, vetoes the proposal to modify them. Czechoslovakia is also to a noteworthy extent dependent on the maintenance of those charters.

The revisionists are equally resolute. The German ex-Minister, Dr. Curtius, has proved conclusively in a telling speech in New York that his country cannot abide much longer by the topsy-turvydom caused by the ruinous treaty, and that Europe must soon make its choice between revision and political, financial, and social chaos. The leaders of the Little Entente, MM. Benesh and Titulescu, have explained clearly why their peoples cannot permit the treaties to be tampered with, and in their turn they summon Europe to choose between respect for sacred compacts and a state of latent warfare. They point out that the main purpose of the League is to see that covenants and treaties are strictly observed, and that in particular those on which depends the well-being of the peoples of the Little Entente are not altered by the greater Powers which have constituted themselves the moral guides of the lesser. They add that if any attempt be made to modify them, the Little Entente will resist it might and main, even at the cost of war. . . . And it is somewhat disconcerting to have to recognize that each group has abstract reason on its side. How under these circumstances any statesman could expect the Disarmament Conference to bridge the chasm that sunders the two groups is a psychological mystery. Turn whithersoever we may, the looming spectre of another ruthless war may be descried on the horizon.

This, however, does not mean that Europe is on the eve of a new campaign of devastation, as so many alarmists publicly profess to believe. A European war in the immediate future, whosoever may prophesy it, is an impossibility. In spite of the preparations now going forward, no Power would dare embark on such a ruinous venture or wilfully provoke it. Everybody knows that Germany, to whom the role of aggressor is arbitrarily assigned, is practically unarmed and completely hemmed in by a ring of iron, and that the other nations are destitute of the "sinews of war", cramped with budgetary deficits, crushed with taxes, and on the verge of bankruptcy. Even the unentangled United States is not yet out of the financial or social morass into which it has fallen: it has still to undergo searching tests of endurance and resourcefulness

before it emerges. Do what one may, therefore, some years must be allowed to the would-be belligerents now in training before they are in fighting trim again. That being so, the deciding factor for the League, the Conference, and the Club of Four is the circumstance that the degree of civism, courage, and neighbourliness which might suffice to relax the present tension is nowhere forthcoming. A short time ago France got so far as relieving Germany from the burden of exhaustive reparations, but she recoils from making further substantial concessions herself or allowing them to be made by her allies. Moreover, she and they find special and almost insuperable obstacles in the way.

Among the worst enemies of peace are certain industrial firms whose vital interests run counter to disarmament and whose influence is wide-ranging. They are the manufacturers of arms and munitions of war who are out to garner in large dividends, and are hand in glove with the military authorities. They are probably the most successful propagandists in the world because the cleverest and least scrupulous. Their permanent allies are publicists, politicians, lawgivers, and bankers. Their procedure is to push their wares by creating an apparent need for them—that is, by producing a war-scare. Those are the organizations which in France despatched M. Poincaré to the Ruhr, opposed the Dawes Plan, frustrated M. Herriot's exertions to arrange a *modus vivendi* between Germany and France, and inflicted on Briand the last and greatest humiliation of his life.

At the present moment all Rumania is in a ferment owing to the machinations of Herr Zaletzki, the Bucharest representative of the well-known firm of Skoda. According to ex-Minister Dr. Lupu, a couple of years ago information of an alarming nature was bruited abroad that the Soviets were massing troops on the frontier for the purpose of occupying Bessarabia. Subsequently it was proved that the news was false and had been circulated for the purpose of extorting from the Regency Council large orders for arms and munitions. And the orders, the ex-Minister added, were duly given and executed, but the wares supplied, he said, were worthless.

Great Britain by way of practising what she preaches cut her navy estimates by ten millions sterling between the years 1925 and 1932 and let her air-fleet drop considerably below the danger-line. Nor is that all. She has passed a wet sponge over the debts owing to her by continental countries, heedless of the probability that she may soon be called on to meet her own obligations in full. But so far no foreign statesman has had the courage or the temerity to follow Britain's lead and demonstrate his faith in the League by renouncing his country's safeguards and disarming.

Thus, while the members of the Little Entente take the outlook somewhat tragically, they are more elastic in negotiating than their opponents, and readier to make sacrifices for their common cause. Of this they gave signal proof before they amalgamated and became a great Power with a population of fifty, eventually eighty, millions. This is how it came about. For over twelve years Rumania and Yugoslavia had been at sixes and sevens, and there seemed little likelihood of their making it up. For in Yugoslavia there is a large Rumanian minority, to whom harsh treatment has been systematically meted out by the Belgrade government, and the authorities in Bucharest resented it. Again, the property of many Rumanian landowners was sundered in twain when the new frontiers were traced by President Wilson and his colleagues, so that a landowner who wanted to visit his estate had first to comply with vexatious formalities and endure the snubs of government clerks. Another apple of contention turned upon the right of transit for 90,000 head of cattle which Rumania sends every year to Italy through Yugoslavia. This was tantalizing to the Yugoslavs, who did not see why they should not themselves export those animals from their own plentiful stocks instead of making way for the Rumanians. As the Belgrade government could not expressly forbid the transit, it put veterinary police restrictions in force to hamper it. But when the Statute of the Little Entente came up for ratification, M. Titulescu flatly refused to ratify it unless all those grievances were first redressed. Belgrade, which at the outset would not hear of the proposal and then took to haggling and procrastinat-

ing, finally gave way and the new great Power was born.

The members of the Entente are believed to have then concluded a treaty among themselves for an indefinite period, taking over all the military engagements into which the separate members had previously entered, and agreeing to others which are new. These pacts, which are enumerated by the semi-official *Giornale d'Italia*, make one realize the seriousness of the stand taken up by the new great Power. If, in spite of these and other obstacles, Mr. MacDonald succeeds in reconciling Italy and France and bringing them into true spiritual contact, he will have deserved extremely well of both.

The example set by the Entente seemed to other small nations worthy of imitation, and it is on the cards that it will be followed by the Baltic and the Scandinavian states which are anxious to join hands and form one or two confederations extending from the Arctic to the Black Sea. The members of these projected leagues would be Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, and Poland. The idea of the Baltic Entente was broached years ago by Estonia and Latvia and was taken up eagerly by Lithuania. During the last thirteen years conversations on the subject have been going on fitfully, and Poland as the probable chief of the confederation displayed a keen interest in them. If Poland's candidature were realized, it would give to that republic another outlet to the sea at Memel and to the European kaleidoscope a new turn.

The annals of the League from the first year of its existence present an unbroken record of smouldering strife among its members, caused by the galling behaviour of the victors towards the vanquished, by espionage, by plots and counter plots, by truthful and lying denunciations, by sanctions for backsliding, by the systematic twisting of international machinery to national ends, and at the last stage by the deadlock which barred the rakes' progress and was mistaken for the approach of war. In form the League lacks utility, stability, elasticity; and in substance it has hitherto been destitute of basic sincerity and oneness of purpose. In the natural course of things, therefore, it sank to the level of a world-tribune

for vain rhetorical displays by delegates from the sunny care-free lands where words take precedence of deeds. Serious people were disgusted at the noisy peace-babble which assailed their ears unceasingly. For although deafened by the grinding of the mill in Geneva, they never caught sight of flour.

Moreover, the political balance sheet of the League caused bitter disappointment to the taxpayers of the world and gave concern to the governments. On the credit side stood the restoration of Poland and perhaps also the creation of those tiny states which are now encircled with high tariff walls and are accessible only to persons provided with duly visaed passports. These republics have the apparatus of great Powers for jurisdiction over a population equal to that of a few London parishes. On the debit side, the first and most important item is the secession of Japan, which has damaged the prestige of the League without conferring the slightest advantage, material or moral, on the world. For Nippon was condemned, not for employing force to possess herself of territories or influence—on this count her judges must themselves stand convicted—but for doing so on the wrong date. And on this count, too, her judges are more guilty than she, seeing that the date was fixed by them.

In the meanwhile, the Disarmament Conference made its appearance as the world's third peace parliament, and hope sprang up anew.

During the last thirty-four years three œcumenical conferences have been convened to bring about disarmament. The first was summoned by that man of comfort, Nicholas II, in 1899, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the nations of the earth. As a matter of plain fact, it was a heartless mystification sprung upon credulous humanity by a gang of unscrupulous militarists in St. Petersburg. Their object was to inveigle Austria-Hungary into putting off her plan to equip her army with new artillery, so that Russia might be free to employ on the realization of her own military projects the millions which she would otherwise have had to spend on emulating her rival. Count Witte, the then all-powerful Finance Minister, confided the secret to me as soon as he

thought he licitly could, and characterized the scheme as a "blot on Russia's scutcheon", but also as "a stimulus to reform". The Tsar in his circular described his object as the setting of "a limit to the progressive development of the present armaments". Exactly as today. But although I disabused the world and narrated the real facts in the order in which they had occurred, the legend still lived on as legends will, and another peace conference was convened in 1907 by the same potentate at which matters mostly technical were thrashed out and the calibre of the guns and projectiles scrupulously fixed with which in future war-victims might lawfully be killed and wounded.

The Third Disarmament Conference was summoned by the League in a moment of general despondency. Its object was to appease the peoples of the universe, including the overseas farmers of the Middle West, whose impatience to return to "normalcy" all the League members are expected to take into consideration, so complex are the interacting elements of human society today. Europeans do not fully realize the fact that they and their affairs are in a measure dependent upon the discernment and the self-command of those distant husbandmen.

All three Conferences merely illustrated the eastern adage that you cannot sweeten your mouth by saying honey. That is all. But then a conference composed of Solomons could hardly accomplish more.

The League failed not only because its states-members stubbornly refused to bend their necks to the yoke of disciplined co-operation, but because the terms of the task set them were self-contradictory. Incidentally, one is struck with the futility of the cumbersome methods of the new peripatetic diplomacy with its mobilized chancelleries, picturesque processions of Ministers, advisers, observers, and experts pilgrimaging periodically to Geneva, Paris, Rome, Washington, and other shrines of peace with the lively expectation of a miracle. Contrasted with the tremendous revolutionary welter around us, in which a whole civilization is going under, they offer too broad a surface to caricature and pasquinade to form

a safe substitute for the discreet procedure of pre-war days. During the fourteen years that have elapsed since the peace, the representatives of the Powers have allowed themselves the luxury of fifty-one international conferences, uncounted journeys of Premiers, Ministers, military and financial experts, official observers and typists; and the net outcome of this chassez-croisez was the excommunication of Japan—the first bugle call to the war of races in the Far East, the verbal rejection of the doctrine of the sanctity of treaties and the unwilling admission that all such diplomatic instruments are subject to the interpretation of ever-changing circumstances.

As for Signor Mussolini's project, now weighted with Britain's corrective proposals, one can only say that, should any good come out of it, it will be due to the valiant efforts put forth by Mr. MacDonald. But as yet there are no grounds for optimism, seeing that the full text of the project is still in flux and the marplots are still impenitent. We see, however, that it has divided the world into two camps and split the French people into two parties. From M. de Jouvenel, the Ambassador in Rome, who is known to be in favour of that scheme and is credited with having collaborated in the drafting of it, we learn that the new organization is not the redoubtable directorate that the lesser powers feared, but only a political insurance against war. Poland and the Little Entente, however, view it with suspicion, and are opposing it tooth and nail. M. Titulescu, the spokesman of the Entente, has bestirred himself, interviewing every influential personage in Paris and London, and ended by proving that a counter-insurance against the insurance group of the redoubtable Quadrumvirate is indispensable. And this, it appears, will now be effected by incorporating the Little Entente in the Club of Four and setting the efficacious antidote by the side of the potential poison. No opinion on this arrangement can be formed before the two insurance concerns have entered the lists and shown what they can do. Besides, it may be well to wait until the new Germany has had her say in a matter that concerns her so closely.

Another kind of difficulty with which the peace-promoters

have had to contend shows how the idiosyncracies of one's friends can be as embarrassing at times as the wiles of one's enemies. Our transatlantic "cousins", moved, of course, with the best intentions, have occasionally run amok in the council halls of the old world, imposing their mode of dealing with fateful crises, as they did in Paris and Versailles in 1919, against the better judgment of their foreign colleagues. And unfortunately no one ventures to say them nay. Since the War the United States, the creator of the League which it never deigned to join, is still its inspirer and the super-nation of the earth. It also became the controller of the world's finances and the keeper of the world's conscience or, if one may say so without irreverence, master of the ceremonies at the dance round the golden calf and bearer of the tables of the law.

Salandra, Italy's Premier, at the outset of the war, coined the term "sacred egotism" to connote the course which he was then about to steer. One hesitates to apply that word to the policy of the United States since ex-State Secretary Stimson assured mankind that its primary characteristic is disinterestedness. Assuredly disinterestedness is still to be found in the world today, but hardly in the world of politics. I venture then to give to the policy favoured by the United States the name nationalist internationalism. The republic loves power without responsibility, fights shy of coming into strong prominence, suspends great co-operative projects in the light of its own interests and then deals with them accordingly, rejecting what it dislikes and appropriating what it needs.

The nationalism of the States is aggressively "hard boiled" even in dealing with friends and "associates". It is known that last December's debt payment from Britain, by further depressing the gold prices of commodities "contributed to the United States' troubles". Yet it appears that the farmers of the Middle West cannot understand why the debt payments should be discontinued without compensation. And the press announces as an ordinary occurrence that calls for no comment that "President Roosevelt has once again requested

that Mr. MacDonald . . . should cross the Atlantic to discuss the matter with him". It sounds like a papal summons to a recalcitrant bishop to repair to Rome *ad audiendum verbum*, to receive an admonition.

The alacrity with which these behests are complied with as well as most of the other moves of the British Government have been lauded as meritorious and blamed as obsequious. But when impartial criticism has done its work on the experimental policy of the Cabinet and on the international organs of the hour which it called into being, Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues will be awarded unstinted praise not only for their intentions but also for the stirring impulse which they gave to the moral activity of the slow-moving slumbrous peoples of the Continent. The difficulties with which they had to contend were deterrent, the instruments at hand for tackling them unsuitable, and the moral, social, and financial collapse in progress about us without precedent in history. The main problems with which they set themselves to cope proved insoluble under the given conditions and may remain insoluble under any conditions likely to be realized in the immediate future. But in spite of the inefficacy of their exertions they should be credited with the foresight, courage, and persistency with which, standing on a strange borderland between the crumbling institutions of the past and the shadowy projects of the future, they gauged and pressed on their neighbours the urgency of joining hands and of building up a durable political structure.

In the meanwhile the lights of the nations are still behind them. In front there are only deep shadows and the moment is drawing near when the leap in the dark must be risked at all hazards.

THE SOVIET'S WAR ON THE PEASANTS

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

WITH that inspired cynicism that characterized most of his slogans, Lenin defined revolutions as the conquest of bread. "Il a compris," M. Rollin says in his very remarkable book, *La Revolution Russe* :

que les révolutions n'étaient point une question de doctrine, mais un drame de la faim, et que la conquête du pain en réglait le cours, en dictait la tactique, en imposait les dogmes, suivant l'époque et les circonstances.

The struggle for bread in Russia has now reached an acute stage. All other questions are superfluous. It is war between the Government and the peasants, and this year's spring sowing will be a—perhaps the—decisive battle. After fifteen years of Bolshevik rule, large areas, some the most fertile, notably the North Caucasus, the Ukraine, and the Volga districts, are quite without bread; the population is, in the most literal sense, starving; even in the large towns the food-shortage is acute, and every day grows more acute. More serious, the soil itself is impoverished, choked with weeds; at least 70 per cent. of live-stock and horses have been killed to eat or have died of starvation; and the peasantry everywhere hate and distrust the Government. The Communist Party, using its familiar weapons, hysterical propaganda and brutal coercion, is making a desperate effort to deal with this situation. On the success of its effort depends the whole future of the Soviet regime.

The Bolsheviks achieved power mainly by giving the land to the peasants; thereby, however, they created a problem, an internal conflict which, far from being settled, has steadily grown more acute. Their dreams and plans were essentially urban; proletarian Big Business; Marx-Ford Bourneville; and depended for their fulfilment on a working class aristocracy

being able, like the Tsarist aristocracy before it, to exploit the peasantry, to use them, as Stalin put it once, as "reserves of the proletariat". On the other hand, as long as the peasants owned their land and worked it as independent proprietors the "reserves of the proletariat" were unrealisable; and to take away the land from them meant a battle between the Soviet Government and the major part of the population of Russia. Or, put another way, the Soviet Government had to choose between famine and the abandonment of its plans, between Nep (the New Economic Policy) and Socialism, between yielding to the individualistic instincts of the peasants and building a new social order in a desert.

Its policy in this matter has vacillated between one alternative and the other; and this has added bewilderment to the other grievances of the peasants against the Government. They have been given on a large scale what the G.P.U. gives to private citizens suspected of having a secret store of gold or valuta—hot and cold. Requisitions have followed concessions; military occupation has followed enthusiastic appeals to collectivize themselves in order the better to build Socialism; "dekulakization" has followed solemn assurances that henceforth they will be allowed to trade freely with their products. The result has been that their faith in the Government has been quite destroyed, and that the productivity of Russian agriculture as a whole has steadily declined.

As everyone knows, after the Kronstadt revolt, Lenin capitulated to the peasants. There followed a period of plenty when, under the dictatorship of the proletariat, even the proletariat fattened. Nepmen flourished; kulaks lifted up their heads; people began to make jokes about Jews again and generally to feel that a bad dream had come to an end. It had not, however, by any means come to an end. The Government had another trick up its sleeve, a monstrous trick, the Five Year Plan, which again depended on mobilizing the "reserves of the proletariat".

The first two years of the Plan were riotous. Printing presses turned out roubles with astonishing rapidity; credits

were negotiated and machinery imported ; there were plenty of political prisoners to cut timber and party members to collect grain which, exported abroad and particularly to England, realized enough valuta to meet the credits as they fell due and to pay handsome salaries to foreign experts. The Intourist Agency began to bring in contingents of visitors who looked with surprise, and mostly with appreciation, at this new world where everyone was busy and where new buildings and factories were sprouting up like mushrooms in the night. The Americans especially found it a congenial atmosphere, almost a home from home. Here was the biggest of all Big Business, Socialist Big Business ; here were the methods of the gangster and the aspirations of the salesman perfectly attuned, and the whole expressed in terms of a Middle-Western Utopia. It was, as they all said, an interesting experiment. Even the Government appeared to have forgotten for a short, happy time that the problem of the conquest of bread had still to be settled.

Only for a short time. It soon became apparent that something would have to be done about the "reserves of the proletariat", or the old difficulty, the difficulty against which every revolutionary government has sooner or later run its head, the difficulty of famine, would arise. To meet this difficulty, the policy of collectivization was introduced. Thousands of stalwart Communists were sent into the villages to cajole, or more often to coerce, the peasants into joining collective farms. They met with, in the quantitative sense, a remarkable success. Eighty per cent. of the land and 60 per cent. of the peasants were organized into collective farms ; but for Stalin's warning against "dizziness from success" the percentages would have been even higher.

The Bolshevik mind found in collectivization a perfect solution to its difficulties. Farms should be like factories ; peasants should read newspapers and be a proletariat ; tractors should replace horses ; food production, like coal production, should be planned ; the "reserves of the proletariat", like the proletariat itself, should be brought into a form in which propaganda and the G.P.U. could conveniently get at

them, make them into material for building Socialism. It was rather like the dreams of Victorian philanthropists ; inconceivable and horrible to anyone having even a remote connection with earth, with the seasons, with the labour of sowing and the joy of harvest ; plausible enough in some stuffy café or committee room.

In any case, collectivization was a colossal failure. The ten thousand stalwart Communists proved to be vigilant and effective on "the kulak front", and grossly incompetent, sometimes corrupt, on "the agricultural front". Agriculture went completely to pieces. Last year the Government had to reduce its exports of grain practically to nothing and, despite military measures in many districts, was unable to collect enough food to feed the town populations. Shooting and exiling thousands of peasants (nicknamed kulaks) some even of the stalwarts and unfortunate agronomes sent to advise them, has not helped to repair the consequences of two years of incompetence and neglect. This year began with starving and resentful peasants ; unploughed, unweeded fields ; a desperate lack of cattle and of transport ; town rations reduced to a pound and a half of bread, nothing else, and that, in the case of the unemployed and of many workers' dependents, withdrawn.

Collectivization was a more drastic change than any formerly imposed by the Soviet Government on the peasants and their way of life. It would be difficult, if not impossible, after it, to go back to Nep, since this would involve re-dividing the land and giving the peasants an opportunity, which in their present mood they would certainly take advantage of, to frustrate the plans of the Government, and probably, once for all, break its power. Stalin, therefore, and the other leaders, taking their cue from him as they invariably do, announced that collectivization had been a great success.

"By developing collective farming", Stalin said,

we have succeeded in drawing the entire mass of poor peasants into collective farms, in giving them security and raising them to the level of middle peasants. . . . This is a great achievement, comrades. This is such an achievement as the world has never before known, and such as not a single state in the world has ever before achieved.

It can seldom have happened that a famished population was addressed by its governors in such unreal terms; even the French nobleman who told his starving serfs to eat grass showed more consideration for their suffering, a greater sense of the realities of famine, than these self-appointed mouth-pieces of the dictatorship of the proletariat fatuously echoing each other's untruths.

What does the Government really intend to do? In the first place it has made, despite its brave words, one (on paper not inconsiderable) concession to the peasants. Instead of a quota, which amounted in practice to all their produce, having to be delivered to the Government, the peasants will be required in future to pay only a tax in kind, which theoretically should amount to not more than one-third of their produce. The figures, however, on the basis on which the tax has been estimated are, in view of present conditions, absurdly optimistic; and there appears to be some doubt as to whether, after all, the peasants will be allowed to trade freely in the open market with whatever produce remains after paying their tax in kind. It has been reported, but not confirmed, that the Government intends to set up "purchasing committees" which will buy at nominal prices and which will have first claim on all grain offered for sale in the open market.

It goes without saying, too, that the latest phase in the conquest of bread has been accompanied by an outburst of manufactured, and therefore mechanical, enthusiasm and propaganda. Incidentally, the frequency of this kind of thing explains why Moscow so often suggests a by-election campaign when one of Lord Beaverbrook's candidates is running. The newspapers have announced in enormous headlines that every collective farm worker is to be made well-to-do, and the remnants of kulaks and their agents utterly destroyed; conferences of carefully selected peasants have been assembled and have wildly applauded speeches by Stalin, Voroshilov, Kaganovitch, and the others; the discovery of a counter revolutionary organization whose object was "to undermine Soviet agricultural economy and spread famine", has been

announced, and seventy-five "ex-bourgeois and ex-White Guard" officials have been arrested, most of whom have already "confessed". Of these, thirty-five have been sentenced to death; twenty-two to ten years' penal servitude; and eighteen to eight years' penal servitude without, of course, any public trial being held. In fact, the same old circus, some of its turns distinctly macabre, that introduced *Nep*, introduced the Plan, introduced collectivization, has been turned out again. At each reappearance the circus is rather more ghostly, and the reality behind it rather more apparent.

The reality behind the circus is the G.P.U. and the army. These, if anything, are to see that a proper area is sown this spring and a proper harvest reaped this summer. "Political Departments" have been established in every machine tractor station and state farm—that is, all over the country—and will be responsible for executing the Government's agricultural policy. No more thousands of stalwart party men, no more agronomes, but tough soldiers and policemen who will, if necessary, drive the peasants into the fields at the end of a rifle as they have long been accustomed, in the North, to drive political prisoners to cut timber at the end of a rifle. It is an important stage in the evolution of Soviet Russia into a huge and centrally organized slave state. By means of the "political departments" the Government hopes to be able to subdue and control the peasants as it has subdued and controlled the factory workers, to mobilize the "reserves of the proletariat" as it has already succeeded in mobilizing the proletariat, to "plan" agriculture as it has planned industry.

The two problems are, however, essentially different; and if there is one thing more than another that exposes the limitations of the Bolshevik mind it is its failure to realize the difference between agriculture and industry. In a battle between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the proletariat the odds are heavily on the former; in a battle between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the "reserves of the proletariat", the advantage is with the latter. Indeed, the organization of, say, heavy industry is child's play compared

with the organization of a harvest. Up to a point the Soviet Government has succeeded in organizing heavy industry; the conquest of bread is as far, indeed, very much farther, from realization than when the Bolsheviks first established themselves in power. Then, the peasants were favourably disposed, and Russia's real capital—earth, livestock—in tolerable condition; now, they are bitterly antagonistic, and the material of agriculture is in a state of decay.

On a recent visit to the North Caucasus and the Ukraine, I saw something of the battle that is going on between the Government and the peasants. The battlefield was as desolate as in any war, and stretches wider; stretches over a large part of Russia. On the one side, millions of peasants, starving, often their bodies swollen with lack of food; on the other, soldiers, members of the G.P.U. carrying out the instructions of the dictatorship of the proletariat. They had gone over the country like a swarm of locusts and taken away everything edible; they had shot and exiled thousands of peasants, sometimes whole villages; they had reduced some of the most fertile land in the world to a melancholy desert. The conquest of bread, like the conquest of glory, seemed a vain pursuit.

Now the same soldiers and members of the G.P.U. have been entrusted with the task of producing abundance out of the desert they have themselves made. If they succeed, it will be by organizing a kind of slavery beside which serfdom was riotous freedom; if they fail, it will mean sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, the end of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

MAKING PUBLIC OPINION

BY WICKHAM STEED

ONE evening last month, in a City that shall be nameless, a German speaker who shall also be nameless, expounded to a distinguished audience the doctrine of Hitlerism in all its truth and beauty. The speaker was so firmly convinced both of its truth and its beauty that minor inconsistencies in his panegyric seemed not to trouble him, if, indeed, he were aware of them. Many of his hearers were, or had been, pro-German, and had sought for years to spread germanophil views and feelings in their own country. When the speaker had finished, some of them turned and rent him mercilessly, all the more mercilessly because of their studied politeness.

In the House of Commons on March 23rd, after Mr. Winston Churchill had uttered his devastating diatribe against the Prime Minister's account of what is now called the "MacDolani" Four-Power Pact, and had declared, with perfect truth, that our obligations under the Locarno Treaties might be terribly burdensome if France "the most pacific nation in Europe" were not "as she is, fortunately, the most efficiently armed nation in Europe", Colonel Josiah Wedgwood said:

I should like to draw the attention of the House, and the Prime Minister, to the strange revolution that has come over public opinion, and opinion in this House—which is illustrated by the speech the Rt. Hon. Gentleman the Member for Epping (Mr. Winston Churchill) had the courage to make today. I never thought I should live to hear in this House a frankly pro-French speech made once more, and feel that the sympathy of the House was with that speech.

It is remarkable what a revolution has come about in public opinion in the last fortnight, and it is noteworthy that during the last ten days, at least, the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have been out of this

country, and absent from that psychological contact and change which have come over public opinion. . . . What has taken place in Germany has completely converted a pro-German England into a pro-French England, and that change has not yet become obvious to the Prime Minister.

Colonel Wedgwood is a Labour member who has been for some years, if I mistake not, sentimentally pro-German. Had he spoken of public "feeling" instead of public "opinion" I should be inclined to agree with him about the change that has occurred in Great Britain since the beginning of March, though I should not agree that it has "completely converted a pro-German England into a pro-French England". As an ordinary citizen, devoid of any party allegiance yet with a very strong prejudice against policies that, even inadvertently, make for war, I have been in fairly close touch with average public feeling in this country during the past decade. Despite the streams of conscious and unconscious pro-German propaganda which have deluged British minds since the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, there has remained in many of our people a sneaking fondness for France and a lurking distrust of Germans and their ways. It has not been on the surface, it has not been "opinion", but it has never ceased to exist. Herr Hitler, his merry men and their doings have now stirred it up. It is not yet stirred to the point of being actively "pro-French". The layer of artificial pro-German "dope" that covered it has, however, been broken up.

Those of us who are not "pro-French" or pro-anything save pro-British, that is to say, who cherish a perhaps fantastic ideal of what England might be and might do in the world if her Government and her people really cared for their supreme interest, which is peace, have no difficulty in resisting the temptation to say to their "pro-German" friends: "I told you so". It would be tactless and might be harmful. Most of our pro-Germans have been in good faith. They have swallowed German propaganda the more readily because it made them happy. It appealed to their generosity. Anything of the "forgive and forget" order is balm to comfortable British minds which hate to remember unpleasantnesses and are often eager to believe that, when they harboured

unkind thoughts about Germany, they must have been wrong. They have no "opinions". To be worth anything, "opinions" need to be based upon knowledge; and a good part of knowledge is remembering. They have "feelings", including the feeling of righteous indignation against others who are so perverse or so ungenerous as not to forget wrongs readily. This, for instance, has always been a main obstacle to a real understanding between England and Ireland, for the Irish have long memories.

The revolt of British pro-Germans against Hitlerite Germany is not the outcome of thought. Once again, it is due to "feeling"—the feeling that Germany has "let them down". They, who have never troubled to read the late Dr. Stresemann's *Testament* and to ponder over it, were fain to believe that the Germany which Stresemann appeared to represent, as afterwards the Germany of Dr. Brüning, was the real Germany. They did not see how Stresemann was manoeuvring, nor did they perceive that Dr. Brüning's days as Chancellor were numbered, and that his power was gone, months before the "grand old" Field-Marshal von Hindenburg dismissed him like an unprofitable servant. So they are angry with Germany for not having responded to their own feelings about her. If Hitlerite Germany could soothe these feelings, the "opinions" of our pro-Germans might change again. Excuses might even be found for Hitlerite Jew-baiting.

I used to believe in public "opinion". That was in the early days when I thought that the truth of an intellectual proposition must command the allegiance of British minds. By degrees I realised that we keep our "opinions" and "feelings" in watertight compartments; and that, in moments of crisis, our action is prompted by our feelings, which usually take the form of deep-seated instincts. These instincts are not moved by views or ideas. Hard facts, that hit us in the face, or deeds that rouse our ire, are needed to set us going. This is one reason why the French can never make us out. With them thought—which must be clear—is the mainspring of action. The French never understand that, in us, clear thought awakens distrust, that it seems to us

a sort of mental indecency. The Germans, on the other hand, know how to appeal to our feelings. The foggiess of German thought shrouds the clearness of German purposes. The Germans know how to awaken our moral prepossessions, they play upon our generous impulses, they make us feel good and noble. They do not arouse our fears of foreign entanglements by clamouring for "security". If they were not so clumsy as to belie by their methods what they teach us to feel about themselves, they would have us in their pockets.

We were nearly in their pockets in 1914. In the spring of that year London society, at any rate, was almost entirely pro-German, as nearly pro-German as it was before the Nazis broke loose last March. But in August, 1914, occurred that unfortunate invasion of Belgium. All our Governments had long known that this invasion was an essential part of the German strategic plan, and the late Lord Haldane prepared the British Expeditionary Force as a means of countering it. But public "opinion" had never been officially educated to understand what was afoot. German propaganda was allowed to run riot; "concession" after "concession" was made to the German demand for "a place in the sun"; and, a few months before the outbreak of war, the old and unworkable Anglo-German agreement of 1898 for the eventual division of the Portuguese colonies between Great Britain and Germany was revised and initialled. Anything for a comfortable life and to prove that we bear no ill-will!

In those days the press was fairly free, far freer than it is today. The hold of Downing Street and of the Foreign Office upon our principal organs of public "opinion" was by no means so firm as it has since become, notably under our present "National Government". Nowadays a very big event is needed to break through the network of "influences", and to overcome official reticence. Our people do not know, for instance, what was in the first two volumes of Dr. Stresemann's *Testament*—for no British journal has told them—though its revelations convulsed "opinion" on the Continent a year ago to such a degree that the publication of the third volume was delayed by the German authorities, and the

volume itself has since been expurgated. Thanks to Herr Hitler and to his Jew-baiting, our feelings have at last been ruffled; and unless he, Captain Göring and Dr. Goebbels are now to go back upon their whole programme, I do not see how they are to unruffle us.

If this is the state of "opinion" in England where the tree is still fairly green, what about "opinion" in countries where the tree is dry, such as Fascist Italy, Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany? There the press is allowed only to say what the Government commands it to say, broadcasting is an official agency for popular "enlightenment", and correspondents of foreign journals can only indicate the truth at the risk of their livings if not of their personal safety. The *New York Times* of March 12th, 1933, contains an admirable account of the Fascist method of controlling "news". The writer remarks that the achievement of Signor Mussolini in this respect "is as skilful an accomplishment in its way as was his getting control of the government. It is far more than a crude censorship. . . . In Italy news is not 'censored'. Any such suggestion to one of the officials in that branch of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which is known as the Press Office, would meet with an indignant denial".

All Italian newspaper men and editors know what is expected of them. Part of what they write they are told to write; a part is in the form of "handouts" from the Press Bureau of the Ministry of the Interior and the Stefani Agency, and the rest is of a nature which they know will not give offence. If it does, the matter is called to the editor's attention with disconcerting swiftness.

Everything that foreign correspondents write is watched by Italian consuls abroad and sent to the Italian Embassies. If there is anything particularly satisfactory, or particularly the contrary, the text is immediately telegraphed to Rome. In the former case it is handed out by the Italian Home Office for publication in all Italian newspapers as an example of the high regard of foreign countries for Fascism. In the latter case the correspondent in Rome will be called to account. He is asked why he wrote it, and is told that if he goes on there

will be trouble for him and for his newspaper. Unless he has good relations with the Italian Foreign Office he can get no news and becomes useless to his paper.

The Italian press gives him little help, for every word in it is "controlled". Even when a correspondent has written something which he may think interesting and fairly true, and hands his despatch in at the telegraph office, it passes before a "board of revision" which—without consulting its author—strikes out or changes any words that may seem undesirable. If the whole despatch is undesirable it is delayed until it is worthless or, in extreme cases, is not sent at all.

Roughly, according to the *New York Times*, what the Italian Fascist Government is really asking of foreign correspondents is simply this :

Leave us alone. We are working out a great experiment with 42 million lives and we want no interference, no advice, no condescension. We shall be happiest if you do not write anything at all about us, but if you must write something, we insist that it be fair and friendly. You have come here of your own free will ; you are accorded the privileges of all foreign guests of Italy and many extra ones in view of your profession, and you must, if you want to work here, work with us and not against us. "Everything for the State ; nothing outside the State" goes for you as well as for everyone else.

In Germany Dr. Goebbels, Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda, recently outlined to the press his plan for moulding German opinion into a compact and undis-senting mass, solidly supporting the Government in all their acts. He said that the propaganda machine had been weakened in the past by dispersion. In these days of wireless and mass demonstrations, one must keep ahead of technical developments and work on the principle that, in propaganda, the most modern methods are only just good enough. His Ministry would have five departments : Wireless, the Press, active propaganda, the film, the theatre, and popular instruction. The Government thought that the Press must help it. To that end criticism would sometimes be necessary, but not criticism of a sort which could be used by the outer world to attack the Government. The Government foresaw that, through the activity of the new Ministry, "the Press would

develop into a piano on which it could play". The Government would also put film and theatrical producers on the right path ; and, as to popular instruction, he hoped "to reach the point where the whole nation would think unitedly so that there would only be one public opinion".

One public opinion ! This is what most Governments desire in their heart of hearts, not excluding our British National Government. But, in countries whose peoples still care for individual freedom, it is precisely the business of public opinion to make Government mind their "p's" and "q's". Nothing is more certain to undermine democratic institutions than widespread semi-officialism ; and the danger of semi-officialism is that it tends to make people feel comfortable and to promote a sense that discretion is the better part of truth. In France, mingled semi-officialism and the control of newspapers by powerful industrial interests have gone far to destroy the force of what used to be active public criticism of public affairs. In England similar influences have made headway, though they are by no means omnipotent. In Italy, Russia, Germany and Japan, to name only these countries, the truth cannot be told, and public "opinion" is based on public ignorance.

These conditions make me wonder whether the late Secretary of State in the Hoover Administration, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, was not cherishing and proclaiming a serious fallacy when, in his weighty speech to the New York Council of Foreign Relations on August 8th, 1932, construing the Briand-Kellogg Pact for the Renunciation of War as involving a renunciation of neutrality, he said :

The Briand-Kellogg Pact provides for no sanctions of force. It does not require any signatory to intervene with measures of force in case the Pact is violated. Instead, it rests upon the sanction of public opinion which can be made one of the most potent sanctions in the world. Any other course, through the possibility of entangling the signatories in international politics, would have confused the broad simple aims of this Treaty and prevented the development of that public opinion on which it most surely relies. Public opinion is the sanction which lies behind all international intercourse in time of peace. Its efficacy depends upon the will of the people of the world to make it effective. If they desire to make it effective, it will be irresistible. Those critics who

scoff at it have not accurately appraised the evolution in world opinion since the Great War.

This passage, and others in which Mr. Stimson dilated upon the force of public opinion, was preceded by the assertion that "a nation which sought to make imperialistic policies under the guise of the defence of its nationals, would soon be unmasked. It could not long hope to confuse or mislead public opinion on a subject so well understood, or in a world in which facts can be so easily ascertained and they can be under the journalistic conditions of"

Mr. Stimson was referring to the conduct of Japan been "unmasked"? Since he spoke, forces have overrun Jehol, after occupying Manchuria now extending their operations "to which no limits can be set" south of the Great Wall. The League of Nations, under pressure from the small Powers of the world, has, indeed, condemned Japan, and Japan has withdrawn from it. It would almost seem as though the mills of public opinion grind too slowly to be of much avail. Even Mr. Stimson's speech, though it is one of the weightiest contributions to international thought that has been made since the signing of the Kellogg Pact, was only reported, in part, by one British newspaper. The British Government failed to acknowledge it for three months; and more than six months passed before Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a cursory statement in approval of it at Geneva. Not one Briton in a hundred thousand knows today what Mr. Stimson meant by his argument that the renunciation and the outlawry of war necessarily revolutionise the old doctrine of neutrality which was founded upon the lawfulness of war.

There is no British public "opinion" on this vital matter—vital because the very possibility of preserving peace depends upon an understanding of it. Still less is there any considerable volume of informed British "feeling" upon it. The country has been left in the dark, and is by no means ready to take any responsibility whatever for the outlawry of war or for effective disapproval of such policies as those which Italy and Germany are contemplating and have, by their propaganda, attempted to accredit in the eyes of foreign peoples.

What is to be done? If today we had a Gladstone, or even a Disraeli or a Salisbury, who would make it his business to tell the country the truth about the extremely dangerous position into which it has been allowed to drift, there might be a remedy. But public men who will not prophesy smooth things are frowned upon. They are denounced as "mischievous". The one thing needful, it would seem, is not to upset public nerves. Yet facts will be too strong for our apostles of "Hush, Hush". The truth has an awkward way of refusing to be controlled. Facts will break through, as the facts about Hitlerite Germany are breaking through. The chief danger is that, when they break through, they will find a nation unprepared to act upon them because its leaders have left it too long in a state of unthinking indifference.

THE CHALLENGE TO TREASURY ORTHODOXY

BY R. F. HARROD

ON July 5th, 1932, and again on March 10th, 1933, letters heavily signed by economists of standing appeared in *The Times* newspaper, urging upon the Government the adoption of what at first sight might appear to be an unorthodox policy of public borrowing. This expedient was recommended not as a mere palliative, but as part of a reasoned policy of reconstruction called for by the logic of the situation. I propose in the following pages to give an account of my own reasons for signing those letters. I can, of course, only speak for myself; other signatories must not be held responsible for the interpretation of the policy here set out. I shall, however, endeavour to the best of my ability to present the case in a way that fairly represents wider economic opinion.

In doing so, I must necessarily disregard any actual proposals which may have been announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer before this article appears, since I write before the date of the Budget. But this disability has its compensations, for it is of vital importance that the underlying arguments for public borrowing in the present crisis, which are well known to economists but are generally unfamiliar to the lay public, should be more widely diffused.

I have referred to the proposed policy as *primâ facie* unorthodox. No intelligent critic would condemn it solely on that account. In any progressive study what is established doctrine in one phase was usually unorthodox at an earlier stage, when the facts or principles on which it came to be based were unknown or imperfectly understood. Yet in this case it may well be claimed, and it is perhaps important to stress, that the policy is not in essence unorthodox. In any

coherent subject of study, a distinction may be drawn between first principles and particular rules of action based upon them. The first principles are likely to be more enduring and more important. The particular rules of action depend on the circumstances of the case.

An analogy may be drawn from the sphere of moral philosophy. The maxim "Do as you would be done by" may be regarded as a first principle of the subject. Rules embodying the application of it are many and various. For instance, there is the well accredited rule of social etiquette, which forbids the unsolicited interlocution of a stranger who may not share the passing mood of *bonhomie*. Yet in the face of some disaster—a fire has broken out, perceived by you but unknown to him—this particular maxim goes into abeyance. General warning must be given. Indiscriminate fraternization becomes the order of the day. It would be a misuse of terms to call such fraternization unorthodox; it is firmly founded on the orthodox principle of "do as you would be done by". One rule has become inappropriate to the occasion; another has taken its place. So it is with public finance. The so-called orthodoxy of the Treasury, the rule that it is desirable to increase the Public Debt as little as possible and to decrease it as much as possible, merely embodies a special application of a principle. It would be a mistake of the first order to regard this maxim as itself a first principle, or its infringement as necessarily unorthodox.

It is easy to understand the grounds on which the Treasury maxim is based. But moral maxims may become mere taboos. And a plethora of taboos may extinguish a civilization. Some flexibility is essential for progress. Laxity in public finance has not, indeed, become a mere taboo. Its condemnation still serves a useful purpose. It is therefore supremely important that the grounds on which public borrowing is now recommended should be clearly defined and widely recognized. Unconditional condemnation of borrowing is a mere superstition, and its continuance might well involve catastrophe. But a happy-go-lucky policy of unlimited borrowing also has its dangers. The democracy must learn to discriminate.

The evil consequences of extensive borrowing were clearly seen in the war period. They may be summarized in the compendious term Inflation. The root principle, from which the maxim which condemns a public deficit is an offshoot, is that some measure of stability in the financial system is required, if economic prosperity is to be maintained. Such stability is incompatible with inflation. Hence the maxim that deficits, which are likely to cause inflation, are to be avoided. The requirement of stability is the first principle, the Treasury maxim is consequential and subordinate.

Inflation is not, however, the only possible disturber of stable progress; deflation is also a possibility. The path of deflation has not usually any attractions or allurements, and public sentiment has not in the past been necessary to check progress along it. Mistaken conscientiousness rather than the weakness of the flesh is likely to be the motive of such progress. Or it may be the outcome of a mere policy of *laissez-faire*.

Study of stability in the economic system, or of its instability as manifested in the Trade Cycle, extends over a wide field of investigation. The theories of the subject are numerous, and well-attested conclusions few. It may be approached from various points of view. The aspect from which it will be well to pursue this discussion is the value of the medium of exchange. Changes in its value seem always to be associated with grave dislocations in the economic system; action designed to secure stability in its value may be expected to go to the root of the causes of economic disturbances. Moreover, the problem of the value of money is a natural starting point. For the government has traditionally been assigned the task of providing the community with an adequate medium of exchange. A medium which is subject to violent fluctuation of value cannot in modern conditions be considered adequate.

With the passage of years radical changes have occurred in monetary technique. There was a time when the art of providing a sound monetary system depended on the institution of proper rules with regard to minting. When bank notes assumed importance, attention was concentrated

on the correct mode of regulating their issue. The era of cheques followed; the monetary art seemed then to reside in the proper control of banking credit by a central bank. The credit system has grown more complex. Throughout this progress the development of ideas in monetary matters has proceeded by elaborating the simple concepts appropriate to a primitive coinage system, so as to make them applicable to all the complications of a modern system of credit. The process has been analogous to the astronomical system of epicycles.

In recent years, however, the possibility of making a new start has been explored. Could not greater lucidity and simplicity be achieved by basing monetary study on a new system of fundamental concepts? Some success in this quest has already been achieved*. The budgetary proposals under discussion may be best explained by a reference, necessarily very brief and sketchy, to some of its findings.

Modern economic life is based on the division of labour. The exchange of goods is an inevitable corollary of this. In a simple society in which each man is his own master, specialization may become the order of the day. The individual plies his own craft and exchanges the product of his work for the commodities which he requires. All those of industrious disposition will work in order to have something to offer in exchange for the necessities or comforts of life. With the concentration of capital, complications arise. Individuals no longer acquire means of life by exchanging the product of their own work directly. The process is mediated by the intervention of an employer. Workers by hand or brain come to be paid at agreed rates for their assistance, and their product to be sold by the employer in the market. His action as the initiator of the productive process is then determined by the relation of the costs which he must incur to the prices he expects to receive for the commodities he offers for sale.

* Cf. the pioneer work of Mr. Hawtrey (*Currency and Credit and The Art of Central Banking*) and Mr. D. H. Robertson (*Banking Policy and the Price Level*) and the elaborate structure of Mr. J. M. Keynes (*Treatise on Money*).

Different employers have always met with various measures of success according to their efficiency and adaptability. For the system to function properly, however, it is essential that the total stream of money coming into the market for the purchase of their goods should bear some definite relation to the total expenses they incur in the production. Inefficient employers may properly be punished by finding themselves unable to cover their costs from the proceeds of their sales; especially efficient employers may find themselves rewarded by a more handsome margin of profits than that accruing to their neighbours. The system may be said to be out of gear when all employers or most employers find that the stream of money flowing in to purchase goods falls short of their expenses, or if all employers, however inept and slipshod their methods, find it the easiest thing in the world to make money. The former condition may be called a deflation of, the latter an inflation of, profits.

Why should these conditions ever occur? Or, perhaps, the unsophisticated reader will be tempted to put the question in another way—why should they not always occur? Is there anything to make the total money offered for goods balance the expenses incidental to their production? Why should there be a balance of this kind? Why should not the stream of money always be too small? Or too great? There *is* something which tends to bring about a balance. For the expenses of production ultimately accrue as income to someone, to the wage-earners, the salary-earners, the landlords involved, or in the case of expenses on materials, to the wage-earners, etc., engaged in the production of them, to debenture-holders and share-holders, to underwriters and brokers. The money paid out goes into someone's pocket and ultimately into someone's pocket as income. And income tends to be spent. So that all the money paid out as expenses of production should come round again and constitute a monetary demand for the goods produced.

There will be a break in the sequence of events if some of the income receivers hoard their money. This applies whether they hoard it in the form of cash or deposits at the

bank. (It is the gap between income received and income spent that matters here; what the banks "do with their deposits" is irrelevant. They will do as much with them if they are circulating among depositors as if they are stagnant under the name of one; it is their stagnation which makes the demand for goods fall off.) Thus the hoarding of money does tend to produce a deflation of profits, and its brisker turnover tends to produce an inflation. But this is by no means the end of the story. It is not likely that deflation and inflation can be explained by the hoarding of money and the disgorgement of hoards alone.

There is something else which people can do with their income besides spending it or hoarding it in the form of money; they can save and invest it. This they do freely. At first sight it might appear that, since part of the stream is constantly being deflected in this way, money offered for goods would perpetually tend to fall short of the expenses of production. This, however, is not so. For much productive effort is not concerned with the output of goods that will come on to the market for consumers to buy, but with addition to the capital equipment of the country.

So long as the amount of money withheld from expenditure is equal to the amount of productive expenses devoted to the addition to capital goods, the residue of income, namely, that going to make up the monetary demand for commodities should be sufficient to carry the expenses of making those commodities, together with a normal rate of profit. But if savings tend to exceed the productive expenses devoted to capital output, the flow of money coming for the purchase of consumable goods will become inadequate, prices will tend to fall, profits become deflated. The clear exposition of this relation and its multifarious consequences is the work of Mr. Keynes.

The fall (or rise) of prices is not the end of the trouble. As producers find themselves involved in loss, each will tend to strengthen his own position by curtailing output and confining himself to the best part of his market. But this is not a cure for the situation. The curtailment of output will

involve a corresponding curtailment of expenses, *and consequently of income*. There will be a further fall in the demand for consumable goods, and the gap between prices and costs will not be made good.

It would be too much to hope that the economic advance of society should proceed in a perfectly regular manner. Sudden starts and spurts or unexpected losses are always likely to occur. What one might occasionally hope to avoid are the vicious circles of boom and depression. Much might be done if saving and capital production could be kept in their proper relation. Unfortunately, this may become increasingly difficult. As people grow richer with the natural economic advance, they tend to save a larger proportion of their income; capital production should advance *pari passu*. As the quantities between which equality should be preserved grow greater, so does the danger of instability. The unprecedented severity of the present depression may well be connected with this fact.

How is the government concerned in all this? That there has been a great fall of prices associated with a vast restriction of demand and output since 1929, and that a restoration of prices is desirable, is common ground. The only way in which a price revival can be achieved is by securing an initial expansion of expenditure *unaccompanied* by an increased offer of consumable goods. Not that it is desirable that the production of consumable goods should not increase. A great increase is desirable, in order that our potential capacity for providing the necessities and comforts of life to all should be realized. But it is desirable that the expansion of monetary demand for consumable goods should be greater still. This is required as a preliminary measure, in order to get the machine going at its proper pace once more.

The gadget which our economic system is supposed to provide for checking the vicious circle of downward movement is a low rate of interest. This tends to stimulate capital production. Part of the incomes of those engaged upon it comes forward in demand for consumable goods, while the increase of capital construction puts no extra consumable goods on to the market. An unbalanced increase of ex-

penditure is thus secured and the fall of prices checked or reversed.

This remedy will be less effective the more severe the depression is, for two reasons. If consumption has fallen to a very low level, the capital equipment of the country is likely to be redundant. Cheapness of money will not be a sufficient motive for producers to extend it. Secondly, the value of capital goods depends on the future demand for the consumable goods, the production of which the capital is designed to facilitate. After a prolonged depression producers will be more than usually sceptical about future prospects. Enterprise directed towards the production of capital goods is thus inhibited.

Yet some means of securing an unbalanced increase of expenditure on consumption must be found. It is at this point that government intervention can be supremely useful. The government takes out of the pockets of consumers large sums of money by way of taxation. Those sums come back again in the form of wages to state employees, money paid out as expenses and taken as profit income by state contractors, interest on the National Debt, etc. If an unbalanced increase of spendable income is the prime desideratum, it is easy enough for the government to secure this. It has only to put into the pockets of the community more money than it takes out of them. This seems an easy and delightful doctrine, too good to be true. It must be remembered that it is only applicable to a condition when deflation is rife. In inflationary times the government should press upon the people with equal and opposite severity.

It might be objected that this is asking too much of a government. Is it to embark light-heartedly on the uncharted sea of indiscriminate intervention in the ordinary working of the business system? How far is this to go? What is the criterion and the check? The answer to this objection may be given by reference to the first principle that it is the duty of the government to provide the community with a stable medium of exchange. Once upon a time this duty entailed, or at least was thought to entail, nothing more

than honest and straightforward rules with regard to the coinage. Now the question of coinage and even that of the note issue have receded into the background. That is the important thing to remember. The modern equivalent of an honest mint is a responsible body which shall see that the total stream of expenditure balances the total stream of output of goods. Nothing short of this will suffice. To expect that a good system of money can be provided by merely fixing a gold par is to toy and trifle with the question. And it is to trifle with the question while the economic structure on which our life and security depend subsides into ruins.

In a time of deflation an unbalanced increase of expenditure is required. If the recession is mild, this may be secured by an appropriate banking policy. If otherwise, more far-reaching action is called for. The remedy now proposed would operate through the Exchequer.

To secure an unbalanced increase of expenditure, two methods are possible. One is for the government to undertake additional capital works by means of a loan; the other is for the government to remit taxation while not reducing, or not reducing in equal measure, its present rate of expenditure. These two lines of action are not, of course, mutually exclusive.

The first line of advance is limited by what can be usefully and advantageously done. All possible avenues should be explored and, if there is a doubt, each scheme should be given the benefit of the doubt. Local authorities should be encouraged to proceed in the same way. The ultimate responsibility is and should be with the central authority; it is unfair to expect local bodies to take very long views on their own initiative. They should be told that what the national economy and public interest require at this juncture is that as much in the way of capital development should be done as is conformable with reasonable prudence. If there is a work of development which can be undertaken at any time and will certainly have to be done within the next ten years, it should be done now.

With regard to the second line of advance, various proposals have been made. One is that the public estimates should be

combed out, and all the capital items placed in a separate account to be financed by loan, the relief to the ordinary Budget making some tax reduction possible. The combing can only effectively be done by the Treasury itself. There are doubtless many marginal items. This must be a truism to anyone concerned with the conduct of business. Prudence in business dictates that as many items as possible should be met out of revenue. The soundness of a business may be tested by the extent to which this is done. The same criterion may be applied in a general way to public finance. But "sound" is a relative term. In the present situation the criterion is inapplicable. In allocating items to capital account it is important to remember that the objective is not precise academic correctitude of definition, so as to secure a scrupulously accurate balance of capital items with loans and income items with taxation. The objective is to secure a more important balance than this, namely the balance of the expenditure of the whole community with its expenses in producing consumable goods.

Another plan which might be adopted concomitantly is to set up some sort of Stabilization or Reflation fund, the resources of which could be provided by loan, with the express and limited object of securing an unbalanced increase in the community's income until general prices had reached some predetermined level, such as that of 1929. The fund would be drawn on to finance ordinary expenditure, and taxation would be reduced accordingly. This would involve a frank admission that the Exchequer was being used as an engine for raising prices. Is such frankness undesirable? The highest authorities have urged that a rise of prices is indispensable. Other means have been tried; but there is little confidence that they will succeed. No one has seriously upheld the view that the Exchequer method can fail. Why not attempt it? Why not seize the prize that is within our grasp?

The forces which hold us back spring from the maxim that condemns borrowing. There is a very proper fear of opening wide the gates of financial laxity. That is why it is essential to link up budgetary proposals with the currency question. It is

not desirable to give a spendthrift government *carte blanche*, but only to allow such a degree of excess expenditure as will produce a given measure of effect on the currency, movements in the value of which may be closely observed by means of an index number of prices. The limits of laxity allowed would thus be publicly defined, and the public wrath could legitimately be unloosed if these limits were exceeded.

A few words may be said on the external situation. The foreign exchange value of sterling tends to settle at a level at which claims upon us are equated to our claims on the external world. If there is to be any recovery at all in Great Britain, involving an increase of incomes all round, some increase of imports is to be expected. A corresponding increase of exports can only be secured if one of two things happens, a world recovery involving an increased demand for our goods, or a further fall in the exchange value of sterling giving us the power to undercut competitors. The former is clearly the more desirable. An unbalanced increase of expenditure in Great Britain would itself contribute towards world revival; experience has shown how rapidly an increase or a fall in the demand for goods is transmitted from country to country, bringing prosperity or depression in its wake. Yet it would be unwise to count upon a *sufficient* world revival. Some further fall in the exchange value of sterling may therefore be expected; it would be a natural and proper corollary of our own policy of recovery. It would not, like the previous decline in sterling, have a depressing effect on the external world, for it would be accompanied this time, as the other was not, by an increase in our demand for world goods.

A final word on the budgetary position in other countries. Ought we not to be warned, it might be argued, by the untoward effects of *involuntary* public borrowing there? There is no analogy. Borrowing to fill the gap of an involuntary deficit fails to effect revival of demand for two reasons. In the first place, there is the fear of impending increases in taxation which inhibits undertakings that are affected by future prospects. Secondly, the knowledge that the situation is out

of hand and that the government has lost control so destroys confidence as more than to offset the mechanical effect of new spendable income coming into circulation. A deliberate, conscious and limited endeavour by a government, which was known to be in control, to effect an unbalanced increase of expenditure in the community would not meet with these obstacles and should be effective.

England has traditionally been in advance of other countries in matters of finance and currency. It would be a great achievement if we could once more become a pioneer and show ourselves sufficiently adaptable to absorb and apply the maxims appropriate to a changed world.

of which it has never dreamed. No wonder that the event is regarded almost as a miracle in the Jewish world, and that it serves as a powerful spiritual tonic to a weary people harassed by pogroms, persecuted by Hitlerism, and faced by economic ruin through the depression. In fact, if Palestine were not too small physically and too insignificant industrially to serve as an example to the rest of the world, large countries might now be seen turning to Palestine for guidance out of the economic depression.

But, if mankind at large can as yet well afford to ignore the prosperity in Palestine; if even the West European and American Jews can overlook it, East European Jews cannot disregard the hopes and possibilities which that country is offering at present. For the economic position of practically the whole of East European Jewry is so desperate that almost any kind of relief, no matter how trivial and ephemeral, comes as the greatest of boons. Whether the business revival in Palestine is real or only illusory, for the time being it certainly supplies the only ray of light to a sorely-tried people groping in the darkness of utmost despair. Small as Palestine is, it nevertheless served as a refuge for twelve thousand Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe last year—a number which no other country in the world, no matter how big, has equalled. Unbelievable as it may sound, Palestine has now become the largest country of Jewish immigration, the haven of hope and opportunity which the United States was before the war.

Limited as the resources of the small country are, they nevertheless supplied employment, healthy work on the land and constructive occupation in industry to every one of the twelve thousand Jewish immigrants who arrived last year, and there is hope that this number will be doubled next year. In spite of its industrial insignificance, the Jewish settlement in Palestine witnessed the establishment of six hundred new industrial enterprises during the year. It saw the acreage of its orange plantations raised in the last few years from eleven thousand to a hundred thousand dunams; the export of its citrus fruit raised from two million to four million boxes per year. It saw the completion of a huge electric station on the

Jordan which may one day revolutionize the desert; it saw a promising potash industry develop on the Dead Sea. It watched a big, enterprising building industry grow up, and erect new houses, schools, theatres, hotels, suburbs and colonies with the rapidity known only in frontier countries. It saw millions of pounds of new capital flow into the country and convert the poor, waste stretch of land, forgotten for centuries, into a flowering garden humming with life and bustling with activity.

All of this is, of course, trifling compared with the enterprises of America, Great Britain or Germany, but it has given work, a decent living, and a still more decent hope to tens of thousands of young men and women who would otherwise have been, in Poland and in Rumania, now exposed to pogroms, cruelties and indignities, the butt of bloodthirsty mobs of so-called "students" at Lwow (Lemberg), Cracow, Bucharest, Jassy and the other backyards of European civilization. It has restored self-respect to thousands of middle-aged business men who were hounded by boycotts and driven by persecution on the supposition that they were superfluous human scrap. When a people is in the depths of misery such as that in which Polish and Rumanian Jewries now find themselves, any relief, no matter how small, transient, and uncertain, is a God-sent blessing.

II

But the changes in Palestine are not all for the good. Together with the positive and constructive innovations which the transformation has brought into the economic field, it has introduced also certain changes into the social structure of the Jewish settlement in Palestine and into the psychological outlook of world-Zionism, which threaten to transform entirely the spiritual complexion of the Jewish National Home, and to rob the Zionist movement of its best and most attractive features.

To begin with, there are the usual shadows which naturally follow every bright revival, the evils which seem to be almost inevitable companions of every boom, big or small; an

ZIONIST DREAMS AND REALITIES

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

I

THE post-war period has seen many strange transformations in social movements and in their followers. It has seen revolutionary movements transformed into bulwarks of law and order, and men and women who spent most of their lives fighting for freedom devoting the rest of their days to the cruel suppression of it. It has seen Internationalism changed into hundred per cent patriotism, and pacifists turned into fiery defenders of militarism. It has seen oppressed nationalities, which had struggled for centuries for the right to preserve their nationality, turn into the worst persecutors of the same principle in other people. It has seen Liberals turn Fascists and great Democrats singing pæans to Dictatorship. To these and similar social and psychological enigmas of our time must be added now the strange transformation which has come over Zionism and Palestine during the last two years.

Like most fundamental changes, this one, too, is chiefly internal, and it has found its profoundest expression in the altered mental outlook of the Zionist movement all over the world. Its clearest manifestation, however, is to be found not in psychology, but in economics, and not in the Jewish world at large, but in Palestine. While it is true that practically every Jewish community in Europe and in America is now astir with these changes, it is in Palestine that the drama is being played in the open, and it is there that it can be seen with the naked eye. So apparent, in fact, is the change in Palestine that it has now not only riveted upon itself the attention of the entire world-Jewry, but is beginning to awaken

thought also in the non-Jewish world. The League of Nations, the British Parliament and the Press of Europe and America are beginning to take notice of the unusual phenomenon going on in the Holy Land, and to follow it with undisguised interest.

For something very strange and altogether unexpected has happened in Palestine during the last two years. That country, derelict for centuries, seems to be one of the few places in the civilized world which has escaped the economic blizzard. It boasts of not having any unemployment; of being, in fact, short of labour. Business is booming and private enterprise is at its height, repeating in miniature all the antics of American prosperity of 1925-1929. The country is rapidly developing; cities are growing; buildings are springing up over-night; industry is expanding; export is increasing; investment capital is pouring in from all over the world; high dividends are paid; real estate values are rising; speculation is rife—in a word, the Holy Land (at least, the Jewish part of it) seems to be passing through a good, old-fashioned capitalistic business boom, that much-desired and long-looked-for revival of trade for which the world at large has for the last three or four years been yearning, and which more and more begins to wear the aspect of a will-o'-the-wisp.

The most remarkable part of this phenomenon is that it appeared at a time when not only was the entire world plunged into the greatest economic depression for generations, but when politically, too, Zionism was beset by the greatest difficulties of its career and was fighting for its very existence. It happened soon after the tragedy of 1929; the young Jewish settlement in Palestine lay literally bleeding from its wounds; the Arab world was up in arms against it; the reports of Sir Walter Shaw, of Sir Hope Simpson, and the White Paper of Lord Passfield dealt one cruel blow after another to the fondest hopes of Zionism; the movement was plunged into the greatest despair, and it looked as if the dream of a Jewish National Home were all but shattered. Yet it was from this very depth of failure that the National Home arose within two brief years to a position of economic prestige and political stability which it has certainly never known before, and to a height of success

exaggerated confidence which leads to all kinds of wild-cat schemes ; over-expansion and a sense of inflated values which have led far greater economies than that of Palestine to ruin ; and a sort of aggressive optimism coupled with a sleek self-satisfaction which works havoc with the character of a people.

The improvement in Palestine, coming as it did so miraculously soon after what seemed to be an abysmal failure, has quite evidently gone to the head of many Jews. The fertile imagination of a people naturally imaginative and given to day-dreaming, has been aroused, with the result that all sense of proportion has been lost.

The Palestine success is exaggerated beyond all measure and excitedly trumpeted about as a huge wave of prosperity carrying on its back the whole of the Jewish people to a new Eldorado. In the general excitement, it is altogether overlooked that Palestine at its best cannot support even a twentieth part of the Jewish population of the world ; that at present Jews form only one-sixth of the population of the Holy Land and are a mere speck of sand in the Arab desert surrounding them ; and that no lasting prosperity or even security is assured without the strong friendship and good-will of these near and distant Arab neighbours. The brisk air of bumptious self-assurance fostered by prosperity is not conducive to the growth of that tender plant, Arab-Jewish understanding, which is so essential to the real success of the country.

But far more serious than these external shadows fleeting over the surface are the changes now introduced and working within the depths of Zionism itself, undermining the fundamental principles upon which the movement is based. Of these latter, there are especially two which Zionism has followed continuously ever since its inception, and which have been its main sources of strength and inspiration throughout the trying period of its struggle for recognition and realization. They served not only to make the Zionist idea popular among its own adherents, but also to attract to it many non-Zionist Jews who, although they did not particularly sympathize with the idea of a Jewish State, nevertheless assisted Zionist activities and helped to swell the prestige of that movement.

The first of these principles was the one of social justice based on collective effort upon which the Jewish National Home in Palestine was to be built. Zionism was from its very beginning a social as well as a national scheme. Like most nineteenth-century ideals, it concerned itself as much with the evils of the economic system from which the great masses of the Jewish people suffered as with the national discriminations against Jews. The ideal of its originators was not a return to the old Jewish State of two thousand years ago, but a rebuilding of the old State upon the new and progressive principles of the modern age. Dr. Theodor Herzl's *Judenstaat* (the pattern upon which Zionism is largely built) is a nineteenth-century Utopia of the early Socialist type. Although it does not follow modern Socialistic lines, it nevertheless recognizes and proclaims the idea of public ownership as the basis of the new Jewish State. Land, especially, was to be national, not private property in the new State. A beautiful illustration of this principle is the National Fund, founded thirty years ago for the purpose of buying land in Palestine ; this Fund actually has acquired most of the Jewish land there. The ground bought by it is in the strict collective ownership of the people. None of it can be sold privately or exploited for private gain.

Since the Balfour Declaration this principle has been strengthened still more, first by the spirit of the time immediately after the war, when State ownership became a matter of course in Europe, and secondly by the advent to the leadership of the Zionist movement of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. A sound Manchester Liberal and a great realist, Dr. Weizmann not only accepted the principle of collective ownership of his predecessors, but he went a step further and adopted the principle that the development of the National Home can be best advanced if proceeded with as a collective national effort, not as a private enterprise.

This is, perhaps, Dr. Weizmann's historic contribution to Zionism, his advance upon Herzl, and to this his success is admittedly due. It is a matter of common knowledge that, apart from Soviet Russia, Jewish Palestine has until recently

been the most interesting laboratory in collective social experiments. Most of the new Jewish land settlements in Palestine were operated successfully as collectives years before Soviet Russia introduced the idea of land collectivization, and it is generally admitted now that in no other manner but this could the magnificent progress which has been made in Palestine during the last decade have been accomplished. Palestine has supplied the most potent example of the success of the voluntary collective principle at work which Western civilization has so far to show, and Zionism has the distinction of having made this experiment possible.

III

The second fundamental principle of Zionism has been of even greater value than the idea of social justice and of collective effort, because it has affected profoundly not Palestine alone, but also the Zionist movement and the Jewish people as a whole.

One of the worst disabilities of the Jewish people, imposed upon them by centuries of discrimination is that resulting from their being prevented from engaging in productive occupations. From the Middle Ages onwards Jews in Europe have been kept from the soil and practically limited to, first, financial transactions and, later, to trading as a means of livelihood. It was only in 1917 that revolutionary Russia abolished the infamous Tsaristic decree making it a criminal offence for Jews even to live in an agricultural village, let alone to engage in work on the land. Even now in Poland, while no such discriminatory law appears any longer on the statute book, in practice Jews are barred, just as they used to be, from agriculture and even from the factories. Now as in the Middle Ages the mass of Jews in Eastern Europe are practically still forced to engage mostly in petty trading or in small hand-work.

The result of this age-long economic discrimination against Jews has been the creation of an unhealthy, distorted and abnormal Jewish economy which is probably the source of most of the Jewish troubles in the world. The great preponderance of trading among Jews, the largely unproductive

nature of this occupation, the ease with which it lends itself to exploitation and what appears as a result to be a Jewish tendency to avoid physical labour and to seek only easy gain, has supplied the ammunition for most anti-semitic propaganda, and has led to more than one pogrom.

The worst of this situation, however, is that what was first only a political and economic discrimination has in the course of centuries tended to become a social habit and even a psychological trait of the Jewish group. Trading has become almost second nature with many Jews; they have developed a special aptitude for it, perhaps even a liking. Jews, much more than the English, have become the world's real nation of shopkeepers.

It is a nice point for discussion whether trading is as essential to society as production, and whether the work of the middleman is as productive as that of the farmer and labourer. But the fact remains that in the case of the Jews their propensity for business has been generally interpreted as a sign of economic parasitism, and it has caused much of the antipathy and a good deal of the hatred which is being felt for them in many countries.

Modern, progressive Jewry has been fully aware of this, and most movements of Jewish social reform since the middle of the nineteenth century have occupied themselves with what is called the problem of Jewish "productivization," *i.e.* with the direction of Jews into productive, physical occupations instead of business and trading. Land colonization and the development of trades and industries among Jews have been the direct and indirect object of the greatest Jewish philanthropic organizations (such as the French I.C.A., the Russian O.R.T., and the American Agro-Joint societies) and of every important individual Jewish philanthropist from Baron Hirsch to Mr. Julius Rosenwald. But it was left chiefly to the great Jewish folk-movements, to the Jewish Labour and Socialist movement in Eastern Europe, to the Jewish Communist movement in Soviet Russia, and chiefly to the Zionist Labour "Halutzim" (or Pioneer) movement in Palestine, to do most of the work in this field.

The Halutzim movement is a by-product of Zionism, but while Zionism is chiefly political in its nature, and aims at the restoration of the Jewish State, the Halutzim movement is largely economic and spiritual, and strives towards the reclamation of the Jewish people themselves, asserting that the upbuilding of a Jewish land is not possible without the upbuilding first of a healthy Jewish people. With this end in view, the Halutzim go out to Palestine to do all the hard work of reclamation which the land requires with their own hand. One of their fundamental principles is to live by manual labour only, and not to benefit by the exploitation of other men's work. Before they have an opportunity of going to Palestine they live on farms at home, or do all sorts of manual work in workshops and in factories in preparation for their future work in the Holy Land. They also work collectively and sometimes live communally, very much like the great religious brotherhoods of the Middle Ages, but their ideals are more social than religious, and their chief aim is the restoration of a healthy Jewish psychology through the establishment of a normal Jewish economy, based upon productive labour as opposed to exploitation and parasitism.

As a manifestation of Jewish productive activity, the work of the Halutzim in Palestine has no rival. It is to them that is due almost everything which has been accomplished in the Jewish National Home since the war. They did all the manual labour needed for laying the foundation of the present Jewish settlement in Palestine. They drained the swamps, thus banishing malaria; they broke the stones, built the roads, dug the ground, planted forests, erected the cities, irrigated the desert, established the colonies, and did all the other work which has made the young Jewish settlement in Palestine the marvel of the post-war period. The result of their effort is the greatest monument to Jewish productivization, the most effective reply to the anti-Semitic taunt of Jewish parasitism, and the greatest proof that whatever distortion there is to be found in Jewish life is due to abnormal conditions imposed from outside, not to defection from within.

It will for ever remain to the credit of Zionism that it has

very early recognized the spiritual significance of the Halutzim movement and has helped to foster and develop it. Post-war Zionist leadership especially will be remembered for its quick sympathy and the effective help it gave to those youths.

IV

Both of these principles are now being thrown overboard. The principle of collective work and national ownership is being abandoned to make room for individual enterprise and private capital which is at present flowing freely into Palestine; while the Labour Halutzim are being gradually dropped in favour of the business men and traders of the Jewish middle class.

During the last few years Palestine has had the good or bad fortune to attract the attention of Jewish investors and speculators from all over the world. The citrus plants of Palestine have proved to be of good quality, and they are rapidly gaining favour in the European markets. The growing and exporting of oranges and grape-fruit has become a lucrative business, known to pay from 12 to 20 per cent dividends. Buildings in Tel Aviv and in other Jewish centres are reputed to yield even more. In times of depression, when Wall Street is languishing and the Bourses of Europe are pining in sympathy, when fortunes in real estate in New York and Florida are a thing of the past, orange groves in Galilee and real estate in Jerusalem may take their places, with the result that Jewish capital lying idle in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Johannesburg, and wherever else Jews live, is flowing into Palestine at an unprecedented rate. Never before has the country known of such a rush of capital. The present boom in Palestine is due largely to this and to the resultant increase of private enterprise and business.

The invading investors still pay lip service to the ideal of the Jewish National Home, and even some real tribute which takes the form of employing higher paid Jewish labour. But it does not require much prescience to tell that when the appetite of the investors is awakened, all talk of ideals, national and others, will go overboard. Capital must yield dividends; if

it is found that dividends are impossible or too small because of high-priced labour, it will employ cheap labour, even if it has to import it from the desert. Already there are signs in abundance of such a tendency. The standards of the Palestine Jewish Labour Federation are already being challenged by the new entrepreneurs, and the country is swept by a wave of organized strike-breaking in an attempt to depress wages and lengthen hours of work. A bitter class struggle, as sharp as in any industrial centre of the West, is making its appearance in Palestine. The benefits resulting from the imported investments have been accompanied by the usual evils of capital which goes out into colonial countries in search of dividends.

Graver still are the evils of speculation. The line of demarcation between investment and speculation is never easy to draw; in times of boom, it is almost impossible. It is generally admitted that speculation is rife in Palestine already. The building boom in the country is grossly overdone. Houses in Tel Aviv and in Jerusalem spring up not so much because homes are needed, but because speculators expect to reap a big profit by selling or renting them. The situation is not unlike that in the United States before the big crash. Prices of real estate are mounting sky high; building proceeds at a feverish rate; values are inflated. In the business centre of Tel Aviv it is already impossible to buy land. The vultures of speculation have not overlooked even the colonies. A new kind of speculation, one in orange groves, has arisen in Palestine, and is rapidly spreading throughout the Jewish world. The boom in land suitable for orange groves is even bigger than the boom in city real estate because it is not confined to Palestine alone. In every Jewish community in Europe and in America, companies are floated, shares sold and an orange grove speculation matching in intensity any Wall Street boom, is on foot.

The results of this are too obvious to need elaboration. Already land prices in Palestine have risen to such heights that not only the poor Arab, but even the poor working Jew is no longer in a position to acquire for himself a small holding

necessary for earning a living. Unimproved land suitable for orange groves has risen from about £5 to £30 per dunam (a quarter of an acre); improved land is selling as high as £300 per dunam. The National Fund itself is no longer in a position to pay such exorbitant prices, and has practically ceased to acquire new land for the nation. In its annual memorandum to the League of Nations Mandate Commission, the Jewish Agency reports that of the 41,226 dunams of land acquired by Jews in Palestine last year, only 9,910 dunams were acquired by the National Fund, the smallest acquisition for years. Every foot of land is being snatched up by speculators and investors in order to yield profits and dividends. The land is passing into the hands of absentee capitalists in London, New York, Paris, and Berlin. The collectively owned farms of the Halutzim and even of the individual small Jewish holder are decreasing in number. Only the remnants of what is left by the big foreign corporations can be picked up by the small men now.

So threatening has this speculation become that Zionist leaders who only a short while ago were rubbing their hands gleefully at the sight of the rush of private capital into Palestine have now been obliged themselves to raise their voices against the new peril and to "launch a severe fight against the operations of the speculators and brokers forcing up the prices of citrus land and groves". The American Economic Committee at Tel Aviv have been specially entrusted with this task. Whether the Americans will succeed remains yet to be seen; what can be stated with certainty so far is that the very purpose of Zionism is at present in danger of being defeated. Palestine threatens to become a sort of foreign colony for Jewish capital, and the National Home for the Jewish people a Home for Jewish investment and speculation—a very different thing indeed from the dream of Dr. Herzl and of the other idealists of that great folk movement.

V

A still greater danger threatens Palestine from the proposed abandonment of the second fundamental principle of post-

war Zionism—that of Halutzim colonization—and the substitution of the so-called middle-class immigration in its place.

The middle class, for whose benefit this change is now urged, consists of the petty Jewish traders, shopkeepers, and business men who find themselves completely without any means of subsistence in practically the whole of Eastern Europe. The position of these people is certainly tragic beyond words. Economically, they are doomed by the advent of the new tendency of modern industry to do away with middlemen; politically, they are discriminated against both for racial reasons and because the State is usurping their function; spiritually, they are despised for their non-productivity. Every country of immigration is closed to them, while their native lands do everything to make their lives unbearable. The prosperity of Palestine has suddenly brought a new hope to these people. Here is a place industrially and economically undeveloped, with practically no business and trading; why not make it a place of refuge for the Jewish pedlar, petty trader, business entrepreneur, broker and middle man? Why not make the Holy Land the sanctuary for the decrepit Ghetto economy which is crumbling everywhere else? Is it not to be a Jewish National Home? And what better purpose can a National Home serve than to preserve the economic foundations of over 75 per cent of a people whom it is to harbour?

The very idea of such a scheme would seem to be too preposterous for serious consideration. To send middle-aged business men without capital, without training, without qualifications except their sharp business wits, to colonize a derelict country which needs the very fundamentals of civilization, would seem to be too fantastic to make an appeal to practical people. Besides, the idea of a Jewish National Home for the preservation of Jewish petty trading cuts across every fundamental idea of Jewish productivization and nullifies all the efforts of Jewish social work for over half a century. Was it not in order to escape from the futility and the contempt which go with the non-productive Ghetto occupations that Zionism was devised? Of what use would it be to the people

even to gain its livelihood—assuming that such a fantastic event were possible—if it loses by it the soul which it has begun to regain? But so desperate is the position of these people that they clutch even at this sodden reed to save themselves from drowning.

The advocates of this policy come mostly from Poland, where Jewry is in its worst state of economic and general decay. There the movement is assuming grotesque forms and is leading to a bitter internal struggle and to an amazing crusade against the Halutzim and all they stand for, as well as against Labour in general, strongly reminiscent of Fascism and Hitlerism. Unbelievable as it may sound, a Zionist Hitlerist movement, fully rigged out except for Hitler's anti-Semitism, is actually in existence now in Poland and is penetrating into Palestine. Its members parade in Brown Shirts; drill in preparation for some imaginary war; engage in strike-breaking; foster a bellicose attitude towards the Arab population and against the Mandatory Power; exacerbate class passions, and hound every Liberal Zionist leader from public life. They make strong inroads into the Zionist Press and capture important positions within the movement. They were a sufficiently strong force at the last Zionist Congress at Basle to force the resignation of Dr. Weizmann; the indications are that they will be a still stronger force at the coming Congress in 1933 and that their policy of political aggression, social reaction, and the economic restoration of the small trader will become the dominant one of the Zionist movement. For essentially, Zionism is a middle class movement, susceptible to all the tendencies emanating from and affecting the middle class. Hitherto it clung to Liberalism, the product of a nineteenth-century victorious middle class; now it is veering to Fascism, the twentieth-century manifestation of the same class in despair.

VI

Thus Zionism is losing both the external lustre of social idealism as well as the internal spiritual worth emanating from the reclamation of the soul of a people. The canker of

private greed from which the movement was hitherto singularly free is now creeping into and corrupting it. Its previous public spirit is passing into a spirit of private gain and of narrow group interests. Everybody seems to be wanting to get something out of Zion instead of giving to it.

What is worse, that class is gaining in power and in influence. Already, on arriving at Tel Aviv, one is surrounded by a swarm of brokers, real estate sharks, business entrepreneurs, high-pressure salesmen, money-lenders, usurers, and speculators of every kind, each offering a new business venture, each outbidding and denouncing his competitor, each greedily seeking to grab a commission and to snatch a share of the wealth which he did nothing to produce. A national tragedy, which for centuries has supplied, probably, the only possible justification for anti-Semitism, is being restored; the brightest hope of real regeneration which Jews have had in recent history is being dimmed.

In short, Israel has had a beautiful dream, which lasted for almost half a century. But, like all such dreams, this one is fading. The dreamer is awakening to reality and is settling down—to business, as usual.

THE KAFFIR AND THE COW COMPLEX

BY LORD OLIVIER

I KNOW of no treatise doing justice to the place of the cow in the evolution of human civilization. The theme is inviting. The cow has been found so useful to man that in spite of its poverty in attractive spiritual or intellectual qualities it has not only been canonized but actually deified, on considerations of economic expediency, and, where not worshipped as in Egypt and Hindustan, or glorified in symbolical art as in Crete, it has been widely protected by national religions and admitted to an intimate participation in the spiritual life of peoples. Useful as are the sheep, and the far more dæmonic pig, they have been exalted to no comparable position of veneration, although the Roman sculptor certainly did very handsomely for the boar in the symbolic panel of the Saints of the Suovetaurilia in the Roman Forum. (When the glory had departed from that sacred enclosure, it was positively the cow that inherited its prestige. For centuries it was known to Romans as the "Campo Vaccino.") What the cow is in India, recent political controversies and Lord Linlithgow's Agricultural Commission have dimly brought home to most of us. That killing cows should be the symbolic gesture associated with the most difficult of Indian problems reflects an inspired indignation on the part of Moslem religion against the veneration of so stupid a beast. The Saxon churl appropriately colonized England at the tail of the cow, and has nationally apotheosized himself as John Bull. *Mort aux vaches!* was the impious outcry that brought down the wrath of Heaven on Crainquebille in Anatole France's tale.

The report (1932) of the Native Economic Commission appointed by the Union Government of South Africa, and

other reports recently published on Basutoland and Swaziland concur in declaring that the cow is now threatening the means of subsistence of all native societies. They foretell famine in about ten years' time. The cows will have eaten up all the grass and the surface soil will all have been washed away.

The cow is the basis and matrix of Bantu economy. The Bantu is not devout, like the Indian, and his attitude towards the cow is more basely practical. Nevertheless his poets speak of the beast as the "god with the wet nose". In all the Bantu communities the cow remains, what it has been over far wider areas now submerged by commercial and industrial civilization, the standard and symbol of value and the principal asset of realized and husbanded wealth. Therefore the cow is not squandered. It is not killed for beef except with ceremonial sanction, for the celebration of some occasion of social significance, such as a marriage or a war-feast or a festival connected with the husbandry of the grain-crop. Being capital, it yields interest in the form of milk and hides, or may, as among the Masai, and the Irish (among whom it was said that "Kerry cows had no Sunday"), be tapped of its blood for puddings. Whether the Masai still cut living steaks out of the rumps of their cows as they used to and sew up the slit in the skin, I do not know. Possibly the Kenya Veterinary Department may have dissuaded them from the practice.

Property in the cow is not vested exclusively in the living. Tribal society does not consist of the living alone. It includes the spirits of ancestors, who have their spectral participation of interest in the family herds. These spirits are by no means sleeping partners, they are capable of active jealousy and of making themselves disagreeable if their susceptibilities are ruffled. The question whether a cow should be killed is thus by no means simply one of exchange value. It is a matter of family or even tribal concern. Moreover, the transition from cow currency to money currency has not by any means yet been so far accomplished in the minds of African natives as to enable any particular sum of money to be regarded as the real equivalent of a cow. In the native economy as it

has evolved itself, cows are wealth: and it is impossible or at best very difficult for the tribal African to understand that he might be richer with fewer cows than he will be with greater numbers. After all, a cow is palpably more valuable than money or printed paper, and so long as cows can be kept alive at all the depreciation of that form of wealth is less obvious than the depreciation of a gold or paper currency may be. If Africans do not want to sell their cows and do not habitually use them as butcher's meat, the depreciation of cows only shows itself in a shortening of their life, or by the falling off of the milk supply. Both these depreciations are beginning to make themselves felt today, and they will be felt with increasing rapidity as the erosion of pastures proceeds. Realization of these facts may afford a leverage for inducing natives to restrict the increase and improve the quality of their cattle. There is, unfortunately, little in the present state of the world market for beef or hides to encourage them to breed with a view to sale and to improve their stock for the sake of an outside market.

The cow being the traditional basis of the national life, its economy is specially guarded by spiritual sanctions: and the tribal chief, being the responsible embodiment of the spiritual life of the tribe, is necessarily conservative in all matters relating to cattle. He is responsible for the making of rain in due season for the sowing of corn: his authority therefore as to the time of ploughing, sowing and harvesting must be respected. The agriculture of these communities being, like that of the Saxons, the cattle and open field system, there can be no fencing or permanent improvement or even special treatment of arable plots. After harvest they must be thrown open as Lammas pastures, that the cattle may eat the stubble. While the corn is growing the cattle must be kept out of it by neat-herds.

In the characteristic Bantu economy, where and so far as it survives, which of course it does not entirely in some racially Bantu communities, some of the cattle will be the chief's cattle though with a latent trust for the tribe, and some of them the separate family property of the tribespeople. Cattle are the

only trustee security, and since no woman can be married without a settlement made on her by her bridegroom the custom of Lobolo, that is to say the provision of cattle by the bridegroom, to be held in trust for the wife and her family, is an essential and universal feature of tribal life. It has taken missionaries, and even some British feminists, many years to disabuse themselves of the notion that the parents of marriageable girls in Bantu communities sell their daughters into slavery to brutal polygamists in exchange for cows. The man who is wealthy enough to have many wives will also be the apparent possessor of many cows, but when he loses the wife he loses the cow. It is not congenial to a conservative chief, responsible to the tribe for the exercise of absolute power in its interests, that private individuals should become too rich and powerful by adding cow to cow. When, therefore, a wealthy man's cows are pastured in common they are often not handled as a single herd, which might be controlled each by two or three herdsman and dogs, but are ostensibly divided and lent to poorer relations. Each family looks after its own beasts in the herd.

The common-field economy and the steppe system of agriculture which the South African nations inherit do not allow them to acquire riches beyond the standard of the subsistence economy which the tribe has evolved as a pastoral nation. The rainfall is not sufficient for garden or orchard cultivation. The dry-farming agriculture and irrigation cultivation which can be developed by the European with capital are quite beyond their powers. Such garden truck as they can raise in the rains only lasts them a few months in the year; for the rest they have to depend on their mealie porridge and casual wild roots and greenstuff. Sheep and goats are subordinate to the cows, and at best yield little profit, whilst in Basutoland, much of which is excellent sheep-country, the sheep in the mountains are becoming as great a menace to the life of the pasture as are the cattle in the denuded lowlands. Meanwhile, the contact with European civilization has inevitably raised the standard and cost of living to all but the most uncivilized of "red" Kaffirs. They must buy clothes:

they must pay taxes to meet the increasing costs of government imposed upon them by their European rulers, whether in the Union or the Protectorates and by their own chiefs. Within their own territories they have nothing to sell except what all their neighbours are also producing to meet their own requirements and neither can nor desire to buy. Its export value is trivial, even if costs of transport do not eat it up.

Consequently, all the able-bodied men leave their homes to seek work. More than half of the adult male population is always absent. They go to work on the farms of Europeans, where out of their beggarly wages they may be able to save in the year just enough to pay their taxes. Or they go to work at the mines or in the towns, where they can earn higher wages, but, except in the mines, hardly a greater surplus after paying their cost of living. In the mines they can earn a surplus, and their ambition is to invest it in family life in their own homes. They buy cattle and marry, and incur increased liability for taxes. Any money which these men can earn beyond what they need for taxes and maintenance thus goes to increase the numbers of cattle in their reserves or protectorates.

Concurrently the determined and energetic work of the South African veterinary services has very effectually checked the destruction of African cattle by the various diseases which from time to time have ravaged the herds. The numbers of the cattle have rapidly and greatly increased. They are capital and currency. To repress their natural increase would appear to their owners to be as insane a proceeding as to burn bank-notes. They are the standard of all exchange values. They cannot even be buried in Treasury vaults. They have to live. They have to feed. And they are eating up all the pastures, and as a result of their eating are causing the disappearance of the whole of the surface soil of South Africa. Everywhere except in Bechuanaland native pastures are overstocked. In Basutoland if they are not overstocked they are overfed, for want of fencing and rest. Over wide areas, as proved to the last Economic Commission, the nourishing grasses have been entirely destroyed: they cannot seed—even their roots are

bitten out. The cows' teeth are worn down : they age prematurely : no well-bred stock can survive on the harsh diet ; noxious and irrepressible weeds over-run the surface. The cattle wilt : the milk supply dwindles. Where the grass is destroyed and where the cattle tramp long distances to their drinking-places and dipping tanks, the ground is pounded up into sand and dust. The rains in a single season will excavate watercourses in the denuded surface, the adjacent soil is dissolved and swept into them. Innumerable gullies (dongas) are formed and breed themselves tributaries. In a few years the whole surface soil, and all the available plant-food established and maintained by centuries of turf is dissolved and swept away, and the hard, raw, naked subsoil, devoid of all plant-feeding life-forms, is left exposed. This is the process that has now gone so far as to lead the Economic Commission gravely to prophesy that in ten years time South Africa will be faced with famine.

The Government of the Cape Province, in regard to its own native reserves, the High Commission in regard to the Protectorates, have not failed to establish agricultural departments with officers who can give the natives good advice. The advice is not followed, and under present conditions cannot be. The problem is to substitute, in the first place, an enclosed agriculture for an open field system. That development has been attempted only in the Cape Native territories, by what is known as the Glen Grey Experiment. Land has been sold in severalty to small holders. Where a tribal chief has authority, although a family may have security of tenure for the area of its annual cultivation, fencing an enclosure cannot be allowed. It would appear to threaten the principle of tribal property, it would look to the chief as if a tribesman might be becoming too prosperous. In Basutoland, a mountainous country in which a peasant agriculture of orchard crops and other marketable produce could well be developed, for it has a good rainfall, there are positively no trees. The quickest way to stem soil erosion is to plant trees on the banks of the dongas. The chiefs do not allow the planting of trees ; for trees mean permanent ownership.

As there are no trees there is no fuel except cow-dung. As in India, the fields, whether pasture or arable, are deprived of their natural manure. Even in Glen Grey, where severalty has been established, the cultivation of the small holders is little better than that of the cultivators on the common-field system. Why ? Because the able-bodied men have to go out to earn wages.

In Bechuanaland there is practically no limitation of pasture, and except near the eastern border the overstocking is not sufficient as yet to be destroying the country ; but the poverty of the people, relatively to the increasing cost of living on anything but a " red Kaffir " standard and the increase of taxation, are telling here also, and the able-bodied male population have to seek work at wages outside.

Nothing but education, and the stimulation of the entirely capable Bantu intelligence by European schooling, can fundamentally affect these encroaching evils : and in all these territories education languishes. Because the men are away from home all the boys from twelve to eighteen years of age have to herd the cattle. In Bechuanaland, where the herds are pastured many miles from the town, the boys go out for the season in regiments, as the boys of the Masai used to do, and live with the cattle. In the closer settled territories because the cows of each family or of each nominal owner have to be tended separately, just as many boys have to run with the herds. The cow, therefore, makes it impossible for more than a fraction of the boys to get any part of such schooling as may be available at the missionary institutions. What education there is the girls get most of. There are three times as many girls at school as there are boys. This circumstance by itself may produce in the future revolutionary effects in native societies. For the present the continuous absence of men to seek wages, and the segregation of the boys in hordes, returning periodically to the villages, are rapidly destroying the rigid system of parental authority and conjugal morality that was bound up with the tribal systems, promoting contagious disease and filling the tribal courts with matrimonial quarrels.

Mort aux vaches !

A MAN ABOUT TOWN

[*Extracts from the letters of George Dempster of Dunnichen (1732-1818) to Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran, written in the years 1756-7.*]

BY JAMES FERGUSSON

AT half-past ten on a Tuesday morning in November of the year 1756, a young Scotsman sat down in a Dover inn to write, "with a broomstick dipt in a kennel of dirty ink", as he put it, looking disgustedly at his pen, to the friend from whom he had parted in Ostend the day before. He had crossed the English Channel during the night and, like modern venturers over the same waters, had suffered unreasonably during the voyage, even though "the most favourable breeze in the compass" was astern and the crossing had taken a mere nine and a half hours. There could be excitements, however, in those days from which the modern traveller is free. "The alarm was given about the break of day that a light was discovered ahead, and they suspected a French privateer. The guns were loaded, the lanterns lighted and the matches, and all dispositions made for our defence. . . . But luckily a noise ran that it was only a fishing boat."

The letter-writer was George Dempster of Dunnichen, a young Angus laird, a newly fledged advocate, and a disappointed traveller. His correspondent was Adam Fergusson, another Scottish advocate of the same age as himself (twenty-three), with whom Dempster had hoped to perform the grand tour which should complete the education received at the universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. They had spent six months in the Netherlands, and studied languages, fencing, dancing and riding at the Académie Royale of Brussels; had

visited Aix, Spa, Liège, and the towns of the United Provinces, and were just ready to start for Germany, Switzerland, and Italy when Dempster was summoned home. His elder sister was ill, his factor was dead, and the affairs of the estate he had inherited from his father two years before were in confusion: he must return at once. Fergusson and some other friends had accompanied him to Ostend to see him off, and they had spent a merry farewell evening, to the diversions of which two dark hints bear witness: the sentence, "This last night did not teem so much with adventures as the former" in Dempster's letter, and the entry "4 demi-sovereigns lost at cards" in Fergusson's account-book.

Dempster travelled by way of Canterbury to London, which he reached the next day. "The same good fortune which attended me to Dover deserted me not till I came here", he wrote to Fergusson on November 26th. "It was about six in the evening when I arrived. *Comus* was advertised for Drury Lane. In dirt and boots I flew there and found good fortune had just preserved one seat in the whole house for me. Never was my soul so much enchanted as at seeing the representation of that mask where poetry and music have lavished all their ornaments. Do read once more that song to Echo and say (for thou can'st) if Sapho or Anacreon ever produced a finer.

"If thou hast hid them tell me where, Sweet Queen of parly, daughter of the sphere. So mayst thou be translated to the skys, To give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.' O God, what genius! You'll forgive me an extract or two of some of the most poetical passages. . . ."

He only spent a short time in London—"three nights of Garric and three days of street-walking"—but managed to gather some political gossip to pass on to his friend. "The change of ministry makes the noise you would expect, it gives universal content. But most people fear its stability and apprehend very much from the Parliamentary interest of N—t—le [Newcastle] whose resignation was too heroic not to leave room to believe he foresaw the short duration of his disgrace. The King is still much their friend, and while

the new Lord of the Admiralty kissed his hand he held it out behind his back . . . talking all the while to Lord Anson of naval affairs. This good frog-eyed old man our K— may be compared to a child surrounded by different masters who each of them teach him in a different method. One part of speech he cannot, as they say, digest. In his speech at the meeting of P[arliament]t they insist upon his saying 'I vil inquire intoo de conduct of de late Ministry and dai strictly.' Which his reluctance to do makes him very unwilling to promise." Mr. Pitt had shown moderation in his assumption of power. "He takes to himself only the office of Secretary of State for the southern department. Somebody suggested to him that a man of his abilities might be capable of both south and north and that with one he would have too little money. 'Money,' says that hero, 'what have I to do with money? I never knew what to do with money. I serve where I may do most good to my country.'"

Arriving at Edinburgh, Dempster lodged with an uncle and aunt in Forrester's Wynd. Though still regretting his curtailed grand tour, he was glad to be at home again: "I felt the gloom of my disappointment somewhat dispelled as I approached that dear desert, and came within the powerfull attraction of my friends and acquaintance". A few months later he wrote, "I am now as much familiarized to home as if I had never been abroad, and I view the dirt of Edinburgh, the narrow closes, the high public stairs, the ill-dressed men, the inconstant weather, the cold days and long nights, with as much indulgence as if I had never experienced better".

But a fortnight after leaving Brussels he was still conscious of some foreign prejudices clinging to his mind when he conversed with William Nairne, Robert Arbuthnot, and others of his friends. "I must own a little surprise to return to a country without nobility, and where the law predominates and triumphs over the sword, and a set of people who are but ranked in the second class every where else, the first and most considerable here; to find a man pass for a gentleman without a laced coat or diamond ring and to hear from Nairne that he had been visiting Lady Boyde in a valet de chamber's

frock and an unpowdered brown greezy head. . . . Nairne watches my motions with all the vigilance of a Mentor to take care that none of 'em betray affectation, conceit or a contempt of the homely objects that surround me. And notwithstanding that I second his endeavours, and labour to take myself down like an over-strained instrument to the low pitch of the rest about me, I have not entirely escaped the observation of the remarkers here, and some of 'em brand me (unjustly God knows) with the imputation of extravagance, and look on the ruin of my fortune as the inevitable consequence of a laced coat and a powdered wig."

Dempster made short visits to his home in Angus to settle his estate affairs. The deceased factor's accounts were more confused than he had at first realized, and he spent most of the following January and February in unravelling them. But during December, 1756, he could not tear himself away from the gay world of Edinburgh. "I am upon taking a house here in place of at Dundee, finding it more convenient for my sisters and brothers and even for myself." Also he did not forget to call the day after his return to Edinburgh upon his friend's parents. Fergusson's father was a judge of the Court of Session with the title of Lord Kilkerran; his mother, called, in the fashion of the time, "Lady Jean" Fergusson, was a grand-daughter of John, fifth Earl of Lauderdale. They had, besides their Ayrshire home of Kilkerran, a house in Edinburgh and another at Sunbury, a district then outside the city but now covered by the buildings near the Dean Bridge.

"The manner in which you had been so good as to make mention of me", wrote Dempster on December 5th, "procured me the most warm reception (of this I express the most gratefull sense). Well, after the first compliments were safely over my lord began to applaud our æconomy and express surprise at the moderation of your draughts. As I was conscious with how much expence one's first setting out upon such an expedition must be attended, of the expence of clothes, lace, &c., &c., at first I suspected irony in this speech of his lordship's and had begun to hum and ha an excuse

for us two criminals, but by the strain of the conversation I found him serious absolutely, and he again repeated that you had been considerably within the sum he had thought of. He then informed me that so far from limiting you to any sum he had allways ordered you a credit more extensive than your demands, and if he did not assign you a sum, as Lady Jean thought he should, it was only least, when that proved insufficient, you might be shy in telling so or trouble yourself to make two ends meet when you had another end than œconomy to pursue. Ha, says I (without speaking), does the wind sit in this corner? This may be of service. I'll bottle it up as the cooks do catchup for use. Now I imagine this intelligence will not be unacceptable to you. I think I have heard you express some anxiety least the old gentleman shou'd grumble at the frequency of your demands upon him, and seen, if I mistake not, that apprehension influence your deliberations about making up clothes and purchasing things which you imagined might be usefull or ornamentall to you. Now I think while my lord continues of this mind, and I am sure he will continue of it so long as he has you for a son, you may make yourself easy upon that, and go on to provide yourself in every thing that your heart suggests you may need. Happy man, who may dress in variety of clothes to gain acquaintance, play now and then for something interesting to oblige them, buy prints and a picture now and then when you find them cheap and charming, restricted to no sum, no time, no country. You are happier than any king, yea than any subject. I hope, nay I am sure you'll forgive this freedom since its only meaning is to serve you."

Fergusson might have been expected, on receiving this indiscreet encouragement, to plunge into a perfect orgy of uncalculating expenditure; but his carefully kept accounts show that he was not extravagant, and the books, pictures, engravings, and *objets d'art* which he bought in Italy and sent home by sea from Leghorn were chosen with care and taste. None the less his whole expenses during about two years' travelling came to just under £1,500; but Lord Kilkerran seems to have made no complaint concerning the "dem'd total".

A part of Dempster's letter of December 16th was devoted to long quotations from the second volume of David Hume's *History of England*, which had just been published. He "doted upon David", and had "always considered him as the Socrates of Edinburgh"; and it distressed him that Hume should have reaped little from his *History* but the reputation of being a callous atheist. "He himself", observed Dempster sadly, "at length weary of the spirit of persecution which he meets with in the clergy and even in people of a more liberal way of thinking, proposes to go up to London in the spring, and abandoning an ungratefull country shelter himself under the wing of liberty and enjoy the society of men who know how to estimate his merit. I am really sorry for the loss we shall sustain."

He continued to visit Lord Kilkerran and Lady Jean. "My lord has been so good as acquaint me with many advices and directions which some elderly Dons have given him with regard to you. One assured him the other day that Rome was so dangerous for perverting the principles of a young man and for infusing Jacobite tenets that it would be adviseable to put a negative upon that seat of the Antichrist (alas! the poor Pantheon), others that war rendered travelling fruitless; but Lord Minto [the Lord Justice-Clerk] made an attack which he wou'd certainly have carried over a man of less good sense and less paternal affection than my lord. He first urged the example of his own son [this was the future Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was a friend of Dempster's] 'for the necessity of returning upon the breaking out of a war, and next the experience of his own self to prove two very extraordinary positions. First, that Italy contained nothing worth seeing, and that a little knowledge of antiquities but none at all of the world were the sole advantages to be reaped from that journey. Next that, to use his own words, too long a stay from home broke a man's *work arm*, and either rendered him unfit or averse from business upon his return. I cou'd perceive that these assertions did not want their weight with your father, but such is the confidence he reposes in you, and so determined is his resolution never to prescribe to you

[in] any one point of time, place, or expence, that I had only to second his own sentiments with my opinion, to efface quite any impression which Lord Minto's discourse had left."

News and rumours concerning Edinburgh society occupied much space in Dempster's letters about this time. "The Select Society languishes." This body, of which Dempster, Fergusson, Nairne, and most of their friends were members, was founded in 1754 by Allan Ramsay, the painter, and some others; but after the enthusiasm of its birth had died away, its rather frigid-sounding objects, "literary discussion, philosophical inquiry, and improvement in public speaking"—and perhaps also the formidable distinction of its list of members—seem to have frightened off many potential recruits. Its meetings cannot have been very bright affairs, in spite of the number of brilliant men who belonged to it; the Duke of Hamilton, we are told, never attended its meetings except when drunk—whether in error as to his destination or with the deliberate object of enlivening things is uncertain. The Society did not greatly improve its situation by offering medals and money prizes for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and when finally it set itself to refine the speech of Edinburgh into "pure" English it expired with well-deserved promptness.

"I reserve", continued the letter of December 16th, "an account of the Douglass, Hume's [*sic*] tragedy which was represented here last night with much applause and many tears, for my next letter."

The full story of the production of John Home's *Douglas* and of the famous controversy which it aroused is told in the *Autobiography* of Dr. Carlyle. It enjoyed at this time and for two generations afterwards an enormous success. But Dempster, whose taste was good and whose judgment cool, formed a poor opinion of the play; not did he tell his friend much about it. "My expectation was very highly raised, before I saw it, and very greatly disappointed when I heard it read. I was desired to bring a white handkerchief and yet I walked off dry eyed."

"I can scarce recall", says another letter, "a single domestic

occurrence of consequence. The great heiress of Rosehaugh Miss Hamilton did her next heirs the civility to expire yesterday morning in a full old age. At two year old, she possess'd more sense beauty witt and learning than any woman in Scotland, at three her faculties were observed to decay and at four she like a ripe gooseberry dropped off the bush."

"I was to wait on Lord Kilkerran yesterday", wrote Dempster on February 19th, "he told me he had writ you I was soon to have another landlady. Pray don't believe it. I wou'd not for all the world have my friend believe me a married man or near being one. I don't know how it is, but I always change my opinion of a man upon his change of state, because I think he changes his opinion of things and men from that moment. His mind contracts and his views are turned towards himself and family more strictly than before. I hate to be in the tavern with a married man because if he is a *homo providens* he is perpetually muttering, not so low but I can hear him, 'There is so much lost to my family, this ten shillings wou'd have bought a great number of eggs,' &c. Or if he is unmindfull of home and spends liberally I then look on him as an unnatural monster like the ostrich who lays her eggs upon the bare sand and leaves them exposed to every traveller. Ergo you must not think me a married man."

But Dempster seems, if his own account is to be trusted, to have been regarded by the match-makers at this time as a very eligible bachelor. "It is said", he wrote in August, 1757, "that your old acquaintance Dempster will be soon married to Lady Betty Areskine [Erskine], Miss Mally Fletcher and Miss Maxwell; some people affirm that matters are settled, but as the Polygamy Act did not pass both Houses I am inclined to doubt the truth of the matches, however I know nothing of the matter, so the thing may be."

Like other young men in other ages, Dempster spent long evenings discussing with his friends the affairs of the world and quick ways of mending them. "Nairne, Arbuthnot, and I hold frequent vigils, and in discourse of this kind the sun often surprises us." In 1733 eager young men in Edinburgh

discuss Socialism and Scottish Nationalism. In 1757 they talked of "liberty", "tyrants", and "that noble *amor patriæ* with which the members of a republic are more frequently and more warmly inspired than the subjects or slaves of any other government"—and also Scottish Nationalism. "Often have we dissolved the unequal union of our country to England, converted it into a republic, marshal'd Scotia's warlike sons, cultivated her barren fields, fortified her avenues and strong places, and re-established her long lost independence." Today the ideal seems to be Russia: then it was Switzerland. "I am charmed", wrote Dempster in reply to a letter of Fergusson's from Rome, "with your account of Switzerland. If any state is perfect in every respect I take it to be that. . . Loaded with no oppressive taxes, governed by no despotic master, framing the laws, choosing the magistrates to which they yeild obedience, sober, just, and brave, yet wealthy, learned and polite—Gods, why was it not my fate to be born a subject of so mild a government?"

In the autumn of 1757 Dempster was suffering from a pain in his knee and "finding the remedies prescribed in Scotland were all ineffectual", he went south in November to try if the waters of Bath would cure it. "Laziness business or distress may prevent my writing to you", he wrote to Fergusson from Bath on the 20th, "but nothing can make me esteem you less warmly and sincerely than I do; it would vex me to think that the attachment we contracted to each other should be of a shorter period than our lives". It did indeed last for nearly sixty years.

This letter goes on to describe the knee's progress and then continues: "Your account of Mount Vesuvius was mighty agreeable to me, and the more so by a singular piece of pleasantry, which happened in the reading on't. I had set down in the coffee house to reperuse it at my leisure, and when I was got to that passage where you mention Sir Edward Alleyne and his creature as he called it, I took my eye off your letter to amuse myself with reflecting a little upon the oddity of the character of that mirrour of knighthood, when a little pale pitifull spectre advances towards me, muffled in

a big coat, his eyes hollow and his legs like drumsticks, looks in my face, wheels about and disappears; just as the phantom was vanishing, I thought I recollected some of the features of the knight thro' all his disguise, and roar'd immediately out 'Sir Edward Alleyne!' Ghosts you know never speak first, but I had no sooner broke silence than the vision flew to me, grasped me (really) in its arms—'Mr. Dempster!' crys he, in surprize, 'I could not believe mine eyes.' 'Sir Edward Alleyne,' replies I, 'I had no less cause to distrust mine. What's the matter? You look pale.' So he gave me a long history of himself. This is the ninth time he has been in Bath since we saw him. He is quite exhausted with nervous complaints. I read him some part of your letter and forced a smile from his melancholy complexion."

"The reason why I did not write to you after your last", continued Dempster, "was that I understood by your letter, that you would have been returning by this time to England, and was uncertain whether by sea or land. Jamie Fergusson [younger of Pitfour] talks just now of going to Italy with a Leghorn fleet of merchant men, under convoy of two men of war. It appears to me rather a rough road at this season, and I own I should not advise you to try it if there were any other means of returning safely. Is it not possible to descend the Rhyn from its source to Holland? It is true you must pass thro' Strasburgh and some other French towns situated on it. Travelling in any part of Germany must be little desirable—that is certain. The number of banditti occasion'd by the disorders of war will no doubt be great, and an English traveller is a rich and easy prey."

Dempster's plans to rejoin his friend abroad were never carried out. Fergusson returned home in the spring of 1758, travelling, in spite of the banditti, through Germany and the Netherlands; and by 1760 Dempster had plunged into politics. He was elected in 1761 member of Parliament for the Forfar and Fife burghs, and remained their representative for twenty-nine years. Except for a short visit to France in 1778, and a still shorter one to Brussels in 1782, he never went abroad again. Fergusson and he both became members

of the Poker Club on its inception in 1762, and were, with Fergusson's youngest brother George (afterwards Lord Hermand) and Dr. Adam Ferguson, one of its founders and the originator of its name, the last surviving members of it, all living to be over eighty. But after this Dempster's life was divided between London and his estates, and he never figured in the social world of Edinburgh again to such an extent as in the years from 1756 to 1761.

Dempster devoted his life to disinterested public service, first in Parliament and later in the encouragement of Scottish agriculture and fisheries and in the making of roads in the Highlands. He was an energetic, versatile, honest, and most lovable man, and was on friendly terms with men of every kind from Henry Dundas to James Boswell. Even at the time of his first election to Parliament his character was already a notable one; and Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, Boswell's latest biographer, is hardly fair to Dempster when he dismisses him as merely "a gentle, speculative young man of thirty".

One cannot help feeling sorry that his youthful longing to travel was frustrated. But it is to his separation from his friend Fergusson (and to that friend's commendable habit of preserving and docketing all his correspondence) that we owe these charming and racy accounts of the doings and sayings of Edinburgh in the late 1750's.

PREVENTION OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

By J. EDWIN HOLMSTROM

IF all the motor vehicles in Great Britain had to share equally the cost of paying compensation for accidents in which they were involved at the rate of £4,000 for every death and £40 for every injury, the average charge would work out at about a third of a penny for every mile run by each one of them. This estimate, necessarily rough, but certainly not erring on the side of excess (for the annual mileages have purposely been taken higher than they would actually be), is arrived at from the 1931 figures in the following way:—

6,499 fatal road accidents, at £4,000 = £25,996,000
 174,578 non-fatal " " £40 = £6,983,120

£32,979,120

	No. in round figures	Annual mileage allowed	Total vehicle- miles per annum
Private cars	1,000,000	× 10,000 =	10,000 millions
Motor cycles	627,000	× 8,000 =	5,016 ..
Goods vehicles	364,000	× 20,000 =	7,280 ..
Taxis, buses and coaches ..	87,000	× 20,000 =	1,740 ..
			<u>24,036 ..</u>

Hence the average charge per vehicle-mile would be :

$$\frac{£32,979,120 \times 240 \text{ pence in a } £}{24,036,000,000} = 0.33d.$$

The rather cold-blooded assumption here implied of a rate of exchange between money and human life may perhaps find a justification if the striking nature of the result helps to arouse interest in the magnitude of the problem of preventing this holocaust, as deadly to our people in each year of peace

as was the whole duration of the Boer War. It is a problem that can never be solved by drifting but only by hard constructive thought and action. This article aims at reviewing what has been and is being done towards its solution and at suggesting the most hopeful lines of procedure.

Let us begin, then, with the possibilities of analysing the causes of accidents and later pass to those of preventing first, their physical; secondly, their psychological causes. Such analysis is work for those who practise the highly technical science of statistics, which means, not the mere amassing of columns of figures—those are no more than its raw material—but the study of their correlations and the inference from them of mathematical probabilities. In other words, it is necessary to view the situation with scientific objectivity rather than in the panic mood that sometimes finds its reflection in the newspapers.

Though the railways almost certainly produce more ton-miles and passenger-miles in the year than does road transport, the fatal accidents on the railways in 1931 numbered only 339, and the non-fatal 22,888. But the definition of the latter on the railways is much stricter than in road transport: every injury to a passenger, however slight, must be reported, and every injury to a railway servant that causes him to be absent from his ordinary work for not less than one whole day; moreover these figures include 50 deaths and 15,902 injuries in “accidents on railway premises but not connected with the movement of vehicles.” If these in fairness are omitted from the comparison the proportions of the totals of railway to road accidents become $1/22$ for deaths and $1/25$ for injuries. On the railways only one passenger is killed in every 200 million passenger journeys, and one is injured in every four millions.

Let us notice the means whereby the British railways have achieved their magnificent pre-eminence in safety over those of all the world.

The railway companies are under an obligation to report to the Ministry of Transport the detailed circumstances of every accident, however trivial; and this body holds enquiries, under special officers of high standing, into all the more

serious ones. All this information is summarised each year in a statistical pamphlet in which the numbers of accidents and (separately) of fatalities and injuries are classified and reclassified in every conceivable way—according to whether they were accidents to trains (15 kinds) or accidents to, or failures of, rolling stock or permanent way (41 kinds); according to the numbers of passengers, servants and other persons killed and injured in all sorts of different circumstances; according to 16 different kinds of injuries sustained; in the case of railway servants according to the nature of their employment (35 classes). The following random extracts from among the items in the classification of accidents to rolling stock (given for each company separately) will serve to exemplify the degree of minuteness achieved:—

FAILURE OF AXLES

- Total number
- Engine axles:
 - Crank and driving
 - Leading and trailing
- Tender axles
- Coach axles
- Wagon and van axles

FAILURE OF COUPLING APPARATUS

- Total number
- While running
- In starting or stopping
- Breakages
 - Total
 - Engines or tenders
 - Passenger stock
 - Wagon stock
- Becoming unhooked
 - Total
 - Engines or tenders
 - Passenger stock
 - Wagon stock

The purpose of this handling of the matter is clear: it yields, when compared as between one company and another and with the records for previous years, an invaluable indication of exactly where to lay one's finger in checking each possible cause of an accident—and to have done that, in the case of so

highly organized and disciplined a body as a railway company, is more than half the battle.

It is with some sense of anti-climax that one turns from this statistician's paradise to the corresponding facts in regard to road accidents. Outside London only a small number of such accidents (438 in the year 1930-31, a fair average) are investigated by the Ministry of Transport as such, and these investigations—the reader of the foregoing may note with some mild surprise—“have been made, as in the past, by the Divisional road engineers, and have only been rendered possible through the courtesy of coroners and the representatives of the police and local authorities concerned.” Within the London Traffic Area the position is better, as the Ministry of Transport is empowered by the London Traffic Act of 1924 to hold enquiries into certain types of road accident.

The only statistics of road accidents and casualties maintained as a matter of routine are those of the police. These, so far as they go, are excellent, and in relation to the London area have formed the basis of some valuable studies embodied in a series of reports by an advisory committee and by a conference held in 1927 under the presidency of the then Minister of Transport. I will quote a few of the results obtained in these reports.

In the City and the Metropolitan Police District the number of killed each year reached a maximum of 866 in 1915, which was not again exceeded until

1,020 were killed and 47,213 were injured in 1926.
1,252 „ „ „ 55,381 „ „ „ 1928.

Roughly one-quarter of the killed and 20 per cent of the injured were under 15 years of age, half the killed and 70 per cent of the injured were between the ages of 15 and 60, one-quarter of the killed and 10 per cent of the injured were over 60. The casualties to children show a smaller increase than those to adults, revealing the good effect of the steps taken by the education authorities to warn them of the dangers, to arrange for police protection on the way to and from school, and to open school playgrounds during the holidays. Children's casualties are analyzed by age and by the circumstances

(27 kinds) revealing the most dangerous age to be between four and nine and the cause then most frequent to be “running across without due care”; at this age, it is suggested, children go about largely without control while still too young to appreciate dangers.

Fatal and non-fatal accidents to pedestrians are classified according to 19 different causes. The results of instituting one-way streets are studied. It is shown that the invitation “Please Cross Here” had the effect of halving the fatal accidents at the points so marked, not quite halving the serious injuries and leaving the number of slight injuries unchanged. Attached to one of the reports is a ghastly map of London. Every fatal accident that has occurred during a period of years is marked by a red spot; the way these form clusters around the particularly bad places is striking, and one wonders whether the map might not with good effect be posted up at each of those places with the injunction “Don't Become a Red Spot!”

Further work on similar lines, but relating to the whole of England and Wales, is at this moment in hand: the National “Safety First” Association in co-operation with the Ministry of Transport is conducting a research into all the circumstances in which fatal road accidents occurred in this country during the six months July to December 1932. For this purpose a research department of the association has been set up. A detailed analysis and report is to be submitted at the National Safety Congress in London during the coming month. If the present article has any effect in stimulating the general interest with which this will be awaited, a valuable purpose will have been served.

Finally, it has been revealed in the Press that a new system of statistical record to cover every *fatal* accident on the roads was begun by the Ministry of Transport at the opening of the present year. A form has been printed to be filled up by the police after each such accident, when the coroner has concluded his enquiries. This is to be done by reference to a “master-key” containing 20 sections of altogether 450 separate descriptions of details and circumstances, each denoted by a code number. Thus, there is a classification into 80

varieties of collisions (involving pedestrians, animals, road obstructions, other vehicles, etc.), and into 20 other species of accident (such as overturning) which do not involve a collision. A distinction is drawn between 90 different main and contributory causes, including 8 relating to the driver's condition (inexperience, being tired, or ill, or drunk, etc.); 20 concerning his or her driving (such as being hampered by a passenger or dog in the car, cyclists riding abreast, disregarding road signs); 15 relating to the vehicle driven, 20 caused by pedestrians in various circumstances; 12 by road obstructions; 9 by the character of the road (such as a blind bend, excessive camber, poor street lighting); and 4 by the weather. The "master key" goes on to distinguish between 70 different types of vehicle, 12 different categories of "direction of the vehicle at the time of the accident," 20 details of driving (such as failure to give a hand signal), and so on.

It is by methods such as these, then, and not by reliance on personal opinions or through the promptings of hysteria, that the most prolific causes of road accidents can be established and the effects of corrective measures rationally ascertained. To prevent the causes, having ascertained them, is a task of greater administrative complexity than in the case of a railway. All the departments of a railway are directly under the same management, and thus it is possible to give instantaneous effect to a modification of the working rules, an alteration in some detail of either rolling stock or permanent way, or anything else that may be required. In road transport the case is far different: possible causes of accidents may be arranged in an ascending scale according to the degree of direct responsibility resting on the driver, and they can be prevented only in a rather indirect way by the operation of legal and administrative machinery, acting quite differently according to their position in this scale. For instance, hardly any blame may rest on the driver where an accident results from imperfect reinstatement of the road surface after it has been opened up.

At the opposite end of this scale come accidents attributable to the driver being drunk or otherwise viciously incapable in some way for which the blame is entirely his own: these are

matters for police like any other crime, and the proper medium for checking their recurrence would seem to lie in control over the issue of driving licences.

The responsibility may be morally less direct, but the results may be equally serious and may need to be checked in the same way, when an accident is likely to attend some psychological or physiological imperfection in a driver—as likely as not unknown to himself. I refer later to the possibilities of discovering such defects by tests.

Then there are accidents due to mechanical failures for which the responsibility ought, perhaps, to lie not so much on the driver as on the owner of the vehicle and which, therefore—if their number is found to warrant the expense—might be combated by official inspection precedent to the issue or renewal of the vehicle licence; thus inefficient brakes or worn tyre treads ought to be made as unthinkable on a road as are sharp wheel flanges on a railway.

Where the road conditions are bad, some share of responsibility for accidents caused by lapses below a reasonable standard of design, construction and maintenance may fairly be thrown on the authority concerned. Thus there are places in London where cars following the "roundabout" have to make a dangerously sharp turn, which could easily be remedied (and as a matter of fact a number of such cases are now being studied by those in charge). Many pedal cyclists' accidents may perhaps be included in the same category, as being avoidable if the planners of highways had the foresight to provide separate tracks for cycling; in some continental countries this is commonly done, and in Great Britain, where the absolute number of bicycles is now greater than before the war, it seems strange that even the best of our arterial roads, crowded as they are with cyclists every summer weekend, should be without such provision.

Another large and difficult class of accidents occupying an intermediate position in the scale of driver's responsibility arises through mutual obstruction and interference by the different kinds of traffic which are compelled to use the same road surface; particularly the simultaneous presence of motor

cars and pedestrians. The difficulty hinges on a legal principle. As Lord Buckmaster has remarked, pedestrians are on the road by right, while the whole of the motor traffic is there by licence; and ordinarily, no doubt, this is as it should be. But one may be permitted to wonder whether at such places as Hammersmith Broadway or the more populous parts of arterial roads the interests of pedestrians are as well served by pedantic insistence on this principle as they would be if, at such places, it were frankly abandoned by legislation, the roadway fenced off and reserved for vehicular traffic alone. The pedestrians could be compensated with really good subway passages, having wide and convenient entrances (under the house property at the sides if there is insufficient width of pavement), easy stairways (or even escalators), and the passage below as attractive and well lit and commercially valuable as that under Piccadilly Circus.

Nobody in his senses would propose to dispense with the footbridges and subways that connect the platforms at Clapham Junction and to invite uncontrolled hordes of people, children included, to wander at will over the railway tracks; yet there is often literally no other way to cross a road carrying cars quite as fast and much more frequent than railway trains, confined to no definite tracks and driven by persons as to whose pedestrian-dodging skill there is no guarantee whatever. This is an instance of the extraordinary psychological difference between the public attitude towards danger on the roads and on the railways; another is the fact that railway accidents have news value while road accidents have almost none: if one of the former causes 17 deaths it fills all the newspapers of the country, yet 17 people on the average are killed every day on the roads, with scarcely a mention.

Then there is the question of traffic control and signals; largely one of reconciling the conflicting demands of safety and traffic capacity. Hereon hinge such technical problems as the relative advantages of point policemen and automatic lights; the optimum time interval to allow for each period of traffic flow in different directions (which is usually about right with automatic lights, but which many policemen make far

too long—not realising that the total number of vehicle-minutes lost at each stoppage increases *as the square* of the time that traffic is held up*); also the desirability or otherwise of allowing motors next the curb to continue to “filter” round the corner into a side street while the direct flow is held up—a practice dangerous to all pedestrians and particularly so to the aged and infirm.

Fixed notices, cautions and markings, though about to be standardized throughout the country, continue to multiply, and too many of these—it seems to the present author—violate the principle that a driver’s attention ought not to be diverted from the road itself. For instance, it is often advocated that where secondary roads enter main roads there should be signs giving right of way to traffic on the latter: why should not these take the simple and unmistakable form of a white line across the entrance to the secondary road?

To revert to the consideration of those accidents which depend on motor drivers but which do not amount to criminal negligence on their part: Are qualities (or lack of qualities) predisposing to such accidents already inherent in persons before they learn to drive? Can such qualities be discovered by preliminary tests, and would it be feasible to refuse driving licences to persons eliminated by such tests?

The first two of these questions may be answered pretty definitely in the affirmative, and the third is one which further work, now in progress, is likely to answer in the same way. Particulars have been published of psychological tests, for the measurement of reaction time and of sundry other qualities, made on certain classes of professional chauffeurs or taxicab drivers in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Barcelona and Holland; also on tram and omnibus drivers in Moscow and (especially) in Paris. The tests differ, and their technique must be regarded so far as experimental, but in all these cases there is a high degree of correlation between the test performances of the candidates and their relative degrees of freedom from accidents on the road.

* For the proof of this see S. Johannesson: “Highway Economics,” New York, 1931.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology is now finishing the second year of some particularly thorough researches in this field, wherein large numbers of motor drivers are being subjected experimentally to various tests, in the expectation that by classifying the results of the tests and comparing these with the men's actual driving records it may become possible to establish the "normal" performance by reference to which all drivers can be judged. Ultimately it should be possible to suggest routine tests accurate enough for success in them to be made a condition for being allowed to drive. The progress already achieved in this direction may be judged from the following results obtained in testing a batch of bus drivers whose accident records were independently ascertained :—

Accidents per man per year	..	..	0.3	0.9	1.6	2.7	3.2	3.8	5.8	6.6	
Order of merit as regards freedom from accidents	..	..	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Order of merit in tests	..	..	..	2	1	3	5	4	8	6	7

The tests that are being tried out, which I was privileged to be shown, are of great variety and interest. The object of the research is, in the first place, to distinguish between, and define, the various qualities that ought to be tested; then to develop a satisfactory form of test for each quality isolated from the rest.

Thus one of the most obvious of such qualities is "reaction time," or the interval of time that elapses between the appearance of a certain signal and the performance of some action in obedience to it—it being found, however, that the most important attribute of a good driver is not so much *quickness* of reaction as *uniformity* in this respect. To test this, and also to test the power to distribute attention, the subject is made to sit in a dark room before a frame around which red, yellow and green lights unexpectedly appear. In response to each colour he has to reach over in a rather awkward position and press, from memory, a particular button, the time required to do so being automatically recorded. The test is repeated while an exciting cinema film is being shown inside the frame in order to measure his power of resisting distraction. Then

there is a test for steadiness of grip, a test to measure how long the eyes take to recover normal vision after being subjected to a dazzling light, tests in judging speed and distance, and others. The most spectacular is a composite test of driving ability. The subject sits in a full-sized model of a motor car, having before him a screen on which there appears a picture of a road scene, and by means of a most ingenious mechanism this picture moves about in response to the working of the steering wheel, accelerator and brake pedal exactly as if he were driving along in a real car. The course steered and the speed which he has the illusion of performing are continuously recorded on a chart, which constitutes a record of how the driver takes each corner and acts in all the different circumstances represented.

The upshot of this article is that the number of road accidents is excessive and deplorable; that the remedy is, in the first place, to apply statistical technique to the discovery of causes, then to attack each separate cause through the appropriate medium: where the chief cause of a type of accident is inherent in the planning or construction of the road itself it must be removed by the responsible technical authority; where it lies in the vehicle it ought to be checked by periodic inspection as a condition for the grant of a licence; where it lies in the lack of requisite qualities on the part of individual drivers it ought to be nipped in the bud by refusing licences to those who cannot satisfy certain tests; where it results from the incompatibility of different classes of traffic using the same surfaces at the same time a change in the law, re-defining their mutual rights, may be indicated: finally, in so far as the cause is negligence, it ought to be checked by the full vigour of the criminal law.

Inspection of vehicles and testing of drivers, as here advocated, would cost money. But it is difficult to believe that the expenditure involved would be comparable to the sums mentioned at the opening of this article.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA

BY ANDRE SIEGFRIED

17.—*General Impressions : Geography*

HAVING now completed my travels through the Antilles, Venezuela, Panama, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, I shall end with a survey of my impressions. What is it that all these countries have in common which allows them to be classified as one civilization? From what is derived the South American atmosphere with its own special individuality?

In the first place, we can make very clear geographical divisions based on the geological structure of the continent. In Brazil and along the Atlantic seaboard, South America possesses a primary formation composed of rocks dating from the earliest geological eras. Certain geologists believe that this formation was once joined up with Africa. It is here that we find the admirable granites, black and purple, which are to be seen in the Bay of Rio, and which are also to be found as far south as Uruguay. As a result the country is dark in colouring, a little sad in spite of its profuse tropical vegetation, which reminded me of the Antilles.

A second formation, entirely different, is that of the Andes, which belong to the comparatively recent tertiary era. They run like an unbroken wall along the Pacific coast from Cape Horn to Panama. Now, the character of the Andean range is the same everywhere, whether one meets it in Venezuela or in northern Chile—immense mountains akin to the desert in both atmosphere and vegetation, always shutting off the horizon like some barrier in a nightmare.

Between these two rocky backbones, the country is low-lying. In the north we have the immense alluvial basin of

the Amazon, with its thousands of tributaries and impenetrable jungle. In the south, flat as a billiard table, is the pampa, composed, no doubt, of the dusty soil which has been washed down from the Andes through thousands of centuries. The atmosphere changes completely when one leaves the Andes and arrives on the pampa. But when we reached Uruguay, where the low granite mountains appear not unlike those in Brittany, I realized that I had left the pampa, and had got back to the archaean formation of the Atlantic coast.

This first impression gives emphasis to another which is scarcely less important, and that is the resemblance between North and South America. In reality there is only one continent in the western hemisphere, the Continent of America. The Andes and the Rockies are really the same range of mountains. If one could fold over South America on top of North America, each region would have its counterpart: Chile would correspond to British Columbia, both having forests, fiords, and glaciers; Peru to California, countries with tawny barren hills, broken with delicious oases; while the high plateaux in Peru are remarkably like the Rockies in Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. In the east we find the same symmetry, but less accentuated. The tropical atmosphere of Brazil, humid and sombre, continues north not only up to the Antilles, but reaches Louisiana and almost up to Georgia.

If in the end geography prevails rather than history in the formation of the American social structure, the two sections of this great continent should tend to resemble each other and link up more closely. In agriculture, cattle-raising, and mining, conditions are extraordinarily similar. The present differences—one might almost say contrasts—arise from the history of the last four centuries, which divides and opposes these civilizations, whereas geography, if left to itself, would have tended to unite them. The great differences between North and South America are not provided by Nature, but by their people.

Racially, the South American continent is equally divided into regions, whose differences are apparent even to the most superficial observer. In one zone the colour basis is Indian,

in another it is white, and in a third it is black, or at any rate tinged with black.

The first is above all the entire Andean range, and the Amazon basin. On the coasts of Argentina, Uruguay, and southern Brazil there are almost no Indians; but as soon as one penetrates into the pampa, and especially when one approaches the mountains, they make their presence felt, for one sees that their blood is in the race. As for the mountain heights, they belong indisputably to the Indian. I feel that it is wrong to classify the Pacific coast as a white man's country. The governing class, which owns the great estates and controls commerce, is of the white race assuredly, and similarly the middle class, now in process of formation, can be set down as being largely white. But the basis of the population is Indian, whether in Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia, or even Chile, for the half-breeds or *rotos* cannot under any circumstances be said to belong to our race. In this distant country the Europeans and North Americans must face the future with certain misgivings. The white race doubtless has some hope of continuing to dominate Chile, but elsewhere will it survive a century hence, except as a corps of occupation in the ports, the mines, and the commercial administrations?

On the other hand, in the south-east, there is a zone where the white race is steadily gaining. This zone is made up of Argentina, Uruguay, and the States of Brazil from São Paulo south. A European immigration like that which colonized the United States has been established there for half a century, and its future is assured, so much so that the negro and even the Indian elements which have survived so far are gradually being eliminated. The contrast is striking between the first immigration of Spaniards, who mixed with the Indians but did not suppress them, and this flood tide of Italians, modern Spaniards, Swiss, and Slavs, not to mention Syrians, who are simply filling up the country by sheer force of numbers. To-day the cities of Buenos Aires, Rio Grande, Montevideo, and São Paulo are whiter than they were a generation ago.

These observations do not apply to the third region, more

tropical, where the heritage of the blacks from the days of slavery is still visible. From Rio de Janeiro right up to the theatre of the American Civil War, passing through the Antilles and the coast of the Caribbean Sea, lies the great negro zone. Without predominating everywhere, the negroes constitute an important element. Here reign gaiety, sensuality, and free and easy ways, which make this region so different from the other parts of America. The Brazilian coast to the north of Rio, especially at Bahia, is steeped in this influence of colour.

18.—*General Impressions : Politics*

The outstanding feature of all the Latin-American political regimes is without exception the predominating part played by the president of the republic. This applies equally to Argentina, Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, or even Cuba. During my travels three of the countries I visited were in the throes of a general election, but in none of them did the election of Congress create the slightest interest. Attention was so completely concentrated on the selection of the president that the obvious conclusion is that everything hinges on him alone.

One obtains much the same impression in the United States, for there also politics are chiefly concerned with the plebiscite for the president. There, however, the power of the federal executive is subject to at least two limitations—the local resistance of the States, as expressed by the Senate, which is a federal conference rather than a legislative assembly, and secondly, the custom, unwritten but decisive, that the president shall not run for a third term of office.

In South America, contrary to appearances, such limitations scarcely exist. The autonomy of the States or provinces certainly does exist legally, and it may even be grossly exaggerated, as it was recently in Brazil. In actual practice, however, the central authority violates the local autonomy whenever it pleases, by sending down arbitrary and all-powerful "interveners". Whenever a strong man gets into power, it is he who "makes" the assemblies, although the members are supposed to be elected. The resultant assemblies never dream of resisting his authority. In most of the Latin-

American Constitutions it is certainly provided that the president shall not seek re-election, or at any rate shall abstain from presenting himself as a candidate, except after an intermediate term. The need has often been felt of limiting, in point of time at any rate, an authority that is inclined to become too powerful. There are, however, plenty of ways of getting around the law, whether it be by electing a man of straw and continuing to govern in his name, or by making a servile assembly change the Constitution. Some of these assemblies are as spineless as the one which offered the crown to Napoleon. A simpler method is to seize the power by means of a revolution, and thereafter maintain it indefinitely by arbitrary rule.

The political regimes of North and South America have this point in common, that in both cases the accent is placed on the man, and not on the elected assembly, as in Western Europe. But there is this essential difference, that in Latin America the executive power in actual practice knows no counterbalancing influence. In the United States the authority of the president is counterbalanced by legal institutions which the public would never allow to be abolished. This is by no means the case in Latin America, where the lack of respect for the Constitution is really an unhealthy feature. Yet nowhere does one listen to such floods of eloquence on the subject of the Constitution, the Rights of Man, and in defence of Legality in general. The rich oratorical Spanish tongue lends itself so well to these doctrinal affirmations that one sometimes wonders if the mere pleasure of pronouncing the sonorous words is not all they want. It makes one think of Victor Hugo, who used to amuse himself by inventing magnificent-sounding proper names.

England, the ancestor of all constitutional countries, has no written Constitution. It is only in the South American countries, where the Constitution is disregarded every day in the year, that one hears so much talk about it! Eminent jurists discuss with learning and knowledge the text of the law which the politicians take so lightly. Apparently the majesty of the law is simply a matter of words.

How can we account for this temptation, evidently irresistible, to tyrannize and resort to arbitrary rule? It seems to me that the government in Latin America brings too many personal advantages to the men in power and to their friends. The chief of the State makes appointments to all kinds of posts without the slightest restriction. He turns out the followers of his predecessor to replace them by his own friends, whose claws naturally have grown while they have been waiting. Professors, and even army officers, are drawn into this vortex. There is no permanent body of civil servants, with statutes to protect their rights. This rotation is considered quite natural by the public, especially by those who hope to profit by it. One can understand from this how the beneficiaries cling to the system, and also how they try to defend themselves against those who will eventually replace them, either by buying them off, or by exiling or imprisoning them often without the slightest trial. In Venezuela, Peru, Chile, and Argentina, the prisons are sometimes gorged with political prisoners—and yet how beautifully their Constitutions read!

Naturally the people who are waiting for their turn at the spoils become impatient, and then a revolution occurs, for the Constitution does not provide any legal means of overthrowing the president. Napoleon's dictum that a revolution is "an idea which has found bayonets", does not wholly apply here, because as a rule the only idea behind these revolutionary movements is to obtain jobs or to protest against a regime which has become intolerable. However, here as elsewhere, bayonets must be found.

Nothing can be done without bayonets in the last analysis, for despotism is based on force. When a group of officers is sufficiently sure of the troops under their command to intimidate a president, then he must retire. The latter has no course but to acquiesce, unless he is in a position to oppose them with other troops who will remain faithful to him. The first preoccupation of an enlightened head of a government, as we have already noted, is to see that his army and police are well paid, in order to be sure of their loyalty; their mere neutrality is not enough. Probably this is the case in more than

one country in Europe, but in South America we see the naked steel.

Bryce refused to classify these Latin-American countries as democracies, preferring to place them alongside the tyrannies of the Ancients. No doubt Mexico under Diaz, Venezuela under Gomez, Peru under Leguia, and Chile under Ibañez, are all tyrannies, but for long periods countries such as Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, and Peru, have had legal rule based to a great extent on a respect for public opinion. Dare we add that, even under many tyrannies, the character of the country was well reflected by the vigorous personality ruling it? South America expresses herself in her leaders, in response to a basic trait in her political temperament; after all, she rather likes arbitrary rule.

One perceives a change, however, as the result of the formation of a new social class. In Argentina, Uruguay, and Southern Brazil, the recent wave of immigration believes in a democracy based on equality, and so is tending towards a French type of Radicalism, but without the poison of social revolution. On the Pacific coast the old Spanish aristocracy, which still exerts an enormous influence owing to the land it possesses, is beginning to lose its political power in favour of a middle class, in which one often comes across a half-breed upstart. In the background one can discern the dawn of a real protest on the part of the masses, so long suppressed, and who in addition are Indian. The gravity of this situation is that, apart from the eventual clash of the poor and the rich, we have superimposed on almost identical lines the opposition of the Indians and the whites, for the social problem and the racial problem coincide. In the future this danger will possibly be greater than the chronic malady of political *coups d'état*.

19.—*General Impressions : Economic Conditions*

Economically, the various South American countries are very different, for their problems, their methods, and their possibilities of success could not be the same. One can class together Argentina, Uruguay, and southern Brazil, where the population and the type of enterprise recalls the United States.

The rest of Brazil is an enormous tropical region as yet scarcely developed. As for the Andes, their resources, though vast, are out of reach, and much capital and great developments are being required in order to utilize them. Yet in spite of these differences, I found everywhere the same economic problems, whether financial or monetary, the same business methods, and the same cycle of events in times of crisis. In this respect Latin-America seems to possess a special atmosphere. Her methods, temperament, and reactions are entirely her own.

This is one of the richest continents in the world; its possibilities appear infinite, though perhaps this point has been over-emphasized. As in the United States, the people are accustomed to living on the rising tide, and this affects everyone's outlook. Their attitude is that of a young country where money is easily and quickly made, and where everyone is borne along without effort in the general prosperity. Enormous fortunes are made, either by owning land which increases in value, in politics, or, in prosperous times, because of the rising markets for raw materials.

The story of these fortunes has a moral which reacts upon every one. Since the future is working for you, why save? Everyone spends what he makes, and more. Even more than comfort the Latins love luxury and elegance. How they adore both refinement and ostentation! Their money does not even remain in the country, for they must go to Europe and enjoy themselves, so they set off in groups, whole families, tribes almost. I have known several Chilean and Peruvian families, each with six or eight children, who are spending two or three years in France, in Paris, and on the Riviera. As they deny themselves nothing, we can imagine the amount of money they are draining out of their country.

The French—the old pessimists—are the laugh of the world because they are so thrifty. Neither the English nor the Germans, and certainly no one in North America, understands how to save, and the South Americans less than anyone. The newly-arrived immigrants, especially if they are from frugal races, such as the Italians, the Basques, Asturians,

Spanish-Galicians, and Portuguese, keep their simple tastes for a little time, but they soon become like the rest. In South America it is customary to spend more than your income, for you can borrow the balance from your easy-going banker. Much of the property is mortgaged right up to the hilt simply to meet current expenses, or perhaps to pay for a pleasure trip somewhere. They often come out on top, when in reality they ought not to, simply because the value of the land is increasing. In other words, they are saved by the rising tide.

One result is that capital does not accumulate, not quickly enough at any rate, and in consequence the country cannot depend on its own resources to develop itself. It must, therefore, borrow abroad, with the risk of letting the foreigner get too firm a hold. Assuredly some capital does accumulate and is invested at home. The South Americans buy land because they love it, but their investments amount to little more than this. When the government needs money for public works, it must borrow abroad, and usually the necessary funds for the mines, industry, public utilities, and railways are obtained in this way.

The activities of the various classes are as follows. The older type of colonist, the Spanish and Portuguese, are the landed gentry, owning the great agricultural undertakings. They are competent enough, but too often absent. The Italians and Germans are forming a new wave of rural colonization, which is more democratic in character. The small retail trade of the towns is in the hands of the Italians and French, except on the Pacific coast, where they tend to be supplanted by the Japanese. The Syrians, also, are pushing their way everywhere into retail trade. Big undertakings such as railways, mines, banks, telephones, etc., are owned by the English and French, and to an increasing extent by the Americans.

One can easily discern the principal weakness of the economic system, and especially its essential vice, indebtedness. If you examine the balance of payments of any South American country—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, or Peru—you will find that they are always unstable owing to the sheer weight of the money being poured out of the country in the form of coupons

on bonds, dividends paid to foreign shareholders, and the expenses of their nationals touring in Europe. To counter-balance these payments there is only one item, that is the exports of raw products such as wheat, maize, meat, coffee, copper, saltpetre, oil, etc.

When prices are high, all these obligations are easily met, but only provided the balance of exports over imports is large. This trade balance, which usually is favourable in South American countries, is merely a symptom of their indebtedness. One would think that they would take advantage of prosperous years to save, pay off their debts, or to buy back the commercial enterprises that the foreigner has developed in their country. Not a bit of it. On the contrary, they take advantage of the years of plenty to borrow again from the money-lenders, who at these times are ready to set them up once more. With this fresh release of capital they adorn their cities, construct luxurious concrete roads, and erect skyscrapers which can never all be rented. They are sure that this time their prosperity will last for ever, and the lesson of the previous crisis is soon forgotten.

As we have seen, the system never completely balances, for one can never quite provide for current needs and for the steady development of the country, except by recourse to borrowing abroad. If these loans were entirely used for productive enterprise, the situation would be healthy enough, but too much goes on living expenses and display, while a certain proportion disappears on the way. The result is that whenever the inflow of foreign loans dries up, the economic equilibrium is unsteady.

Now the source of funds ceases at the very moment that they are most needed, that is to say when prices fall and the world is suffering from a crisis. Exports are no longer sufficient to meet international payments. It becomes impossible to procure exchange to meet foreign requirements and the currency drops in value unless the service of the foreign loans is suspended. It is always the same old story. It has often happened before, and now it is happening again in Chile, Peru, Brazil, etc. It generally ends in some refunding plan,

which surprises neither the borrower nor the original lender, who in any case has usually resold his security to some third party.

From the financial point of view, South America is thus seen to be still at the colonial phase, from which the United States and Canada have emerged. In South America, as in the United States, the entire conception of economic prosperity is based on the hypothesis that the tide will continue to rise, carrying everyone with it, the spendthrift along with the rest. When the crisis arrives, the only thing to do is to cut down expenses drastically and try to arrange with the creditors. Nevertheless, more than ruins survive, for the cities are superbly equipped and are now the finest in the world, roads have been constructed, harbours created. South America carries on and is ready to launch out again with new partners, who will certainly be available the moment that prices start to rise.

20.—*General Impressions : Foreign Influences*

Even after a whole century of independence, foreign influences are still powerful in South America—the Spanish are still influencing her civilization, the French her culture, and the Anglo-Saxons her commerce and every-day life.

We never emphasize sufficiently the strength of Spanish civilization. The massive weight of the United States has not yet stamped it out completely in Florida, Texas, and California. To-day Mexico is strictly Spanish in atmosphere, as is Havana, which is only a few hours' sail from Key West. It is the same in South America; in fact, all the capital that the Americans invest there will not cause much change. This racial formation is proof against Anglo-Saxon influence.

Both sections of the Iberian Peninsula, the Spanish and the Portuguese, are reflected in the South American continent. After a trip to Portugal and several to Spain, I brought back an impression of the extraordinary contrast between the two peoples. The Spaniard is proud, strong, hardy of build, and subject to violent reactions. Very different is the amiable Portuguese, in his land of great trees, perpetually soothed and lapped by the warm showers of the Atlantic.

This contrast is repeated in Argentina and Brazil, but it is

above all the moral tone of the Iberian Peninsula which is reproduced in both regions. In Brazil the negro has brought his own sensuality and easy-going ways, and in Argentina the contribution of the Indian has accentuated still further the sombre reserve of the Castilian. Even at his most boastful, the Argentine is never a Babbitt. One is spared the platitudes which we associate with the Rotary Clubs of the Middle West. The climate possibly has something to do with it. In the United States the keen air is exhilarating and stimulating, though it is apt to dissimulate the wearing effect it has on the nerves. In South America, on the contrary, the climate is surreptitiously enervating, but it gives back in grace what it takes in strength. No, it is decidedly not a country of Anglo-Saxon allegiance, but it is well suited to a Catholicism that is ritualistic, poetic, passive, and penetrated with spiritual influences. Protestantism will never make much headway here. Also the more the country is re-Indianized, the further it is carried away from the Nordic ideals of action and responsibility.

It is a curious mixture, this continent. It has borrowed its character from Spain and in part from Portugal, but it has sought its culture chiefly in France, though that is, of course, one way of remaining Latin. I know of no country where the cultured people are more thoroughly conversant with the French language down to its most intimate details, and appreciate better our literature and trend of thought, or interest themselves more spontaneously and seriously in our intellectual and artistic activities. This is quite as true of Chile or Peru as of the Argentine, Uruguay, or Brazil. Politically, certain of these countries have varying degrees of sympathy and affection for France, but in their culture France predominates. Neither Spain nor Portugal exert anything like the same influence, and if there is any sign of German post-war thought, it has come chiefly by way of Spain, and is merely secondary. Today Soviet Russia enjoys undeniable prestige in student circles, for whatever country is politically the most "advanced" will doubtless be accorded the privilege of capturing the imagination of youth.

France, however, cannot afford to rest on her laurels, for she is by no means certain of the future. The France of 1789, which is still a reality, works unceasingly for democracy all over the world, teaching the doctrine of equality and the dignity of the individual—a doctrine which in reality is revolutionary. But the spirit of France even today is aristocratic, and it is the aristocrats in other countries who live according to our customs, read our books, talk as we do, and drink light wines instead of corrosive alcohol. When democracy triumphs, it is then that the masses abandon the French inspiration. They turn to Russia if they wish to destroy, and towards the United States should they desire to organize, buy motor cars, or be amused. Here is a contradiction which we must accept, because the French democracy is aristocratic at heart. We would gain little by standardizing ourselves, for in so doing we should only become common.

Another danger threatens us, and even among the South American intellectuals. Wherever the financial influence of the United States spreads, people realize that it is by working with the Americans that they can make money, obtain remunerative positions—in short, succeed. In consequence, all these young men who yesterday were so intent on learning French, are today turning to the English language, or rather the American version of it. The Americans are carrying on an exceedingly active propaganda in this respect, for their universities come in search of students, offering them training and diplomas which may be very useful. In medicine, the campaign is especially persistent, and may in the end detract from our dominating position, however well established.

The secret of American success is that it is relying on an overflow of capital, which since the war has been almost irresistible. Up to 1914 it was France, and above all England, which furnished the capital. Since then, North America has become the leading investor, although since the Wall Street crisis the movement has almost ceased. The Americans are not content with lending: they buy up enterprises on a wholesale scale. At the present time they have obtained control of public utilities, such as the telephones, electric

lighting, tramways, etc. If the various railways owned by the British have not been absorbed, it is because the latter refuse to sell. But the fact remains that, although England may still be the chief shareholder in South America, from now on she will be on the defensive.

What is likely to be the future of this American influence? Financially, it seems to be irresistible, as Argentina is the only country that has been able to defend itself so far. Everywhere else in this domain the United States does as it pleases. On the Pacific coast especially everything seems to belong to it—mines, harbours, even real estate. There is no need of annexation, for American capital is encountering no opposition, and is not likely to in the future.

Does this mean that South America will be “North Americanized”? That is quite another matter. One can use a Ford and drive it better than the Americans themselves; one can go to the pictures every night and contemplate the depths of vulgarity of the Californian films; or seek success in the latest methods of mass production, but all this is on the surface. The Spanish tongue, the Catholic influence, and above all, the family tradition of the Iberian Peninsula, are ramparts which the American invasion cannot scale. The Anglo-Saxons, whether they are English or Americans, may make their presence felt, may even play the role of conquerors, but their civilization, curiously enough, sheds a light inferior to their power.

THE KILLER-WHALE

BY CAPTAIN H. T. MUNN

I WAS sitting outside my house at Ponds Inlet at the northern end of Baffin Land, enjoying the beauty of a still, cloudless Arctic summer's day, when I noticed a large herd of narwhal hurrying down the Inlet, the long ivory horn of each of them pointing grotesquely upward as they rose and almost leapt from the water in their eagerness to speed their journey. Ay-you joined me, and I asked him the explanation of this urgent migration. The old man gazed keenly across the blue water beyond the disturbance occasioned by the herd.

"There are some *ker-juak** about," he said, "though I cannot see them yet. Look!" and he pointed to the rocky shore on either side of my house, where Eskimo hunters were hurrying to suitable projections and stationing themselves amongst the rocks with their rifles.

Soon I heard a shot, and then another, and saw the men were shooting at seals which were showing their heads above water close in to the rocks, despite the obvious presence of their deadly enemy man near by and the report of the rifle shots. Several seals paid the penalty for their apparent temerity, most of them so close that the hunters would run down to the water's edge and fasten them with a deftly thrown harpoon before they sank, and haul them ashore.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ay-you, pointing suddenly, and far out in the blue water appeared the black bodies of five killer-whale coming in the direction of the scurrying narwhal, though still a mile or more from the stragglers of the herd. Their long dorsal fin—called by the sailors their "gaff topsail" on account of its slender shape and bend—preceded each appearance of their bodies, and as they came nearer I was able to see

* *Orcus gladiator*, the killer-whale.

that the largest fin was at least six feet in length. I commented on it to Ay-you.

He nodded. "It is that which warns the narwhal and drives the seals almost ashore," he said.

"How?" I asked.

"It makes a zooming sound in the water which warns all things in the sea. Zoom! Zoom! like that. But for it, *ker-juak* would kill every living thing where he is hunting, for he is the wolf of the sea."

The terrified narwhals, still visible in the far distance as the sun glinted on the broken water they made on the mirror-like surface of the sea, were between two and three miles away from the killers, and it seemed incredible that this slender dorsal fin could cause a note with such carrying power, but it was the only apparent reason for their flight and the rush of the seals to the shore.

"Would the killers attack a *kayak*," I asked.

"I and another Inuit were out in our *kayaks* some years ago over there,"—he pointed to the south—"and five killers came along. We were hunting narwhal with our harpoons and bladders of a blown-up sealskin. We paddled to a piece of shore ice which, luckily for us, was floating out there, and got out on it, and pulled our *kayaks* up. The killers came, and swam round and round us and tried to wash us off by diving with a splash near the ice. They will not touch the ice with their backs, because of the long fin you can see every time they come up. They were able to make the piece of ice rock about, and we were both much afraid, but they could not wash us off, for it was too big. They stayed there for such a long time, we got hungry, but we did not dare to leave, for the shore was far away. And then they left, and we paddled back to the *tupiks** and our women thought the killers had got us, because they saw them pass by but could not see us."

I knew that these terrible slayers attacked and killed the great bow-head whale, and I asked the old man if he had ever seen them do this. He seated himself beside me and suggestively knocked the bowl of his pipe in the palm of his hand. I

* A sealskin tent.

passed him my pouch, and he lit up. It was the usual ritual preceding one of Ay-you's stories.

"Far down the coast from here is a bay called by the Innuits Anorak-juak. It has a long narrow inlet, and the shores on either side up to the bay are very steep, especially on the same side as the sun. There is a small rocky island in the middle of the inlet, half way down. Inside the bay it is very sheltered, with a fine sandy shore, where we camp by the mouth of a river. The waters of the inlet and the bay are very deep.

"In the time before my father was born and for all his life the Innuits used to camp in the summer beside the river, and spear salmon there and get seals in the bay. It was a good summer camp. A great *ag-bin* (the bow-head whale) used to come every summer into the Bay and stay there a long time, till the young ice began to make outside the inlet. He was a very big whale, and he had a name given to him by the Innuits, because he had come there for so long, and they always knew him by a lump on his back which was plain to see when he floated asleep on the top of the water. He had come there for all my father's life. The ice in the inlet usually stayed till very late, until the great storms of the autumn blew, because the rocky island in the middle held it there and the high cliffs shaded it from the sun. Also where the inlet went into the bay it was very narrow. Old Poo-noo-mark, as this great whale was called by the Innuits, knew this, and of course he knew the killers would not come into the bay while the ice stayed, for they are afraid to go under the ice because of the long, tender fin on their back. I have often seen the great whales up at Ee-arts-juak lying out in the ice pack, and heard them blowing there and watched the killers cruising back and forth outside, but they dared not enter the ice pack after the whales. The Innuits say that when the long fin on their backs gets broken they die after a little while.

"When the whalers began to pass down the coast of Anorak-juak they found old Poo-noo-mark in the bay, but only once did one of them try to kill him, for in those days whales were very numerous along the coast, and it was not necessary to

hunt them in dangerous places such as this was. And you shall hear why it was so dangerous.

"It was the deer month (September), and we were camped as usual by the river in the bay. There were five *tupiks*. Some of the men had gone in on the land for deer. I did not go with them, for I had a sickness on my leg, and could not walk far. I was about half-way in my life then, so I stayed and speared salmon in the bay where there were still some ice pans floating about. I speared them by standing on a pan of ice and jiggling up and down in the water a bear tooth—the large one—tied to a line. The salmon swim up to see what this white thing moving about is, and you spear them. It is good hunting when there are many salmon. I was not getting many this day, so I got into my *kayak* and paddled down the bay and went ashore to look for a hare or a ptarmigan, taking my bow and arrows.

"I climbed up slowly along the cliff and saw a good many hares, and I also saw old Poo-noo-mark sleeping in the bay a little way from the shore. I looked out down the inlet to the sea and there I saw a whaler, and two boats being rowed from it to the ice where it was still packed half-way up the inlet.

"The two boats came to the ice, and a man got out and walked across it to the bay, and when he saw old Poo-noo-mark asleep there he ran back, and all the men hauled one boat over the ice to the bay. It was about as far as that point for them to haul the boat"—Ay-you indicated a spit of land about half a mile away. "The men of the other boat went back and rowed down the inlet to its end and waited there. It was a still, fine day like it is today.

"The other men got very quietly in the boat in the bay, and rowed without making any noise out to where Poo-noo-mark was blowing. They had soft rope between the oars and the boat so that they made no noise. I felt sorry as I watched them to think they were going to get old Poo-noo-mark at last. The man stood up in the bow of the boat, and when they came close to him he hurled his harpoon very strongly and it went into Poo-noo-mark's back. His tail went up, and he dived with a great splash, and in a moment the boat was going very

fast towards the ice in the inlet, the man in the bow holding the rope with two turns round the wood (the bollard) which is there for that purpose. The boat rushed on, the spray flying from the bows, and when Poo-noo-mark changed his course and circled the bay the men all shouted with great joy for they thought they would kill him in the bay. Twice he circled the bay, and then as he was going along beside the ice he must have changed his direction very quickly, for suddenly the boat swung towards the ice and before the man in the bow could reach for his axe and cut the line, the boat had smashed into the ice and all the men were flung out, some on the ice and some in the water. The boat jammed in the ice for a moment, then all went to bits, and that was all left of it. The men in the water were able to climb out on to the ice, and I do not think any were drowned, though one was carried by the others across the ice, and some were hurt and lame. The other boat waiting for Poo-noo-mark between the Inlet and the ship saw him come up and blow, and I saw them row towards him to throw another harpoon into him, and thought 'This is the end for him,' but he heard them and was very cunning, for before they came close to him he threw up his tail and went down, and when he came up he had passed under the ice and was in the bay again, and the men on the ice saw him there and heard him blow.

"The boat moved back to the ice, after waiting for some time to see if the whale would return from the bay, and they found the men of the other boat at the edge of the ice. Men went over and brought back some of the oars, which was all there was left of the boat, and then they all went back to the ship. I went out with my *kayak* when they had gone, and found some bits of wood and two oars floating in the water, which I brought back to the *tupiks*. We made them into lances for they were of very fine, springy, strong wood. I think the whaling men told of this accident, and how cunning old Poo-noo-mark had gone back under the ice, for no one else ever came there again to try and kill him. They knew that they could never kill him as long as he kept passing back and forth under the ice between the bay and the Inlet, for in those

days they did not use harpoons which explode in the whale (bombs) and soon kill him.

"The old men at the camp were glad when I told them what I had seen, and how Poo-noo-mark had escaped. As I paddled very quietly back, I passed close to him, lying on the top of the water and listening. The harpoon they had thrown into him had pulled out, and I saw the great cut in his back and the blood and the blubber coming from it.

"A year or two after this happened I was again at Anorak-juak. Poo-noo-mark was there as usual. A great wind had been blowing for many days from the sea up the Inlet. The name of the bay means Big Wind. It was so strong that a man could not walk against it; even some of the *tupiks* were blown down by it. Two days after it ceased I heard from the *tupiks* the ice grinding and breaking in the inlet, and I took my *kayak* and paddled across the bay to see what was causing this noise. I climbed the cliff, and then I saw an iceberg moving through the ice in the inlet, and as it moved it flung the ice up on either side, as a boat does the spray when it is rowed swiftly. It ground the ice up till it was quite small, and presently it came through the ice and into the bay and crossed it and went aground opposite the *tupiks*, for, as I have said, the bay was very deep. After a great wind such as had just finished, icebergs will travel for many days, because of their great weight and because most of it is under the water."

I had seen this strange sight myself after a prolonged gale. A great iceberg ploughing through the heavy pack ice with a noise audible four or five miles away, and actually against the strong breeze blowing at the time. The momentum of these vast masses of ice weighing tens of thousands of tons is terrific.

"And that night the ice all passed out of the inlet, for the iceberg had broken it up quite small and the rocky island no longer held it."

"Had you ever seen an iceberg in the bay before?" I asked.

"No. There had never been known a time when an iceberg came into the bay, though sometimes one had come as far as the rocky island.

"The next day I went again on the cliff and from there I saw old Poo-noo-mark. He was so close to the cliff side under me, I could see he was trembling and shaking and in great fear."

Thinking I doubted this statement, the old man reinforced it by adding: "It is a true word I am telling you," with much emphasis.

I did not doubt him, however. I had been told the same thing by Greenland whaling men, for the bow-head or Greenland whale is quite defenceless, unlike the great sperm whale of the southern seas, whose vast mouth is armed with sharp teeth, and which has often been known to attack and demolish a whaling boat in pursuit of it.

"I looked out to sea," continued Ay-you, "and far out across the mouth of the Inlet the water was breaking in the sunlight, and a great herd of narwhal, as you saw today, were leaping out of the water in their hurry to get along. Then I knew that *ker-juak*, the killers, were about, and old Poo-noo-mark, although he was so far away from them, heard the 'zoom-m' of their fins in the water and was trembling with fear at the sound. Seals in the bay swam close in on the shore so that the men at the *tupiks* ran down and killed them as you have seen them do today, though they harpooned most of them, for not many of them had rifles.

"I should have gone back and hunted seals also, but I wanted to see if the killers would smell out old Poo-noo-mark and come in the bay and kill him, so I waited. I looked out to sea again with my spy-glass. There was a piece of an iceberg just off the inlet, and I saw an old bear swimming to it with her two cubs holding on to the hair on her back with their teeth. When she reached the ice she pushed both the cubs up on to it in a great hurry, and, climbing up herself, drove them to the top of it where it was smooth. Soon after two more bears, one full grown, the other smaller, also climbed up, and the cubs ran under their mother, for the old he-bears will sometimes kill them; but this one took no notice of them and they all lay down and looked out to sea from the flat top of the ice, for all living things in the sea fear *ker-juak*, the

killer. I, too, looked with my spyglass, slowly moving it back and forth, and presently I saw the black backs and the long fins on them of five killers coming in towards the inlet very fast. Now-yeas (gulls), were following them in great numbers, for they knew there would be food for them when the killers got to work.

"They came along and turned straight up the inlet, and as they passed up I saw many seals climbing out on the rocks in great fear.

"I climbed down the cliff quickly till I stood on a ledge quite close to Poo-noo-mark, who was trembling just below me, shaking so that there were little ripples in the calm water all round him. And I felt great sorrow for him. And the killers must have smelt him from far away, for they rushed straight at him, and I knew then that the great whale, old Poo-noo-mark, who had come to this Bay for all my father's life would never come there again, for he would soon be dead.

"It was not a fight, for the whale has nothing to fight with except to hit the water with his great tail when he goes down, and he cannot hurt the killer with this, for the killer is tearing great pieces of blubber and meat from his sides under the water.

"I saw them in the clear water rush at old Poo-noo-mark, who did not move, but just trembled there.

"Their great mouths were open, and their long, sharp teeth showed white inside them, and they looked so terrible and so evil, I felt afraid where I stood safely on the land, which was a foolish fear. They took huge bites out of the great whale, and tore at him till in a moment the water was lashed to a bloody foam, as he rolled and thrashed about below me in great pain, and the gulls wheeled and screamed overhead and dived at pieces of blubber which floated up in the foam. He made no effort to escape, for he knew the killer can travel at twice his speed, and always there were two holding on to him, and tearing at him as a pack of wolves hold and tear a deer.

"He blew great jets of blood from his blow-hole, and presently he opened his huge mouth and made a noise such as I never heard a whale make before or since that time. It was thus 'oom-m-mm'—the old man made a noise not

unlike the deep lowing of a cow—" and in an instant a killer rushed at his great tongue and seized it and tore and twisted at it till it came away, a great piece of blubber and bloody meat which was so large two killers fought over it.

"That was the end of the great whale old Poo-noo-mark, for he only moved feebly after that, and soon died. And all the water and the foam for far around him was red with his blood. And still the killers worried at him like wolves. One of them came close to the ledge where I stood, and he was on the top of the water, moving slowly, as if he could eat no more. His long fin was sticking up from his back. I was angry that these fierce wolves should have killed old Poo-noo-mark, whom we had all seen for so long, and without thinking I could really harm one, I picked up a big rock I was just able to hold in my hands over my head.

"I flung it down on the killer, and it hit his fin close to his back and broke it so that it hung down. And then *ker-juak* leapt out of the water and came down with a mighty splash and wet me as though I had fallen in the sea, and he rolled twice as though in great pain and dived, and all the killers at once dived with him and they left, and I saw them no more.

"The body of the great whale still floated there, so I ran back to the *tupiks* and we got four *kayaks* and our harpoons and lines, and four of us paddled over to the body and fastened to it and we towed it with much work in to the shore, and it gave us great store of blubber and food, and especially the skin, which is very good to eat, so that all of us were ill for a little while because we ate so much.

"And we cut out the whalebone from the jaw, which was a great work, and traded it with a whaler next year, and got many valuable things for it, so old Poo-noo-mark did not die in vain, or just to make a feed for the killers, after all. There was a mark where I had seen him harpooned, but when we cut into the lump on his back, we found an old harpoon there with some numbers on it, such as white men write. Write me numbers, *kud-loona* (white man), and I will show you the ones, for I remember them very well."

I printed plainly the numbers from zero to nine, and Ay-you at once picked out the numbers 1, 8, 2, 1.

It was the custom for whaling-ships to have stamped on their harpoons the name of the ship and the date, and as they were always made of soft Swedish iron in the stem, the harpooner would beat out and re-stamp the date from year to year. I wrote in printed letters the names of whaling ships I had read of, which were plying their trade in Davis Straits in the early half of the last century. When I wrote "Bowhead" Ay-you nodded.

"That was the writing," he said positively. "My father beat out the end of the stem of the harpoon and tempered it for an ice-chisel, and I used it for many years, and saw the writings often."

So this whale had been harpooned and lost by the *old* whaler, "Bowhead," in 1821!

Ay-you had said he was "half-way" when the whale was killed, which would mean he was then about thirty-five years old, so when he told me this story in 1920, he was about seventy, or a few years less. Therefore the killing must have been in about 1885, or sixty-four years after the old "Bowhead" lost her harpoon in the whale. In those days of plenty, whalers worked along the West Greenland coast, and did not cross Davis Straits till whales became scarce on the Greenland side. If old Poo-noo-mark was a ten-year-old whale when he was harpooned, he may easily have been between seventy and eighty years old when he met his end, far from the waters where the "Bowhead" lost him.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is the fashion to decry parliaments, and nobody disputes the cumbrousness and other defects of these institutions ; but one aspect of their uses is often ignored. They make international understanding much more possible, and the freer the parliament, the greater its usefulness in this kind. A machine is in many ways more efficient than a man : it never swerves from its purpose. But a man is superior because he is not limited to one end. A machine cannot choose ; a man will be actuated by motives varying in quality. Here again there is an advantage in rigidity ; the man with a one-track mind, solely concentrated, say, on money-making, is more likely to succeed than another who is less of a money-making machine ; but he is not the more valuable citizen and certainly not the easier man for other people to live with. In the same way there are governments so highly efficiently centralized that they have an advantage over the looser, freer forms, like that of the machine over the man. They may concentrate all power in the hands of one man, as happened in the case of Napoleon, and is perhaps happening in the case of Mussolini. This, however, is very rare, at least under modern conditions ; and complete centralization, like that of Germany before the war, means control of a highly organized bureaucracy. There, control was acquired mainly by efficiency ; it can be acquired, as in Russia, by quite other means. But where this control exists, dissidence on matters of national importance is a crime, for which the penalties may be merely social or, as in Russia today, capital.

After a sufficient period of such rule, nations cease to be capable of having more than one opinion or seeing any point of view but their own. The directing power, whether it be Napoleon or the German General Staff, may or may not retain this faculty, and to that extent it may be possible for other nations to deal with them. But no man and no organization can adequately represent a nation, which ought to be many-minded. Napoleon and the German General Staff were supreme examples of efficient concentration, but at first they misrepresented France and Germany ; then they produced a France and Germany intolerant of other forms of existence—unneighbourly—and the end was disaster.

Now in England and in France of today government certainly does not run like a well-ordered machine ; and in England Parliament nominally has to attempt many things for which it is quite unfitted—
The Parliamentary Machine for instance, solving the Housing Problem. It can and does interfere with the work of experts who would probably manage much better if left to themselves. On the other hand, when large questions arise involving the relations of one nation to another, Parliament does show not inadequately what the nation is thinking ; and just as the individual's effort to express thought assists thought, so parliamentary discussion helps the nation to think. A general debate, especially if it is in both Houses, gives far more guidance to other nations than all the press put together, because it is far more representative. Within the past weeks there have been salient examples : Russian affairs, and Indian affairs, have come under detailed discussion ; German manifestations were less freely handled, because there was not the legitimate occasion. Here again one should observe Parliament's value as a means of expressing national sentiment and resolution. It is disciplined. Whatever is matter for public comment, a free press discusses ; Parliament is not allowed to pronounce on subjects unless Parliament has a right to interfere. On German affairs there have been in Parliament symptoms of national feeling, but no registered expression of the national mind.

But consider the other two cases. Indian nationalists of the Congress party have made great play with the objections expressed in England to a policy of giving large powers to the proposed central legislature; they have said with justice that perhaps the ablest and most eloquent man in the House of Commons is in violent opposition to such a concession. Now, after full debate, the House records its vote, and the support given to Mr. Churchill is reduced to a very small number indeed in the total. Even more significant in some ways was the fact that the orator was answered most successfully by Lord Winterton. Nothing could have seemed less likely in the days when Mr. Churchill was a new Minister in the Liberal Government making brilliant discourses whose only defect was a slight smell of the lamp, and Lord Winterton (Turnour, as he then was) was a frequent speaker from the Tory back benches whose speech was as free from any trace of literary culture as could be imagined. However, Parliament has another value; it is a good school, though an expensive one, and in the last five-and-twenty years Lord Winterton has learnt to put the plain English view with sound logic and shrewd mother wit. But the people who matter in India will know that if in this joust Lord Winterton got the better of so redoubtable a champion, it was mainly because he had the House with him.

Whether in the further stage Parliament will help or hinder when it comes to debate upon actual proposals, we shall have to see. But for the present it has done the service of letting India know what India may expect to receive, as a beginning of self-government for its enormous mass; and also the temper in which the English people approach this formidable problem. That is certainly not devoid of generosity; India is to England a trust as well as an interest; and the emphasis was laid by Parliament on the trust. There was also a proper insistence on the necessity for fulfilling pledges, and fulfilling them in time. A good many references were made to the case of Ireland, which English people will do well to bear in mind, for it is never out of the thoughts of

Indian politicians. It affords a complete example of the way in which concessions should not be made. Some speakers appeared to treat it as a proof that once a surrender of powers is contemplated, there can be no stopping short of a complete withdrawal. My reading of the facts is that England postponed the decision to give, not only what was implied by pledges before the war, but what her pledges in the war demanded until violence had taken the place of reasoned argument, and more had to be yielded than would have peaceably met Ireland's need or desire. From the Indian point of view, it seems to me that the price which Ireland paid in the struggle has gone far to make the greater gain a loss.

Mr. O'Hegarty's book, *The Victory of Sinn Féin*, expressing the mind of a very able Irish Republican, is worth reading and re-reading. The means adopted to make government by British rule impossible produced not only physical but moral anarchy. In a small country it proved possible to reconstruct the fabric of society within a few years, though not without civil war; but the secret society, the mentality which it produces among its own members, and its effect on the public at large are still with us. Mr. de Valera in his turn begins to have difficulties with them. In India it seems to me certain that a similar breakdown of all government could be produced; I have no assurance that similar recovery could be effected. Happily, things have not yet approached the stage when unreason is more powerful than reason; and Parliament appears disposed to show a generous boldness. Mr. Churchill was one of the men who stood for making very large concessions to Ireland, when they were needed to allay unreason. It is distressing to see him once more over-cautious at the time while reason has sway.

The Russian matter is very different. Parliament was dealing with a situation that could not have arisen between England and any European nation, for certain fundamental notions of law and justice are common to all European civilization. These notions do not apply in the new Russia, which is building up

**Soviet
Justice**

a state on a pattern of its own. Against that state an individual has no rights. Now, certain British citizens, employed by a famous British firm, were in Russia on their lawful occasions with the full approval of the Russian government. They suddenly find themselves accused on a charge which by Russian law is capital, and are denied the rights which to European conceptions seem elementary. Is England to let Russian procedure take its normal course? If not, undoubtedly the implication is that England claims for English subjects in Russia a position of privilege as compared with that of Russia's own nationals. This is nothing new. The same was done for British subjects in China and in Morocco, for instance, where trial must be in British courts. In those cases the privilege was obtained under threat of force, or by the use of force. Now, force is barred. England has the alternative method of refusing to deal with Russia, and Parliament by a vast majority sanctions the employment of it, although the certain result is a grave injury to British trade. That is a great price to pay in order to ensure that British subjects shall not be denied justice if Great Britain can prevent it; but Parliament thought it not too high. One remarkable feature in the proceedings was the action of Liberal members who refused their support until it was made clear that the power to cut off Russian trade was only asked, and would only be used, for this single purpose. They did Parliament a service in defining the issue exactly. Labour voted against the Bill, on the ground, so far as one can judge, that Russia, being a proletarian State, cannot do wrong. One man, however, Mr. Logan, separated himself from his party and resented the Russian proceeding, as he would have done if it took place in England. The most disagreeable part of any such break-away from party discipline is that the revolter finds himself most heartily applauded by those with whom he has least sympathy. Still, I cannot believe that even Tory praise will make Mr. Logan's action unpopular in his constituency. As to Mr. Maxton, who led the Opposition protest, the House of Commons, which likes him, probably wondered how long he would remain alive if he took up his abode in Russia. But

the mere fact that Mr. Maxton was able to speak his mind there freely and to muster even a fraction of support at the vote, all helps to make the English mind unmistakable to Russia, as the Press could not do.

For similar reasons, I have little sympathy with the criticism directed at the Prime Minister's journeyings to international conferences of many kinds. The main need today, as we all know, is to make the world more international, and somebody must do this work. The two great Anglo-Saxon powers are alike in this that they are exempt from apprehensions of attack; but England has the advantage of possessing much more supple institutions and can, in fact, do an important thing if she wants to; it is not even easy for the United States to recover the right to drink beer. Any effective impulse in world affairs must come from some one of the great Powers, and Germany and France immobilise each other. It was no small achievement that Mr. MacDonald should have induced Italy to depart from its position of somewhat menacing silence. He loosened the jam at one point. Once movement begins again, new perils and obstacles disclose themselves; but anything is better than deadlock, and what immediately becomes clear is that loosening must now be effected in another direction. Perhaps the best answer to objectors against Mr. MacDonald's activities is to say that Mr. Roosevelt asks for an extension of them and wants him in Washington.

Meantime, events in Germany move fast, and they have had one result. In great measure Englishmen have been delivered from the sentimental complex which made them regard France as vindictively "un-sportsmanlike" in its attitude towards the defeated enemy. They do not like the recent German developments. Yet we may believe Herr Ludwig when he agrees with Herr Hitler, and both these authorities tell us that this government is really representative of Germany, and no other has been since the war. Possibly England will now begin to

The New Germany

reconsider its sentimental attitude about the Polish Corridor—the Naboth's vineyard of Europe. Naboth has got it back, and is finding it a very useful possession. No one denies that it was Naboth's originally, or indeed that it is peopled by the race of Naboth. But England has said persistently, "Think of the wound to Ahab's feelings". For the German grievance is chiefly sentimental. German commerce does not suffer. In a military sense, no doubt Ahab would be more conveniently placed if he rounded off his territory by the strip of Naboth's land. But must the feelings of Germany and the military convenience of Germany prevail over all the principles for which the war was fought? And now that Germany gives genuine expression to German feelings, is England so much in sympathy with German feelings as she thought?

Whatever the outcome, it seems certain that Germany will lose, or get rid of, a considerable part of her eight hundred thousand Jews, and those who leave will not be the least remarkable. Einstein has led the **The Monds and their Work** exodus; it is true they have seized his bank balance. Comment on the economic results is suggested by a recent biography. In his *Life of the Late Lord Melchett*, Mr. Hector Bolitho has with admirable instinct traced the history of the Mond family, since 1780, when Baer Mond, a Jewish shopkeeper living lonely among Christians in a Hessian village, was despoiled of all he had. Moritz, the son of this man's old age, made his way to Cassel, as apprentice to a silk merchant, whose daughter he married. Their son, Ludwig, became a student of chemistry at Heidelberg. He was not a down-trodden Jew; on the contrary, the Corps Rhenania admitted him among its members, to fight for its honour. But by the time he was five-and-twenty, he had decided that England was the land for him; he brought his talents and his young wife and was naturalized. How many millions in money was it worth to England that Mond took up his abode there, and founded his family there, and built up the vast industry (in partnership with another German) which under his son's

direction spread into the very type of a great combine? Or rather, how many hundred millions?

Ludwig Mond (who is hardly less the subject of Mr. Bolitho's book than Alfred) remained a German by all his tastes; he was, even to look at, the ideal German, splendid and upstanding. His son, with every gift of intellect, strong-built of body, with the richest culture, grew up English by choice, English in the instinctive direction of all his masterful ambitions to government; but all his life was hampered and clogged by a physical frustration. Every expression of his personality was thwarted by ungraciousness. Nobody so unlike an Englishman can be thoroughly at ease in English life, and his desire was to give effect to his personality in the most characteristic of all forms of English life—the life of a parliamentary statesman. If he failed there, as he did fail, in spite of transcendent abilities, it was certainly not because he was a Jew; the same House of Commons saw the rise of Lord Reading (from how different beginnings) with an equipment of knowledge absolutely not comparable to Mond's. For that matter, who in that House of Commons could be compared with Mond in mastery of all that is required for an understanding of this new world where scientific invention and its application through international finance dominate all? Vast experience in the handling of great affairs went with familiar command of all that has been written concerning science and the application of it—concerning every development of political or economic theory. Nor was that the whole; I never heard him speak on any subject relating to art or literature, but one felt behind his intellect that complete knowledge and enjoyment of beauty in every form which belonged to the great Venetians—among whom he would have been perfectly at home. But in seeking to fit himself into that social life of England which is so intimately bound up with its government, he lacked the two qualities which have smoothed the way for other great men of his race—tact and charm. In a period of stupendous opportunities, he saw all the great tasks entrusted to other men. He failed to get his chance to achieve.

When, for example, Professor Whitehead announces that "perfection at a low level ranks below imperfection with higher aim", I cannot rid myself of the impression that he is only telling us that it is better to fail in big things than to succeed in small ones. The substance of this may or may not be true, but it is only the novel form which prevents us from recognizing it as a cliché. I stress this complaint of obscurity, because the obscurity is, I believe, in a large measure unnecessary.

There are two sorts of difficulty in the writing of philosophy, the difficulty arising from the expression of obscurity, and the difficulty arising from obscurity of expression. The first is pardonable; there is no reason, so far as I can see, why the universe should be such as we can easily understand. The second is merely bad craftsmanship. A philosopher ought to be at pains to make himself as clear as the subject permits; if he does not, then his failure might be ascribed either to laziness or to incompetence. It is because I think that Professor Whitehead often mistakes obscurity which arises from the second cause for the pardonable obscurity which is due to the first that I have urged the criticism.

The complaint being done with, I had better say at once that this is a splendid book. It interprets the whole of human thought and history in the light of a metaphysical system, and in this respect is a return to the great manner of philosophy, the manner of Hegel and of Plato—Plato, indeed, is the philosopher nearest to Professor Whitehead's heart, whose name appears most often in his pages.

It is impossible in a short notice to give even an indication of the multifarious ideas that crowd the pages of

this book. It is indeed a veritable treasure house of intellectual riches, in which range of learning, profundity of thought, accuracy of scholarship and breadth of culture make a background which is illuminated by the incessant play of the author's philosophic genius.

Three main ideas run through the book. The first two are ideas of interpretation. First, human action is essentially purposive—the driving force in the history of mankind is the aims that men set themselves to realize. Secondly, there is no such thing as pure knowledge, whether of history or of anything else; knowledge is always accompanied "with accessories of emotion and purpose"; it is, in fact, shot through with subjective elements. Thus, a historian tells by implication, as much about his own period as about the period he sets out to record. Thirdly, the universe is ever being born anew;—"Spontaneity, originality of decision belong to the essence of each actual occasion". This essential novelty of the universe finds its expression in the heart of man; for this reason man could not rest content with perfection, even were he to achieve perfection. "Adventure is essential, namely, the search for new perfections". It is this element of "adventuring" in man's spirit that forms the real theme of the book—a book which will, if I may hazard a prophecy, become a classic.

WAYS OF ESCAPE, by Sir Philip Gibbs. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS is a survey of the world, seen in a long vista back to the war, by one who has come all that distance looking anxiously for escape from the inevitable trend of humanity's path from one great disaster to the next.

It is to the younger mind that Sir Philip addresses his reflections. The elder men who control finance, industry, politics, and administration, and whose representatives go to douse common hopes whenever nations confer together to postpone the wrath to come, have given human societies, this book suggests, the appearance of a welter of contentions and dangerous lunatics. The world today, if one can summon the courage to look at it squarely, suggests evil forces careering out of control. The near possibility of a disaster which might prove final appals the least sensitive observer. And by some amazing fumbling and hesitancy the British statesmen whose authority could, if used with courage and imagination, check the drift of Europe towards the abyss, do nothing to avert what must mean the eventual overthrow of everything they hold dear; for it is well known that the nations will march to battle next time under their own emblems, but will all come out of it under the red flag. That is about the only fact we know of the future, and it means war without end. Therefore Sir Philip addresses the younger mind. He hopes a chance is there to save us.

Is there? It is possible there is. But we cannot forget that the blind and brutal arrogance now bullying Germany is not much over age. We know also that Mussolini is careful that every teacher of youth must show astronomy, or what not, to be strictly Fascist. Stalin, another dictator in a vast region where probably the majority of the peasants are not so well nourished as the most hopeless Britisher on the Dole, without doubt depends for his power on the devotion of young people as fanatical and credulous as ever were Calvin's followers. The Japanese military autocracy, riding a ghastly night-

mare to the conquest of the Orient, is followed, as a Pied Piper, by Japanese youth. The matter seems difficult. It would puzzle anybody above the age of hop-scotch to find a reason for following Sir Oswald Mosley, but otherwise intelligent young men do it. Maybe youth generally is desperate and anarchic. It always did jibe a little at the discipline imposed by the machines and the routines of great organizations, and today the poverty of industrial society makes submission to that discipline hardly worth while; so here youth is, Communist and Fascist, apparently not caring a cigarette for the welfare of a civilization from which it can get bread and butter only with the best of good luck, and often only through charity.

Sir Philip suggests, as one way out, a great crusade by youth, led by the Prince of Wales, to the conquest of a wilderness somewhere in the Dominions, which it could make blossom as the rose. He thinks a hundred thousand young people might go. So they might, if the combination of agriculturists, industrialists, trades unionists, and the unemployed in that dominion, would welcome them. Even so, it would not make a great difference to us at home. It would not make the coal-fields active, nor start the idle merchant ships on their old routes again with full cargoes. It would afford us a trifling relief, but no way of escape. Maybe half-a-century hence people will consider their forefathers were imbeciles not to have noticed that they were, in fact, so successful in the science of production that nobody need have been in want, and yet that they declined into privation and despair because the science of distribution—which includes the banks—was no more up-to-date than a donkey-cart on a motor-track.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, by Arthur Berriedale Keith. *Macmillan*. 16s.

PROFESSOR KEITH has long been known as one of our leading authorities on colonial constitutional history, and now he bids fair to become the leading authority on the Constitution and history of the Dominions. The present book is a model of its kind, and were it not that occasionally the very extent and complication of the Professor's knowledge makes his exposition difficult to follow, it might almost be described as a perfect model of its kind.

But if it were foolhardiness to attempt to question the extent and accuracy of the Professor's knowledge, it is permissible to ask ourselves what is the impression which might be conveyed to one who studies this book of the permanent compactness and unity of the British Commonwealth of nations?

At first sight, it must be confessed we are appalled by the diversity and even the discordance of the different Dominions. The influences that tell in favour of unity are few and far between. The Imperial Conference only meets normally every four years, and its resolutions possess no binding force. The Statute of Westminster of 1931 gives an autonomous status to the constituent parts of the Commonwealth which can with difficulty, be distinguished from complete independence.

In his previous books, Professor Keith, amid all these evidences of diversity, has been able to preserve a certain amount of confidence as to the ultimate sovereignty of the British legislature which could then, to some extent, be termed an Imperial Parliament. But, in this book, he agrees that the Dominions are now reluctant

to admit any such Imperial legislature, and at one part he even admits that, in the case of British subjects in such Dominions, it is a question seriously discussed "whether the Imperial Acts shall continue to be valid in regard to such naturals or whether they should be treated as being in the same position as foreigners and exempt from British jurisdiction".

In these latter days, too, apart even from Test Cricket and the Leg Theory, there is much in the relation of Great Britain to the Dominions which is bound to exacerbate and repel. Unemployment at the moment is one of the most disquieting signs of trouble in the mother country, and in 1925 an agreement was made with the Commonwealth of Australia whereby British labourers were to be emigrated to that Dominion for work on the land. Later on, as Professor Keith tells us, "public opinion in the United Kingdom has resented strongly the spectacle of the repeated deportations from the Dominions of persons settled there, largely at the expense of the British Government".

Again, though like a scientific expositor, he shows no political bias, he is clearly sceptical of the ultimate effect of Ottawa and its Tariff agreements. Indeed, with dry and refined irony, he concludes that the proximate result of the prolonged parleying at the Canadian capital was the production of "agreements, save in the case of the Irish Free State, *largely in favour of the Dominions* at the expense of the United Kingdom" with a certain amount of concession on the part of the Dominions.

But is there no other side to the shield? On this question Professor Keith says all there is to say.

The decision at Ottawa to regard the Preferences as not within the

purview of the Most Favoured Nation Clause is undoubtedly significant. Likewise, also, the proposal to adjust Commonwealth differences at an *ad hoc* Court drawn actually from the Empire itself. And it is one of the illuminating results of the careful exposition of Prof. Keith that we rise from his book with an idea of the role of provincial autonomy, as suspicious of Central authority in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, in preventing a centrifugal movement of the Dominions.

All the same, we are compelled by this indispensable book to ask ourselves the disquieting question, whether the British Commonwealth of Nations could possibly survive the strain of another great European war?

J. H. HARLEY.

DE VALERA, by Denis Gwynn. *Jarvolds*. 12s. 6d.

THE LIFE STORY OF EAMON DE VALERA, by Seán O'Faoláin. *The Talbot Press*. 2s.

IN these books will be found much that English people should know of the man whose influence seems likely for a long time to come to dominate Anglo-Irish relations. The two volumes are complementary, for Mr. O'Faoláin writes as a disciple, Mr. Gwynn as a severe, though not by any means wholly unfriendly, critic. The latter's work is by far the more detailed and complete, though Mr. O'Faoláin's brief "life story" is very attractively written and especially valuable as showing how Mr. de Valera appears to the eyes of a large number of his countrymen. It is curious to remark how difficult each has found it to make up his mind just what it is for which Mr.

de Valera stands. "Somehow or other", confesses Mr. O'Faoláin, "one never seems able to penetrate behind the brown mask of his lined features... he eludes you and you leave him with his secret, as unsolved a riddle as the Sphinx". Similarly, Mr. Gwynn, after having with scrupulous care studied his actions and utterances from the moment he first appeared in Irish politics as one of the insurgents of 1916 to the close of 1932, is still compelled to ask: "What is the secret of his astonishing influence? Is he merely the agent of secret forces which have for more than twelve years put him forward as a convenient figurehead? Or is he himself the author of a programme which he imposes on those who have sought to make use of him? Does that austere and cold personality, so remote and inaccessible in spite of the simplicity and unfailing courtesy of his dealings with all who approach him, mask a dynamic energy which has imposed itself on his contemporaries and has made him one of the most significant and formidable figures in modern politics? Is he, like Kerensky, a dreamer inspiring crowds by disinterested idealism and by passionate conviction, but incapable of appreciating the consequence of his own magnetic influence? Or is that cold, logical intellect, trained for many years to think in terms of mathematical abstractions, in fact, the directing mind of a revolution which may yet be carried through with utter ruthlessness and undeviating purpose?"

It is proof of the man's extraordinary personality that the more one knows of him, the less is one inclined to attempt an answer. He seems seldom to have originated an idea, and not so much to have laboured as to have entered into other men's labour.

Though associated in the popular mind with the Rebellion of 1916, with the subsequent development of Sinn Féin policy and with the rising of the Irregulars in 1922, he appears at the outset to have disapproved of the first; to have had little part in the second; and in the last instance (to quote Mr. O'Faoláin's oddly-worded apologia) to have taken up "uneasily but inevitably what cannot be described as other than an unsatisfactory position on the side of his mutineers." His record in such capital matters as the Oath of Allegiance, the Governor-Generalship, the Treaty, the I.R.A., and its kindred associations, North-East Ulster, even the Constitution under which he holds office, abounds in inconsistencies. Thus, one is often tempted to dismiss him as a vain, weak man, pushed hither and thither by forces he cannot control. And then one remembers how often seemingly irreparable blunders have turned to his advantage so that he has emerged with undiminished or increased prestige and popular favour from perils that must have proved fatal to other men; and one begins to wonder if after all one may not be in presence of a personality, sinister perhaps, but far-seeing and, despite its obvious limitations, comparable, for good or evil, not with Kerensky but with Lenin.

HUGH A. LAW.

THE ROMANTIC EXILES: A NINETEENTH CENTURY PORTRAIT GALLERY, by Edward Hallett Carr. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

How romantic they were, the exiles of Mr. Carr's collection! There is hardly a gesture missing; George Sand's novels make the natural background of their lives. Exiles for the most part from Russia, they trail

round Europe—Paris, London, Switzerland—taking with them their sufferings, their love affairs, their duels that never come off, their new outlook, their revolution; very nearly as grand as the heroes and heroines of fiction, and as pedestrian (quite often) in achievement. The Bohemian "grand tour" makes magnificent reading, as Mr. Carr's book shows; sometimes it is difficult to believe that these people are leading private lives and are not doing it in the hope that some novelist or chronicler is watching. And, of course, they left voluminous records, letters, diaries, whole autobiographies, to quote chunks from. They expressed themselves with a vengeance! Where could one find a richer or less cryptic field for biography?

Mr. Carr restricts his comment, and makes the most of them. He lets their stories run together; and it is astonishing how interconnected the lives and ideas of these violently individual men and women, anarchists of the soul, could be. They formed a closer group than, say, the people living in a suburban street or the average inhabitants of a farmhouse. Herzen, Nick Ogarev, Herwegh, Postnikov, Bakunin, and their Natalies and Emmas—they might be at opposite ends of Europe, but their destinies were as certain and as linked as when one sees the characters in the first act of an Ibsen play. Yes, these people created their own fate, and it makes their romance and their tragedy inevitable. In one way or another they were all tragic—Herzen and his domestic triangle, Nick Ogarev and the reformed whore: they all believed in suffering, and it came to them.

Though revolutionaries, they were incapable themselves of ever effecting a revolution; they expended too much emotional dynamite; yet without them

the Russian revolution might never have taken place. "It was indeed a new age," writes Mr. Carr, "when Karl Marx replaced Herzen and Bakunin as the most prominent figure in revolutionary Europe. The drab, respectable monotony of Marx's domestic existence already affords a striking contrast to the many-hued, incalculable diversity of the lives of the Romantic Exiles. In them Romanticism found its last expression; and though there remained a handful of dare-devil terrorists in Russia and of picturesque anarchists in western Europe, the revolutionary movement, as the years progressed, took on more and more of the grim, dogmatic, matter-of-fact characteristics of the later Victorian age." Marx, of course, was a greater revolutionary than any of the Romantics, and in writing about them Mr. Carr has very wisely dealt with them as romantic figures and not as early moves in the revolutionary chess game.

After I had finished this book, I regretted that Mr. Carr had given so much space to Herzen and so little to Bakunin. Of the two, Bakunin was far more important, and in the end he is the more vital and interesting figure. I turned back to Mr. Carr's preface, which I had missed when I began the book, and discovered to my delight that Mr. Carr is keeping Bakunin for another volume. If he makes it as readable as the present one, it should be an even more remarkable book.

G. W. STONIER.

IN QUEST OF POLAR TREASURES, by Jan Welzl. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

THE second volume of the inimitable Welzl's travels is concerned with his

adventures as a gold digger and hunter, and his attempt to make enough money to buy out his partners in the *Laura*, the ship which, in the previous book, had captured his imagination. The little Czech locksmith, travelling with amusing doggedness and stupendous courage into the Arctic solitudes, is still a born spinner of yarns; but what makes his narrative so much more fresh and readable than most books on the wide open spaces where men are men, is his innocence of bombast, his obliviousness of the awkward situation, and his polite respect for the devastating forces of nature, his obvious sincerity, shrewdness, and lack of affectation. He remains, from the reader's point of view, "a little man"—he is actually a hulking fellow—and that is one of the best effects a traveller can achieve.

Czech caution kept him out of the worst excesses of the gold rush in Alaska. He had a cut at gold, of course—who could resist the fever once in the Klondyke?—but he relied in the main on his trade and sat observing human folly with a twinkling and puzzled eye. This book is remarkable for its characters and among the best of the gold boom is Dawson Tom. His story is fantastic. He was a complete scoundrel and sharper, living by his wits and with an invincible dislike of honest work. But he was blessed with such a sense of humour and such impertinent resourcefulness that certain men banded themselves together to protect him as one who had added phenomenally to the gaiety of nations, whatever he stole in return. His misadventures would make a racy novel. He would clear the saloons by lighting what he said was a stick of dynamite but which was actually a piece of wood, and then make away with all the money and bottles he could lay hands on. This trick

succeeded in town after town. Disarming the community by a return to an apparently respectable life, he pawned his gold diggings half a dozen times over to men whom he had allowed to defeat him at cards, and then fled. He once won a river steamer from its captain and employed him as pilot. Dawson Tom is a piece of pure O'Henry, and it was rather by a zealous error than by the wish of the community that he finished his life in a noose at the end of the traditional springy sapling.

Eccentrics amongst the hunters were less convivial. They were austere, prophetic figures. It is hard to realise that in Welzl's time—and probably still—there were men who lived alone hundreds of miles from their fellows in the remote parts of northern Canada and New Siberia, and that they lived thus by choice. These Selkirks lived on meat alone, with perhaps a few beans traded with the Indians, and though glad to meet occasional hunters, they soon went off, unable to stand human society. They all lived to a great age, their beards swept the ground, their hair was yards long and they lived like animals in their caves. There was, for example an old man of the mountains who when asked what had happened during sixty years solitude, replied that nothing of particular note had occurred. And there was Finlander Kid who was 103 years old and danced like a boy. He had lived for seventy-five years virtually alone. Tamed bears drew his sledges, and he had travelled by himself to parts of the polar desolation where bands of hunters had not dared to venture. An injured man was as good as dead in those parts, for there were no doctors or surgeons, but Finlander Kid had never had a day's illness in his life.

Welzl neither exaggerates nor mini-

mises the melodramatic behaviour of the Arctic climate and his simple picture is unforgettable. Disaster overwhelmed numberless bands of trappers, and Welzl tells of a gruesome find of his own by the ice bound sea: the figure of a frozen man standing on his feet and placed there by a survivor as a monument to an expedition which had met calamity.

Every page of the book is fascinating, not only for its lore and adventure, but for the dry, limpid, zestful manner of narration. Welzl got the *Laura* in the end. The two Czech reporters who have taken down his rambling tale and have put some sort of order upon it are to be congratulated. Now Welzl is off to the Arctic again to astonish the Eskimos with stories of Europe as he startled us with the North. "Old Arctic Bismarck is at it again", they will say. Or so he says.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

BARRY JACKSON AND THE LONDON THEATRE, by G. W. Bishop. Illustrated from the designs of Paul Shelving. *Arthur Barker. One Guinea.*

WATCHING A PLAY, by C. K. Munro. *Howe. 7s. 6d.*

SIR BARRY JACKSON has enormously enriched the theatre of London, as well as of his native Birmingham, and the process has cost him heavily. Mr. Bishop's description of his work is at once a tribute to this gifted and generous patron of our stage and an analysis of the general conditions and the particular mistakes which have helped to pile up the debit side of the account. Mr. C. B. Cochran, in an introductory note, puts his experienced finger on the excessive "over-heads"; Sir Barry, he thinks, has been too lavish in his recruitment of permanent and administrative staff. But then Sir Barry has

had provincial and over-sea ventures, and a Malvern Festival to control at the same time as his London work. Mr. Shaw, in some very interesting letters printed here, despairs of the London theatre altogether. In his view, the intelligent theatre depends on the five-shilling (or less) public, and in the West End of London the theatre cannot be financed on those prices. There must be subsidy. In England the state and municipality will not even consider a subvention, although the practice is taken for granted all over Europe. Therefore, Sir Barry must be content to pay the subsidy himself, if he wants to continue as a producer of intelligent work. Mr. Cochran can retort that between May, 1927, and October, 1932, his productions have shown a net profit of £143,246, and no one will suggest that Mr. Cochran's shows and plays have been below an intelligent standard. The reason for Mr. Cochran's success, of course, is his application of intelligence to forms of entertainment already popular and calculated to please the extravagant public, *i.e.*, revues and musical comedies. Sir Barry might get round the subsidy problem by producing smart musical shows. But the answer to that again is that Sir Barry probably lacks both the appetite and the ability to recruit choruses of bewitching young ladies and to parade them to the best advantage.

He has chosen to do otherwise. He has offered London an exceptional variety of work from Expressionism to Tennyson's *Harold*, from the pastoral farces of Eden Phillpotts to the meta-biological pentateuch of Mr. Shaw's *Methuselah*, from Shakespeare in plain clothes to the Barretts of Wimpole Street in all their Victorian finery and shackles. Sometimes the efforts have been misplaced or mishandled and Mr. Bishop critically and shrewdly exam-

ines the causes of failure while he applauds the intention. It is highly desirable that there should be a record and an appreciation of Sir Barry's work in London. This beautifully-produced volume is all the more valuable because it is frank and not fulsome.

Mr. C. K. Munro has reprinted the Lectures delivered for the Shute foundation at Liverpool University, and this adds to his dramatic creation a first-rate volume of criticism. He has a Socratic type of mind and likes to whittle down a common phrase until nothing but its essential meaning is left. His first lecture, on the purpose and nature of art, is rather teasingly Platonic in its pursuit of reality by examination of words and their content. But he is more practical when he has established his philosophical foundations, and the intending dramatist would do well to study his analysis of dramatic suspense and his assessment of dramatic values in general. The principles affirmed are strengthened by instances drawn from the major playwrights. Mr. Munro watches a play with an author's eye and his opinions on the theatrical presentation of the author's vision of life offer admirable assistance to the playwright who can absorb an argument and take advice. Some cannot, but must succeed or fail by intuition. For those who can work on a grounding of theory, Mr. Munro is an interesting instructor.

IVOR BROWN.

THE ENGLISH MUZE. By Oliver Elton. *Bell. 16s.*

AMONG major works of literary scholarship the six volumes of Dr. Elton's *Survey of English Literature, 1730-1880* take a high place, and no one is better qualified than he to write a brief history of English Poetry. There is more in

such a tribute than may appear at first sight, for if the detailed examination of a smaller province calls for an exceptional degree of patience and industry in the critical historian, the rapid survey of a wide territory has its own peculiar perils and temptations. A man who finds himself in the position of having to pass summary judgment on hundreds of poets and perhaps thousands of poems must often be tempted to play for safety, either by repeating the opinions of others or by resort to the refuge of vague phrases. The first is in the nature of an abdication; the second is tedious dishonesty. It is perhaps the chief merit of Dr. Elton's book—apart from its value as a clear statement of historical facts—that, though his tone is never dogmatic or oracular where matters of taste are in question, he speaks his own mind, moderately indeed, but so evidently, that we are never afflicted with the uneasy feeling of being fobbed off with second-hand verdicts. He brings to his task a wide knowledge, a mature enthusiasm, and a discriminating temper. "The book", he tells us in his preface, "is meant as an introduction; or as a companion to an imaginary, and most imperfect, anthology . . . I would fain write for all who like myself regard poetry as a material part of their life and their religion".

The story begins before *Beowulf* and ends with Harold Monro, and it is told in some four hundred pages. The discourse on Old English poetry is of purely historical interest to the lay reader; for the poems in question (fragments of which are here given in translation) were written in a language that is now dead; and the inclusion of quite recent poets, though it argues considerable courage in the author, hardly adds to the book's value. But between these two extreme points is

contained all that we need to learn by way of introduction to the most fruitful of all studies, that study (itself a perpetual feast of enjoyment) whose end is the sentitizing of the spirit and the endless enrichment of the mind. Poetry is the quintessence of literature, and in the immense diversity of English Literature there is provision for every responsive human mind, whether simple or subtle, ignorant or learned. No one, however widely read, could fail to derive profit from this book, which is as unpretentious in its learning as it is catholic in its appreciation. As for the tentative reader of poetry, hesitating upon the brink of glorious adventure, he could not do better than whet his appetite by examining this small-scale map of an enchanted country which Dr. Elton has provided.

GERALD BULLETT.

MY BIRDS, by W. H. Davies.
Cape. 3s. 6d.

"I WOULD like to say at the beginning of this book", writes Mr. Davies, "that my knowledge of birds is very limited, and that the inward urge to write it is all a matter of love, and of no scientific value". One might go further and say that the birds in this book are human birds. Their behaviour, their methods of thought and reasoning, their attitude of life are strikingly similar to those of Mr. Davies himself, and the reason of this is that Mr. Davies himself is very much of a bird. And so he moves in the bird-society in his garden not as an impertinently inquisitive alien, but as a bird among birds. He shows them at least as much courtesy and consideration as he would show to a human being.

This will be no news to lovers of Mr. Davies's writings. They are familiar with his birdlike qualities, his sharp

eye, the freshness of his song and its crystal simplicity. In some of his poems we seem to catch him practising, as in the early spring we hear a thrush practising, trying over certain notes and combinations of notes of a song not yet fully realized; and in his best poems the song is achieved, it has become the expression of a single lyrical mood, leaving behind it, as all true poetry does, something more than the words themselves have stated.

In the present book there is both poetry and prose. Every chapter begins with a lyric, there is a liberal sprinkling of them in the prose text, and often a poem lies hidden in a sentence or two of prose. Here is one, bright, with that sharp visual quality in which Mr. Davies excels, which I hope he will one day turn into a lyric:

But if I had this pool in my garden, it would not be a place for fishing—I would only sit there quietly and dream. The fishes could lay their silver bellies on the smooth stones, or heave the weeds on their golden backs; and what I saw I might tell, but no harm would come to them from that.

Here is another from the same page:

One bright morning, when I opened my front door, carrying in my hand the birds' breakfast, there was such a number of them waiting that when they flew up suddenly, as one, the quick transition from light to darkness almost blinded me, and I had to wait for the air to clear before I could step forward.

Besides passages like these there are one or two grim anecdotes, one of a mouse under a stove which, as Mr. Davies describes it, grows into a creature more formidable than a basilisk, and another, a still more sinister tale, admirably told, of a certain Mr. William Blake who lived on boiled cat.

Sometimes, in company with Homer, Mr. Davies nods, but for those who love their Homer and their Davies even these involuntary gestures will be endearing. Besides, the book provides poems and prose which rank with his best, and it provides also something which is today extremely rare: the spectacle of a contented mind. Its contentment is no mere quietism; it is the busy, eager, ecstatic contentment that we meet in Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

A PITMAN LOOKS AT OXFORD,
by Roger Dataller. *Dent. 5s.*

AFTER starting working life at thirteen Mr. Dataller gained a scholarship which enabled him to go to Oxford. Readers of his previous book will be aware that he was quite worthy to appreciate the best of Oxford. It would therefore be unfair to doubt that his eye can see truly also her faults, and these he finds chiefly in the lack of social consideration displayed by many of the inhabitants both of junior and senior common rooms, in the unthinking reliance on the service of another class, and in the use to which many undergraduates put their new-found freedom from the discipline of school and home. It is true that Oxford reflects, at times in a particularly crude form, the vices of an acquisitive society. It also possesses the power to help a reflective mind towards true discrimination, such as the author possesses. For this he is, in spite of the bitter passages in this book, not ungrateful. He does not wish to destroy the good which Oxford has stood for. It seems that Oxford is now beginning to appreciate the good in the Labour movement. If all critics are as understanding as Mr. Dataller, it should not be impossible to find some adjustment between them. A. M. W.

DRYDEN, by Christopher Hollis. *Duckworth*. 10s.

HAVING taken the measure of Erasmus with one hand, Mr. Hollis gives us with the other, and with an equal facility, a rehabilitated Dryden. This quite brief book is very much Dryden-without-tears—author's or reader's. The facts of its subject's life and works are set forth readably enough, though with little that is expressly new and rather less that can be described as in any sense either creative criticism or creative biography. Yet Dryden is a figure a good deal less biographised than most perhaps of the outstanding English writers, and this essay may serve as a welcome introduction to him for many who previously have been content to know no more than the bare chronological data.

As Mr. T. S. Eliot protested some few years ago, Dryden for some reason has never received quite his due as poet. He stands, in other modes than time-sequences, between Shakespeare and Pope, and finds full favour with the devotees of neither. Mr. Hollis claims for him: "He was not as great a poet as Shakespeare, but he was as completely unique a poet as Shakespeare". Surely the term "unique" rather begs the essential question, though Mr. Hollis has, to a point, defined it a few pages earlier, when, having said that while a capable dramatist Dryden was less than a great dramatic genius, and that while "the master of the secret of pleasing the ear by the sheer music of words . . . he is a pleasure-giver rather than a creator of beauty", he adds: "There are indeed a dozen reasons why Dryden's is an important and interesting figure in English letters, but there is only one reason why he should be placed in the very first rank. To be in the very first rank it is necessary not only to have written well, but to have

written something that was worth writing, and that nobody else could have written. Dryden is in that small class. For he was the first great debater in English verse—the first in time, and, if one may accept a general verdict, very easily the first in merit". Mr. Hollis then relegates the problem of whether debate can be a true function of poetry to the realm of "somewhat fruitless enquiry". But if Dryden's claim to front rank place rests upon work not essentially poetic, it is hardly accurate to say of him that he is "as completely unique a poet as Shakespeare"! The point may seem trivial, but it is rather typical of a general failure to get down to real fundamentals, of which indeed there are almost more in the half-score pages of Mr. Eliot's essay than the two hundred of the present book.

Mr. Hollis is particularly concerned to demonstrate the integrity of Dryden's conversion to the Catholic Church, and in general to defend his subject against all accusations of insincerity and weather-vane veering. One chapter refutes the loose prejudiced charges of Macaulay; others study him in his roles of Tory satirist and Tory philosopher.

GEOFFREY WEST

TWELVE STUDIES IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by members of the Labour Movement. *Gollancz*. 5s.

SOVIET ECONOMICS. A symposium edited by Dr. Gerhard Dobbert. *John Lane*. 8s. 6d.

LIFE IN A SOVIET FACTORY, by Lili Körber. *John Lane*. 5s.

IN the recent past it was the fashion for casual visitors to Soviet Russia to publish accounts of their individual experiences on their return, accounts usually of little interest and less

moment. Now the fashion has been modified, no doubt owing to the mass tourist migrations of the past two years, to the extent that many of these visitors combine to write symposia on their travels.

The change is good, inasmuch as ten men may be more likely to achieve a fair balance between what they saw and what they would like to see than one. It is bad inasmuch as it gives to studies of no great profundity the superficial air of an exhaustive survey. The *Twelve Studies in Soviet Russia* by members of the Labour Party who were in Russia in July and August of last year is better, much better, than most things of its kind, and on some subjects good without comparison with its kind. Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, perhaps the only real expert of the twelve, writes lucidly about the differences between capitalist and Communist finance. Mr. John Morgan, describing the mechanization and collectivization of agriculture, makes the necessary and reasonable distinctions between Soviet theory and Soviet practice. And Mr. G. R. Mitchison sees (what the present writer pointed out two years ago) the qualification the Soviet price system brings to apparently great disparity of incomes. The rest are too scrappy to be of any value, and one of them, Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, descends to the uttermost depths of fatuity in her description of intellectual workers.

The symposium edited by Dr. Dobbert is on a much higher level. Fourteen foreigners well acquainted with Russia here present studies, of such aspects of Soviet economy as money and credits, foreign trade, and transport, serious enough to make the whole a good picture of Russia today. Whether it will be a good picture of Russia by the time the recently announced plans for de-industrializa-

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tion are in force is, of course, another matter. Soviet economy is so constantly inconstant that it needs a man like Mr. W. H. Chamberlin, who here writes on "Planned Economy", to give its phases more than a passing significance.

All that is constant in Russia today is, in fact, the character of the people, which has survived changes of law and form, convention, and name. For that reason the most illuminating glimpses

of Russian life are to be found in the comparatively few books by people who have lived and worked with the Russian worker. Fräulein Körber has so lived and worked, and from the experience thus gained she has made a sometimes artful, sometimes artless but always interesting tale. Incidentally, some of her sidelights contrast sharply (though not, perhaps, strangely) with those in "Twelve Studies."

WILFRID HINDLE.

DICKENS AND SOME MODERN NOVELS

DICKENS, by Bernard Darwin. (Great Lives). Duckworth. 2s.

THE REAL DAVID COPPERFIELD, by Robert Graves. Arthur Barker. 9s.

"Lord," exclaimed Charles Dickens once, after a long draught of Tennyson's poetry; "Lord, what a blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write!" That characteristically exuberant phrase was the natural tribute of one good craftsman to another; and it is no exaggeration to suggest that, if Dickens could read Mr. Bernard Darwin's little gem of critical appreciation today, he would be hardly less generous in response. For the true craftsman always admires most in others the qualities least native to himself; and while "the inimitable Boz" was a glutton for appreciation, and easily vexed by criticism, his triumphant sense of humour would reconcile him easily enough to Mr. Darwin's judgments, when he set them side by side with his judge's quick sympathy and unfailing understanding. Mr. Darwin's literary temperament is, in fact, the very antithesis to Dickens's, but it is also his helpful complement. He is concise where Dickens is verbose,

epigrammatic where Dickens is expansive, and cool where he is inflammatory. But he does realize to the full that the "man who really can write" must write according to his own sense of life; and that the reader who is to enjoy his virtues must ride lightly over his vices. This is a short book, closely packed and cleanly written, and the quintessence of Dickens is in its pages. The secret of its interpretation lies in the perfect balance of its criticism and appreciation, based upon the closest familiarity with the text, and the readiest acceptance and discrimination between the strength and weakness of that great, overflowing, ebullient epitome of sentiment and passion which was indeed the "inimitable Boz". The more the reader knows of the available material for such a portrait, the better will he recognize the skill with which Mr. Darwin has worked new and old—conjecture, fact, and judgment—into a miniature of brilliant colour and vitality. "Lord, what a blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write."

To turn from Mr. Darwin to Mr. Robert Graves is to be plunged at a leap from critical appreciation to dull,

myopic misprision. Mr. Graves does not enjoy the essential qualities which are Dickens. That is his misfortune, upon which he is to be commiserated. We have all our blind spots, and obstinate antipathies. But nothing but an impenetrable, if temporary, lack of humour could incite one good craftsman to take scissors and paste to the masterpiece of another, snipping here, slashing there, and finally scrawling his own additions into the margin, like a country school marm at work upon an examination paper. And of course the result is inevitable. All the relish of the original vanishes, the fine savour of life, the colour and the glow; it is incredible that Mr. Graves, himself an artist craftsman of delicate susceptibility and taste, should not have foreseen the portentous melancholy of his failure. But no one will have the heart to be angry with him. He will soon be only too angry with himself, when he realizes that, in producing this truly dreadful compound for his own reflection, he has pulled out and thrown away all the plums of the real *David Copperfield*, and is left in his solitary corner with nothing but a dry and mildewed crust.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND, by A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE STREET OF THE SANDAL-MAKERS, by Nis Petersen. Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.

THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS, by Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

NOBODY STARVES, by Catherine Brody. Collins. 7s. 6d.

THE MACEDONIAN, by Mary Butts. Heinemann. 6s.

THE gift of humorous observation is badly needed by the majority of contemporary novelists, who appear to think that their duty is accomplished

when they have depicted their own private corner of the field, so often a barren and dismal corner. Mr. Macdonell will have none of this. Allowing for the fact that he does not possess the subtlety shown by M. André Maurois in his "Colonel Bramble" stories, he may be said to have written the most amusing and perceptive criticism of certain aspects of English life and character that has appeared for a long time. Donald Cameron descends upon London with the idea of writing a book about English life and character. He is fortunate in his introductions, which enable him to enjoy in rapid succession a fashionable, week-end party, a cricket match, a day's golf-de-luxe, a month as private secretary at Geneva, and a visit to a charming family in Buckinghamshire. There are also curious and

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highly amusing sidelights on literary journalism.

Donald Cameron possesses a sensitive and enquiring mind. He is a man of few words and a great zest for life, and Mr. Macdonell makes his enthusiasm and bewilderment so vivid and engaging that almost every Englishman will swallow the pill, and allow it to do its beneficial work, without suspecting that he has taken medicine at all. I enjoyed every page of *England, Their England*, and the close, with its vision of peace and beauty on the downs above Winchester, is a lovely thing.

Mr. Nis Petersen's *The Street of the Sandalmakers* has already been translated into ten languages. The English version has been beautifully done by Miss Elizabeth Sprigge and Mr. Claude Napier, and it conveys admirably the qualities of this historical novel of life in ancient Rome, in the time of the emperor Marcus Aurelius.

Upon a night of the Saturnalia, a slave-girl, Ruth, dies in giving birth to Jon. The father is Marcellus, son of Papirius, the head of the Roman secret police. Jon is soon taken away from Rome by an old cobbler, Pedanius, but Marcellus falls in love with a

Christian, Caecilia. In the Street of the Sandalmakers the Christian community meets. At first they are allowed to practise their devotions, but in time the blow falls, and Marcellus meets his death, but Jon remains a symbol of better and happier things to come.

Mr. Petersen wears his learning lightly, and the considerable merit of the book lies in the vividness of the characterization and in the colourful picture of life in Rome.

I have not previously read anything by Miss Daphne du Maurier, and I found *The Progress of Julius* one of the most interesting and impressive novels that I have come upon for some time. The book is very well planned, and the author never allows her main purpose to escape her throughout it.

Julius Lévy was half Jew, half French. From his earliest childhood the desire for gain was the strongest emotion that he knew. At ten years old during the Siege of Paris he caught rats and sold them for a few sous to the starving people. In Algeria he carried on his commercial operations on a much larger scale. When he grew up he naturally chose England for further successes because he felt that it was the home of fools where money-making would be easiest. All his life he went ruthlessly on, piling up his enormous fortune, and, only at the end, did he meet opposition, from his daughter, who closely resembled her father in character. Miss du Maurier has written a novel which is rich in colour and incident, and the details are skilfully introduced to throw fresh light on Julius's character. She is to be congratulated on handling a difficult subject with such accomplishment and artistry that she has made of *The Progress of Julius* a compelling book.

Miss Catherine Brody's *Nobody Starves* is a grim and able picture of the great American slump. It is a story of the hardships undergone by the small-wage worker, of the unending search for work, of lack of food and perpetual discomfort, of the pitiable struggle for existence of Molly and Bill, ending in a tragedy that is made to seem inevitable, although it is so obviously wasteful and futile.

Miss Brody's story is so vivid and harrowing that it cannot be read with enjoyment or with the pleasure that is to be obtained from a considerable literary accomplishment, but I can say without hesitation that it should be read by all who give thought to economic conditions to-day because it portrays unemployment and the fear of unemployment more graphically than any other book that I have ever read.

Miss Mary Butts has already revealed in novels, short stories, and pamphlets that she can use the English language as an instrument capable of producing pleasant harmonies. She is also an acute critic of human relationships. Her new short novel, *The Macedonian*, is a chronicle-story of the life of Alexander of Macedon, told in ten connected scenes, and it seems to me to be at least as satisfying as any other account of the life of a strange and great man.

ERIC GILLET.

BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT IT, by Luigi Pirandello. *The Bodley Head*. 7s. 6d.

OUTSIDE EDEN, by J. C. Squire. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

BESIDES plays, which form twenty-eight volumes in the Italian edition, several volumes of poetry and some novels, Pirandello has published thir-

teen volumes of short stories in his own country, yet *Better Think Twice About It*, which contains thirteen pieces, is the first selection of his tales to appear in English. The translators, who have done their work honestly but without that felicity of touch and purity of feeling that a great translator like Mrs. Constance Garnett possesses, have selected the stories from the whole thirteen volumes, thus aiming to give a varied selection of Pirandello's work in all stages of its development. In a short prefatory note they draw a distinction between the Pirandello of the plays—"Pirandellian" has come to suggest something metaphysical, almost as recondite as the fourth dimension, almost as obscure as Einstein"—and Pirandello the writer of stories, who indeed might be another person altogether, so simple, direct, and realistic is his art. This direct realism indeed may account for our ignorance of Pirandello the short-story writer, for a country that could shake its head at a Lawrence might certainly be expected to disapprove of *A Call to Duty*, a bit of frank comedy of which Maupassant might well have been proud, or *Better Think Twice About It* itself, the story of an old professor who, having married

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a young girl in order "to act as a benefactor" seeks to make up for his defects by becoming a benefactor to . . . "Well, yes, to *him* too, to his good Giacomino, who had been one of his most promising pupils at the High School", all of which has an engaging sequel. But these are far from being Pirandello's only themes. He is interested in the human soul from an infinite number of angles and "his spirit", as his translators point out, "is volatile and he is at times broadly comic, fantastic, witty, and satirical; but more often he is sad". The saddest piece, *The Other Son*, a tragedy of motherhood that also recalls Maupassant, must in fact rank highest in the volume. Very near it, however, comes *The Jar*, a purely farcical tale which no doubt has its origins in folklore, and *The Quick and the Dead*, a stimulating piece of broad comedy

about a sea-captain who found *himself* with two wives who were sisters.

Mr. Squire's stories are rather of the kind that figure in collected editions of an author's works, or used to do, under the title of *Reprinted Pieces*. They are the work of Mr. Squire the journalist rather than Mr. Squire the poet; they are clever enough, but all, with one exception, lack any real distinction or originality. That exception is a short sketch called *The Reader*, the portrait of a "man who looked rather ordinary, very like a respectable Continental shopkeeper", who came day after day to read in the British Museum, quietly, unassumingly, rarely speaking, going home every evening to his wife in the rooms he rented in Holborn. "Today his name is known, for execration or reverence, over the whole world." That name is Lenin.

H. E. BATES.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JUNE 1, 1933

"A VERY HARD NUT TO CRACK"

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

THE "World Economic and Financial Conference" will meet in London on June 12th, thereby missing the anniversary of its own origin by about a fortnight. The first news that such a conference had been decided upon—decided upon as a measure of urgent expediency, demanding immediate application—was given to the world from Washington on May 31st, 1932.

Whereas a year ago a common expectation was that the conference could hardly fail to agree on a course of action clearly and equally beneficial to all the parties concerned, the dominant temper this year is that of a weary and bedraggled scepticism. The matter itself is so chronic; the remedies have so often been prescribed by the experts, and not taken by the governments; Burke's famous philippic—"Invention is exhausted; reason is fatigued; experience has given judgment; but obstinacy is not yet conquered"—has been so insistently applicable to contemporary experience, that men have begun to doubt if there is any limit beyond which political obduracy will not go.

By contrast, in June a year ago, a Disarmament Conference, sitting in Geneva, representative of sixty nations and of nearly 2,000,000,000 people, was still upheld by a widely prevalent public belief that when the matter was driven to an issue, the world's politicians would be able to do the single,

simple thing they all had said they wanted to do ; and the feeling of confidence thereby engendered spread to the cognate enterprise in pure finance and economics. When the same sixty nations met to remove from each other's necks the economic noose that was strangling them all indiscriminately, they would—so ran the belief—simply remove it. But the Disarmament Conference added month to month, now adds year to year, and makes no progress. The World Conference, far from meeting and adopting the simple common remedy, already defined in advance for its adoption, could not for twelve months agree even to meet.

It has therefore become the fashion to affect a tone of cynicism, pleasant or gloomy according to varying temperaments, about all political endeavour ; to recall that never in history has a political machinery produced any recognizable result except war, physical and economic, abroad and costly muddle at home ; in short, to accept as an axiom that politics are the chief instrument whereby, for their own mysterious good, the people of the world are chastised. When one comes to think of it, it is unlikely that politics should be anything but an instrument of misunderstanding on the largest scale. The mind of man is chaotic in the sense that in different people it registers different impressions of the same thing. The most certain mental result of the contact of any two persons, from infancy upwards, is disagreement, expressed or not expressed, great or small. The permutations and combinations of different impressions, memories, prejudices even between two people are in themselves enough to justify "jesting" Pilate when he asked : "What is truth ?" The biblical injunction that one should not judge, lest one be judged obviously derives from the same common experience, that one cannot understand another's circumstances nor the factors of his conduct.

If such be the attribute of the relationship of two individuals, what must be the arithmetical sum of possible divergencies between millions of people, expressing themselves by political means ? It becomes, therefore, a tenable hypothesis that the greater the scope assigned to the political

method in human affairs, the greater inevitably the muddle. Could there be a more spectacular muddle than the assembly in London of the world's politicians for the purpose of removing obstacles to commerce—tariffs, exchange restrictions, sterilised gold, absurd political debts—all of those obstacles being the handiwork of those very politicians themselves ? "This is a very hard nut to crack", observed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on May 5th, 1933, broadcasting his views on the approaching world conference. Yet it is easier and more intelligent to be optimistic than pessimistic ; for, helpless as we all are, we necessarily depend upon some superhuman, and therefore better, agency than ourselves.

The true origin of the Conference must be traced to the summer of 1931. The extent of the damage done to international commerce by the political "bosses" since 1914 was then illustrated by the wobbling of the British pound itself : that token of financial stability which had traditionally been taken for granted throughout the world. In that same summer the payment of the European war debts was suspended, on Mr. Hoover's ironic initiative. A year later the Lausanne Conference registered the breakdown, so far as Europe was concerned, of the whole system of political war-indebtedness. Owing, however, to the circumstance that Mr. Hoover was nearing the end of his Presidential term, it was impossible to add an American to a European debt settlement. The European Powers, therefore, by means of the famous "Gentleman's Agreement", of which the text was published on July 14th, 1932, made the abrogation of the Versailles debts contingent upon America's abrogation of the European debts owed to her, although it was obvious to any schoolboy that once a political debt was suspended, it was not likely ever to be restored. It was the Lausanne Conference also that formally launched the project of a world conference by inviting the League of Nations to convoke "a conference on monetary and economic questions" and by prescribing the heads of an agenda, thus :

(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.

It will be observed that in the list of agenda, the subject of the American debt had no place, for the transparent reason that the European politicians judged it inopportune to irritate the American politicians. December 15th, 1932, came and went. With it went £19,500,000 of British gold across the Atlantic, harming the British, and hardly affecting the American, budget, but illustrating the unlimitedly non-sensical possibilities of high politics. The transport of that gold across the Atlantic in December, 1932, will no doubt live in history as one of the great futilities, comparable to Canute's defiance of the natural laws.

Mr. Hoover never apparently recognized, and we do not yet know whether Mr. Roosevelt recognizes, or can persuade Congress to recognize, the difference between the relationship of a creditor and a debtor within the same country and the relationship of a creditor and a debtor belonging to different countries. An American debtor can pay an American creditor in dollars, his own currency. A British debtor to an American creditor must first change sterling into dollars. Either, therefore, the foreign debt must be paid in the form of the payer-country's favourable trade balance or it must be paid in gold. The United States refused to be paid in the form of trade, and had nearly cornered the world's supply of gold. The political debts owed to the United States have therefore in effect been cancelled by the United States. Because payment from abroad must be translated into dollars, she can be paid only in goods or in services. She can be paid, therefore, only by reducing her own exports or by increasing her own imports; that is, can be paid only in the form of an unfavourable American trade balance, and to the extent of such balance.

The hundred-year experience of Great Britain, who accumulated foreign securities totalling \$20,000,000,000 (say £4,000,000,000) illustrates the procedure. Her only means of receiving the proceeds was to accept food, raw materials, and in the end even manufactured goods, to the detriment of British agriculture and British industry. The balance—that is the amount due to her not recovered in the form of imports—had to be paid out of further loans made by Great Britain. But the United States, having in the short course of five years been thrust into a position comparable to that which Great Britain slowly achieved through a century, had no tradition and no background to guide her policy. When American agriculture and American industry declined as a result of America's receiving debt payments from abroad, it was America's policy to bolster them up by legislative measures (the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, subsidies, etc.). In other words, America refused debt payments except to the extent that they resulted from her own pre-1929 loans. Since she stopped lending to Europe the debts have been dead, because America in effect has refused payment.

France last December acted logically; Great Britain's action was a muddle. The theoretic justification of a British payment last December was that the financial prestige of the City of London might be damaged by formal default, even though such default were the direct imposition of the American policy aforesaid: but the concurrent interest and the deliberate policy of the City and of the Treasury, partly achieved by the operation of the Exchange Equalization Fund, was not to improve the exchange value of the pound, but to keep it down. The two things were diametrically inconsistent.

The argument is elementary; but Mr. Hoover was no better informed in this matter than the late Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the author of that charming howler: "Well, they hired the money, didn't they?" Of course they didn't. No money passed. What they "hired" was pigs, cattle, wheat, cotton, tobacco, munitions. America could be repaid by accepting similar products from her debtors: but she maintains a tariff for the precise purpose of refusing such

products. Mr. Frank H. Simonds in his recent book *America Must Cancel* (Hamish Hamilton) reaches this conclusion, which he submits to his own countrymen: "Is there, then, no way under the sun to get back what we loaned? Oh, yes, there is precisely the way in which the debts were first made. All the United States has to do is to go to war. Then it can take pay in goods and services. Then it can accept steel, munitions, clothing. . . . But it is the only way."

One of the curious facts of contemporary experience is that the politicians have become so expert in destruction that they destroy without consciously knowing what they do. The essential fact illustrated by the Great War and its financial aftermath surely is that war destroys, and what is destroyed, is destroyed. Mr. Simonds says excellently: "The World War was a disaster, not an investment."

The present British Government, which is a band of politicians, nevertheless has scored to its record one of two post-war achievements in pure political logic. In its Note of December 1st last to the United States that Government wrote:

Reparations and war debts represent expenditure on destruction. Fertile fields were rendered barren and populous cities a shattered ruin. Such expenditure, instead of producing a slow and steady accumulation of wealth, destroys in a few hours the stored up riches of the past. Like the shells on which they were largely spent, these loans were blown to pieces. They have produced nothing to repay them, and they have left behind nothing but fresh complications and perplexities.

That Note, indeed, not only would serve as a complete handbook to the impending conference in London, but achieves the impressive feat of exposing the terrors of modern politics on the testimony of one set of modern politicians themselves. It is a manifestation of logic in the form of a boomerang. The other post-war achievement in political logic above referred to was enacted in Athens in November 1922, when six members of the Cabinet were executed by court-martial decision for having embarked upon and lost the war in Anatolia.

June 15th is near at hand. The Conference will not meet till June 12th. What will happen about the debt? As

these lines are written there is no evidence that the United States Congress has yet reconciled itself to the fact that the debts owed to the United States cannot continue to be paid, or that a further transfer of exclusively British gold on June 15th would merely beg the question; nor is there any evidence—there could not be—about the British Government's intention in the alternative event of a moratorium not being agreed upon in time. Yet the debt is necessarily the most important item in the agenda whether it be considered at the Conference or separately. If the politicians assembled in London cannot agree on a method of evading the June transfer—whether or no the alternative be formal default—it is unlikely that they will recognize any other of the established facts that will stare them in the face.

Is it yet possible to discern any improvement in the quality of the combatant arguments, as effected since, for instance, November 23rd last, when Mr. Hoover made the dogged statement that the suggested suspension of the December 15th payments "does not appear to me to carry weight?" Mr. Roosevelt certainly has discussed the matter in Washington with Mr. MacDonald (April 21st—25th), with the result that the deadlock was at least subjected to renewed examination. All that Mr. MacDonald could report, however (broadcast statement of May 5th, 1933), was that ". . . . If the International Conference is to achieve any fine results the vexed question [i.e., of the debt] must be settled one way or another as quickly as possible—certainly before the Conference ends. Upon that we are in agreement".

The really interesting deduction to be made from that statement and from the similar statement he made on May 9th in the House of Commons was that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald were no nearer a solution than before. The Conference may last till Christmas of this year. It would be fairer to say that there can be no "fine results" unless the debt question is settled before June 15th—three days after the Conference opens. A postponement of the transfer or even a provisional suspension on the Lausanne model for the duration of the Conference would be tantamount to a settle-

ment; for everybody knows that the tactical principle of encompassing only "this day our daily bread" is half the battle in diplomacy as in most human affairs.

Mr. MacDonald's party returned from the United States in a slightly more cheerful frame of mind than was theirs when they started. He himself on May 5th contrived to enumerate five achievements resulting from the four days' conversations, not any of them, it must be confessed, of any great substance, thus:

- (1) The final decision, which has been so long delayed, to open the International Conference on June 12th;
- (2) A preliminary mutual examination of the causes of the world crisis and the means of overcoming them . . . ;
- (3) The personal exchange of information regarding war debts and an agreement that on their settlement depends the success of the work of the Economic Conference . . . we are to use every means in our power to find a way to settle those debts;
- (4) An understanding of how to co-operate in trying to bring the Disarmament Conference to a successful issue;
- (5) An improvement generally of the friendly relations and the mutual esteem of our two countries.

His *entourage* were cheerful enough to surmise that if the approaching Conference could only be an Anglo-American conference, success would be possible. Instead, it is to be a world conference, mainly dependent on a measure of agreement being achieved by five countries—the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. There are few weather-beaten realists who expect that Herr Hitler's Germany will contribute much to the work in hand beyond demanding that Germany's short-term be translated into long-term commercial liabilities at a cheap rate, that the existing rates of her long-term liabilities be reduced, and that her army be increased. It is unfortunate that Germany's emotional capacity should have been worked into a frenzy of muddled militarism and self-exaltation at the moment when something more chastened would be more profitable to herself and to others.

It seems to be a fair assumption that the Conference prospects will be quickly established by June 15th. If that day arrives, and, America willing, no ships pass with their

dead weight of gold across the Atlantic, then it will be possible to look ahead to the further business awaiting the Conference.

When, and if, that stage is reached, the spectacle will indeed be large. Every single factor in the material circumstances of international intercourse will be tabled for discussion. Even if American politicians had not repeatedly said so, it would be obvious that the business of the London Economic Conference is interdependent with that of the Geneva Disarmament Conference. One of the true things said by Mr. Hoover was that "the problem of foreign debts has in the American mind a very definite relationship to the problem of disarmament" (November 23rd, 1932.)

It seems inevitable that the Economic Conference will among other things be concerned with the greatest of all international problems, that of war and peace. The politicians who *ipso facto* produce war are about to abolish, if they can, their own consequences. The relationship between disarmament and economic recovery is both direct and indirect. Indirectly war has certain unsettling effects upon commerce. Directly, it is absurd, at a time when no budget in the world can be made to balance, that every country in the world—except only Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, and Japan—has increased its expenditure on armaments within the past few years, has even largely increased it, and refuses now to retract.

It is probably safe to assume that if the nations represented at the Conference are unable to agree on a reduction of armaments—for the nations represented in London will be the same as those represented in Geneva—they will neither be able to agree upon an adequate reduction of the tariffs whereby they prevent themselves from doing trade with each other, nor upon the abandonment of exchange restrictions whereby they refuse to allow even the small remnant of international trade to be paid for, nor upon the restoration to action of the gold standard upon which the normal practice of international commerce is based.

Really this matter of the World Economic and Financial Conference about to meet in London is a source of increasing wonder to those who think about it. Since 1914, by a violent

twist of chance, the whole world has been caught up in a tornado of politics. First came the war—"The Great War"—involving the whole world. The political leaders of Germany, France, Italy, Great Britain, Japan, the United States, and many other countries diverted the whole world's work, energy, and thought upon an insane world-wide riot, of which the exclusive purpose was to destroy human life, wealth, and property *ad infinitum*. Next, the politicians all met together at the Paris Conference and turned the world into a sort of diplomatic bear garden. Every country being well-nigh ruined by the war, the "victors", that is, those of the belligerents which in the military sense had "won", desperately tried to make "the defeated" pay: that is to extract reparation from those who *ex hypothesi* were least able to repair anything. The result of such politics was, of course, not foreseen by the politicians. The enemies of Germany, by demanding reparation from Germany, were in effect demanding of Germany that she should become immediately and hugely more prosperous than themselves, so that she could pay: but those enemies of Germany were at the same time determined that Germany should become nothing of the kind. These political adventurers were as confused as their prototypes who hunted the *Snark*:

"But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,
That the ship would not travel due West!"

The politicians, when they determined to make Germany pay, and equally determined to make her for ever unable to pay, did not perform their perversities for the exclusive bewilderment of the "defeated". The victors had become financially entangled among themselves, and the United States presented to Great Britain, France, and Italy precisely the same mutually destructive demands as those three countries had presented to Germany. Fortunately, nobody at first understood what anybody was doing; the War was over; business men felt as M. Clemenceau felt in November, 1918, when he said: "And now to work!" Everybody went to

work. The United States, having become the world's greatest creditor, and having made the greatest financial profit out of the War (the United States trade balance, for instance, rose from \$691,000,000 in 1913 to \$3,000,000,000 in 1916), lent money to Germany, who paid some of it in reparation to France and Great Britain, who paid some of it back to the United States, who lent it again to Germany, and so on and so on.

In the meantime taxation in most countries except in the United States was so high that trade was crippled. The politicians, having had the power to organize a 4½-year world-wide campaign of intensive and indiscriminate slaughter, were powerful enough to tax the survivors to economic death. In Russia the politicians deliberately interned their 150,000,000 of subjects and cut them off from the rest of the world. The politicians of most other countries unintentionally and by other means did more or less the same thing. The general condition of the world's trade was one of chaos, but the non-Russian politicians were able to maintain the semblance of international exchange by means of wholesale borrowing. Not only did Europe borrow American commercial credits, refugee loans, relief loans, but the League of Nations extracted from some of its constituent European members vast loans which it proceeded to pour, as it were, into the Danube. But the wild orgy could not last. It was so wild that in New York everybody became a Stock Exchange gambler, with the result that the stream of capital from the United States to Europe was met in mid-ocean by an opposite stream of capital destined for Wall Street speculation. The collision took place in 1929. The United States stopped lending to Germany, Germany therefore stopped paying France, France stopped paying the United States. The money ceased to circulate. A vast unprecedented process of liquidation, or deflation, had set in which squeezed commerce to a standstill. Prices fell disastrously. In the existing international network of paper indebtedness, liabilities rose automatically and proportionately as assets fell.

The politicians, being as uncontrolled in their panic, as

they had been in their exuberance, proceeded to safeguard existing national assets by restrictions against the export of currency and by tariff prohibitions against the import of foreign trade. Something like a condition of primitive barter was offered to commerce for its continued operation ; but modern commerce could not work on the principles of primitive barter. The gold standard, of course, went down in the general disaster. Its sinking convulsions produced some grotesque effects. While Mr. MacDonald and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross were in mid-Atlantic (April 19th) on their way to discuss with Mr. Roosevelt the prospects of the World Conference, the United States, holding more than half of the world's available supply of monetary gold, went off gold. Mr. Roosevelt's admirers said that only by that means was he able to withstand the unsound inflationary proposals then assailing him. It is probably truer to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt hardly knew why or what he did.

The general spectacle being that of an undisguised disaster, whence emerges the chance for optimism ?

That question is best answered by another : can the politicians possibly do anything worse ? For twenty years the political Colossus has bestridden the world. Political power is such that it thrives and increases upon itself. The greater it grows, the more people obtain a stake in its continuance, and the greater becomes that army of permanent officials, permanently battenning upon the dwindling remainder of the community. Who can shift them ? Not the politicians, for they are the product of the politicians. This disease of socialism—for that is what it really is, the progressive subjugation of the individual by the "state"—had to run its course. Has it reached its crisis ? Bolshevism, tariffs, wars, war debts, exchange restrictions, gold embargoes, with their combined achievement of stagnant trade, unemployment and universal adversity : these are the works of politics. The assembly in London of the whole world's politicians will be a cheerful event, not because it is reasonable to expect that they will change their spots and do something constructive, but because they will ceremonially review their own handi-

work and willy-nilly themselves expose the desolation they have produced. Fire cannot drive out fire. The politicians of the world cannot undo the harm that the politicians do. Either the June conference will be the supreme reduction to absurdity of post-1914 political extravagance, whence may follow automatically the liberation of mankind from its political overlords ; or the disease of politics must go even further, whence one would perforce deduce that mankind, again for its own mysterious good, has not yet been punished enough. In either event the true philosopher will retain his serenity.

NATIONALISM THE WORLD'S BANE

BY JOHN HALLETT

THE history text-books used to tell us—and probably still tell our children—that Nationalism as a political idea was born on the battlefields of Napoleon. Until the latter part of the eighteenth century wars were an affair of dynasties rather than of nations; national conscript armies were unknown; and so little was national feeling developed in other spheres that the greatest of the kings of Prussia could express open contempt for the German language and devote the whole of his leisure to the study of French. The twin upheavals of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars changed all that. Greek independence blossomed out of the marshes of Missolonghi; Italian and German unity, realised half a century later, were conceived on the battlefields of Northern Italy and Central Europe; Russian national consciousness received its first and mightiest impulse in the retreat from Moscow; and even Poland, though she was not destined to secure her liberation for another hundred years, continued throughout the nineteenth century to venerate the name of Napoleon as the champion of her national freedom. The principle of nationality runs like a golden thread through nineteenth-century history. By the end of the century its importance and its sacrosanctity had won such universal recognition that men had forgotten how modern it really was. They placed it among the eternal verities which no longer abide thought or question.

Perhaps the oddest thing of all to us, who survey the field from the vantage-point of 1933, is that, throughout the last century, Nationalism went hand in hand with democracy. There was felt to be some essential, almost mystical, link between the ideals of democracy and of nationality. The

former had sprung from the French Revolution, the latter from Bonapartism; and the Revolution and Napoleon had really never got themselves disentangled from each other in the popular mind. But the man who, historically, is most clearly responsible for the linking of the two ideas is Metternich. He abhorred both with an equal loathing. (It is, by the way, significant that Metternich should, in the past year, have attracted the respectful, almost sympathetic, attention of more than one English biographer.) For Metternich nationality and democracy were the twin enemies. Singly or together, they menaced not only the Austrian Empire, but the whole European order which he had constructed with so much pains.

Where the reactionaries led, the radicals naturally followed. What was bad for Metternich and the Holy Alliance must be good enough for them. The typical hero of European nineteenth-century radicalism is Mazzini, who struggled for the simultaneous overthrow of autocracy and of foreign domination in his country, and whose goal was not merely the unity of Italy but an Italian Republic. Mazzini, both nationalist and democrat, is the natural counterpart of Metternich; and Mazzini, who lived for many years in England, was the darling of English radicals in the middle years of last century. (It is, once more, significant that recent English historians of the Italian movement have set to work to "deflate" Mazzini's reputation.) Even Karl Marx, who had less use for sentiment of any kind than most reformers, tempered the rigidity of his economic system with a certain sympathy for "oppressed nationalities"; and the germs of the First International can actually be traced to an international meeting convened in London to protest against the suppression of the Polish national rebellion of 1863.

It is worth while to examine the process by which Nationalism and Democracy—these Siamese twins of nineteenth-century political thought—have, before the twentieth century has run a third of its course, undergone a violent and decisive separation. The war at first seemed to leave the issue of Nationalism in doubt. Of the warring Powers, Germany was the most loudly and blatantly nationalistic, as well as—except for Russia—the

least democratic ; and a good deal was done by way of Allied propaganda to discredit the extremer forms of Nationalism. On the other hand, the Allied cause, as the war went on, became more and more involved with that of the " oppressed nationalities of Central Europe ; though there were, almost up to the end, Allied statesmen who dreamed of buying off Vienna by a separate peace which would have shelved the question of nationalities and left the Austro-Hungarian Empire intact. It was touch and go whether a new Congress of Vienna might not re-settle Europe on lines of which Metternich himself would scarcely have disapproved.

The issue, so far as the war period was concerned, was finally decided — *ex Occidente Lux* — by President Wilson. Throughout the nineteenth century, the United States of America had imported their political ideas from Europe with a time-lag of from thirty to fifty years ; and Wilson had, in 1918, the same fresh, unquestioning faith in the ideals of Democracy and Nationality which had flourished in Western Europe in the 'sixties and the 'seventies. Post-war Europe, in its mood of weary and uncritical enthusiasm, would eagerly have swallowed any tonic from a bottle bearing a transatlantic label. It gulped down Wilson in more than homœopathic doses, and did not pause to reflect that the prescription, offered to it as the latest product of American science, was one which had been invented and freely used by its own grandfathers and grandmothers. Nationalism was triumphant. The Great War had finished what Napoleon had begun. The twentieth century had vindicated the wisdom of its predecessor.

But presently men began once more to reflect. They remembered how they had been told, not so long ago, that those good German Nationalists Treitschke, Bernhardi and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, had been the real and only begetters of the war ; they began to observe some of the uglier phenomena to which the spirit of nationality had given birth in the newly created or newly liberated states ; and, above all, they began to feel a little ashamed of some of the hysterical things they themselves had said and done under the influence of national enthusiasm. While this uncertain mood still prevailed, Signor

Mussolini startled the world by a violent and successful assault on democracy in the name of a new entity called Fascism, about which little was known save that it wore an ostentatiously nationalistic complexion. It became clear that Nationalism was, to say the least of it, an idol with feet of clay, and that, if its head reached to heaven, its feet sometimes floundered in less pleasant and healthy places. Then the world entered on that struggle for economic existence now commonly known for short as " the Crisis " ; and the far-seeing began to wonder not merely whether Nationalism ought not to be put under restraint, but whether it would prove to be compatible with the survival of modern civilization at all. Finally came the recent dramatic events in Germany which showed that Nationalism could give rise to some of the ugliest, because apparently least excusable, excesses of modern history. Such are perhaps the principal symptoms and manifestations which have today made Nationalism, once the fetich of all radicals and democrats, their chief bugbear. The Siamese twins have become mortal enemies.

The reaction against Nationalism, gathering strength as it went, flowed during the past decade into two main channels. Those who have awakened to a consciousness of the growing evils and dangers of the nationalist spirit have divided their allegiance, in varying proportions, between two policies : the policy of Kill and the policy of Cure, the former represented by Marxism and the latter by the League of Nations. Ten, or even five, years ago, there can be no doubt that the advocates of the League of Nations, at any rate in this country, vastly outnumbered the supporters of Communism. It was believed by a large majority of thinking people that the League of Nations, that queer and slightly paradoxical ingredient in the Wilsonian brew, could provide an effective antidote to those dangerously intoxicating qualities of Nationalism of which we had become so acutely conscious. It really seemed as if states might be willing to sacrifice on the Geneva altar enough of their national interests and national *amour propre* to make Nationalism workable.

The same optimism scarcely prevails today. The causes

of the decline of faith in the League of Nations are too notorious to require enumeration here. No single circumstance did more to shake that faith than the cynicism with which the nations, having in 1927 unanimously proclaimed at Geneva the desirability and the urgency of lowering tariffs, embarked from that very moment on a mad race for higher tariffs which still continues unabated. The fault lies, in this and similar cases, not with any defect in the machinery of the League, but in that hypertrophy of the national spirit which stultifies even that tiny germ of Internationalism for which the League stands. But the failure is there ; and it has in the last few years encouraged the belief that there is no cure for the evils of nationalism save the surgical cure—its elimination as a system of world organization. The campaign of discrediting the League of Nations and the forms of Internationalism which it represents has gone merrily on. Mr. Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook and the other “die-hard” stalwarts have probably made few converts to Nationalism ; but they have certainly made a good many converts to extremer brands of Internationalism.

How widespread is the reaction against Nationalism in this country was perhaps little realized until a recent occurrence which, by obtaining a good deal more publicity than its intrinsic importance warranted, threw a sudden flashlight on the attitude of the younger generation to this question. The Oxford Union passed by an overwhelming majority a motion registering the determination of its members never again to take up arms “for King and Country” ; and several of the larger provincial universities passed identical or similar resolutions by equally large majorities. These resolutions probably received pacifist support, and were hailed with wild delight by pacifist organizations. But they were not in their essence pacifist motions at all. They did not register any objection to the use of force or to fighting as such. Anyone voting for them could with perfect consistency enrol himself in a League of Nations punitive force, or become a general in the proletarian army for the waging of class-warfare. The vote cannot be attributed to “war-weariness” ; for ten or twelve years ago, when war-

weariness really prevailed, no such motion would have enjoyed the faintest chance of success, and few, if any, of the voters for these resolutions can have had any direct experience of war. It was a deliberate rejection of the principle of nationality as a basis of world organization, as a thing worth fighting for. It was a vote for new ideals and a new world order ; and, in so far as its supporters had thought out their position, we should probably be right in assuming them to be either advocates of a League of Nations super-state or of the reorganization of world society on Marxist principles. But these positive assumptions are a matter of conjecture. The vote stands not as a recommendation of any way out, but as the record of an opinion that Nationalism has failed.

There is a point up to which we are all Marxists now. We all seek to explain political history in terms of the underlying economic realities. The main problem which confronts us at the present time is not the strife between the principles of Nationalism and Democracy. It is the apparent impossibility of reconciling Nationalism with the economic exigencies of modern civilization. The nineteenth century, faced for the first time both with ardent Nationalism and with large-scale Capitalism, solved the problem by agreeing to temper its Nationalism with a healthy regard for economic interests. From the 'forties onwards, the nineteenth century was a period of virtually complete freedom of trade, not merely in Great Britain, but—if we take present conditions as a standard of comparison—throughout the world. The examples of high Protectionism were so few and far between as to produce, at any rate until the closing years of the century, no appreciable effect on world economy, and to constitute little more than exceptions which proved the rule. These years will be known in history as the era of Free Trade, unparalleled before and unlikely to be paralleled in the future.

Most important of all, these years had not seen the development of the nationalist doctrine of economic self-sufficiency which has wrought such universal havoc since the war. Specialisation in production was still regarded as an ideal. It was an accepted fact that some states were mainly industrial

and others mainly agricultural. It was not considered to be a stain on the national honour of the latter to import their high-speed steel or their boots, or of the former to be dependent on foreign cereals or sugar. No Englishwoman was ashamed to wear French silk or English child to play with German toys. Capitalism grew up and flourished under the ægis of Nationalism, but without any undue interference from it. The two concurrent, but not yet hostile, forces worked peacefully side by side in separate compartments. Nationalism was sacred; but it was not allowed to tamper with trade balances.

It was Marx, the forerunner in this as in so many other respects of present-day thought, who first perceived and analysed the incompatibility of Nationalism with the modern capitalist system of production. But he vastly underestimated the forces of Nationalism, and assumed that Nationalism would in great part have succumbed to Capitalism before Capitalism in turn had to bow the knee to the triumphant Proletariat. "The national divisions and oppositions," ran the famous *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, "are disappearing more and more with the development of the bourgeoisie, with freedom of trade, world markets, and the uniformity of industrial production and of the conditions of living which it involves. The rule of the Proletariat will make them disappear yet more . . . With the falling away of the opposition between classes in the nation there falls away the hostile attitude between nations." The problem is correctly diagnosed; but the prophecy has not been fulfilled. Whether the "rule of the proletariat" would lead to an obliteration of "national divisions and oppositions" must be left to the future to decide. But it is at least clear that "freedom of trade, world markets and uniformity of industrial production" have not fulfilled the hopes reposed on them by the authors of the *Communist Manifesto*. They have not killed Nationalism. Rather are they themselves in imminent danger of being killed by it.

There have long been signs that Capitalism, consciously or subconsciously, recognizes Nationalism as its enemy. For many years past it has resorted, more and more freely, to devices—cartels, subsidiaries, price agreements—designed to

mitigate the evils of unbridled economic Nationalism. On the nationalist side, perhaps through consciousness of superior strength, recognition has been slower. In this country, even in the most distinctively nationalist circles, there has been as yet little hostility to Capitalism; for sentimental idealisations of a "Merrie England" which knew neither trade nor industry, and equally sentimental denunciations of the wickedness of "international finance" do not seriously count. In Germany, where Nationalism runs more readily to extremes, things have gone further. National Socialism always purported, particularly in its earlier manifestations, to be directed as much against "Capitalism" as against "Communism"; and the present anti-Semitic movement is in part at least an attack on the successful trader and financier.

A pamphlet just published in Germany under the characteristic title *Preussen Muss Sein* ("Prussia Must Be") throws a curious light on the mentality of the educated Prussian of the present time, and deserves to be widely known in this country. In this pamphlet Wilhelm Stapel, a writer who has enjoyed immense sales in Germany during recent months and who bids fair to be recognized as the popular philosopher of the new Prussian Nationalism, classifies with truly German *naïveté* the role of the various elements in the national state. First and most important comes, of course, the soldier; then the civil servant, who is a "soldier in plain clothes"; and thirdly the peasant, who "has been there since the beginning of the world" and who is the real worker. Fourthly and grudgingly, we reach "the craftsman and the trader", who "are important for the state finances and must therefore be recognised". Lastly, and beneath all recognition, are those who, "like the Jews of old, earn much money and turn over their capital". These "ought not to exist, and should be kept well at arm's length". Here at any rate is a writer who has the courage to proclaim that the logical outcome of Nationalism is the expulsion of Capitalism, and a return to the economic system represented by the peasant, the craftsman, and the small trader. But it seldom occurs to those who nourish this ideal—or perhaps they do not regard it as a drawback—that the first

condition of a return to the pre-capitalist epoch of national economy is a reduction of the population of the industrial countries to something considerably less than fifty per cent. of their present level. The solution of the Internationalists may be a bad one ; but it is at least a solution which moves forward with the clock. The solution of the ultra-Nationalists is merely to put the clock back.

Such, then, is the contemporary crisis of Nationalism. Can the world afford to maintain its present national organization, its present plethora of national states large and small, one and all striving for national economic self-sufficiency ? Are not these conditions leading us headlong into a new war ? Will not the new war, waged not with tanks, bombs and machine-guns, but with tariffs, prohibitions and embargoes, prove more fatal, more far-reaching, more destructive of civilization than the last ? And is not Great Britain, partly protected by geography against the older methods of warfare, particularly vulnerable by the new ? To these questions the nationalist can furnish no answer ; and it is these unanswered questions which, more and more, are driving the younger generation to new forms of allegiance.

The problem of Nationalism will dominate the World Economic Conference which is about to assemble. It will not indeed appear on the agenda in so many words. For statesmen, particularly when engaged on international negotiations, have an inveterate prejudice against calling a spade a spade or of delving too deeply into the fundamental realities which it is beyond the power even of statesmen to alter. It is the pressure of these realities which will tell in time ; and unless we believe that civilization in its present phase is doomed to destruction, we must believe that it will tell soon. It is only a question whether the historical text-books will tell our great-grand-children that the Great War was the beginning of the end of Nationalism, or the beginning of the end of Western civilization.

JOHN BARLEYCORN RETURNS TO AMERICA

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

THE great social experiment of national Prohibition—noble in intention, as President Hoover affirmed—was inaugurated in the United States on January 16th, 1920. The first formal breach in the system was made by the Act of Congress which legalized the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer, with an alcoholic content of 3·2 per cent. by weight, as from April 7th, 1933. The day was celebrated in almost half the States of the Union on account of the return of legal beer (the American people as a whole are not interested in wine), and the event received an amount of newspaper publicity which, in view of the present condition of the world, must seem quite extraordinary to any student of the Press and its ways. President Roosevelt had been in office only one month, dominating the front page. His executive actions and his legislative leadership were providing day-to-day thrills for the American public. Hitler's policy during his first weeks of power furnished the most sensational European news of the decade. And yet in March and April the daily papers all over the United States were printing not columns merely but pages of facts, opinions, and guesses concerning the all-popular subject of beer. There could be few things more odd, one journal suggested, than this spectacle of "a whisky country going wild over kickless beer".

The story of the change in American policy and public sentiment is important and full of a curious interest. It is not at all well known, and is certainly not rightly estimated, on this side of the Atlantic ; and since we may anticipate that the question of the prohibition law and its repeal will occupy a good deal of space in the annals of the Roosevelt Administration, there is every reason for clearly setting out the salient facts at the present time.

The Federal dry law is contained in the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This was ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the 48 States, not during the war as many people believe, but in January, 1919. No amendment to the Constitution (there have been only twenty in all) has ever been abrogated, and until a few years ago it was generally, if not universally, believed in America that the prohibition amendment was embedded in the organic law of the Republic and could not be torn out. In 1928, eight years after the coming of national Prohibition, the political Drys were still judged to be in the ascendant; and such was the continuing dry sentiment in the country, especially throughout the West and South, that Mr. Hoover decided to run on a dry platform and the Republican party remained nominally faithful to the Constitutional Amendment.

But before the next Congressional elections, in 1930, it was apparent to everybody that something was happening to public opinion—something so widespread and decisive that in order to describe it one needed a much stronger metaphor than the turn of the tide. The nation, it was evident, was rising angrily against Prohibition. The evils of the illicit liquor traffic were no longer endurable. The bootlegger was felt to be a humiliation; the gangster and racketeer (not by any means created by, or limited to, the traffic in booze) had overstepped the wide limits of American tolerance. It was recognized at last that those classes of the community upon which every government relies for steady observance of the law had refused in great numbers to obey this particular law, and that they would never be coerced. And, as the business depression continued and budget deficits were piled up, one practical argument was heard more and more. Why, it was asked, since the liquor trade could not be stopped, should its enormous profits go to the bootlegger and the racketeer instead of, at least in some degree, being secured through taxation to the national revenue? Prohibition had come in with prosperity. It may have been a coincidence, but the fact could not be disputed that the return of legal beer was largely assisted by the economic blizzard.

The presidential election of 1932 was determined by the economic factor. President Hoover was destroyed by the depression, but it is an easily argued proposition that his overthrow would not have been so devastating if the managers of the Republican party had resolved, in advance of the nominating conventions, to face the issue and allow the delegates to decide upon the prohibition plank. Mr. Hoover himself dictated the party platform, and on his wet-and-dry plank he invited disaster. By the summer of 1932, when the presidential candidates were nominated, there was one thing at least that the party leaders should have realized, namely, the necessity of stating plainly whether they were in favour of holding to the Eighteenth Amendment or of working towards its repeal. The Democrats formed a much more accurate estimate of the popular feeling, but it is fair to point out that they had more positive evidence before them than had Mr. Hoover and his advisers. The Republican Convention is held first, and the delegates at that Convention had served as a mirror of public opinion. The Democrats knew what to say and do.

Four years earlier they had realized that their candidate for the Presidency, the popular Governor Al Smith, had been defeated by prosperity and Protestantism rather than in consequence of his acknowledged wetness. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, their new candidate, was an outspoken opponent of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act, and in the cities of the East and Middle West the Democrats were the anti-prohibition party. The fact that the solid South was Democratic, and Dry mainly through fear of liquor among the negroes, was manifestly awkward; but the Northern Democrats argued—and as it turned out, quite accurately—that the South, in its dislike of Hoover and its eagerness for power, would accept a wet candidate and would not rebel against a thoroughly wet plank. Mr. Roosevelt's own stand was unequivocal, and the platform was as definite as it could be, as follows:

We favour the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. To effect such repeal we demand that the Congress immediately propose a constitu-

tional amendment to truly representative conventions in the States, called to act solely on that proposal. . . .

Pending repeal, we favour immediate modification of the Volstead Act to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of such alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution, and to provide therefrom a proper and needed revenue.

The most stupid voter could not misunderstand these paragraphs. Hence in the election of last November the citizen who voted the Democratic ticket knew precisely what he was voting for on the wet-and-dry question, if on no other. The citizen who voted for Hoover did not know, for although the Republican President had proclaimed that the power to regulate the liquor traffic should be returned to the separate States, while Federal authority was to be used to uphold Prohibition in the States remaining dry, it was manifest that the central question was the retention or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the average voter could not say whether the Republican President was for repeal or not.

Throughout the country the Wet vote went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt, and after the Democratic victory two things were everywhere taken for granted; first, that the enforcement of Prohibition by federal officers would be virtually ended within a short time, and secondly, that a modification of the Volstead system, with some measure of amelioration as regards light liquor, would come at a relatively early date after the new Administration was installed. Few Americans, however, can have anticipated that the change would come so soon, or that it would be initiated in so light-hearted a fashion by President Roosevelt.

The ceremony of March 4th inaugurated an epoch of swift legislation and decisive executive action. Beginning with the closing of all the banks in the country, Mr. Roosevelt strode forward from day to day, being invested with one autocratic power after another—for the reorganization of the government departments and the making of huge economies in the national budget, for control of the banks, the enlistment of a labour army, reorganization of farm relief, expansion of the currency and a reduction in the gold content of the dollar. And, it was noted, he had taken only the first two important

steps in this extraordinary programme when, in his second week of office, he observed that the time had come to do something about beer. Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness—or what some prefer to call his experimental temper—is one of his most attractive traits. A public man in Washington not far from the inner circle has made public certain circumstances connected with the new beer policy. On his second Sunday after entering the White House Mr. Roosevelt delivered his first radio address as President—a notable exposition and appeal on the subject of the banking crisis. That done, Judge Rosenman assures us, the President refreshed his memory as to the wording of the prohibition plank in the Democratic platform, and forthwith wrote a brief message to Congress urging the quick passage of a measure legalizing the sale of light beer. Incidentally it may be noted that the President, who enjoys an expansive, not to say profuse, gift of expression, has established a record for brevity and concreteness in his messages to the Legislature. The record before his day was held by Woodrow Wilson, whose statements were almost as succinct and rounded as Asquith's. Mr. Roosevelt is endowed with the verbal abundance which is natural to his family. All the more admirable, therefore, is it that he should have brought back into the presidential style the note of brevity combined with a literary turn of phrase.

Within two days of the President's message the Beer Bill was in the House of Representatives. It was accorded the honour of a three hours' debate, in order to give some of the new members a chance to speak, and was passed without amendment by a large majority. The Senate afforded it a passage almost as easy, pausing only to insert a provision for wine of a like alcoholic content. The obvious point was made that, while 3·2 per cent. wine would certainly be light, few would call it agreeable to the palate and anyone could be sure that it would not be saleable. The Senate, however, was not disposed to give heed to frivolous objections, and without delay the Bill received the presidential signature.

The Beer Bill provides for a tax of \$5 for every barrel containing not more than 31 gallons. The liquor thus legalized

is presumed to be non-intoxicating ; if otherwise, of course, it would be forbidden by the Eighteenth Amendment, which is in no way affected by the passing of an Act of Congress. Here is an interesting contradiction : 3·2 per cent. beer is by definition not in violation of the national dry law, but by this Act such beer is divested, as Americans say, of its inter-State character—that is, it cannot be transported from a State in which its sale is legal into a State which by its own laws continues to be bone-dry. Needless to remark, this legislation provides the Drys with a crop of satirical arguments and illustrations of which they can be trusted to make full use during the stage of altered circumstance and intensified conflict upon which the controversy is now entering. Liquor is still governed by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. So long as that stands the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor are forbidden in the United States. The Volstead Enforcement Act defined the limit of alcoholic content as one-half of one per cent. The Volstead Act is gone ; the new Act automatically makes an end of it. But what relation does 3·2 per cent. liquor bear to the intoxicating quality of alcohol ? If it is intoxicating, it cannot be what everybody calls it, legal beer. Nothing can make it legal with the federal Amendment blocking the way. If it is not intoxicating, then why this excitement, this stirring of Congress, this extraordinary outbreak of rejoicing through the two-dozen States which, by April 7th, were prepared to take advantage of the liberating measure ? And, again, if the new beer is not intoxicating, why should it be so rigidly barred from the still dry States and from the Army and Navy, or why should it be treated as mischievous by the governing bodies of the colleges ? The answers to such questions as these appear to be lacking ; and we are left with the supposition that, since the majority of American people were clearly resolved to permit a first breach in national Prohibition to be made, Congress and the Executive were somehow relieved of the obligation to preserve consistency in respect of law, and reason. As for the American public, it was more than ready to make the return of beer an occasion of carnival.

The event befell just as, over the greater part of North America, a delayed spring was having its effect upon the common mind. It befell also at the close of the first amazing month of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, with the nation still enjoying the exhilaration of his leadership and still believing that action so resolute and apparently well-directed must result in an immediate revival of business and a speedy release from the worst terrors of the great depression. One would have found it difficult to imagine a more appropriate setting for the accomplishment of the first step out of the prison of Prohibition, as the average man regards it ; and undoubtedly the American Press did its best to achieve an adequate jubilation.

One minute after midnight of April 6th marked the opening of New Beer's Eve, and in every considerable city of the liberated States immense preparations were being made. The brewery companies, claiming resources and exhibiting an energy not easily explicable within the confines of a system dating back thirteen years, announced that they were all ready with supplies. The extent of their motor fleets was conspicuously advertised. As the midnight clocks ceased, their trucks and cars were to leap forth in all directions. The hotels and restaurants organized innumerable supper parties. In all the large cities, and especially in those which before the dry epoch had maintained the beer-hall and beer-garden tradition on behalf of their German communities, efforts had been made to restore the appearance of the old conditions. A festive background was rigged up. Tapsters were on the ground, intent upon a display of the running spigot and the foaming stein. Prominent politicians of wet persuasion ; active citizens, men and women, who had taken part in the agitation against the dry laws ; actors and movie-stars and kindred professionals were chosen to lead off as the signal was given for the flow to begin. And in all this a special role was assigned to certain authors, journalists, and cartoonists who had kept up the fight since 1920 ; and, as we should have anticipated, a place of peculiar honour was reserved for the founder-editor of the *American Mercury*. In an old hostelry of

Baltimore, which had managed to survive the desolation, a large company of celebrants met to usher in the new age. They gathered around Mr. H. L. Mencken as he raised the first stein to his lips. Not until the word came from him, as prophet and connoisseur, could the Baltimoreans feel sure that legal beer was tolerable tipple.

There was another side to the celebration. The universal and resounding preparations for April 7th were viewed with alarm from many quarters, and as the date approached a more or less organized attempt was made to keep the carnival within bounds. The alarm was felt by the Wets rather than the Drys, and for reasons quite easy to understand. The aim of the anti-prohibition party is to make an end of national Prohibition, once and for all. There is one way only of doing this, by repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Anything short of that is, in their opinion, futile. But repeal is still difficult. It requires the vote of 36 out of the 48 States, and, notwithstanding the impressive evidences of a rising tide of public opinion and feeling against the federal dry law, the Wets are not by any means certain that repeal can be accomplished within a measurable period. They were and are afraid that light beer may work against them, and the widespread festivities planned for the April night and day made them thoroughly frightened. They had no misgivings about 3.2 beer: the beverage, they felt sure, could not of itself lead to any dangerous orgies. But they thought it more than probable that impatient celebrants might be tempted by bootleg gin and whisky, and that if so, neither the authorities nor the citizenry would be able to discriminate between the results of such indulgence and those belonging merely to the first day's enjoyment of three-point-two.

Hence we saw an extensive and serious movement of restraint, in which the large brewers, backed up by the hotel proprietors and restaurateurs, played a leading part. It was announced in some large cities that beer would not be delivered before the morning. Midnight parties were cancelled or discouraged. Intending revellers were advised to go to bed at the proper time, so as to avoid any behaviour that might yield evidence

for the Drys when battle is joined over the final stage of repeal.

These tactics were to a large extent effective. In nearly all cities the night of peril passed quietly. During the first twenty-four hours the consumption of beer in the United States was on an enormous scale. Stocks in many places were exhausted, and sometimes a shortage of barrels or bottles held up the supply. There were endless scenes of mild carousal pictured in the Press and on the news-reels. But incidents of rowdiness appear to have been few. At the end of the first week much was made of the reduction in the total arrests for drunkenness. The point is satisfactory if easily explicable. Light beer may well have taken the minds of many people off "hooch"; but in any case we may take it for granted that the police would not show excessive diligence at the time in apprehending offenders of a certain type.

The resumption of the trade in beer brings into existence a surprising number of problems that are fresh to Americans of the present generation. On April 7th there was hardly one of the States in which beer was legal again that had worked out a considered plan of regulation and sale. In Pennsylvania, Governor Pinchot was balked. In New York, where Governor Lehman made a valiant effort towards a board of commissioners designed to keep beer out of politics, the old party gang contrived to get their way. As Will Rogers put it, those fellows always know how to keep hold of the big graft.

In one State after another it was not known how and where beer was to be sold: whether it would be served in the popular lunch places analogous to the English Lyons' and the A.B.C., whether at the drug-stores or in the ice-cream parlours; whether one could have a glass of three-point-two at a bar or would be obliged to drink it sitting at a table.

The Drys bore heavily on the point that the agitation by the brewers and their satellites disclosed a renewal of their old evil purposes: they were aiming at the rebuilding of the corner-saloon, with its brass rail of varied memories, and the saloon in any form, it was argued, would mean a restoration of the hideous trinity of liquor, corrupt politics, and organized

vice. The retort to this familiar alarm was, on the one hand, that the saloon was once a good place and the brass rail a social institution which ought never to have been abolished; and on the other hand, that the governing agencies of the modern city could and would be strong enough and enlightened enough to keep the Trade and its myrmidons in check.

The economic motive is, of course, important in the re-admission of light liquor. High estimates, sometimes absurdly high, are framed of the revenue to be obtained from beer. It is likely enough that even the most moderate figures will prove to be excessive, while the linking of beer with returning prosperity is a fantasy that calls for no disproof. Whatever the liquor traffic does or does not do, it has never made riches for the community or employment on any scale worth mentioning. In America today the brass bands of John Barleycorn are playing "Happy days are here again", but we should be safe in saying that the days will not be noticeably the happier by reason of the work and wealth created by the brewery and the drink shop. The immense public in America which is congratulating itself upon the first important victory over a system which is plainly doomed will be driven, I suggest, to find other justifications than those at present being enlarged upon in a jubilant daily Press.

National Prohibition is plainly doomed. That, I take it, can no longer be questioned. The fact would seem to be indisputable. I have observed the movement closely through twenty years, and for a period after 1920 I held the opinion that, on the whole, the chances were in favour of the principle being established over North America. Prohibition, however, is now a lost cause. The moral force has gone out of it; the employer class no longer upholds it; the Protestant churches, once a unit in support, are now deeply divided; the Anti-Saloon League and its unscrupulous lobby are sunk in an abyss of discredit. Moreover, the aggressive Antis have been able to count upon the services in the field of a strong body of militant women, and the roaring scandal of the whisky gangs, with their savage defiance of the law, has at last brought about the one thing that once appeared to be

altogether impossible, namely, a transfer of the weight of the social conscience from the Dry side to the Wet.

The Eighteenth Amendment will in time be repealed—the first of the amendments to be taken out of the Constitution. Others of the twenty, such as those relating to equality before the law, are allowed to remain while being nullified in practice. But that is a situation which the American people would not tolerate indefinitely in regard to the prohibition of liquor. The President, meanwhile, has since the passage of the Beer Bill kept silence on the subject of repeal.

The Amendment is now being re-submitted to the States for a vote in special conventions, and by 1934 we should be enabled to estimate the chances of an early repeal. And while this goes on it is being made clear to the American people that all the work of liquor regulation, with the accompanying labour of social education, must be done over again. The great cities and the forty-eight States afford in this respect a remarkably varied field of experiment in legislation and administrative action, and according to the American practice the fullest advantage is being taken of the endless differences that exist in local tradition and method. During the next ten years the United States cannot be other than an enormous social laboratory in which the problem of liquor control will be illustrated in all its aspects.

That is the most interesting result of the change for the student of social legislation. It is obvious, however, that behind and beyond the business of administrative control there is a question infinitely more important and searching for America. National Prohibition has had its evils, all of them shocking; but for the United States during a stage of unexampled industrial and mechanical development the system has ensured, in the main, a sober working class. The social workers of America, I believe, are almost unanimous in holding this to be the basic fact of the Dry Decade. With a partially legalised resumption of the liquor traffic, what happens?

THE VICEROY OF THE FUTURE—SUPERMAN OR FIGUREHEAD?

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

WITH an irony detected by few at the time, the British Government chose St. Patrick's Day for the disclosure of its White Paper on India, and then waited for every rebel within the Conservative party to respond. That wait was not long. Within a week every one of the reactionary ex-Governors had spoken. Newspapers forgot completely whatever kindly words they had once bestowed upon the members of the three Round Table Conferences. Out trotted the old shibboleths about the impossibility of conferring democratic methods of Government upon an Oriental people; of supposing that three hundred and fifty million people, who speak so many different languages and quarrel so violently about religion, can ever be nation-conscious; of leaving a country in which many millions of British money are invested to the mercy of indigenous rulers and indigenous politicians.

Unfortunately, the rebels argued without consistency. Some said that the Government had imposed too few safeguards: others said that it imposed too many. A few, with a refreshing sense of realities, declared that no matter how many safeguards might be imposed, India would circumvent some or all of them if it were manifestly her wish so to do. The more daring among them referred to the manner in which the great self-governing Dominions have observed safeguards and other constitutional limitations. The Dominions did not set a very good example, as anyone who has studied the constitutional developments of the present century may see for himself.

There were other difficulties. It was useless to cry, "Back

to the Simon Report", when its chief architect, a prominent member of the Cabinet, is officially a supporter of the White Paper; and it was trivial to indulge in any more attacks upon Lord Irwin's Viceroyalty, for the once wise and cautious Sir Samuel Hoare, so recently a "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories", has been influenced as much by the Indian Liberals as was Lord Irwin. In fact, the shrewder among the rebels have begun to suspect that any other Viceroy three years ago and any other Secretary of State for India at the present time would have been compelled to act in a very similar fashion. Lord Irwin and Sir Samuel Hoare have trod the path of destiny.

There is, it seems, little that was not inevitable in the White Paper; and if the rebellious members of the Conservative party had followed the proceedings of the three Round Table Conferences at all closely, they would have seen that the White Paper really contains nothing new or unexpected. It was easier, however, to adopt a gesture of despair and, if necessary, to abstain from voting after an Indian debate. Such an attitude need not provoke contempt. There is little that the individual Member of Parliament can do; for everyone who has lived in India during the past few years knows that big issues are now decided not in Whitehall, but in India herself. The Whitehall and Westminster administration of India has long since become as archaic as was the *ancien régime* before the storming of the Bastille.

Yet this flood of criticism has not been without value; there have been "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff". On March 23rd, for instance, the *Times* published an able letter from Lord Zetland, in which he argued that the Viceroy of the future, so far from being a mere figurehead, would have to become something of a super-man. It is well to consider what the Viceroy is likely to be twenty-five years, or even ten years hence—a superman or a figurehead? According to the White Paper, the Viceroy of the future fills two entirely different offices. He will be both the Viceroy and the Governor-General. As Viceroy he will be the intermediary between the Indian States and the Throne: he will

be the guardian and the upholder of the paramountcy of the Crown: he will be above, and apart from, the Federal Constitution. As Governor-General, he will be the head of the Federal Executive. He will be almost his own Prime Minister. All his other colleagues, save the Commander-in-Chief and the three Councillors who are to assist him in controlling the reserved departments of defence, external affairs and ecclesiastical administration will be responsible to a Central Legislature and will be expected to resign whenever the Central Legislature passes a vote of no confidence. As Viceroy and as Governor-General responsible to the Secretary of State for defence, external affairs and ecclesiastical administration, the King-Emperor's representative will have more than enough to do.

But, as Lord Zetland insists in his letter to the *Times*, this is only "the fringe of his task". Lord Zetland writes:

In the working of all departments, other than those reserved to him personally, he will be expected to accept the advice of his Ministers, unless to do so would, in his judgment, be inconsistent with certain special responsibilities imposed upon him. This is a momentous proviso, for the matters in respect of which he will find himself burdened with special responsibilities are of the highest importance and may arise at any moment in any part of the whole field of administration. They range from the protection of minorities to the safeguarding of the financial stability of India, and from the protection of the services to the prevention of discrimination in matters of commerce.

The Viceroy, Lord Zetland continues,

may have to enact measures which the Legislature has refused to pass, and he may have to appropriate moneys which the Legislature has refused to vote. In such cases he will be expected to make it unmistakably clear to the public that he is solely responsible for the measure objected to and thus to proclaim himself *urbi et orbi* the autocrat who is riding roughshod over the will of the people. In existing circumstances the Governor-General, when certifying an Act which the Legislature has refused to pass, at least has the moral support of the Government in doing so. Under the arrangements proposed his position will be an entirely different one, for he may have to enact a measure not with the support of, but in the teeth of opposition of, a responsible Government united with the Legislature in opposition to him.

Here, indeed, is a sad picture drawn by a man who has had experience as the Governor of a Province and who, as the biographer of Lord Curzon, knows something of the diffi-

culties which hedge a Viceroyalty. But is it not fair to add that he has drawn a picture of what is actually an impossible situation? The Federal Legislature will contain a substantial number of Princes and their representatives—and until the first Round Table Conference the Conservatives delighted in calling the Princes the inflexible allies of the British *raj*. It will not be easy for future Congressmen to outnumber the Moderates and Princes, and so force some policy which a conscientious Governor-General cannot endorse. It will be still less easy for future Congressmen so to swamp the Government and the Legislature that the Governor-General will find himself in inglorious isolation, a solitary representative of the British *raj* who single-handed defies a Legislature containing Princes, Mohammedans, Parsees, Indian Christians, Untouchables, Europeans and other assortments. If such an occasion did arise, the chances are that public sentiment would be in the right and the Governor-General in the wrong. Such a situation would most emphatically mark the end of the British connection in India.

Where Lord Zetland is fundamentally in error is in his treatment of the White Paper Viceroy as though he were a man of flesh and bone, already decently attired in his white topee and grey frock-coat. The Viceroy of the White Paper is as much an abstraction as the "economic man" of an earlier generation of economists. The new reforms come into operation, and the Viceregal office remains, just as the monarchy remained after the flight of King James the Second. But King William the Third was not allowed to be the same as his predecessor, and the Viceroy of the future will certainly not be the same as Lord Curzon or Lord Irwin. He may be greater and exert a far more permanent influence upon the strangely uncertain future of India; but he will be a very different person and possess a very different significance. When the leaders of the "glorious revolution" forsook King James for King William, they had tolerably clear notions of what a limited monarch should be. They introduced him to the Constitution, where he was as much an abstraction as the "economic man" and the Viceroy of the White Paper.

Throughout the last two and a half centuries the limited monarch has been a figure so curiously diverse as George the Third, George the Fourth, Queen Victoria and King Edward. There have been times when each acted as though unaware of any constitutional limitations ; and it is possible that future Viceroys will act in similar fashion. The Viceroys of India have been as diverse as the monarchs of England. It is not easy to see what Lord Ripon had in common with Lord Curzon, or what Lord Hardinge has in common with Lord Irwin. This diversity has been due in part to the fact that the Viceroyalty is a political appointment. Mr. Gladstone appointed Lord Ripon for the deliberate purpose of reversing the Afghan policy of Lord Lytton and of "liberalising" the administration. Mr. Baldwin appointed Mr. Edward Wood, his Minister of Agriculture, because he believed that he was capable of bringing Conservative Indian policy "out of the rut". Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose instinct for Indian policy is sound, chose Lord Willingdon because, as the head of a minority Government, he did not feel strong enough to make a party appointment.

The Viceroys of the future are likely to be no less varied. But whoever they are—Conservatives, Socialists or Mosleyites—it is Indian opinion that will set the stage for them. Lord Curzon chose to be magnificent, and there is little evidence to show that contemporary Indian opinion resented this magnificence. Lord Irwin chose to be informal. Etiquette at the Viceroy's House was far simpler than at any one of the Government Houses scattered throughout the Peninsula. Lord Irwin seldom looked at ease during a Viceregal Levee ; and as it happened, this desire for simplicity accorded with modern Indian sentiment. Indians failed completely to understand why the Viceroy wished to retire to Garrowby, where, they hinted darkly, he indulged in a passion for shooting and hunting the fox : but that he should wish to leave his labyrinthine palace in New Delhi they thoroughly understood. Ever since Lord Curzon returned to England a frustrated man, Anglo-India has thought it right to impress the Indian with elaborate ceremonial and ostentation. Yet, while Anglo-

India frays its nerves with Church parades and dances at Government House, Mr. Gandhi and his disciples have been conquering the heart of India with an apostolic simplicity. There is more ostentation in India today than when Lord Irwin left two years ago. It was with great pomp and ceremony that Lord and Lady Willingdon moved from the Apollo Bunder to Malabar Hill. But they were acting as Whitehall and the Secretary of State wished them to act. Officials whispered that in his desire for simplicity Lord Irwin had gone a little too far. They may have been right, though a number of Englishmen in India keenly dispute their view. When, however, the reforms are in operation, the Viceroy will of necessity pay more attention to the views of members of the Federal Government than to the views of officials in London. It is a safe prophecy that simplicity will gain the day.

Fate ordained that the Viceroy who desired simplicity should be the first representative of the King-Emperor to take up his official residence in New Delhi. New Delhi was Lord Hardinge's bequest to India, and Lord Hardinge's Viceroyalty began in a tranquil pre-war period. Since then the political face of India has changed completely. New Delhi cost millions to build. It provided substantial fortunes for non-Indian architects. It even contains a palace for the Commander-in-Chief, though Hindustan does not willingly show honour to a great soldier. India is poor and grows progressively poorer. At no time during the present century has there been a revenue sufficient to meet the pressing needs of education, social reform or even roadway development. Yet millions must be spent on a new and unwanted Imperial city which is actually uninhabitable for six months of the year. As an old man, Lord Hardinge returned to India, so that he might be present at the inauguration ceremonies at New Delhi. They took place, almost apologetically, in the middle of a civil disobedience movement. The utmost economy was shown. No member of the Royal Family was present, though the Duke of Gloucester had gone "East of Suez" to attend the coronation of the Emperor of Abyssinia. It was a dismal

fulfilment of the old vision of a splendid Imperial city—perpetual witness to the British *raj*—in which English Viceroys periodically ride on elephants.

New Delhi, far from impressing India, has supplied heavy ammunition for *swaraj*. Lord Hardinge's dream belongs not to the tempestuous and disillusioned post-war period, but to a spiritually remote age in which Viceroys could conscientiously believe that the British *raj* would last for ever. It was the belief cherished by Lord Curzon, who once declared that the Indian National Congress, which he disliked intensely, was tottering to its fall; it was his ambition, he said, to "assist it to a peaceful demise". He believed it possible to make India a permanent, prosperous and well-governed satrapy of the British Empire. At his Durbar he refused to permit the singing of "Onward, Christian soldiers", since Baring-Gould had most unwisely observed that "Kingdoms rise and fall". Today the fact that Kingdoms and Empires rise and fall is a commonplace to Lord Willingdon and Mr. Gandhi alike. For time has a way of defying the prophecies and dreams of Viceroys. It will assuredly re-fashion the abstractions of the White Paper.

Great rulers are born and not made. There would be a different tale to tell if Mary Tudor had produced an heir, or if the daughter of George the Fourth had not died in childbirth; though the disappearance of Queen Elizabeth from our history books would not have prevented the eventual struggle between the monarchy and Parliament, nor would the disappearance of Queen Victoria have prevented the conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons in 1911. However varied future Viceregal appointments may be, Delhi will still provide its severe test for character, and favourite candidates may shirk the ordeal. India takes her chance of a good Viceroy as the Church of England takes her chance of a good Archbishop of Canterbury; and under Whitehall administration the chances of good appointments to Delhi and Lambeth are about even. Whether the first Viceroy to work with a Federal Government is good or bad, whether he is to be remembered with affection or to be reviled

by posterity, he can but hasten or delay the inevitable destiny of the country. India is not a *tabula rasa* in which an individual, however eminent, can write what he will. The Viceroy may combine personal charm with political destiny and, so doing, make strong the bonds between India and this country. Let it not be forgotten that Queen Elizabeth, after her most serious quarrel with the House of Commons, won back all its affection by saying: "Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown: that I have reigned with your loves. To be a King and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasing to them that bear it. For myself, I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a King, or royal authority of a Queen, as delighted that God made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend the Kingdom from peril, dishonour, tyranny and oppression". What if a Viceroy can speak like that and be believed? Those words of Elizabeth, though the royal author did not know it, helped to postpone the Civil War for forty years. Not long ago an American laid a wreath on the tomb of George the Third. It was inscribed: "To the Founder of the United States". But the United States would probably have had a royal—or at least a Parliamentary—founder, even if George the Third had not drifted from stupidity to lunacy.

To what destiny is the Viceregal office moving? Indians are fond of watching movements in the Irish Free State. Sometimes the parallels between India and Ireland are very useful. But has anyone troubled to compare the actual governorship of Wentworth with the nominal Governor-Generalship of Mr. McNeill? Superficially, Wentworth's governorship of Ireland was rather like Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty of India, though no one of Wentworth's generation possessed Curzon's superb sense of justice. Wentworth, like Curzon, believed in the establishment of an effective satrapy. He had been a Parliamentary leader. He wished to make Ireland a stronghold of the royal power. It was to be the recruiting ground for the King's troops. Ireland was to be a country prosperous and contented, and it was Wentworth

who first made the linen industry a source of wealth to the inhabitants. With a daring that was strangely at variance with later ideas of the Empire as an economic union, he made a commercial treaty with Spain for the encouragement of Irish fisheries. He preserved the forests and developed the minerals. Not until the advent of the youthful Balfour was another English statesman to realise that the root of Irish discontent is poverty. It is the root of discontent in India. But the world has not followed the lead of its Wentworths and Balfours. Wentworth, as the ruler of Ireland, seemed to be all-powerful : and now the Viceregal office in Ireland has disappeared. Ask any educated man the name of the present Governor-General of the Irish Free State : it is ten to one that he does not know. The Irish Office, in which Balfour proved his mettle, has also disappeared. Suppose that extinction is the ultimate fate of the India Office and the Indian Viceroyalty ? What personal influence is to prevent it ? Lord Dudley was adored by the Dublin crowd : Lord Aberdeen strove hard for the redemption of the Dublin slums. Both these Peers survived the Viceroyalty. Even the appointment of a Roman Catholic—Lord FitzAlan—did not save it from extinction. Yet to Wentworth its extinction would have been unthinkable. The extinction of the Indian Viceroyalty would have been unthinkable to Lord Curzon. It is unthinkable to many statesmen of the present time. It is certainly unthinkable to those Maharajahs who debate among themselves whether they will live to see an Indian installed as the chief representative of the King-Emperor. In the long run the prohibition against an Indian Viceroy of India may appear as unreasonable as the old prohibition against a Roman Catholic Viceroy of Ireland.

There are, perhaps, few Members of Parliament who cherish the thought that one day His Majesty will be pleased to appoint His Highness the Maharajah of ——— to be Viceroy and Governor-General of India ; but in India the possibility is constantly discussed. Australia and the Irish Free State have both nominated their own Governors-General. In an India anxious to remove all traces of racial inferiority the demand for an indigenous Viceroy will steadily increase.

A few Indian lawyers, realising the inevitability of this demand, have hinted that the dual office of Viceroy and Governor-General leads the way to a dual appointment : an Indian will be the Viceroy ; an Englishman will be the Governor-General. The office of Viceroy, it should be remembered, is not old and august. It is more recent than the office of Governor-General. It is a post-Mutiny creation, and rather mid-Victorian. There still live many Indians who remember Queen Victoria's proclamation when the British Crown assumed full responsibility for the government of India. There live many more who remember with genuine regret Queen Victoria's decision to be styled the Empress of India. Lord Lytton himself shared these Indian misgivings, which were due not to disloyalty, but possibly to a lingering affection for the old traditions of the Moghul Empire. The Moghul Empire took more than a century to die. While there was still life in its ancient carcase, it was treated with great outward respect, and few were more obsequious than the factors of the East India Company.

The Nizam of Hyderabad—premier Prince of India—descends from one of the last of the Moghul Viceroys. He is a Mohammedan ruling over the largest of the Hindu States. So long as he and his heirs rule actively in Hyderabad, it is scarcely possible to speak of the old Moghul ideal as dead. Federation gives the Princes of India a share in the government of British India which they have not had before. If ever the Viceroyalty becomes their prize, they will forget their intrigues for that modern, *parvenu* gift—the Chancellorship of the Chamber of Princes. They will ask first that the King-Emperor shall be pleased always to appoint a Viceroy from their own exalted Order. This will be but little removed from the request that they themselves shall make the Viceregal nomination. The Order will become an electoral college, and its chosen Viceroy will be a *primus inter pares*, who incidentally represents the King-Emperor. Those with a personal knowledge of India will appreciate the vast scale of intrigue that such an election would involve. It would be, in fact, so vast that wiser Princes might even urge an adoption of the hereditary principle. The Viceroyalty of India, like the Moghul

Viceroyalty represented by the Nizams, might pass from father to son. It is conceivable that the present Nizam has himself considered the idea; for a year or two ago he contracted matrimonial alliances with the family of the ex-Caliph, thus making doubly sure Mahommedan respect for the dynastic interests of a Hindu State.

The standard of an office is seldom constant. The youthful and inexperienced Palmerston was put in charge of the War Office in the middle of our titanic struggle against Napoleon. Little more than a century later the War Office was taken out of the control of a professional politician and given to a Field-Marshal. If there are to be vicissitudes in the Viceregal office, the White Paper, by enveloping it in innumerable safeguards of doubtful efficacy, has probably hastened the period of change; for it is the safeguards that the Nationalists mean to attack whenever the swing of the political pendulum gives them any substantial accession of strength.

Sooner or later the Princely ideal and the democratic or Socialist ideal are bound to clash. The Princely ideal has behind it the best traditions of Indian life; it is deeply rooted, and India is a conservative country. The democratic or Socialist ideal has behind it all the energy that comes from contact with new doctrines and methods. It is the West's gift to the East, but it is accompanied by the disillusion and despair of the West. It is probably too uncertain of itself to make an effective attack upon the Princely ideal. The Princes, however, like any other genuine Conservatives, are aware of change, and at the first Round Table Conference one of them openly declared that their goal was limited monarchy. Such a goal is not inconsistent with an elected or hereditary Viceroy. After the clash between the two ideals will come a synthesis; for it is unlikely that the one will completely destroy the other. What then will be the position of the Viceroy? No one can tell—least of all our legislators at Westminster. Parliament cannot now play a decisive part in Indian affairs. By attempting to do so it may merely make an unfortunate exhibition of its helplessness.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DR. BENESH

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

WHO killed the Four-Power Pact which Signor Mussolini sprang on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald during the Rome conversations last March? The question is hardly less important than is the fact that the Pact is dead, and the answer is illuminating in more ways than one.

The proposal—for the Pact never, in fact, got beyond that stage—had a very short life, and Dr. Benesh, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, is generally and quite rightly held to be the man who more than any other was responsible for the swiftness of its demise. No doubt the opposition of Poland and of the Little Entente, *qua* the Little Entente, represented officially this year by M. Titulescu, contributed powerfully to that result. But how great was the part played by Benesh himself is clearly indicated in a speech he made on April 25th in the Czechoslovak Parliament at Prague.

His subject was the "European Directory and the Revision of Frontiers", the "Directory" being composed of the four Great Powers—England, France, Germany, and Italy, and the frontiers those of the Little Entente and Poland—the main territorial settlement under the Peace Treaties. He stoutly upheld the Peace settlement, and declared that what was at stake was the safeguarding of the "whole New Order of things in Europe" in presence of the grave political crisis devastating the Continent today. But he did rather more than that.

Statements which appeared in the Press at the time made it known that Benesh was taking a firm line against the Four-Power Pact, and had spoken in that sense about it to the British Foreign Secretary at Geneva. In the speech he

discloses that he told Sir John Simon very plainly that no State or combination of States could dictate to any other State a change of its frontiers, and that if anybody tried to impose such a thing on Czechoslovakia, he would need to go there with an army to "search for the territories he coveted, and we would know how to defend them". Further, he told Sir John that it was possible for the Paris Peace Conference to dispose of this or that territory, but, once that territory had become the recognized and lawful possession of a State, it was absolutely impossible for anyone to arrogate to himself the right to dispose of it anew. "This", said Benesh, "is our reading of international law, and we will not depart from it by a single word for anybody whatsoever." Strong words by a strong man! And effective, as the event proved.

Beyond question this speech is the most important deliverance so far on territorial revision. It created much excitement on the Continent, where the eminence of Benesh as a statesman is more widely understood than it is in England, outside of official and other specially interested circles. Yet the British Press gave it a good deal of attention, both in the news and in comment. The *Manchester Guardian* was so much impressed as to pay it the compliment—unprecedented, I imagine, in the case of a speech by a foreign Minister, no matter what his distinction—of filling some four columns in small type with long passages from it. In a leader *The Times*, discussing the problem of revision, said that Benesh's long occupation of one of the key positions in Central Europe gave him a special claim to be heard; it also noted that he maintained that the object of the Peace Treaties was to establish in Europe the New Order in which there was no temptation to a war of revenge.

It should be said that this speech reveals a good deal about the man who made it. To start with, it ran to upwards of 20,000 words, and its delivery occupied three hours—a physical feat for anyone, even the most robust, but truly a remarkable effort for the slight, rather little, delicate-looking Minister, who habitually overtakes his strength. The speech was thoroughly characteristic of the man in its unyielding determination to

accomplish whatever work or task he has set himself, cost him what it may. I have heard Benesh's intense, single-minded, concentrated devotion to the work he has in hand described as "hardly human", meaning thereby that he sets a standard so high that it is extremely difficult for others to attain to anything like it. Next, the speech unfolds pretty fully his views, aims, sympathies, hopes, and fears—his whole political mind—respecting Europe, especially Czechoslovakia and the Little Entente generally, the Peace Treaties, and the present campaign for their revision. In particular he deals faithfully with the attitude to the crisis of Signor Mussolini, as exhibited in various speeches and in the attack on the Little Entente in an article of his which appeared on April 10th in the *Morning Post*.

In a word, no statesman, diplomatist, or student of high politics can do without this speech, which is now easily accessible in a French translation published in book form by the "Orbis" Company, Prague. In this form it is the latest—it is not likely to be the last—of a long series of "documents" to which Benesh's name is attached, and each one of which is more or less self-revelatory. The earliest, so far as I know, now lies before me; it is a little book of some seventy pages, and it was published in Paris in 1916; it had originally been delivered as a lecture at the Sorbonne. The title on its buff cover—*Détruisez l'Autriche-Hongrie!*—was, of course, much more startling then than it is now; but the booklet has an historic value of its own, on account both of its matter and its author, who is given as "Edvard Beneš, privat docent de Sociologie a l'Université Tchèque de Prague et Secrétaire-Général du Conseil Tchéco-Slovaque de Paris". It is a reasoned, yet eloquent and passionate, plea for the destruction of the Dual Monarchy and the establishment or re-establishment of various States in its place.

Fifteen years have passed since the Habsburg Empire collapsed and disappeared—we are familiar with the fact. But in 1916 the Allies were far from being familiar with the idea of its dissolution, though Professor Masaryk had been making it known in England and had met with a measure of success. It may be doubted whether Benesh's booklet

attracted very much notice or had any marked effect at the time of its appearance. In his large work, of which the title of the English version in 1928 is *My War Memoirs*, he wrote of it as merely an item, as it were, in the campaign for the New Europe which he, Masaryk and others were prosecuting, chiefly in France and England. As everybody knows, the campaign was successful, and it was in that connection that Benesh first came into prominence. It is true to say that it was the War that made Benesh—it discovered himself to him; before it he was practically an unknown man; at its close he stood out a figure of significance in the high politics of Europe and the World, a significance that has increased as the years have rolled by. Edward Benesh (in Czech Beneš, but as the hook over the “s” merely represents “h”, and the English language is innocent of this diacritic sign, the word is best spelt Benesh in our tongue), was born on May 28th, 1884, at Kozlany, in the western part of what is still known as Bohemia: Czechoslovakia consists of Bohemia, Moravia, part of Silesia (Teschen), Slovakia, and Carpathian Ruthenia. Unlike President Masaryk, his master, teacher, and constant friend, who is a Slovak, Benesh is pure Czech. His parents were poor peasants, or small farmers, and he was the youngest of their ten children; for all of them life was full of hardship. When he was twelve years old he went to Prague, where he lived with one of his brothers who had risen to a position in a superior elementary school. For six years he remained in the Czech capital, and acquired a fairly sound education, though he found a difficulty in following the prescribed curricula, as he liked to branch out into other subjects, one of which was French. He was keen, however, on sports of all kinds; while playing football he broke his leg, but it mended and left him without a limp. Later in his life he used to put up a strong game at tennis, not so much because of any especial expertness in his play, but because of his invincible determination to win. Nowadays, if he plays at all, it is not for sport, but to keep that body of his fit for his work.

At the Czech University of Prague (where there is also a German University) he attended the classes of Professor Masaryk,

as he then was. His natural bent was towards the study of law, political science, and sociology; during the first year he occupied himself with philosophy. To some extent he maintained himself by journalism, but his means were very restricted. From 1905 to 1908 he studied abroad—two years in Paris, some months in England, Belgium, and Italy, and a year in Germany, whence he returned to France, where at Dijon he took his doctor's degree in Law. His funds, mostly obtained from journalism, remained meagre; he denied himself comforts of every kind, but his determination carried him through; failure was not in his dictionary, and he is a born optimist. Of this formative period in his life Benesh has himself given an account in the first chapter of *My War Memoirs*. He tells us that “as a young student who had been through hardships, had a difficult time during his studies, and been repelled by the political and social conditions at home”—the Austria of that day—“he was greatly impressed by everything he saw in France, and profoundly moved by the French revolutionary tradition”. It can be seen in all his speeches and writings how he still thrills to the humanitarian and democratic doctrines of the French Revolution. In his youth, wherever he went, whatever he read or saw, his studies were mainly concerned with high politics—with French pacifism, with the naval competition then going on between England and Germany, with Pan-Germanism, and so on. Strange studies enough for the poor young Czech from Prague, but “casting shadows before!”

In 1908 Benesh went back to Prague, and his first effort was to secure a post as teacher as a means of livelihood, but it was some time before he succeeded in obtaining the position of lecturer in economics in the Prague Academy of Commerce. He had an eye on a university professorship, and between 1908 and 1914 he studied political economy, sociology, and philosophy with that end in view. A landmark in his life was that in 1908, Masaryk, who knew something of his journalistic work abroad, asked him to call and promised his support for the professorship. But he never got that Chair. He did take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, a

step towards it, but fate had another, very different, and far wider career mapped out for him. During those years he did some journalistic work, and he established certain contacts with the Czech political groups, but he took no active part in the practical politics of the day. He finally enrolled himself among the supporters of Masaryk, known as the Progressives or Realists, most of whom were drawn from the intelligentsia; numerically they were weak but had a certain influence on other parties, both in the Reichsrat in Vienna and the Bohemian Diet in Prague, largely owing to the commanding personality of Masaryk.

When the War broke out it surprised Benesh, he tells us, "as an event of world politics, though politically, philosophically, and morally" he was prepared for it. He at once formulated the dilemma with which the Habsburg Empire was faced: either it would come to an end through losing the War, or it would come to an end in a social upheaval and a revolution after the War. "Now that the fateful moment had arrived I began with a calm mind, determined to go to any length and to sacrifice everything, to carry out a revolution."

The wonderful partnership of Benesh with Masaryk for the liberation of their country from Austrian rule started soon afterwards. To most sober-minded people that liberation must have seemed the maddest of dreams, but he believed that it could and would be realized, and he threw his whole being into the struggle. Masaryk escaped from Austria in December, 1914, but Benesh went on working for the cause in Prague, in association with him, until September, 1915, when at the risk of his life he succeeded in joining Masaryk in Switzerland. Masaryk afterwards chose London and Benesh Paris as the respective theatres of their campaign against the Habsburg Empire.

Paris was not strange to Benesh and he spoke French well—as he speaks several other languages, including English. But he had few friends in the city, was not in touch with the French authorities, and found a start difficult. Undiscouraged, he looked up some Sorbonne professors under whom he had studied, and the editors of the papers, mostly

Socialist, for which he had written. He was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Gauvain, the foreign editor of the *Journal des Débats*—doubly fortunate, because that great French journalist was in complete sympathy with his mission. No long time passed before Benesh had abundant opportunity for exercising his gifts of insight, initiative, diplomacy, and organization in working with government officials, as well as with representatives of the Yugoslav, Polish, Rumanian, and other Nationalist movements—not always an easy job.

The story of his manifold activities during that period of the War is much too long to be given here even in summary; besides, he himself has told it with plentiful detail in *My War Memoirs*. In that book the student of character may see how the man grows in stature and rises from strength to strength as occasion demands. The high lights in the story are the organization of the Czechoslovak National Council in February, 1916, with Masaryk as President and Benesh as General Secretary, and the transformation of that Council in October, 1918, into the Provisional Government of the independent State of Czechoslovakia. The announcement of this great political change, which sealed the fate of Austria-Hungary, was drawn up, signed and delivered to the Allied and Associated Powers by Benesh. The dream had come true.

When the first Czechoslovak Government was constituted at Prague in 1918, Benesh, in his absence, was appointed Foreign Minister. He did not return home till September, 1919, his whole time being occupied in Paris, first with negotiations respecting frontier questions, chiefly concerning Slovakia and the Danube boundary, with Hungary, and next with the Paris Peace Conference. On the Conference he has written a book, which, however, is still in manuscript form, as he does not consider the time ripe for its publication; but it may be supposed that in it he expresses his views on its proceedings and the men who took part in them with the same frank objectivity displayed in his War memoirs. From 1918 to the present hour Benesh has remained Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia—fifteen years in all, and surely as difficult years as any in history. The mere fact that in his official

capacity he has had to spend at least six out of the fifteen years away from his own country sufficiently suggests the severe strain of the times and the European importance of the man himself. From the outset he has believed in, and worked through, the League of Nations; he has never been long absent from Geneva. To him the League is the organ of the New Order, and the Covenant is its charter.

It was Benesh who was mainly instrumental in founding and establishing the Little Entente. It was definitely constituted in 1920-21 by three treaties of defensive alliance, the contracting States being Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. In his view the Little Entente is also an instrument of the New Order. The recent Pact of Organization, with which I dealt in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in an article entitled "The Little Entente a Great Power", emphasizes the fact that the policy of this solidified political combination is inspired by the general principles embodied in "all the great international acts of post-War policy, such as the Covenant of the League, the Pact of Paris, the General Arbitration Act, and the Locarno Treaties", and pledges itself to act on all agreed decisions respecting disarmament that may be reached in conference. How little his general attitude has changed may be seen from the following statement he made in 1921:

The Little Entente came into being not only for the purpose of supervising and assuring the application of the terms of the Peace Treaties, but above all to safeguard the heritage of the revolution, of that terrible convulsion, to lay definitely the foundations of a New Order, and to reconstitute politically, economically, and socially the Central Europe of the future. It is not a military enterprise, nor a project of conjectural politics. It is something infinitely more; it is the expression of the constructive forces at work in Central Europe. It is, as it were, the vertebral column of the new political and economic system in those regions. It is an instrument of collaboration offered to a world which is trying to reconstruct itself.

What may be called the iconoclastic phase in Benesh's career passed with the passing of the Habsburg Empire, the destruction of which, after all, was a means to an end, not an end in itself; thenceforward his aims were constructive. He is not at all the kind of man who is satisfied with the

negative side of things. He knows how to fight strenuously for what he wants. He has frequently been misunderstood, misrepresented, and attacked, just as the Little Entente has been. Perhaps the charge most often brought against him is that he is a partisan of France—in the same way as the Little Entente is said to be a "vassal" of France. It is unquestionably true that he is sympathetic towards France; he gave one explanation of this feeling a few years ago when he remarked, "None of the Great Allies had supported Czechoslovakia in all her political difficulties so much as France had done during the War and afterwards". He believes that the existence, safeguarding and progress of small nations is well in line with French traditions and present policy. But he repels any idea of vassalage to France on the part of his own State and the two other States of the Little Entente; they are as independent as is France herself. In his last speech he pronounced against any and every hegemony, French, German, Italian, or other. What he stands for is a stable European peace under the League in which the nations are equals, that is, it may be repeated, for the New Order, of which he is, since the death of Briand, the statesman *par excellence*.

It is significant that this last speech of his meets with the unanimous approval of his countrymen. Next to the aged President he is the most popular figure in Czechoslovakia at the moment. This has not always, perhaps never before, been the case. For twelve months in 1921-22 he was Prime Minister, as well as Foreign Minister, in a coalition Cabinet, but as a rule he has taken very little part in the domestic politics of the country. He belongs to the Czech National Socialist party, which should not in any way be confounded with the German National-Socialist or Nazi party. His party came into existence thirty years ago, and he has been its leader for some time, but his actual contacts with it have been slight, owing to his complete absorption in international affairs. That was one of the reasons why he was rather disliked by some of the Czechoslovak politicians; there were others, of course, who envied and coveted his position, and it is well known that there were times when, owing to changes in, or

of, the Government of the day, he would have lost it had not President Masaryk, knowing no better man for the post, expressly demanded that he should retain it.

Naturally Benesh is interested in the internal progress of Czechoslovakia, but he regards her foreign policy and her place in the New Order as his particular task, and everything has to yield to it with him. There is a certain ruthlessness in his make-up. He does not seem to care for the amusements, the pleasures and other drappings of life that appeal to most men; he is not at all a society man, and is not given to small talk. Many of his people have thought him distant, reserved, difficult to converse with. He certainly does not suffer fools gladly. But what does the ordinary Czechoslovak know about high politics any more than does the ordinary Englishman?

"He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't touch cards—he doesn't play about at all!—what can you do with a man like that?" a puzzled brother Minister once said of Benesh. Yet his supreme devotion to his great work the consolidation of the New Order, serves his country well—and Europe, too. It is because his countrymen at last understand this that they have now taken him to their hearts. He deserves their gratitude, for it is no more than the truth to state that so far as Czechoslovakia is concerned his foreign policy has been a continuous triumph. He has a keen eye to her interests. His determined opposition to the *Anschluss*—the political union of Austria with Germany—is grounded on the fact that if that union were to come about Czechoslovakia would be almost isolated among a sea of Germans, as a glance at the map will plainly show. When in March, 1931, Central Europe was threatened with a pact for a Customs Union between Austria and Germany, he spoke very strongly against it—with the warm approval of the Czechoslovaks, who were delighted when the Hague Court pronounced the pact illegal.

But they have other reasons for being proud of him. For he is not only a great Czechoslovak but also a thoroughly "good European." Most of those years which he has spent away from his country have been devoted to international interests.

He has attended and taken part, usually an important and distinguished part of leadership, in all the great conferences and congresses of the post-War period. He was identified largely with the famous Geneva Protocol; he has actually drafted with his own hand quite a number of protocols; and his conciliatory and pacific diplomacy has not seldom been in request to moderate differences of opinion at Geneva. One result of all this is that he possesses an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of all the statesmen of the time. Another is that Benesh in his own person has become internationally a veritable symbol of the actuality and permanence of Czechoslovakia as a State.

Three or four years ago Benesh built himself a house at Tabor, a village some eighty miles from Prague, and still associated with John Hus and the Hussite soldier Jan Zizka in the memories of the Czech people. Here he sometimes rests from his labours—as often as he will permit himself to do so. Madame Benesh, his wife, is a Czech lady, who was married to him before the War, and who, like the late Madame Masaryk, wife of the President, was thrown into prison by the Austrians during the War. She now finds her deepest satisfaction in "mothering" her distinguished husband.

CORRIDORS

BY A. E. COPPARD

CORNEY BARON, a heavy, prosperous-looking cattle dealer of forty, took his seat at a breakfast table in a demure little lodging-house that lay close by a hospital. The place was often used by visitors upon the same melancholy errand as himself, but the linoleumized air of the breakfast-room, with its half-hearted fire and general aloofness of the four or five tables arranged for service but still awaiting comers, had no consolation for him except the possibility of food. Despite everything—his vigil, his weariness, his sorrow—despite it all, he was hungry; and he felt ashamed, as though it were disloyal to be hungry at such a time.

"Can't get away from that—the belly rules us. In the midst of death we are in life and the belly rules. It's a bad day, too; the Lord receive it! Poor Meggie, poor old Meggie."

Rain was streaming beyond the window into a small back-yard that a hutch of rabbits and a rockery nurturing a feeble tulip indifferently adorned.

A maid, with a childish figure and mature eyes, came in and asked him what he would like for breakfast. It appeared that he would like pretty well everything there was to be had—having so satisfactorily consumed large quantities of the same provender on the two previous mornings of his stay. Those night-long ordeals at the hospital put a shameful edge on his appetite.

"Porridge, haddock, bacon, eggs," softly whispered the maid; "yes, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Baron," cried the landlady, entering effusively, as her maid retired. Mrs. Cottring, a person of mature figure and eyes that were not very childish, was wearing

red baize slippers with anklets of grey fur. She glided to the window and wrenched at a curtain.

"What rain!"

"God forgive it," said Mr. Baron.

"What a rain! Any news?"

The cattle dealer shook his head. His elbows were resting on the table, his hands locked together as though they were about to wrestle.

"No," he said; "no."

"Ah, the trouble," sighed Mrs. Cottring, shuffling to the hearthrug. "Trouble, trouble! I've known it, and so I know what it is. Heaps and heaps."

Her small eyes drooped upon him in a way that was meant to console, but was merely confiding.

"You might not think it, to look at me, and you would hardly credit it! And only five years ago. If I never have another moment's trouble in the rest of my life, I have had my full share. Ten thousand pounds."

Mrs. Cottring loomed in pride at remembrance of the ills she had defeated, the misfortunes she had survived. With her hands resting on her plump hips she breathed a sigh of triumph towards the silent man.

"You would hardly credit it, would you?"

Corney Baron was only a countryman, with cumbrous hands. There was something humid, pink and fulsome about his wrestling fingers, as there was about his heavy lips. But his mouth was small and constantly open and he breathed through its little fair aureole of moustache with a sort of attentive regularity, as though he permitted himself only a certain number of breaths per minute. A tinge of gloom rested in his kindly eyes.

"And nobody," continued the landlady, "ever understands your need when it is greatest. Friends in need! Pooh!" she sniffed, snapping a derisive finger. "Oh, no. Ten thousand pounds—very nearly—and now look. You would hardly credit it. If it hadn't been for my child, I'd have gone mad or done something to myself; but, of course, I couldn't, you see. My child saved me, and now my life is

hers, every penny of it; it's *for* her, if you understand me."

"Sure, ma'am," he assentingly nodded.

"How was your wife this morning?"

"Oh," said Baron, with a groan; "she's in a bad way, altogether bad. I know it, I've known that all along, but I keep hoping. She's in good hands, you know. That's a blessing. I'd go there myself if anything happened to me—you know—anything unreasonable bad."

"Would you! Now, I wouldn't," Mrs. Cottring declared, with a deludingly wise smile. "Not me! I know a woman—at least, I don't know her, but I know of her—and they took her in and operated on her for a tumour, but when they cut her open, it wasn't a tumour at all; she was—well, you know, she was going to have a little one."

"Dear God!" murmured Baron; "didn't she know that much?"

"I think she wasn't married," Mrs. Cottring explained; "but, of course, I don't know. That was Dr. Headcorn."

"Headcorn," repeated Baron slowly.

"Excuse me asking; have *you* any family?"

"No, ma'am, no. We never had any in all the seventeen years we've been married. Not one. Ha." The cattle-dealer leaned back in his chair with a smile and thrust his hands deeply into his pockets. "The day we were married, seventeen years ago, was a very poor God-forgive-me sort of a day; dull, very dull it was, and when we had tied the knot, I had to travel off to some business at a sale, some ten or twelve miles away; so I packed my wife off home and went on to this sale. Well, I dunno, I bought a bunch of store cattle and a cow in calf, and it was pretty late in the afternoon before I started homewards, and I'd got about half way when this cow dropped in a ditch by the side of the lane and began to calve."

Mrs. Cottring exuded a sympathetic sigh.

"It rained," continued the cattle dealer, "middling hard, and what with that and the cow and one thing and another, I did not get home till two o'clock in the morning. Poor Meggie! She was in a terrible stew. I was drunk.

I was dead, I was gone mad, I'd run away—everything she could think of. And I'd never sweat a hair—but I was in pretty poorish fettle for a bridegroom! Ha, too bad! Poor Meggie! I think that must have been the cause of our never having any family."

"Do you?" queried Mrs. Cottring.

"I do, ma'am," he convincingly declared; "I always have done, and Meggie herself is of the same opinion."

Mrs. Cottring emerged from her bemused suspension: "I wonder! A child is a great blessing after all the trouble, though, of course, it never understands; but still . . . as for friends . . .! Pooh!"

The door behind Mr. Baron was pushed open and a curious little girl, her hair tightly knotted with many twists of coloured ribbon, peered into the room.

"Mum! Is God alive?"

Mrs. Cottring excusably stared at her daughter and replied: "Eugenia, look at your hair!"

"Is God really alive, mum?"

"But . . . well . . ." said Mrs. Cottring; "I'm not sure. It's . . . you see . . . it's hard to know that. I'll find out presently."

"Can't you find out now?"

"After breakfast, Eugenia. Can't you see I'm busy now?"

"And then you'll tell me?"

"Oh, go on, you silly thing; run away!"

At that moment the maid came and delivered Mr. Baron his breakfast, and Mrs. Cottring sailed out of the room after her dubious child and left him alone.

The cattle dealer was exceedingly weary, but sleep, that composure of mind and limb, was far from him. His gross, lumbering body could batten on haddock and hog, but his mind was hovering over a bed in the great hospital, where he had waited from midnight to morn for an ultimatum—or, it might be, a reprieve. That huge, bewildering sequence of wards was linked by a tangle of interminable corridors, that seemed to have no goal, but roved, diverged and endlessly retraced. Stonily, stolidly, they echoed to the tread of his

robust, alien figure ; corridors, corridors, corridors, gloomy vistas of scrubbed iron and stone, blank varnished doors ; the smell of ether, and a feeble light or two.

Between the baffling silent walls he was constantly astray. And yet, close by, behind every door was a ward that teemed with suffering, where scores of prostrate invalids were being tended in beds on dark polished floors by white-capped nurses, who never seemed to rest. Twice, from midnight to dawn, he had dozed there on a bench in a draughty hall, where he had been bidden to wait for a last impossible call. Throughout the nights he was ceaselessly aware of the sound of quick approaching footsteps tracing the corridors, but whenever he raised a scared, expectant eyelid there was nothing, nothing but that hole just beneath him where mice came bobbing from the plaster wall. As long as he was attending there, whether waiting alone, or sitting by Meggie's bedside, his thoughts floated capriciously away and hovered over contrary alien things : mortal cares, trivial joys ; the price of fodder, cattle, prospects of market and season, or that unprofitable mare who was too damned awkward to carry her own shoes around, and quite too lazy to pull even as much as the hat off your head. But as soon as he was gone from the hospital, his mind would take a turn and he could think of nothing but his doomed wife—just as he was now, eating and mutely grieving. It was as though by the simple process of sitting beside her, or pacing the corridors, he had performed all he *could* perform, leaving the rest to those everlastingly devoted nurses and whatever fate might fancy. But away from her, it was no such matter. Grief dogged him, found him, arrested him, tore at him, and brought him back to a prison of tears, a prison that was all corridors, corridors ; a labyrinth without a clue, that could end only in a catacomb. And it was a grief private and personal, a sacred burden not to be shared ; how *could* a breath of it steal upon any other mind ?

The first time he visited the hospital, he had stood abashed yet absorbed in the doorway of the many-windowed ward. It was so long and high, there were so many beds, and in each bed lay a woman. A number of nurses, young, robust

and cheerful, were bustling in all directions. At each end of the ward, that the last extravagance of cleanliness and order served also to brighten, a large, black iron furnace burned with a lively munificence. Daffodils and tulips in jars seemed to denote that spring, like melancholy, would "linger here awhile." (*Oh, but not for long. Arise ! Arise !*) A nurse, with merry sparkling eyes and a tight waist but loose bosom, came towards him. He asked to see his wife.

"What name ?"

"Baron."

"Baron ?" the nurse echoed. "Baron ? Has she been here long ?"

"No," he said. "No."

The nurse trotted away to enquire, but suddenly he had caught sight of recumbent Meggie waving an arm to him, and without further ado he had tiptoed heavily to her side.

In the beginning, she had taken a dislike to her surroundings : the bed, the other patients, the dreadful fireplace near her, the nurses—even the man who only came through with a ladder to wind up the clock ; he smiled at all the women and made jokes—and the burning coal would keep falling out of the firebars all day long and all night too ; it fell with such a frightening clatter upon the iron fender, it kept her from sleep. But soon she had come to like them, they were so kind and friendly ; the nurses, the doctors in their white slops, the other sick ones, the man with the ladder and all ; except, perhaps, that fireplace, with its dreaded recurring crashes of coal that snatched her from momentary ease and hurled her headlong down through a hundred thousand fathoms of terror. And until the dropped embers were restored by any nurse who chanced to observe them, the fummy smoke trailed across her pillow, and she dared not breathe. She could not sleep for the constant fear of it, and there were other noises, lacerating hubbubs, the ding and dang of knocking far away, groans near at hand, laundry baskets shrieking horribly as they were dragged along, clatter of nurses' shoes as they trotted wop, wop, wop along the polished floors. Meggie wept for the peace of her own home, but she grew stoical at last, and

once when a night-nurse with skirts held high had run screeching down the ward at the sight of a mouse, Meggie had suffered from a mad attack of laughter.

Sitting by her side, Corney would begin to talk of amiable casual things, anything but her illness.

"I feel terrible droopy," Meggie would sigh.

He too would sigh and gaze fondly at her.

"Did I tell you the wind took down that old barn along yon t'other night?"

"No, Corney!"

"It have."

"So droopy—I can't get my true sleep."

"I met old Dan Chegwidden two days ago, and he said to me: 'Corney, you remember that half-grown apple standard you sold me?'—'I do,' I says.—'I gave you a full-grown shilling for it,' he says, 'but that apple tree never thrived.'—'Well, Dan,' I says, 'what do you expect for a shilling?'—'Value, Corney,' he says; 'value is what I expect.'—'And you got it, Dan, you got it.'—'I did not, Corney; it gave up the ghost, it died.'—'Oh,' I says, 'you could a' made a walking-stick of it, couldn't you, Dan?'—'And where'd I get the ferrule for it?' says he.—'Oh, Lord, Dan,' I says, 'how much ever do you want for a little bit of a shilling?' That coopered him! 'Let me see,' he says, and began to scratch his old head, 'let me see; what was you begging my pardon for?'—'I wasn't begging your pardon, Dan,' I said; 'you couldn't touch me for twopence'!—'All right, then, Master Corney,' says he to me, 'you can go about your own burning business'!—So I wished him the life of a fishmonger in winter, and that's how we parted—quite civil!"

Meggie smiled wanly and murmured again:

"I feel terrible droopy, Corney; can't get my true sleep."

A week after her operation, something had gone wrong; there was a crisis. Corney Baron had been summoned helter-skelter and bidden remain at hand. Poor, wounded Meggie declared privately to him that the only thing to do her any good now would be some much advertised cough-lozenges;

they had been her stand-by for many winters. "Bring me some of those, Corney; it's the only thing."

Their farm was many miles away, so he had taken a bed at Mrs. Cottring's, but he had not slept in it. The end was near; death had not yet knocked upon the door, but it was breathing steamily as it peered through the pane. A bench in the hall of the hospital had been Corney's couch at night, and when daylight came and people began to pass to and fro again in the monotonies of a mysterious routine he was allowed to sit by Meggie's bed until it was time for him to go to breakfast at Mrs. Cottring's.

So here he was.

And while he sat thus in Mrs. Cottring's breakfast-room, abstractedly feeding and vividly brooding, an elderly spinster came in, an attenuated knitting-needle sort of lady in a grey woollen jacket. She had weak eyes, hair uniquely twisted, and her name was Flora Field. Without a word, she took a seat at a table just in front of Corney's and sat down with her back to him. The maid served her with an orange, an egg in a pink flannel bonnet, a rack of toast, and a cup of warm milk. After perusing one or two letters she had brought with her, Miss Field sat gazing out of the window. Then, without turning, she exclaimed cordially:

"What an unpleasant day!"

"Um!" acquiesced Corney. "God forgive it."

And she replied: "Why, certainly."

"There was half a inch of rain fell in the night," Corney continued.

"Oh?" said she.

"That's about fourteen tons to the acre, you know."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, adjusting her napkin.

"There must be some good reason for all that."

And then, somehow, somewhere between the lady's back and Mr. Baron's final rasher, it came up that Miss Field was permanently engaged in voluntary work at the hospital.

Now there were some simple things in life and business that Corney Baron could not readily grasp, and so, when he did understand that Miss Field was not being paid for her

services, he felt bound to ask her why she had chosen to take on that singular form of employment. Was it a hobby?

Miss Flora conveyed quite clearly in her explanation that she came of a good family, had been expensively educated, and had travelled a great deal. Now she no longer cared for that.

"All my life I wanted to *do* something, to be of service to the poor. My time is my own, so I do this, and I like it better than anything; I am completely wrapped up in it. I don't want any remuneration—I don't need it, of course—but it is nice to know that your efforts are appreciated; after all, that is not much to expect. And the doctors do appreciate it so. They are such dears, so splendid, such untiring, devoted, wonderful men. I know them all, and they are very charming; and, as you know, they are at anyone's beck and call all day long, and all night too, for that matter, from one year's end to the other. And, after all, what *is* their reward? Very often it is nothing, nothing at all. Patients are so inconsiderate, so selfish; it must be utterly heartbreaking work."

"Oh, come, ma'am!" Corney interposed; "the patients can't help themselves."

"Yes, they can; they could if they would, they could quite often."

"But surely that's why they all have to come to a hospital," said he.

"I really do not know why some of them *do* come," declared Flora Field, "unless it is to criticize things they know nothing about and grumble at what they cannot possibly understand."

"That's only to be expected," Corney explained. "We are ignorant at the best of times, ma'am, and when we're ill, the mind is all astray like a calf in a chapel."

"I do think they could be a little more grateful," retorted Miss Field. "There are many things they do not give us credit for, and if they die, the poor doctor gets blamed."

"You couldn't blame the patient, ma'am, not in general."

"That's nonsense. Of course not," she said. "It's the disease. But these splendid men are expected to cure them at a touch, at a moment's notice. And often they don't

even . . . well . . . they have no regard for anyone's comfort but their own. Not all of them, mind you—I don't mean that; but numbers do. I have often wondered why so many patients die in the night. I've no doubt there is a very good scientific reason for that, but I have often wondered."

During this little colloquy, the lady had not once turned her head to Mr. Baron. At the back of his mind Corney felt that it was undeniably splendid of Miss Field to take up this work, whatever her circumstances were, for no reward at all: in fact she was devoting her life to it, in fact it was noble of her. And yet, somewhere, still further back in his mind, a vague reflection was growing that he would dislike taking advantage of Miss Field's nobility even if he were in very great need of it—he didn't know why.

"The hospital is a wonderful institution," she went on. "All that science and devotion is organized and maintained for everyone's benefit. One feels"—and here Miss Field's teeth closed upon a piece of toast with the crash of a puma savouring a brittle dainty—"that one is working . . . er . . . in the midst of great forces. Are you attending the hospital?" she asked, suddenly turning round for the first time.

"I . . . I am visiting someone."

"A patient?"

"Yes," Corney replied, with some hesitation.

"What ward is he in?"

Corney gave her the number of the ward.

"Oh, that's a woman's ward."

"Yes, a woman's ward," he allowed, and Miss Flora thereupon resumed her gaze at the window view.

"Who is her doctor?"

"Her doctor," said Corney, "is a Dr. Headcorn."

"Oh, charming!" screamed the lady. "I know him very well. Oh, you *are* lucky. He's the cleverest and sweetest man and a most famous surgeon, too. He's a genius. You are lucky to have got him. His private fee would probably run to a hundred guineas."

"Is that so, ma'am!" Corney was awed by the stupendous figure.

"Oh, dear, yes; a hundred guineas at least. Now, there's a man for you! I have known him do a dozen or more operations in one morning. Devoted to his profession, a kind man, a saint, a sweet man. The nurses positively adore him."

"Well . . . a man like that . . . I wouldn't grudge him," said Corney, "a horse, a house and a handsome wife."

"Yes, they adore him," sighed Miss Field.

"And I wouldn't grudge the nurses that, either. They are overworked," Corney warmly maintained. "I've seen it day and night, ma'am, day and night."

"They *are* nice girls," she conceded.

"I call them," he stoutly maintained—"I should call them—the pride of the human race."

"Oh, I am quite friendly with a lot of them," she said.

"But I wish," he went on, "I do wish they would not wear their high-heeled shoes in the ward."

"Do they?" the lady exclaimed.

"Every man jack of 'em," declared Corney.

"What else *could* they wear?" she enquired.

"Slippers," said Corney; "soft, quiet slippers."

"Oh!" Flora Field protested. "Really!"

"And there's another thing could be done, ma'am, if I might explain it to you." And with his elbows on the table and a ponderous grave air, Corney told her of the coals dropping so often from the fire into the clattering fender.

Miss Field had no doubt there was some reason for that.

"I can't see any," Corney said, "and a bit or two of wire would stop it and only cost a few pence. Then there's those laundry baskets; why must they drag them scraping and screeching along?"

"Because they are too big to be carried," said Miss Field.

"But they are not too big to have rubber castors put on 'em."

"You may be sure," replied she, "there's a reason for that too."

"I can't think of one," said Corney, "and the baskets would last much longer."

"Of course, I don't go into the wards," Miss Field explained; "I don't touch the medical side. Mine is all work like . . . well . . . like for a week now . . . I have been repairing the doctors' overalls, scores of them, that kind of thing. You wouldn't believe! I did a pile yesterday nearly as high as myself. Buttons, holes, rents, darns, pockets, seams and all the rest of it. It's not the doctors' faults, you know; it's the laundry women, they are so rough and reckless with the washing, they don't care; they are quite stupid."

And then the lady loudly sneezed.

"You've got a bit of a cold, ma'am," said Corney.

"Oh, it's just a little catarrh," she assented. "Nothing will stop it. I take quantities and quantities of medicine; it's the plague of my life. All the doctors prescribe for me, and yet there it is. I am simply incurable."

Corney drew from his pocket a packet of the celebrated cough lozenges he had brought for Meggie.

"You try one of these," he said. Tearing open the packet, he went across to the lady's table and laid three dark drops beside her.

"Very kind of you!" she sniffed, with a shade of amusement in her faded eyes. "Are they any good?"

"Excellent, ma'am," he assured her. "Nothing to beat 'em. And cure any number of complaints beside coughs and colds."

Flora Field popped one into her mouth.

"They are rather hot," she exclaimed.

"That's the virtue of 'em," he said. "And only twopence a packet. I got 'em for Meggie," he added, replacing the packet in his pocket and turning to the window.

"Well, I really must go," Miss Field then said, and with a breath of weariness she went.

An hour later Corney returned to the hospital, resuming his vigil in the corridors, but he did not encounter Miss Field. Neither did she see him again. Indeed, next morning, when she began her breakfast, she asked the maid:

"Who is that queer man that was in here yesterday morning?"

"Do you mean Mr. Baron?"

"I didn't get his name. He was a sort of farming man. He was sitting just there."

"Yes, that was Mr. Baron. He's a cattle dealer. But he went away early this morning. His wife died."

"His wife! Was it his wife?"

"Yes; she died in the night."

"There! I knew it," declared Flora Field. "I was only telling him so yesterday—they *all* do. And has he gone? Oh, dear! He gave me quite a nice cough lozenge; I was wondering where I could get some more."

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILBERFORCE

BY ALICE LAW

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the centenary of whose death is being, as every one knows, celebrated this year, may be written down, and with little fear of contradiction, as one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived. Apart from his life-long work for the abolition of slavery, a study of his career is of the utmost interest, representing as it does not merely the man himself, but an epoch in the moral and political development of this country.

Wilberforce is, for this reason, the most important link we possess between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His life period connects up the age of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, and of the great "Doctor" even, with the generation of Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and the Reform Bill of 1832, and brings us even to the beginnings of Gladstone, in whose father's carriage, presumably, Wilberforce was driven when he visited Liverpool in 1818. His political activities thus span the time from the middle of George the Third's reign to within four years of the accession of Queen Victoria, and thus form a bridge connecting the period of the French Revolution, through the Napoleonic era, with our own times. He was born in the literary dictatorship of the great Johnson, yet lived to meet Southey, to enjoy the stories of Walter Scott, and to be entertained by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. The names of all the notable persons of his time occur in the pages of his diary, and it is obvious from these brief jottings that he was on intimate terms with all the famous personages of his day, from Royalty downwards.

Both in his youth and in his later years, when the Regent honoured him with invitations, the charm and sparkle of his conversation made him a coveted guest at every distinguished

social gathering. To the last he kept the style of a gentleman of the old school, with the knee breeches and powdered hair of that period, but his mind leapt forward to those ideals of moral and political freedom which are our accepted standards today.

William Wilberforce was born at Hull in 1759, the son of wealthy parents. At Cambridge he met William Pitt, and laid the foundations of what became a life-long friendship. Probably under Pitt's influence he early turned his attention to Parliamentary ambitions, and stood and was elected member for his native town in September, 1780. He immediately took up his residence in London, where, as he tells us, he was at once "immersed in politics and fashion". He belonged to five of the most fashionable Clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brooks's, Boodle's, White's, and Goosetree's. "The first time I was at Brooks's scarcely knowing anyone"—he tells us—"I joined from mere shyness in play at the Faro table, where George Selwyn kept Bank. A friend who knew my inexperience . . . called to me. . . . Selwyn resented the interference and turning to him said in his most expressive tone—'O, Sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce. He could not be better employed.'"

From the jottings in his diary at the time, we gather a vivid impression of the gay life he was then leading, thus :

"Nov. 28th, 1783. No House. Dined Tom Pitt's. Mrs. Crewe—charming woman.

"29th. Went to see Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Crewe at play.

"30th. Dined Lord Chatham's.

"Dec. 1st. House—Fox spoke wonderfully.

"Dec. 2nd. . . . Opera. Mrs. Crewe there.

"6th. Dined Hamilton's. Opera. Mrs. Sheridan sang old English songs angelically."

And so on. Pitt had been elected member for Appleby in the year 1781, and their intimacy was more like that of two devoted brothers than of mere acquaintances. They were constantly together, and Pitt frequently dined and slept at Wilberforce's villa at Wimbledon. In 1784 Wilberforce determined to stand for the county. "I was then very ambitious", he admits. He had, he adds, little hope of

success owing to his "mercantile origin" and the opposition of the powerful county magnates. He was, however, triumphantly returned, and, while standing as an Independent, his success was a marked victory for the party of his friend Pitt.

It was soon after his election to York that a great change came over the mind and spirit of Wilberforce. He chanced to be accompanied on a foreign tour by a certain clergyman called Isaac Milner (subsequently Dean of Carlisle), who drew his attention to religion. Wilberforce was impressed by the force of his friend's arguments, and upon his return consulted the Reverend John Newton, and from this time onwards he endeavoured to mould his life more in accordance with the precepts of the Gospel. To him, as to Donne and Herbert, the clear call had come, and he felt himself constrained to obey it. There was, however, nothing of the solemn prig about him, and, if anything, the sweet geniality and charm of his manner were enhanced by the beliefs he had embraced. His friends, though some of them deplored his abandonment of the more frivolous forms of pleasure, respected his decision. His intimacy with Pitt remained as close as before, and the only change in their political relations was the stipulation, which was honourably accepted by Pitt, that Wilberforce would henceforth vote strictly in accordance with his conscience.

It was not till the year 1786 that Wilberforce entered upon his great life-work, the Abolition of the Slave Trade and of Slavery. To the Quakers must be accorded the honour of having been the first Christian community to protest against the evil. As early as 1780, however, Wilberforce had become interested, and had expressed a hope that "some time or other I should redress the wrongs of these wretched and degraded beings". In 1786 Clarkson's pamphlet drew his attention, and he was appealed to by several prominent men, among them Sir Charles Middleton, late Naval Commander on the West Indian Station, who pressed him to take up the matter as the Parliamentary advocate of a committee of twelve earnest men who were to assist him in the circulation of

publications on the evils of this terrible traffic in human life.

An abler choice of advocate was perhaps never made. Wilberforce's zeal was always tempered with discretion, and it was to his consummate Parliamentary tact and management that the cause owed its final victory. His primary idea was, of course, to make converts and secure supporters. Fortunately the Opposition leaders, Fox and Burke, shared his views, and he had the ear of the Prime Minister. Pitt was, indeed, most enthusiastic for the cause, but the difficulties were outstanding. The vehement opposition of the planters and traders was supported by many peers, and, unfortunately, by the King and many of the Royal Dukes, upon the argument that there was scriptural warrant for slavery.

Wilberforce, whose health was always feeble and precarious, fell ill at the beginning of the campaign, but a notable start was made when a well known member, Sir William Dolben, who had personally inspected the slave ships lying in the Thames, brought forward a report which so shocked the House that a Bill was at once passed limiting the number of slaves to be carried in any one ship. Immediately upon his recovery Wilberforce addressed himself to the business. Nothing short of a superhuman patience was called for, and this, united with conspicuous moral courage, was one of Wilberforce's marked attributes. He subordinated his whole Parliamentary career to the cause, and nothing was ever able to deflect his energies from it. The ups and downs, the canvassings, the refusals, the betrayals, the misrepresentations of his motives, the calumnies and positive vituperations of which he was the object have to be read to be believed, yet nothing moved him one jot from his determination. Referring in his humorous vein to these venomous thrusts, he told the House that "if they had been true nothing but a special Providence could have prevented my being hanged full thirty years ago".

In May, 1789, the question again came before the House, when Pitt, Burke, and Fox all supported it, but the planters got it shelved in the Lords. This was only the end of the

second campaign of a struggle which, from its first opening in 1787, was to last for twenty years and to absorb the strength and courage of one of the noblest protagonists who ever battled for any cause. Again and again, as we shall see, Wilberforce was routed, and again and again he led up his forces for a fresh attack.

In the following year he determined to concentrate on accumulating evidence, and every week the Slave Committee—whom Pitt playfully called Wilberforce's "white negroes", met at Wilberforce's house. In 1791 the dying Wesley sent him a message praying him to "Go on in the name of God . . . till even American Slavery, the vilest that ever saw the Sun, shall vanish before it". He made an eloquent appeal to the House on the 18th of the following April, but the Opposition, led by Lord John Russell, carried the day.

War with France was declared in 1793, and for the first time the friendship between himself and Pitt was strained, as Wilberforce voted with the Opposition. But he would not join them, and once war was declared, he held his peace, deeming it, as he said, "the part of a good subject not to use language which must tend to prevent the unanimity which was so desirable at the outset of such a war". Abolition fell out of favour, people began to associate it with Republicanism, and would not hear it mentioned. This was, as his biographers record, "his darkest period". Many of his supporters retired. Yet he never lost heart, or bated one jot of his endeavour. On the 18th of March, 1795, he again brought up the slave question. Pitt supported him, and their temporary estrangement was closed. The motion failed, however, but in February next year he moved it again. When a certain member wished to postpone it, Wilberforce was stung to one of his rare indignant rejoinders: "There is something not a little provoking", he said, "in the cool, dry way in which Gentlemen are apt to speak of the sufferings of others. The question suspended! Is the desolation of wretched Africa suspended? Are all the complicated miseries of this atrocious trade—is the work of Death suspended? No, Sir, I will not delay this motion, and I call upon the House not to insult

the forbearance of Heaven by delaying this tardy act of Justice."

The Bill passed its second reading, but, owing to the carelessness of its supporters, was lost at the third. Wilberforce felt it deeply, and remarked bitterly: "there were enough at the Opera to have carried it". In 1798 and again in 1799 he unsuccessfully brought up the motion.

The pressure of home politics, the absence of Pitt from the Ministry, the indifference of Addington, the fears of a French invasion—all these things made it well nigh impossible to draw attention to the slave question, and he determined to prepare a pamphlet on the subject. The return of Pitt to office in 1804 roused his hopes, but Pitt could do nothing at the moment, and he determined to go on alone. Again, though achieving a majority in the Lower House, the question was hung up in the Lords. In 1805 Pitt urged him to postpone the matter, but Wilberforce refused, saying he "would never make that holy cause subservient to the interests of a Party". His motion was defeated, however, and on the Clerk of the House expressing astonishment that he should even expect to carry a measure of that kind, he promptly answered: "Mr. Hatsell, I do expect to carry it, and what is more, I feel sure I shall carry it speedily". None the less his despondency was great.

But victory was nearer than he supposed. The sudden death of Pitt brought in the Fox Ministry, enthusiastically pledged to a measure of Abolition. It was decided to make sure of the Upper House first, as that had always been the main stronghold of the enemy. An effort was to be made to modify the opposition from the Royal Family, and the Prince promised Fox not to stir adversely against the Bill. On the 10th the Foreign Slave Bill passed the Lords, and a similar one the Commons. It was now decided to push the main question. Already congratulations were being offered to Wilberforce on the assured success of the cause. And, in order to leave behind him some record of the question, he set to work on his pamphlet. Suddenly the whole matter was again jeopardised by the tragic death of Fox, but

Grenville came strongly to the rescue. Wilberforce had to hurry to York for the new election, and was welcomed there with every species of triumph. He was victoriously returned, and hurried back to London to complete his book, with the object of offering it for members' perusal before the matter came up again in the Lords.

It had an immediate and most favourable effect, owing to the moderate and generous temper displayed by the author. On the 4th of February the first Reading passed the Lords, and on the 10th all danger was over. The Bishops of London and Durham, he tells us, both came up and congratulated him. But, he now feared for the Commons. On the 23rd of February he entered the House, and the debate at once came on. The scene, we read, was a memorable one.

There was an astonishing eagerness on the part of the younger members, many of them young noblemen, to support the Bill, as many as eight springing up at once. The division was 283 to 16 in its favour, and the Attorney-General, Sir Samuel Romilly, in a famous speech, entreated these young members to emulate Wilberforce's great example, and learn "how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition". He then went on to contrast the feelings of the Emperor of the French in all his greatness, with "those of that honoured individual, who would this day lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave trade was no more". At this point, we read, the whole House burst into acclamations of applause "such"—observes Bishop Porteous—"as was scarcely ever before given to any member sitting in his place in either House of Parliament". But Wilberforce was so lost in an overwhelming emotion of thankfulness, as to be almost insensible to what was passing around him. For himself, he said, "All selfish triumph was lost in unfeigned gratitude to God".

The victory was undoubtedly a great one, but the task remained of putting the prohibition of trading into actual practice. During the next ten years his energies were unceasingly directed to the enforcing of the Act—no easy matter along a coast line of some thousands of miles long, where

evasion could be practised with impunity. To this end he pressed closely for a Registration Bill to fix the existing number of slaves, but he could not obtain it. When the allied armies occupied Paris in 1814 he was insistent that no Colonies should be given back to France without Abolition conditions, and though Castlereagh failed him at that time, on the next occupation, after Waterloo, it was successfully insisted on. In the meantime he had enlisted the sympathy of the Emperor Alexander in the cause, and the Emperor invited him to meet him.

A strong feeling in favour of the total abolition of slavery was, meanwhile, sweeping through the country, and no fewer than 800 petitions, carrying nearly a million signatures, covered the table of the Commons. While it is true that other great philanthropists were working wholeheartedly for the cause up and down the country, it was Wilberforce who kept them all aflame; it was Wilberforce's masterly statesmanship, his refusal to make it a party measure, his keen and strenuous canvassing of members in both Houses, his politic moderation of attitude by which he avoided creating hostility to the cause, his high-minded singleness of purpose, his undaunted courage in renewing the attack even in the face of open defeat, and against seemingly overpowering odds—it was the combination of all this ability and patience over a period of almost a lifetime, that finally secured a sympathetic hearing for a cause that might easily have been lost by immoderate counsels. And in all this lay the greatness of Wilberforce. In 1818 he was still suffering mental torture from his inability to effect anything further for the unhappy blacks. Slowly the idea of working for their total emancipation took root in his mind.

But, arduous and unremitting as were his labours in this great crusade, many other public evils drew Wilberforce's earnest attention. His sympathy was always with the poor and friendless or with those oppressed by injustice in any form or quarter. He was much upset by the misery of the Northern operatives, and gave largely to relieve their condition. Dean Milner writing of him at this time, says: "Our dear benevo-

lent friend from Palace Yard absolutely exhausts himself on the subject. He is the most feeling soul I ever knew, and also the most patient and indefatigable in endeavouring to lessen the miseries of the people". The terrible conditions of the prisons also exercised him. He visited them frequently, sometimes in the company of Elizabeth Fry. His purse as well as his house was open to all in need. He was, indeed, as some one styled him, "the very Attorney-General of the poor and friendless". He was so little of a time-server that he incurred the displeasure of the King and the Court on more than one occasion, yet so high was his character as a man of the most inflexible integrity that he was deemed the most fitting individual to conduct the negotiations of 1820 between the King and his unhappy Consort, Queen Caroline.

Wilberforce's appearance about this time is described by one who knew him. "Delicacy of health had", he says, "set on him some of the external marks of age, and a stoop; which he contracted early, added much to the effect. But the agility of his step, . . . his sparkling eye, and the compass and beauty of his voice contradicted all these appearances." He was, indeed, one of the finest orators of his time. Pitt said that of all the men he knew, "Wilberforce has the greatest natural eloquence". Such was his influence, such the weight of his opinion in Parliament, that it was considered to be worth more than that of half the House. But he felt himself becoming unequal to the burden of his Parliamentary duties, and in 1825, to the deep regret of all parties, he withdrew from the House. Southey's remark was but an epitome of what all men felt: "that House will not look upon your like again". Nor, perhaps, have they done.

As an Italian diplomat, who saw him pass, remarked: "Everyone regarded this little, old man, worn from age, his head sunk upon his shoulders, as a sacred relic—as the Washington of humanity". Place, power, office, a title? He could have had all or any of these baubles, for was he not the close and life-long friend of England's greatest Minister! But he asked for none of these things. The only advancement he

craved was that of the cause for which he pleaded without intermission for nearly half a century.

One of Wilberforce's most attractive qualities was his rich sense of humour, which, as his friend Buxton tells us, played like a lambent flame through all his conversation. "Often during a debate would he whisper to me hints and witticisms which would have filled the House with merriment, and have overwhelmed his opponent. But, when he rose to speak, . . . he restrained himself, . . . nor would he give vent to any allusion which could give another pain." Madame de Staël keenly sought his acquaintance when she visited England in 1815, and afterwards remarked to Sir James Mackintosh: "Mr. Wilberforce is the best converser I have met with in this country. I have always heard that he was the most religious, but I now find that he is the wittiest man in England".

His last public appearance was to sign a petition against slavery. On July the 22nd, the Bill of Slave Emancipation was read a second time, and the news was brought to Wilberforce, then lying very ill at a friend's house in London. "Thank God", he said, "that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery!" Three days later the end came, and Wilberforce was dead. At the request of both Houses of Parliament, he was buried in the Abbey. All business was suspended for that day. The Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, a Prince of the Blood, and many peers of the highest rank were his pall-bearers. The Abbey was thronged, and all the ways leading to it. In the Strand, it was noticed, every third person was in mourning.

Apart from the redemption of millions of his fellow-beings from the yoke of slavery, every Englishman owes a debt to Wilberforce for rousing England from that spiritual lethargy and moral turpitude in which, till his coming, she had been content to lie, and above all for cleansing her fair name from the foulest blot that ever stained the fame of any nation. Wilberforce! A good and great man—truly one of the greatest.

PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE *

BY IVOR BROWN

MY own first impressions of acted Shakespeare were derived from the Benson Company, which was then a well-matured institution. It is exactly fifty years since Sir Frank Benson began to tour Shakespeare. His company was a ubiquitous and respected vehicle of national culture; it even became, as far as might be, a regular feature of the English educational curriculum, and its box-office depended very considerably on the visiting parties from schools and colleges; it was also an academy of acting, which taught first-rate elocution and a vigorous attack on the big classic roles.

Benson's productions were as spectacular as might be, considering the enormous difficulties of carrying the scenes and wardrobe of a Shakespearean repertory from one town to another and of accommodating this material to stages often inadequate. I myself saw his company play *The Tempest* in a small provincial theatre, and there was actually an attempt to present a realistic storm-at-sea on a stage better suited to present a storm in a tea cup. Some of Sir Frank's young recruits were enveloped in folds of greenish muslin and gambolled about, full fathom one, in order to simulate waves. Even to a schoolboy, raw to playgoing but sufficiently close to the stage to realise what was happening beneath the coverlet, the result was totally destructive of illusion. But it was the age of realism in the theatre, and Shakespeare, although he wrote for an entirely different shape of stage and form of presentation, had to be forced into the realistic programme.

* A paper recently read before the Shakespeare Association at Kings College, London.

The cry was realism, and Beerbohm Tree pursued it with all his colossal energy and the power of a generous purse. He even took the trouble to have his wardrobe made accurate to the last gaiter-button; artists would make special researches into heraldic lore in order that no dragon rampant should be absent from a coat-of-arms on which it could be proved to have rampaged at the exact date of the play. That so much chronological exactitude had nothing to do with the art of poetry and drama, that Shakespeare himself would have stood amazed at all this wardrobe pedantry and heraldic fuss, was not an argument that would have met with a patient answer. It is always the habit of the English to produce Shakespeare in the image of their own epoch. The reign of Tree coincided with the reign of Royal Academicians who insisted on painting over rods, poles, and perches of canvas extremely accurate similitudes of Highland Cattle drinking at sunset from the waters of a limpid loch with a Ben (misty) to constitute a suitable triangular background.

Year after year Sir Herbert, as the press remarked both of Tree at His Majesty's and of Arthur Collins at Drury Lane, surpassed himself. He laid on the colours; he increased the crowd; his Roman spectacles were a complete dictionary of antiquities. I saw, from a humble perch in the gallery, Tree's *Tempest*. Naturally, the huge resources of His Majesty's Theatre could far outreach the efforts of a Benson touring company. Tree's storm might vulgarly be described as "a corker". A wit, when asked what he thought of Long Island, said, "It's what God would have done with Nature, if He had had the money". My memory suggests that the remark perfectly fitted Prospero's island as conceived by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Meanwhile, a new force had arisen. By the stall-goers of the Irvingite and, later, of the Beerbohm Tree theatre, it was wholly unnoticed. It was as though a mouse stirred—but mice, after all, gnaw their way in time through thickest walls—even, perhaps, through heads of oak. At any rate, the effect of Mr. William Poel's Elizabethan revivals was out of all proportion to their popularity. Mr. Poel, who has just

been honoured by his admirers with a presentation portrait, was originally general instructor to the Shakespeare Reading Society; he founded the Elizabethan Stage Society in 1895. In one way or another this indefatigable genius has continued to present Elizabethan and Jacobean plays according to his fancy right down to the year 1932, the year of his eightieth birthday. The Poel method was the exact contrary of the actor-managerial method. His Society was ready to act anywhere, preferably in some such historic hall as an Elizabethan troupe would have appeared in. He used the Hall of the Inner Temple, in which august spot he actually staged *The Tempest*. Of course, there was no pretended ship. The singers' gallery and Shakespeare's poetry sufficed.

Poel's players were not always professionals, and Shaw complained of inaudibility, which was not then a curse of the professional stage. The Irving-Tree-Benson policy had, along with its scenic futilities, the great merit of a strong attack upon the audience; theirs was a theatre of rhetoric, a point which would have been appreciated by an Elizabethan audience, whose members were not too mannerly and needed the mighty mouthing of the mighty line in order to keep them from interpolating their own comments on the situation. But Poel understood the proper use of history in Shakespearean production, which was not to establish chronological accuracy about the Duke of Buckingham's coat-of-arms and the clown's doublet, but to transfer the pursuit of period from the clothes and the armour to the stage itself. He realized that a dramatist's plays must be staged in relation to the theatrical structure by which he was conditioned and for whose limitations and opportunities he composed.

Thus, he actually forced into the containing vessel of the modern theatre a replica of the platform on which the Elizabethan actors moved. We know the exact proportions of this stage, and it would be a comparatively simple thing to reconstitute the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's time. This might have been done at Stratford-on-Avon—or elsewhere—rather as a companion to our contemporary playhouses than as an alternative. But it has not been done. However, we

were able to judge what might have been achieved when Mr. Poel built out a Shakespearean platform over the stalls of the Holborn Empire and there produced in 1928 Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* under spatial conditions similar to those of its original performance. The most significant thing was the enormous distance at the producer's disposal. The platform reached so far that a man sitting in the front row of the dress circle could have jumped on to the stage, which now covered the stalls right up to the spot at which the circle roofs them in. Consequently, the alarms and excursions of Elizabethan drama, which it is almost impossible to contain within the confines of our peepshow stage, could be far more easily executed. There was room for a natural progress from one part of the battlefield to another. Shakespeare wrote for a stage on which armies could really march without seeming ludicrous; conspirators could conspire in one corner without jostling the victims of their plots on the other side of the platform. Mr. Poel proved that the fluidity of the Elizabethan drama could be made extremely vital as well as decorative on the greater spaces of the old theatrical architecture.

The last big change in Shakespearean production before the war was the incursion of Mr. Granville Barker, who, like Reinhardt, had begun his life as a master of realism in what one may perhaps call the social-democratic play, and was turning in his maturity to a drama of poetry and colour. In 1912, at the Savoy Theatre, he produced *The Winter's Tale* and *Twelfth Night*; in 1914 he added *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. These productions did for the Shakespearean stage what the Russian Ballet of Diaghilev and Bakst was doing for the whole art of dance and of dramatic decoration. The Barker method stood to the Tree method as the New English Art Club stood to the Royal Academy.

Barker's method was to call in the progressive artists of his own time, Rothenstein and Norman Wilkinson, and the result was a glory of colour which was light and fantastical as the plays themselves and escaped the lavish pedantry of Tree's chronological infatuation. Another important point was his break with the Benson tradition. He discarded the

conventional business of the Bensonian school and freshened up the whole approach to the plays. One especially good deed of his was the rejection of German music as the inevitable accompaniment of "The Dream" and the substitution of English Elizabethan airs, dulcet but astringent, for what I have always felt to be the alien sweetness of Mendelssohn.

Yet the legacy of Barkerism was slow in development. At the "Old Vic" in 1919, the audience were asked to drink the lees of the old Bensonian potion. But in 1920 Mr. Robert Atkins arrived as producer. Mr. Atkins had worked in all the Edwardian schools of Shakespeare, serving a busy apprenticeship under Tree. But he had also been associated with Mr. Poel, and his work at "The Vic" was much more inspired by the latter than by the former. He simplified the scenic apparatus, using variations on a simple built-in set instead of shifting large quantities of rather badly painted canvas. He achieved what I take to be the great gift of the nineteen-twenties to Shakespearean production; that is to say, he conceived the history in terms of poetry and not the poetry in terms of history. He respected the text; he produced the unpopular as well as the popular pieces, playing *Timon* very finely himself and even adventuring upon *Titus Andronicus*. It is probably fair to say that the "Old Vic", under his direction, became more truly Shakespearean in spirit than any regular, professional theatre since the age of the poet himself.

Those who wish to know what had befallen Shakespeare during the two preceding centuries will find it all set down in Professor Odell's gigantic work on *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. The plays had been both savagely mutilated and weirdly garnished to suit the whims of actor-managers. The new method was, in the true sense, reverent. It accepted the plays, all the plays, as they were written, and acted them with simplicity, force, and speed. Perhaps we may sum up the Atkins regime as Poel popularized.

Meanwhile Sir Barry Jackson had produced seventeen plays of Shakespeare in his repertory theatre at Birmingham, and the box-office returns had brought sharply to his notice

the fact that the British public, even in Shakespeare's own county, were somewhat averse from attending Shakespeare's dramas. They would pass pious resolutions by the score and drink toasts to the Immortal Memory; they would ram Shakespeare down the throats of schoolchildren, but they would not pay for their seats. They would go to Stratford-on-Avon, because that was a pleasant pilgrimage, and, once on holy ground, they were ready enough to enjoy the vigorous productions of the Stratford Company directed by Mr. Bridges Adams, first in the unsuitable and out-of-date Memorial Theatre, next, after the fire, in the confines of an adapted cinema, and lastly amid the glorious amenities of the theatre opened in 1932.

Sir Barry Jackson realized that, leaving Stratford out of reckoning, Shakespeare-going in England had become far too near to church-going and school-going. People, out of a sense of duty, would creep like snails unwillingly to *Hamlet*. Inside the theatre they listened to the strange language of strange people moving about in strange clothes; it was a ritual, and it is the danger of all rituals that the external beauty may cover a dead core. The symbol is valued for its own sake; that which is symbolized is forgotten. So the Shakespeare public went to the play, sat in a torpid dream, and returned home with the feeling of something done for culture's sake, a patriotic duty performed. But they had not been touched or affected as they were by contemporary drama. It never occurred to them that Hamlet was just an ordinary young man in great pain and perplexity, a creature of like passions with themselves. For them he was a rather tiresome voice out of a dead past.

For an ardent man of the theatre like Sir Barry that was agony. He wanted to break down this atmosphere of ritual, of remoteness, of unreality. There has been no more damaging tribute to Shakespeare than Matthew Arnold's "out-topping knowledge". It put Shakespeare with Euclid and Thucydides. Sir Barry's object was to abolish the atmosphere of pious ceremony and to introduce Shakespeare as a working dramatist who sought to move, to excite, to entertain. Accordingly,

Sir Barry decided to be more traditional than the traditionalists. He began his "Modern Dress" campaign. He did so in perfect sincerity, knowing that it would be called "a stunt", but ready to face that charge if only he could discover whether the public would recapture the essential pleasures of Shakespeare in the new atmosphere.

Sir Barry Jackson produced four plays in modern dress, *Cymbeline*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. On the evidence of these ventures one could reasonably assess the value of the method. *Hamlet* was, for me, a success; *Macbeth* was not. The khaki uniforms in the latter were too incongruous and had too definite associations. But *Hamlet*, produced at the Kingsway in August 1925, and enjoying a considerable run, did seem to fulfil Sir Barry's purpose of jogging minds staled by usage. The play became new and young again; Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston's harsh, unpoetical Hamlet had nothing to do with the usual stage Prince, who is a handsome middle-aged gentleman enjoying himself in a star-part. He was really young, perplexed, agonized; he symbolized youth born to suffer for the crimes, follies, and blunders of its parents. The effect on the audience was remarkable. I happened to be sitting next an actor of the old school, who began the evening by muttering "Scandalous" and "Blasphemous", and growling away like an old pietist who spies youth brawling in church. Within a short space he began to listen as I imagine he had never listened in a theatre before. The atmosphere of ritual vanished. The characters had ceased to be great classical roles. They were flesh and blood, tormenting and tormented, wise also and witty in ways relevant to all our own affairs. It was a victory, but not necessarily one to be repeated.

Shakespeare in the West End must, since the war, have lost far more money than it earned. There have been the selfless and Sabbatical devotions of the Fellowship of Players, led by Mr. Norman V. Norman and Miss Beatrice Wilson. That a big spectacular production can still appeal was proved by the success of *Henry VIII* at the Empire, with Miss Thorne-dike's Catherine and Mr. Norman's admirable Henry. There

were the sound, conservative beauties and fine oratory of the Barrymore, Tearle and Ainley *Hamlets* at the Haymarket. There was an effort at the Court Theatre to apply the gloomy goings-on of the Expressionist drama to Shakespearean tragedy; Mr. Esmé Percy's Hamlet was a clever and sensitive performance, but it suffered from the producer's notion that things unseen are best. The lighting was better described as "darking". It may be wise to rebel against the centre-stage and spotlight methods of the old tragedian, but we do not want our *Hamlet* with the Prince altogether left out or at best reduced to the status of Jack Horner.

The arrival of Mr. Harcourt Williams at the "Old Vic" in 1929, with Mr. John Gielgud and, later, Mr. Ralph Richardson as his First Players, provided an admirable partnership. The textbook, where the book covered the subject in hand, was the Granville Barker prefaces. And rightly so. For these represent the judgment of a practical theatre-man who is also a first-rate connoisseur of poetry and decoration. At the "Old Vic" they could not restore the Elizabethan stage; but they could restore the Elizabethan state of mind, and they could symbolize that state of mind in the use of Renaissance costume even for classical or otherwise ancient plays. *Hamlet*, for instance, was dressed Elizabethan. So was *Antony and Cleopatra*.

It may be thought superfluous to emphasize this matter of wardrobe. But the clothes proclaimed the manner and the manner was to re-establish Elizabethanism without pedantry. I have said that the generations produce Shakespeare in their own image. Ours is an age of unusual reverence for the past. The Victorians had shown no respect for Shakespeare's own theatre in their grandiose Shakespearean productions. We, the Fifth Georgians, have that respect, and the "Old Vic", under Mr. Harcourt Williams, was one means of its expression. The temper of production there from 1929 to 1933 has been reverential in the most reasonable sense. Traditional business, that is to say business invented and repeated during the previous hundred years, was abandoned. The idea was both to see the plays afresh and to see them as creations of the Tudor

view of life. It was never forgotten how immediate was Shakespeare's outlook; *King Lear* may be dated in the very dark ages, but it is full of railing against Jacobean London.

The latest phase of Shakespearean production has been reconsideration of that very popular play, *The Merchant of Venice*, whose popularity has made it almost intolerable to many people. There were three quite independent productions of the play in 1932. Mr. Komisarjevsky was invited by Mr. Bridges Adams to present it at Stratford in July. The result must have been a grave shock to the devout. For Mr. Komisarjevsky had said to himself that Portia's Belmont was a Toyshop World, La Boutique, and he did not scruple to fling overboard both realism and the Renaissance, of whose verbal sparring Portia is so brilliant an exponent. Morocco became a Golliwog and Portia herself a piece of Dresden China. A little afterwards, at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, Mr. Terence Gray treated the whole piece as a rag, with comic fishing in the Grand Canal on Harry Tate lines. The Soviet producers habitually dance thus over the corpses of the classics, turning *Hamlet* into a farce and so on. I did not see this production and I shall say no more than that it also, in its own way, must have represented the Englishman's habitual tendency to produce Shakespeare in the image of his own time. Mr. Komisarjevsky remembered the Russian Ballet, Mr. Gray remembered his Left Wing young men and both worked on the classical text according to these predilections.

At Stratford-on-Avon in April of this year Mr. Komisarjevsky, again a guest-producer, offered an experimental version of *Macbeth* in semi-modern uniforms and in a queer setting of aluminium screens; he abolished, as far as possible, the supernatural element and generally presented the tragedy as a product of a contemporary battlefield and a contemporary revolution. The result was not encouraging; the players seemed, naturally enough, to be embarrassed and missed the poetry amid the fog of a new-fangled war.

We must remember that Shakespeare wrote for a Court whose passion lay in masquing. The masque was in some respects their equivalent for our revue. Thus a contemporary

producer can bring the touch of revue into his productions without irreverence. If we read Bacon's Essay on *Masques and Triumphs* we realize how much the Elizabethans would have relished a Cochran show. To treat the comedies of Shakespeare with the light hand of a revue producer will, for some time, be denounced as heresy and blasphemy by the old school of Bensonian Bardolatry. But it has historical authority, since Shakespeare increasingly catered for the masqueraders' appetite. It is also true to the general English tradition of producing Shakespeare according to the gifts and aptitudes of each epoch. We reply to their masque with our ballet. Something of the same method was in Mr. Atkins' production of *Twelfth Night* in the summer of 1932. The black-and-white colour scheme effectively symbolized that sweet air of moonshine in which the whole masterpiece is lapped.

There is no finality in these matters. There is no right way to produce Shakespeare or even any one play of Shakespeare's. There are a dozen ways. Each method may involve a loss as well as a gain. Concentration on the picture may slur the poetry; concentration on delivery of verse may slur the humanity of the characterization. To expect everything perfect is to imagine a vain thing. On the other hand, the critic, whether amateur or professional, must make it a cardinal rule never to blame a man for failing in that in which he never attempted to succeed. He must ask "What particular essence of Shakespeare is this producer endeavouring to realize?" and judge him according to his success or failure on those lines. It is preposterous to blame a Georgian version because it is not Edwardian or Victorian. What we must ask is whether the Georgians can, on their own lines, contribute worthily to the strange, eventful history of Shakespearean production. I believe they have done so and will do so still more.

THE INCOMPATIBLES

BY RICHARD CHURCH

If you relent, I am prepared.
 I did not know your strength !
 How should the waters flow
 Back from the marshes where the sun has glared,
 Back from their brackish neighbourhood of sea,
 Where the foiled plover shrieks above the samphire,
 To be recoiled upon their source ?
 But this have you dared !
 You who are water, I who am fire,
 Both to our elemental rhythm true,
 We might have marred ourselves, grown reconciled,
 You to the little flame, I to the rivulet,
 Making a hissing marriage of the wild
 With the wild ! Did you forget
 This possibility of impossibles,
 The fiery getting of the flood with child,
 I fathering, you mothering a god
 Green-eyed and cavern-hearted,
 Yet with a fiery arrow shod,
 And hair a-mingling, ripple-parted
 As water flows, yet crisp as light ?

But you, unnatural, have turned away,
 Set back the river to the hills ;
 And the fire dies, the fire stills
 Its flames ! See how they play,
 Incurled like buds about their death.
 But spare words, spare breath.
 Hark to the elegy of birds in the tree
 While the light shrinks above, and the waters beneath
 Close their mirror.
 What has this terror for you, for me ?

A GERMAN BUMMEL

BY OWEN TWEEDY

BEFORE starting for Germany everyone told me I was mad to risk a long tour in such a car. It was eight years old, paintless and panting; but it went. Two days on the Belgian *pavés*, however, shook both my confidence and every nut in the chassis; and two miles from the German frontier station there was a sudden crash as though forty milk-cans had been unloaded by a drunken porter, and at the same moment a geyser of shrill steam burst from the radiator. Our number plate, with its lovely "G.B.", was trailing behind us by the flex of the tail lamp, and what water remained was pouring down the front springs in a boiling stream. And there was only the leg of my pyjama trousers to anchor the number plate back into place. And then it began to snow.

Entering any foreign country is an ordeal; but entering Germany had peculiar terrors for me. For I still recalled my pre-war student days at Bonn, when I had had a positive dread of the frightful rudeness of all German officials—even to Germans—and I had never forgotten those Teutonic nursemaids in the Poppelsdorfer Allee shouting at a screaming infant: "Hans, if you don't stop that yelling at once, I'll fetch the policeman to you".

But that was twenty-five years ago, and in twenty-five years much had happened to Germany. We were coated with snow, blue with cold, and filthy, and approached the Customs office walking delicately. And then one of the pleasantest surprises of my life. The officer grinned. "Had trouble?" he asked. "Anyhow you look frozen. Sit down by the fire and get warm while I do your papers." He was a

Social Democrat, and I do hope he has not since been turned off by the Nazis.

Meanwhile out in the snow the poor car had frozen up and, when at last we did get it going, blankly refused to leave bottom gear over the eight miles to Aachen; and when we did get there, we had no idea where to spend the night. The snow fell in sheets. So in quavering German we sent out an S.O.S. to all and sundry on the pavement. It was picked up by two young students in gay club caps who, after enquiring what money we had, if any, not only gave us the name of an excellent hotel well within our means, but also girded up their loins and, like Elijah, ran before us through the snow to show us the way. That night both of us toasted delightful democratic Germany in delicious Rheinwein. And next day a refreshingly unaristocratic garage, amid roars of laughter, released the pyjama leg and sealed the radiator as tight as a drum with a pennyworth of oatmeal; and though, when warmed, we smelt like a saucepan of porridge, not a drop did we leak. And so going great guns, we reached the Rhine.

Bonn and later Göttingen, both of them University towns, revealed the effects of New German Democracy in a less happy light. Before the war University careers were largely close preserves of the aristocratic and well-to-do; but this exclusiveness ended with the overthrow of the Monarchy, and after the Revolution thousands of bourgeois and yeoman families scraped together the funds to send their sons to college to earn the coveted title of "Doctor", and thus achieve for their homes what is, in Germany, the hallmark of social well-being. At first, as a result of war casualties, the professions could absorb this new flood of Doctors; but after ten years, all—the law, medicine, teaching, and even the Church—had reached saturation point.

"And still they come", I was told. "But what is more ominous for the future, we no longer get the pick of the schools. For today every boy is in such terror of unemployment that the best of each year, instead of coming to us when he leaves school, snatches at any job—second, third, and even fourth-rate—rather than risk idleness on the dole. So we only get

the leavings ; and the paradox is that these second-raters are those who eventually will get the really important posts of State. Germany is all topsy-turvy."

And so to the students' outlook. "Very dangerous", said my friend. "One and all they are desperately aggrieved to find themselves still victims of a War which ended when they were babies."

"That means Communism, I suppose?" (This was all before the elections of March 5th.)

"Russian Communism, No ; though, of course, in the first bitterness of unemployment, many did go Red. But Germans dislike Russian tactics quite as much as you English do ; and the more general tendency was towards Social Democracy. But our pink Social Democrats who founded the Republic, though worthy, were far too drab and sanctimonious and prosy for desperate youth ; and what happened was general disillusionment in a welter of chaotic politics. Nowadays even schoolboys cut games in order to attend political meetings, and everyone of them loathes the League of Nations, abhors the French, despises you, and dislikes the Americans as money-grubbers. And finally, all that youth became certain about was that it must have a change in some direction with some home-grown leadership. And that is where Hitler came in."

From Göttingen we went to Hanover and Hamburg, and then up into Schleswig-Holstein, and one day we were guests of a voluntary labour camp of some fifty young men engaged on the reclamation of what was most fittingly called the "*Wildes Moor*". This camp, one of many all over Germany, was run on voluntary lines similar to our own Social Services in England. Public and private authorities provide the equipment and expert supervision for roadmaking, land-reclamation, drainage, coast-protection and the like, and the volunteers are enlisted through labour bureaux and settled in camps. They get no pay and are under no contract for a specified period, but they are fed, housed and clothed on a Government subsidy of two marks a day per head.

The *Wildes Moor* campers lived in a hut just like Peggotty's

house in *David Copperfield*, and worked for six hours a day until three o'clock, after which they were free for sport, football, and the like ; and in the evenings there were sing-songs and concerts and plays and lectures and debates. And everything was voluntary. At two long trestle tables, some were playing chess and draughts and others doing crossword puzzles. A tense group was trying out a concerto on three banjos and a mouth-organ ; and in three great steaming cauldrons in the kitchen the mid-day meal was preparing—cocoa soup, thickened with sago, potatoes, and a meat broth. We were the honoured guests of the day. But before we sat down, there was a rollicking marching song from the days of Wallenstein ; and then enormous bowls of the food I had seen cooking. And to end up, for our special benefit as travellers, two more songs—songs of the sea. "Ships that pass in the night." But most moving of all was the way these fellows ate. All had colossal appetites, but there was no wolfing and no clatter. They were all unemployed university graduates and used to good homes and orderly tables.

But post-war German Democracy met its Waterloo in the German home. The revolution was all for the proletariat, and in due course the German maid-of-all-work raised her voice, demanded her trade union and laid down terms of service. But in that remarkable being, the traditional German *Hausfrau*, she met her match. With a unanimity, astounding among women, these redoubtable Brunnhildes formed a *Hausfrau* Union, and declared they would employ no maids belonging to the Maids' Union. The maids struck : but the *Hausfrauen* won. For everyone of them had become a marvellous cook during the war, when matrimony was mainly a matter of cooking something out of nothing. So they cooked for themselves until the maids capitulated.

Now German domestic service is a profession and not—as in England—a pastime. The *Hausfrau* takes Gretchen as an apprentice for two years at a very small salary, and contracts to teach her according to the *Hausfrau* Union's curriculum ; and the wretched Gretchen has to pass one examination at the end of her first year, and another before she graduates as

a professional. She has all my sympathy. After twelve months she must know how to cook, clean, and sew: while in her final, which to me seemed to demand the versatility of a superwoman, she must pass not only as housemaid and cook, but also as hospital nurse, childrens' nurse, parlourmaid and valet, and into the bargain must also know how to shop and keep accounts correct to a pfennig.

Three weeks in the country had given us three profound impressions. We had met far more aimlessly-walking tramps than are on our roads in England. Secondly, although Germany was reputedly bankrupt, outside every moderate-sized town we had seen brand-new, almost ludicrously elaborate workmens' dwellings. Lastly, everywhere we had found terrible inter-German animosities—everyone hating someone with such a depth of hatred that we eventually were driven to take the utmost precautions to find out to what party each new-found friend belonged, lest we might offend him mortally by some innocent remark. And before Hitler smote the Communists, everywhere the walls were plastered with the bitterest slogans. "Death to Hitler." "Down with von Papen and the Aristocrats." "Vote for Hitler and you vote for Tyranny." And one night in Hanover, Nazis and Communists came to blows forty yards from our cabaret and five were killed in a revolver fracas. The coming elections were the cause, for everyone knew that the losers—whoever they were—were in for a very unpleasant time. But every conversation in every camp inevitably drifted towards Hitler. The Junkers cursed his threat to split up their estates, and the Communists his military dictatorship; the Catholics said he was a heretic—for Hitler is a Catholic—and the Social Democrats that he was the lowest type of tub-thumping demagogue. But to the Nazis he was almost a Messiah.

On our last night before Berlin our fat old landlady visited us after dinner for a chat, and settling herself on her sofa, demanded point-blank why England hated Hitler. "He is a dear, good young man", she said. "A month ago, on his way back from Hamburg to Berlin, he was sitting where I am and the poor dear was so hoarse after all his speeches, that I

gave him milk and honey for his poor voice. It always helped my dear husband through his speeches at our annual shooting festival. And Hitler was so grateful and so modest. He is a real German, although he is an Austrian". Next morning the old lady's sentimentality had passed violently to the offensive. Overnight the Reichstag had been burned, and on the flimsiest evidence the Communists had been condemned wholesale as incendiaries. The old lady was hysterical. She broke into our breakfast, shouting: "*Alles ist los! Berlin is in flames. Those damned Communists! They mean to kill our poor Hitler. And as you value your lives, don't go on to Berlin.*" Whereupon she regaled us full-speed with an appalling and quite incorrect account of what had happened. And the nearer we got to Berlin, the wilder became the news, until finally, we actually rehearsed what we would say and do when challenged as suspects. But we were never challenged—except by some horrid little boys in Charlottenburg who shouted after us asking if the car had come out of the Ark—and Berlin itself, though crowded and sombre, was on the surface quite calm.

But neither of us enjoyed our fortnight there. Life was too exciting. The first night on our way back to our hotel, we suddenly heard a scream and next minute there was a crowd and six Nazi youths were knocking out an unfortunate young man wearing a coloured shirt of another party. Next day Unter den Linden buzzed with police lorries escorting dejected Communists to prison. Whole blocks would be suddenly closed to traffic. Something—we knew not what—was happening inside. Crowds suddenly started to run (we always ran too—in the opposite direction), and we never knew why. And at all hours groups of six or eight uniformed Nazis marching stridently on their way to do something to someone.

Then came the elections, and the two stirring marches of the Nazis and the Stahlhelms along Unter den Linden. We got into the crowd and everyone talked to us. Some said, how grand it was to have the good old days back: others—mostly mothers—pointed out Hans or Fritz or Ernst marching

by in their new uniforms ; and cinematographs buzzed and bands blared. And then tragedy. I talked to one mother, a widow, and she showed me her son as he went by. But her only daughter had just been taken off by the Nazis, the mother knew not whither.

"She grew up in 1918 and since then has been politics-mad. She was a Monarchist until the Kaiser got away to Holland with all those millions of marks ; she was a Social Democrat until we lost all our money in the inflation ; then she stayed a Nazi until they sickened her by their bullying ; and so she joined the Communists because she sympathised with the underdog. And how could I help ? She said I was *bourgeoise*."

But my most disturbing experience was three days after the elections, when I met sixty regular policemen marching down Unter den Linden wearing Nazi armbands and shouting. "Awake, Germany ! and death to the Jews !" And, thought I, if those gentlemen are the guardians of the public, God help the Jews ! The Nazis have denied terrorism, and will continue to deny it ; but the fact remains that Hitler released a flood of anti-Jewish animosity which any individual could and did exploit at his own sweet will. And how he could imagine that public opinion abroad would accept his horse-play and tactics without comment, I cannot think. When the foreign press did protest, he and all Germany went mad with rage. On my last day in Berlin I overheard five elderly Germans hotly discussing foreign press misrepresentation. "They are all liars", said one, "except the Italians, who do understand us." Another : "The French hate us and use any stick to keep us down." A third : "The Americans have lent their money to our Jews and are squealing because it looks like a bad deal." A fourth : "As for the English, they are run by the Jews and are worse than the Jews."

After Berlin, Danzig. The day I arrived, a crisis broke out between the Poles and the Germans, and I was at once swamped in a veritable typhoon of propaganda. One gentleman kept me *standing* in front of a map for an hour, while he talked without a pause. I listened attentively and hoped I

had understood. Two hours later, I was again standing in front of the rival map and listening to the rival version of the same problem. And this rival version had no earthly contact with what I had previously heard, and in the end I had no idea whether I was standing on my head or my heels. Nor was I the only journalist to be baffled by the problem of Danzig. Towards midnight, with my arms laden with a haystack of propaganda pamphlets, I found an exhausted *confrère* nervously fingering an equally bulky collection of literature behind a screen in the hotel lounge. We made friends at once, and after several welcome beers, got a pair of scales and solemnly weighed our booty. Mine weighed 23 lbs. ; his 29 lbs. Poles and Germans alike are weighty debaters.

From Danzig I toured south along the Eastern frontier of the Corridor, and though in writing of Danzig, I may have erred on the side of flippancy, I cannot be too serious in speaking of the Corridor. This wedge of Polish territory dividing East Prussia from main Germany is a geographical freak, and freaks are neither healthy nor normal. Passport restrictions are quite Gilbertian without Gilbert's humour ; until recently the Poles would not allow German travellers to open their railway carriage windows on the stage between West and East Prussia ; and the port of Gdynia has been built cheek by jowl with now neglected Danzig at a cost which will impoverish the already impoverished Polish treasury for years. And those who fixed the eastern frontier of the Corridor, which generally follows the line of the River Vistula, instead of putting the boundary in mid-stream, gave Poland both banks and thus a highly provocative offensive frontier. And worse still, all villages on the German side are now deprived of access to the river, on which for centuries they had earned their livelihood. Travelling back to Berlin, I met an elderly Swede who, like myself, had no axe to grind. "You know", he said, "that whatever anyone does in the world works either for peace or for war. Those who designed the Corridor, have undoubtedly worked for war."

Nowhere did we find more unemployment than in Silesia, which is full of Germans expelled from the coalfields which by

the plebiscite after the Treaty of Versailles were handed over to Poland; and inevitably Communism had flourished. But we arrived after Hitler had done his round-up; the concentration camps were full and there was not a red flag to be seen. "The French ought to be very grateful to Hitler", we were told. "They only set Poland on its ridiculous legs again to make a strong buffer State between Soviet Russia and the West; and now we are a far better buffer than the Poles could ever be". Later conversation inevitably drifted into the discussion of the Anti-Jewish movement, and our company being highly artistic, became far less complimentary in its comments on Hitler. "He is betraying German culture by depriving us of our great artists merely because their noses are hooked. It is politics gone mad, and the next thing we shall have, will be Lohengrin wearing a swastika armlet, making love to Elsa under a Nazi banner".

In Dresden we struck German emotionalism at its height. We saw a film, the "*Chorale von Leuthen*", which ended with the Prussian troops forming up on the battlefield after Frederick the Great's victory over the Austrians. When they were all in position in front of the old King, for five tense minutes they sang "*Nun Danket Alle Gott*", and while they sang there was not another sound in the theatre, and when the picture faded, there was an applause which lasted for another five minutes. I might have been at the opening of "Cavalcade" when, in the height of our economic crisis of 1931, we had all sung "God Save the King" with a catch in our throats.

And the longer we stayed in the country, the louder sounded the crescendo of German National sentiment, which at times, in its narrow intensity, even recalled the storm of the war spirit of 1914. In Thuringia I was lunching with a working family. How they loathed the League of Nations! Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had just gone to Geneva to rescue the Disarmament Conference, and I suggested that Germany might have sent Hitler as a gesture of goodwill. I might have been a spider inviting the fly into my web. "God forbid", they said. "Our Germans have been to Geneva before. First you talk them silly: then you stuff them with

food: and then you tell them to sign. And look at what they have signed! *Nein. Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht*". And having reached this pitch of frenzy, they embarked on the War. They had beaten every nation in turn; and then the French brought in those mercenary Americans, and the Socialist traitors in Berlin had done the rest. But underlying every sally was a positive horror of our unnatural French alliance. "You are our blood cousins", they would say; "Queen Victoria loved the Kaiser and the French still call you 'perfidious Albion'". How could you have signed their Treaty of Versailles?" At first I tried—rather lamely, I admit—to argue; but finally I found my only salvation in a blunt counter-attack. "Tell me", I would say, "what sort of peace would you have inflicted on us if you had won the war?" And then always coughs and complete silence. Afterwards, rather mischievously, I would tell them the story of Scheidemann's remark when he read the Treaty which he was invited and refused to sign: "It reads as though it had been written by a German", he had said tersely.

And so to Munich, Frankfurt, and back to the Rhine. My last conversation in Germany indicated, perhaps, a slowly dawning feeling that this Jew-baiting was dangerously like playing with edged tools. The Customs officials had passed me and the car with the minimum of fuss, and I shook them by the hand and, feeling rather sentimental, said "*Auf Wiedersehen*"—not once but at least six times. The sergeant suddenly caught my mood. "You are a *guter Kerl*", he said; "for all that you are a foreigner; and I'm glad to shake your hand, because you don't hate us. So will you do something for me. When you get across our Rhine and meet the French over the bridge, tell them not to believe all these lies about us and that we are quite quiet". And then he gave me one last grip. "*Auf baldiges Wiedersehen*", he almost shouted; "and the sooner, the better."

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA

BY PROFESSOR R. S. CONWAY, LITT.D., F.B.A.

I

THANKS to the delightful habits of hospitality for which Australia is famous, my errand to that country as a University lecturer brought me into touch with some at least of the leading men of each State—Governors, Premiers, judges, merchants and many professional men at the head of their various callings. So I had plenty to hear; and it is obvious that in the space of one article it is hardly possible to say anything adequate about the great Commonwealth and five capital cities. Let me, therefore, at the outset, beg any Australian or friend of Australia to forgive me for omitting many things which they will think ought to be said; and for merely alluding to some of the practical questions with which the Commonwealth is wrestling. I desire to be impartial and to say only what will represent what I learnt from the business men and other responsible Australians whom I met, both in Australia and in the long voyages going out and coming back.

II

Even to give any idea of the physical features of this vast Dominion is like trying to describe Europe. I landed at Sydney and went on to Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide and Perth, and, as it happened, I had to make the journey between Melbourne and Adelaide three times. To Perth I travelled by the wonderful desert railway, and in that four days land-voyage I listened to many conversations at table between active traders. The result of my three months was to impress me almost equally with four things:—first, with the wealth of beauty which Australia shows; secondly, with its promise of fruitfulness; but, thirdly, with its physical and social

difficulties; and finally, with the eagerness of its people to bring the resources of the Continent into use. Eagerness is too narrow a term; the mood that one meets is more like the adventurous spirit which is so marked a feature of the American character, coupled with something of the gambling temper which always seems to flourish where the sun is powerful; indeed I was told in Melbourne that there was a horse-race with heavy betting nearly every day in the year! These four characteristics, beauty, fertility, difficulty and enterprise, familiar as they may be to those who have regular correspondents in Australia, will probably be as new to the majority of my readers as they were to me.

III

Take the difficulties first. The great physical and economic problem of the central desert is the chief; wherever it has been irrigated it blossoms like the rose or like Naboth's Vineyard; and there is plenty of water, we read, if you can dig deep enough and pump hard enough. But until some Napoleonic scheme is carried out at a vast cost, you have more than a thousand miles square of a region, which, though it makes the heart of the Continent, is at present almost useless. You see plenty of stations marked on the map; but when you pass them, you find that they exist merely in order to be stations, each with its small colony of Railway and Post Office officials and a few shops, schools and churches to provide for their needs. Those white folk are dumped down for a number of months, scores of miles from the next station, simply to provide a place at which a tired locomotive can rest. Loosely attached to each station one found a dozen or more degenerate aborigines, each with a troop of wives and children, living, so I was told, without houses, each "family" sleeping by some rock or tree, and subsisting by begging from passengers in the trains. They are said never to stay many months in one place; and their only clothing is what they acquire by begging, and worn merely to please the white residents. The result is that their appearance is pleasanter to imagine than to observe. I saw one shaggy creature whose only garments

appeared to be a swallow-tail evening coat and a ragged pair of tweed knickerbockers.

Noting one native woman with a child who seemed less squalid, I learnt the reason from my informant, the wife of a station inspector. "Oh yes, we have employed her for a month or two, and her children have just had their weekly bath. We daren't trust them with the water except on the day before our fresh supply comes in."

Over the great Nullarbor (*i.e.*, Treeless) Plain, the railway runs for some four hundred miles without a vestige of cultivable land in its whole length. The stations draw their water supply either from great cisterns fed from tanks brought by rail, or from some "soak" as they call the occasional hollows where the desert dips to a lower stratum which holds water. The central thousand miles of this transcontinental line was built by the Commonwealth itself because no one of the States singly could afford it. Not all of the line is as desolate as the Treeless Plain, though the difference to a European eye is but slight. It is all sandy or stony waste but on either side of the Plain are regions where some kinds of vegetation, especially the low-growing salt-bush, can find sustenance; and here some of the Australian sheep are reared with their famous wool—quite different creatures from those which are grown in Europe for their flesh as well as for their wool. But the number of the sheep is limited by the quantity of water that by one means or another can be got for them to drink. The Railway itself was built for sound reasons—to link more quickly and completely the fertile lands that stretch in from the sea all round the southern half of the Continent. From Brisbane to Freemantle takes three weeks by sea and only five and a half days by rail. No one who has traversed the line will do anything but take off his hat to the pioneer statesmen who built it, and wish that their enterprise may meet with the economic success which their political courage deserves.

IV

Of the social difficulties with which the Commonwealth is faced I will only say that the English visitor, reflecting on

what he hears and sees and suffers of public affairs in Australia, if he put his feelings into the shape of good wishes, would desire for Australian statesmen increasing success above all in two things; first in deepening the sense of public responsibility, and secondly in strengthening the conception and practice of freedom. In recent years, as every one knows, the first has gained strength from the very fact of being loudly challenged.

I will not enter on controversial ground by discussing the Australian system of Tariffs and its general effect on public morals. But anyone who has sat for many days in Australian trains and steamers among Australian business men knows that the inhabitants of the non-manufacturing States, especially Queensland, Tasmania and Western Australia, denounce the Tariffs with something like passion; and that even in the manufacturing States of New South Wales and Victoria business men admit, and indeed repeat, the complaint; though they are wont to end with a sigh; "Yes, we must have the tariffs down, they make business impossible; only I hope they won't begin with my stuff." And no one could visit the splendid harbour of Hobart without marvelling at the Navigation Act intended to "protect" Australian trade, which kept that harbour and the streets of the town almost empty and let the grass begin to grow on the mile-long quays.

What precisely has happened to that Act since my visit I have not been able to ascertain; but I am told that the exclusion of European liners from all inter-State traffic is in one way or another maintained. As for freedom, in the long struggles for power between the leaders of the Trades Unions—who, I was told are mostly of Irish blood—and the regular Government, the ordinary citizen and the ordinary visitor find their freedom painfully curtailed. For example, though one may be landed at 7 a.m., having been roused to pack one's belongings two hours sooner and still having to stand about for two hours in a comfortless Customs shed, one is allowed no breakfast, because the Trades Unions to which the steamer-stewards belong forbid any breakfast to be served before 8 a.m. And on the rough passage from Launceston (Tasmania) to

Melbourne one's misery on a very dirty boat may be increased by a water-tight door left, in spite of a complaint, to bang to and fro unfastened all night. "Australian crews are very difficult to manage"; so said to me the captain of another boat who had served in the war with distinction and who was handling his own crew without any apparent trouble. These are small illustrations, but they are types of more serious disorders in the body politic which I cannot discuss here.

V

Now turn to the hopeful side. The forces that are making for good in the public life of the different States may not perhaps be said, even yet, to have everywhere triumphed; but they are very strong and resolute. I came away with a feeling that in no part of the world had it been my good fortune to meet more high-minded and enlightened men devoting themselves whole-heartedly to the public interest; and their efforts have been conspicuous throughout the economic crisis. The Municipality of Sydney was convicted of corruption on a large scale six years ago, and the town was afterwards administered by Government officials. Well, that is a historical fact; but the conviction of the guilty parties was a triumph of honesty which will have far-reaching effects. One of the Universities was robbed of an enormous sum of money by a thieving registrar who departed some fifteen years ago and is still unpunished; indeed I was told that he now holds an important position in another State. But the same University has regained public confidence so far as to be receiving great gifts; and while I was there, leading citizens formed a committee to establish a new Chair in a subject not adequately represented, and one not contributing directly to industrial pursuits. The University buildings at Sydney are as noble as any that I know in Europe and occupy as fine a site; those of Adelaide are more modest, but dignified and pleasing; and in point of beauty and of the activity of its intellectual life, Adelaide is a city that need not fear comparison with Edinburgh. The development of wireless telegraphy in Sydney is being guided by men whose ambition is to bring its cost within the reach of

the poorest, and in the hope that before long an Australian citizen may be able to communicate once a week with his friends in Europe by a message that takes only two days in transit. All the towns (save the west parts of Sydney) are laid out with broad streets fringed with trees; and even the humblest house stands detached in a little garden of its own. In each State there are several fine endowed schools; but education as a whole is the concern of the State, not of any locality; and every new Minister of Education does his best to improve the supply of good teaching. In every State I visited save West Australia, the Premier and the Minister of Education (though the latter I did not see in Sydney) were glad to discuss important questions of curriculum with a perfectly open mind.

VI

Behind all this effort there is the quite wonderful beauty and fertility of the country—mountains, forests, prospects of ocean, land-locked harbours, natural vegetation, lovely wild flowers, rich soil, olives, vines, fig-trees, oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, apricots, loquats, apples, pears, peaches;—such things make the inhabited regions (especially South Australia) a kind of earthly Paradise. Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, have all beautiful wooded hills near by, giving wide views of the sea; and out of the Southern suburbs of Hobart rises the magnificent Mount Wellington, snow-topped half the year, and always surrounded by a belt of forest below its rocky crest, looking down on the deep, calm harbour shut in by the mountains all the way to the sea. Sydney harbour is less than twenty miles long from its mouth to the quays; but its coast line measures over two hundred miles, so deep and fantastic are the inlets where the blue water steals in through winding creeks into valleys in the hills, seemingly far inland, with deep sides which are clothed with forests and crowned with rocky cliffs. The waratah which grows freely all round Sydney is surely the most marvellous wild flower that Nature has created, rising from two to six feet on a tall stalk, with bright leaves like a thistle without thorns, and great flower-heads

glowing crimson like a peony. No wonder the New South Wales people have chosen it for their national emblem ; no wonder it was sent to bring greetings from home to the brave boys in the Anzac trenches !

VII

I must not end without describing a fact which I noted in many speeches and in many leading articles of three or four fine newspapers—such as the *Sydney Herald*, the *Melbourne Argus* and the *West Australian* of Perth. It is the combination of feelings which seem strange and contradictory to us, but which seem to co-exist in the mind of every thoughtful Australian. One is a quite passionate pride and affection towards the British Crown and that Commonwealth of Nations which we call the British Empire ; and the other is an equally passionate desire to manage their own Australian affairs. If either of these is considered alone you get a false impression of the Australian point of view ; but an equally false impression, if you think that either extinguishes the other.

Lastly, I must pay my tribute of gratitude to the extraordinary warmth of Australian hospitality. I do not mean mere provision of good things to eat and drink, nor innumerable speeches of welcome, nor the hospitable invitations to excellent golf links and delightful picnics in nooks of the blue hills and fragrant forests, with glimpses of the ocean through the boughs. What I am thinking of is the kind of temper which on meeting by accident a stranger, seen only once before (and then merely on a lecturer's platform), and finding him prostrate with the results of tooth-ache and an incompetent dentist, takes him into a beautiful, though simple, home and nurses him like a brother for five days, leaving him to marvel at the good fortune which has given him not merely such a refuge in trouble, but life-long friends. That was what happened to me in Melbourne ; and the kindness I enjoyed in Sydney, Hobart and Adelaide, though less urgently needed, was not less generous. These things I can never forget.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

EVENTS begin to clear themselves up with relentless logic. In the Far East Japan has completed the expulsion of Chinese forces from Manchuria with a swiftness and economy outrunning all expectation. Her action has brought upon her the denunciation of the League of Nations and we see exactly what in the Far East that denunciation is worth. But the corollary is not always noted. Japan had very grave grounds of complaint against China, and the League could give Japan no redress, because of China's internal impotence. As a consequence, Japan, taking the law into her own hands, has realised by putting it to the proof how unassailable she stands ; and since the League condemns her, is inclined to think she might as well be condemned for a sheep as for a lamb. Her designs on Russia's frontage on the Pacific become manifest. What is more remarkable, Russia is ready to bow to facts and dispose of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the necessary connection through Manchuria to Vladivostok. It may be that the Soviets are less concerned for prestige than was Russia of the Tsars : it may also very well be that they appreciate more accurately the military force of this single Asiatic power which possesses all the modern resources of armament. Or again this surprising development may corroborate a view set out by the Vicomte de Rochefort in the *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie*, that all Asia is being organized, from West and from East, by these two Powers

**Japan's Further
Designs**

in a common hostility to Europe. If indeed Russia and Japan, both now outside the League of Nations, have determined to subjugate China, annexing progressively what seems good to them, the League of Nations as at present constituted can do nothing to prevent the process. Even a closer League of European Powers could do little, if America retained and used its freedom to supply munitions in all shapes to those who could pay. It is, however, conceivable that the prospect of such an aggrandisement might alter America's attitude. Yet if Europe and the United States in concert agreed to supply China with munitions and deny them to Japan, the consequence might show a grave need for armament, especially felt by the English-speaking world.

Is it an obligation for the League of Nations to protect China, a full member of the League, against aggression?

The Far East and the League And, if not, what purpose does membership of the League serve? At present it looks very much as if the existence of the League had weakened the power of European civilization to check proceedings which Europe now denounces as uncivilized. Having a blind confidence in the prestige of the League, China was not merely rash but provocative in her dealings with Japan; whereas the Japanese military party, realizing that their country had escaped exhaustion during the World War, probably saw in Europe's creation of the League a proof of war-weariness. There was undoubtedly a period in which other elements in Japan desired to retain their footing among the greater Powers in the League, and accepted its doctrines. But China's anarchy (and perhaps also China's oriental desire to exploit the advantages of a protected position) gave the game into the hands of the militarists, who are now in a position to say that they have called Europe's bluff.

Putting Russia out of the question, how far is Japan to be allowed to go? And if the obligation to protect China be admitted, what becomes of the supposed obligation to disarm? Suppose (what, heaven knows, is far from likely) the Disarmament Conference should agree to reduce the forces

of all members of the League to the level necessary for internal police, would civilization really be the safer, as so many theorists have urged? And if the League remains what it is, a semblance of authority without organized power to enforce its decrees, is it in reality a help to civilization? Is the world safer than it would be without it? Europe today, as represented in the League, is like a man who thinks that he can gain a great end without taking risks. Peace is an interest of the whole world, we all know that; but we are not prepared for the conclusion that wherever it is threatened, the world must fight to maintain it. Today, wherever there is an aggressive disposition, encouragement is given by the fact that every great Power in Europe is pledged against war; there is no trace of the grave discouragement which would exist if every Power, little or great, were pledged to put down aggression by combined action.

These are not abstract speculations. Since Japan took her defiant course, Germany has found a new song: "To God who makes the iron grow". Her military men have probably not the least intention of using the iron at present: unlike Japan, they are easily accessible to other Powers; but it seems admitted on all hands that Germany is prepared to claim and use the right to arm up to the level of its ability. Since a positive act of aggression, declared by the League to be such, incurs no sanctions, a mere breach of the penal clauses in the Treaty of Versailles will hardly force members of the League to depart from their pledge under the Kellogg pact. That is the danger. All the obligations are negative; the positive ones are either omitted or left vague. As a consequence, if Germany re-arms with the declared intention of recovering her former frontiers, the League has created such a state of feeling that the Powers which imposed the Treaty would have the public opinion of Europe against them if they entered German territory to prevent this.

The moral is, not that the League should be discarded, but that it should be made into a reality. It is needed as a

protection for all, and it can be made one. But while it is a sham, it is a danger.

At least Europe has full warning. It would be hard to exaggerate the menace. People talk of our being back to the Germany of Bismarck, but that was a country organized for war, yet organized under the strictest control. Behind Herr Hitler there

**Student
Mob Law**

is a mob wrought up by overheated rhetoric in constantly renewed doses; and its most active elements consist of that student class which has multiplied inordinately in the years when work was scarce, and which is of all mobs the hardest to discipline. It is impossible to conceive of Bismarck as tolerating a state of things in which university students decided which professor should be allowed to teach, and what must be his teaching. The Chancellor's gravest difficulties will be with his partisans: every day they are out-Hitlering him in the task of making Germany Aryan and of settling what the German Government thinks that German literature should be. As to his opponents, the trade unions have allowed themselves to be coolly swept into a sack and carted away.

Meanwhile the sincere sympathy of Europe goes out to the German Jews who find themselves expatriated, whether they are driven across the border or no. Some whose services in the War were illustrious have been invited to retain a privileged position, and with a fine contempt have thrown the privilege away. Civilized Europe applauds their gesture and looks with amazement at what is being done by a people in some ways the most thoroughly educated of all. Yet, German training killed what education should most develop, the free spirit of man. They were over-organized and when they ceased to be an army became a herd. Instinctively now they hark back to the universal regimentation of bodies and minds: strong bodies, able minds, perfect military material in all ranks. They were a terror to Europe during four long years and they have not forgotten it. Why should they? But what has that mentality to do in a League of Peace among the nations?

In the face of such an eruption of war-hysteria Europe can only stand on guard. One result has been a strengthening of the bonds with France, in which the English tardily begin to recognize another country that values freedom. It is well, however, to remember that there are free and friendly countries beyond Germany as well on this side of her. M. Benesh, spokesman of Czechoslovakia, issued a wise warning when he said that the Great Powers among themselves could not settle Europe's difficulties by treaty revision: territory cannot now be transferred without consent except by war. Indeed, observation in Ireland has taught me how hard it would be to shift one parish across an existing border line without bloodshed. In the days of monarchy, such arrangements could be made over the heads of subjects, but under democracy no statesman dare propose a surrender, and hardly even an exchange. The English are dangerously under the illusion that much good can be effected by giving away someone else's back yard. For the moment the best way to peace is to convince Germany that she will get nothing without fighting for it, and that if she fights, she will have to fight Europe again.

At this point, America vouchsafes once more to take a hand in the task of easing Europe's difficulties. Dr. Dillon in the last number of this Review expressed some distaste for those interventions. However, we all realise that President Roosevelt shows a disposition to more effective action than his predecessor, and we live in some hope.

Mr. MacDonald told the House of Commons (I take Sir Austen Chamberlain's re-wording of what he said) that "the President had announced his willingness, if a satisfactory disarmament convention could be reached, to arrange for America to take part in consultative pacts for the purpose of greater security to the nations so disarmed, and to make those pacts definite, authoritative, and operative". Excellent words. But who is to be the judge of "satisfactory"? And is America to be among the nations so disarmed? Japan has hinted broadly that the agreed ratio of three naval units to five as

compared with America or Great Britain will no longer be adequate to Japan's need. Will America be ready to reduce her naval power? Or will America insist that France shall do in relation to Germany that which America is not willing to do in relation to Japan? It is a question whether it is not better for Europe to choose its own course. President Roosevelt's decision to leave the gold standard when his country's vaults are bursting with bullion is a salutary reminder that if a firm lead is given by Europe, America under the most unlikely conditions will conform to it. Internal agreement in Europe is much more important than agreement between any part of Europe and the United States. It is an illusion to believe that the centre of power lies west of the Atlantic; and the recent history of the pound and the dollar demonstrates this.

The Royal Academy's exhibition brings round controversy on the purpose of modern painting, and we learn from

The Painter's Purpose

the critic of the *Times* that the painter should abandon the effort to represent, and should make something like architecture. I can make no sense of this. Design which has no purpose of representation is probably better, say, for a carpet; but then a carpet is there to be walked on: it is pleasant to make it also agreeable to the eye. But a picture is pure luxury. Hanging on the wall is a face, a figure, or a landscape, seen (if the picture is of merit) with a certain emotion, and making just as good a colour scheme as if it were nothing but a play of hues representing nothing. Of course, it may also have commemorative value, and in a great many of the Academy's exhibits this is the thing first sought after; but, primarily, the painter when he offers his wares offers us something to live with. It may indeed combine both these purposes, as does one picture which stands out in this year's exhibition—the portrait by Mr. Gerald Kelly of Dr. Eleanor Lodge. Whether it is actually like the sitter or not, I have no means of knowing: it certainly presents a personage, a brain and a character; but the face and figure make the centre to a composition of quiet

dignity and harmony. There is a similarity to one of the best pictures in the Luxembourg (I think, by Besnard), though in that case the head, seen against a background of books, is a man's. Mr. Kelly can afford to challenge the comparison.

This picture, by the tone and spirit in which it is conceived and carried out, might be a lasting delight in a room no bigger than many of us can afford. Mr. Kelly's other portrait, that of Miss Thompson, to which pride of place is given, postulates a more spacious way of life, and I confess a greater interest in pictures that some of my friends might conceivably own and live with. One artist, Mr. H. Bishop, who has for some thirty years past admirably provided such opportunities is, I am glad to see, raised to Associateship, and consequently half-a-dozen pictures by him are well shown. "Villefranche" is a perfect example of his art: sunlight on sea and houses, boat and nets, observed and rendered with infinite sensitiveness to the flickering interplay of tones. This union of skill and sensibility creates a thing of which the eye never tires. There is no emptiness in the content of his canvas.

It seemed to me that the rooms contained a great deal which might give something of the same pleasure, and by no means only in works "on the line": for instance, in the third room, Mr. Padwick's "Hastings", old-fashioned and sombre in tone; but the man who painted it can make a picture. So, assuredly, can Mr. James Bateman, and his "Field Byre" would be a worthy pendant to his farmyard of last year. But I was even more struck by Mr. Edward Seago's "Wild Beast Show". This, with its central strip of light streaming down between the striped awnings of a circus on to trampled grass and the crowd before the cages makes a composition extraordinarily satisfying to the eye. These two are on the line; but in the small room, No. IX (along with a superb portrait, M. Victor Rousseau, by a veteran, Sir George Clausen, and a brilliant head by Mr. Glyn Philpot), I noted two studies, each called simply, "Portrait", by R. J. Roberts and by Marjorie Rod-

gers and each having most distinctive quality. Again, in Room V, "The Chef", by Edith M. Hosking, though skied, seemed to be outstanding work. And in the big third room, skied also, was a scene on the coast of Achill, by Paul Henry, the best known of Irish landscape painters, who has not before this been seen at Burlington House. This thing has the breath of Atlantic air about it, and its lighting made most other landscapes look unreal. In a sense he is a romantic painter, but his romance is always rooted in the reality of what he paints.

In the Central Hall are two great sculptures by Mr. Jagers which lose by not being seen, as they are designed to be seen, making part of a building. It was notable to find a young artist, Mrs. Rothenstein, promoted among this score of select exhibits, for her bronze portrait head. Mr. O'Connor Barrett has two remarkable wood carvings here, one of which, "Darkness", by skilful use of the wood's graining suggests a trunk twisted naturally into the likeness of a human figure. In the larger Sculpture Gallery is a very covetable if less ambitious piece of wooden sculpture, Mr. Day's model of a drake. And Mr. Allan's head in aluminium of Mrs. Fitzwilliam Hyde is a brilliant thing.

One has to go elsewhere to see the work of some of the best known sculptors. Mr. John Tweed, at Knoedler's galleries, exhibits some notable portraits: a charming

Sculpture one in white marble of Miss Ailsa Tweed; another, much more challenging, of the late Marchioness of Londonderry—imperious almost to insolence but with a humorous twist about the lip. Among the rest, I have not seen many things to be chosen as a War Memorial before his study "Over the Top"—a clear-eyed young soldier looking out over the parapet from under his steel helmet in all the cool beauty of valiant youth. But Mr. Tweed belongs to the older school, though his bust of Rodin shows that he learnt from one who was the beginner of all that is valuable in the new. At the Leicester Galleries Mr. Epstein marks a stage further in the development. Much is in Rodin's

tradition—notably his labyrinthine head of Joseph Conrad, and "Roma of Barbados", which suggests the tragic blending of two ill-mated bloods. But in "Primitive Gods" he cuts adrift from all European ancestry. Yet on the obverse of this barbaric jumble (as it seems to me) is a figure of the Sun God, and surely Greece has breathed on it. At all events it gave me, more than anything of which I have written in this article, that thrill, the sudden physical sensation, by which alone Professor Housman has been saying one can recognize real poetry—and whose origin, when caused by poetry, he locates in the pit of the stomach.

Books multiply so that no ordinary person can keep abreast of the reviewing, and it is useful to have an authoritative selection made at more leisure and with detachment. But for this guidance I should scarcely have found my way to Miss Helen Simpson's *Boomerang*, which, selected as the best novel produced in 1932, has received the prize founded in memory of the late James Tait Black, a publisher who was interested in the craft of literature; and it is a first-class piece of work, written in a style that whips you along, as if the reader were in a four-in-hand smartly driven. The invention is of astonishing vigour and versatility. Miss Simpson has the modern feeling for continuity, that wants to begin before the cradle and go beyond the grave; and what she has written is really the story of a singular strain of blood manifesting itself in a series of individuals. It begins French in the West Indies; then, after English alliance, finds its way to Australia, when an Irish dash is added; but a duel in Paris makes the first climax—even, the first ending.

For this is in strictness not one novel but two run together; either of them would have stood apart without loss; and they differ in kind. The first is a book about men, told from a man's view-point; the second is a woman's story. They are linked, but not held together, by the answer to the question of what happened to Gustave Félicité's hardy rebel of a son—he who fulfils his purpose in the saga by begetting the girl

who is heroine in the last book. One can never forget that Gaston Boissy, the Australian squatter, is son of the Boissy who was lord and ruler among the blacks in Corazon; but one never feels that either his son or his granddaughter throws back to that masterful strain. We know them without needing this to explain them. It is ungracious to cavil at being given too much entertainment; yet artistically two books here would have been better than one. Two generations may be compassed within a story, yet even so George Meredith in *The Amazing Marriage* is content to suggest his "Old Buccaneer" and the lovely countess who eloped with him, in order to concentrate on the life history of their child. This is not a question of length: Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* with its seven volumes does not give the feeling which I experience after reading Miss Simpson—that I have been treated to two dinners on end with a shorter meal thrown in between. There is no complaint to make of the courses or the vintages served with them; but it disparages two brilliant pieces of narrative, each complete in itself, that we should be asked to read them as one.

NOTE.

"*THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DR. BENESH.*"—Since this article was written the project for a Four-Power Pact, which in diplomatic circles had been regarded as completely shelved, has been unexpectedly revived, and there seems at the time of going to press a definite prospect of its being accepted. It is safe to say, however, that the Pact will not be the same Pact as that which Signor Mussolini sprang on Mr. MacDonald in March last. Substantial changes must since have been made to meet the objections raised by France and the Little Entente. R.M.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

"F.E."

by LORD DARLING

FREDERICK EDWIN, EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, THE FIRST PHASE, by his son The Earl of Birkenhead. Foreword by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

IN this book—the first volume of the Life of his distinguished father—Lord Birkenhead enters upon a most difficult task; and so far he has accomplished it with great ability. He has contrived to be fair to his readers in the presentation of the facts for their judgment, while not disguising his affection for the man to whom he owes the position from which he surveys the passing scene and the power to paint it. He is fortunate in being able to introduce his own work by a preface by Mr. Churchill, the author of probably the best presentation of a father ever produced by a son.

It appears that Lord Birkenhead—"F.E.", as he was generally known—owed little or nothing to the social position of his immediate ancestors—indeed, although his grandfather was a Methodist preacher, his grandmother was a gypsy of whom we are merely told that her name was Bathsheba, and that she smoked tobacco. Mr. Churchill tells of "F.E." that "he dwelt with pride upon his humble origin, he exaggerated it, he boasted of it". He made for himself the motto engraved below the arms granted to him with his peerage "*Faber mea*

fortune". His son informs us that in 1914 he was making £30,000 a year while his tastes were to match:

"for F.E. Smith was always extravagant. He had been unable to economise at Oxford, and indifference grew upon him as his means increased. He once told Sir Edward Carson that he could always make money, but could not keep it. He married, confident in his earning powers, bought a string of hunters, and lived *en grand seigneur*, not worrying about the future and confident that things would end all right. He was a man of colossal generosity, who could not be niggardly of his money, and despised those who were. If he entered a jeweller's shop to buy presents he was quite likely to spend £500. He had no idea of the value of money, and as the habit of magnificence grew upon him, his indifference grew with it."

At Birkenhead School "F.E." early and easily distinguished himself, so that his father assured him that if he went to the Bar he would become Lord Chancellor—a prophecy so agreeable to "F.E." that he impressed it on his schoolfellows, who were not thereby inclined to make that obeisance which Joseph's sheaf received from those of his brethren. When, after a lapse of years, "F.E." found himself on the Woolsack he did not forget to do what he could for those who had known the Chancellor in embryo.

A scholarship at Wadham, Tory triumphs at the Union, culminated in a Fellowship at Merton, and "F.E."

settled down for a time to teach the law he was still learning. Having been called to the Bar, and become a "local" at Liverpool, he was soon so successful as to remove to London—where he at once gained the attention of Judges, and the verdicts of Juries. Naturally of the quickest apprehension, he was by this time well endowed with the learning necessary for legal and political success. Self confident, and inclined to resent opposition, he was supercilious where some would have been subservient, so that he still showed something of "that incredible intellectual arrogance" which he later attributed to himself aged seventeen. Mr. F. W. Hirst, who had been his contemporary at Wadham, said of him at a dinner given by Sir John Simon in the Hall at Wadham:

From the first F.E. was conscious of the talents and qualities that make for success at the Bar and in public life. He was ambitious: eager to rise in the Cursus Honorum, keenly interested in party controversy. Not for him the *Secretum iter fallentis semita vitæ*, which Horace and Cowley deliberately preferred. Nor did he sigh, like Rosebery, for the palm without the dust, he fought his way upwards and onwards with bravado, delighting in his own prowess, failing when he did fail from recklessness, never from timidity or over-caution or lack of self-confidence. If he was inclined sometimes to be arrogant and overbearing, he was wholly free from the much worse vice of false humility and hypocrisy.

The general opinion of F. E. Smith was necessarily formed from his public appearances, and his audiences knew but little of the long and careful preparation which had armed him for the contests in which he seemed so easily victorious. He had read hard, and had reflected deeply. I once heard an old courtier, a sort of Prince de Ligne in some forgotten play, explain "My best impromptus have taken me years to make"; and it appears that "F.E."

sometimes had contrived, or awaited, the occasion for the use of apparent improvisation.

"F.E.'s" maiden speech in Parliament is still widely remembered for its instant and immense success. It made and secured his position as leader in the Commons. He had challenged and defeated in open combat some of the most doughty champions of the Government. Yet, although his Parliamentary reputation was made, we read:

There were not wanting critics who, while praising the speech, said that it had contributed no knowledge to the debate. This was true. There was no attempt to produce a serious debating argument against the motion. The speech consisted of a brilliant cluster of impertinencies, about the manner in which the election was won, and the records of different Liberals in that election. But this was no unintentional oversight; it seemed to Smith that his party was absolutely in despair. It had suffered one of the greatest disasters of its history at the polls, and the insolent Parliamentary manners of that swollen majority had had a cowering effect upon it. Conservatism needed a *pique de cœur*. Smith's speech was designed not only to rivet attention to himself, but also to stiffen his colleagues, and breathe life and passion into the attack on the Government.

To "F.E.'s" speeches, forensic and political, his son often applies the words "relentless", "remorseless", "bitter". They are appropriate—and it may well be that the lasting effect produced on the audience was less than the immediate pain inflicted on the opponent. This was a fault—and a grave one—for the worst offenders gain when they are pitied, though deservedly chastised. Lord Birkenhead writes of his father with honesty and courage:

His enemies found in him an arrogance which they detested; the barbed wit bred enemies like flies in the summer. Its very facility led him to create antagonisms where they were unnecessary for the justification of a point. Becoming

the instrument of his own invective, he was too prone to forget the wound inflicted in the pleasures of acrimonious debate. For a man so emotionally soft-hearted and sensitive, he was extraordinarily liable to wound the sensibilities of others. His tongue often betrayed him into cruelties which he would never wittingly have inflicted. He was sometimes very arrogant, but always very proud. He was unwilling to admit another's superiority, or allow any assault to escape his counter attack.

With "F.E.'s" work and activities after the Great War began this volume does not deal—but before leaving it one must give a glance at "F.E." as a sportsman. He kept many hunters, and rode them when he could find time, yet we are told:

He was not an ardent fox-hunter in the true sense of the word: to him a day's hunting was boring and wasted unless he was able to gallop over many and varied obstacles. The hounds meant nothing to him, and on the occasions when they checked he was often seen jumping fences in the opposite direction.

Lord Birkenhead—or "F.E." as he was throughout his career—began life with a splendid constitution, great bodily strength, and at least equal mental power. He had any amount of ambition, and industry to realize it. He went far, he won many and great prizes. We cannot doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed life, which contained for him few painful moments. This book concludes with the following summing up:

At the bottom of his complex character lay amazing contradictions, a feminine softness of heart coupled with the power to inflict cruel and lasting wounds; a brilliant perspicuity and the capacity for absorbing and enjoying the crudest flattery; an animal zest in the pleasures of life, and Victorian propriety in moral behaviour; a nature at one moment exuberant and brilliant, the next silent and unapproachable. All these opposites in his character jostled against one another and struggled for supremacy. It is not easy to describe a dominant

personality. F. E. Smith possessed one to the fullest degree. He could do things which no other man in his position has done since the days when Bolingbroke ran naked round the Park. We have seen him when Lord Chancellor racing an undergraduate round Tom Quad; when Secretary of State for India he challenged two American confidence tricksters to dive from the highest board in Madeira for a purse of £100, and won his bet. Yet he could preside with the utmost dignity over the most august tribunal in the world. His amazing stamina lasted unimpaired till death; at the age of fifty he could drink a bottle of vintage port at Blenheim, and immediately after lunch swim a mile in the Great Lake. At fifty-six he could play eighteen holes of golf in the morning, nine sets of tennis in the afternoon, and ride twelve miles before dinner without the slightest fatigue. He galloped *ventre à terre* through his brief life, and courted his sudden death.

One cannot but ask whether they choose best who elect to compete among the comets, or they whose epitaph is all in the words:

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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STATIONERY

THE BANK OF ENGLAND

THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, by Kate Rosenberg and R. Thurston Hopkins. *Thornton Butterworth*. 15s.

THE OLD LADY UNVEILED, by J. R. Jarvie. *Wishart*. 3s. 6d.

HERE are both sides of the question with a vengeance—from Mr. Jarvie murderous attack, from Miss Rosenberg and Mr. Hopkins rapturous eulogy. Since the latter have carefully entitled their book "Romance", one may say, without offence, that it is not so much a history of the Bank (no one can get that, says Mr. Jarvie sardonically) as, chiefly, of scenes in which the Bank has figured. As such, however, it contains excellent reading and a useful picture of London's financial life, from Jews and Lombards, through the goldsmith era and Hagenbuck's abortive proposal to Queen Elizabeth (she haggled over interest with her usual parsimony) to establish for her just such a bank as that financial genius Patterson, "the lonely Scot", founded in 1694 to provide the sorely tried William III with money for his Continental wars. That was the beginning of the Bank of England. A number of leading merchants put up £1,200,000, borrowing at 4 per cent. and lending the entire sum to the King at 8, *plus* £4,000 for management expenses, with the privilege of issuing banknotes for the whole amount. The Parliamentary Charter constituting the Bank was much opposed, but the founders' prestige carried it through triumphantly.

There were plenty of crises, however. "The '45" caused a wild run: cashiers paid in sixpences to gain time, and friends repaid at the back door the coin they had just been given at the front.

In the Gordon Riots, the Bank was besieged, with heavy carnage: hence, ever since, the nightly guard of soldiers. In 1825 "there was a string of carriages the whole length of Cheapside and Fleet Street" of clients clamouring for money. And three times in the past century the Government suspended the Act of 1844 to enable the Bank to meet a crisis by printing more notes. It seems incredible that, little more than 100 years ago, men and women were being literally hanged in strings for passing forged notes, even for a pound or so. But the stories of the many swindlers with whom "the Old Lady" has had to tussle are not the least entertaining part of a most readable book.

Mr. Jarvie's contention is that, whereas Somerset House can tell you everything that may affect the policy of all other banks, impenetrable secrecy hides every material fact about the Bank of England, although it is "of England" only in name. Who the shareholders are, what their holdings, no one outside the Bank may know; and "the overwhelmingly international complexion" of the Board of Directors, remote as any shadow of suspicion on their integrity is, cannot but colour their policy. Hence "bread upon the ice floes"—the millions and millions of post-war loans now frozen in Greece, Austria, Germany, and elsewhere. Mr. Jarvie hurts his argument by violence. But the now general suspicion of the Bank's influence in Government affairs is deepened by the mysteriousness he denounces, and the results upon an institution of whose prestige Britons are deservedly proud may well be dreaded when Socialism returns to power.

O. M. GREEN.

THE FINITE INFINITE

by W. F. D. SULLIVAN

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE, by Sir Arthur Eddington. *Cambridge University Press*. 3s. 6d.

IT has frequently been said that, ever since the invention of the telescope, astronomers have been revealing to us a bigger and bigger universe. This is true in so far as our estimate of the size of the universe depends on actual observation. But, long before the days of our giant telescopes, there were men who held that the universe is infinite in extent. The distances of the farthest bodies they could see may have been relatively small, but they held that, beyond the limits of visibility, the universe goes on for ever and ever. The modern astronomer does not share this belief. Although he sounds far greater depths of space than were ever sounded before, he lives, compared with these early speculators, in a smaller universe. Indeed, there is all the difference between the finite and the infinite. The modern astronomical universe is finite. But although the universe is finite, it is of no fixed size. We are asked to believe that this finite universe is expanding, and expanding with an ever-increasing velocity. This is the theory with which Sir Arthur Eddington's new book is concerned.

Sir Arthur begins by clearing up a possible ambiguity in the phrase "the expanding universe". We know that the matter of the universe is collected into huge assemblies of stars called galaxies. Sir Arthur estimates that there are one hundred thousand million

of these galaxies, each galaxy containing one hundred thousand million stars. Now it is a matter of observation that these galaxies are separating from one another. Of ninety galaxies whose motions have been measured, all but five are receding from us and from one another, and it is possible that, when the appropriate corrections are applied, the five apparent exceptions will be seen not to be exceptions. It would seem, then, that we can interpret the phrase "expanding universe" to mean that there are a finite number of galaxies in the universe, and that these galaxies are receding from one another. These facts are odd and interesting, but they are not bewildering. But, as Sir Arthur explains, the modern theory implies a great deal more than that.

The modern theory asserts that space itself is finite, and that space itself is expanding. To the layman this theory seems at first sight self-contradictory. If space is expanding, what is it expanding into? A similar difficulty is experienced with the doctrine that space is finite. Then what lies outside it? But the fact is that these questions already implicitly assume a certain conception of space. And the space so assumed happens to be a picturable space. But the mathematicians have shown that all kinds of spaces can exist—logically. It is for experiment to decide as to which of these possible spaces we actually live in. It so happens that the space to which the evidence points is a non-picturable space. Statements can be

made about it, that it is finite and expanding, which would be meaningless if made about Euclidean space, for example. The fact that the theory is non-picturable is a peculiarity it shares, unfortunately, with so many other modern scientific theories. But there was never any real reason to suppose that the workings of Nature must be bounded by the resources of our pictorial imaginations.

The latter part of the book deals with matters still more speculative than those we have described. It is

concerned with Sir Arthur's attempt to connect the theory of the expanding universe with the modern theory of the atom. The questions involved will be felt by most readers to be rather technical, and the conclusions, in the way they are presented here, very tentative. We are here, as Sir Arthur says, taken into a scientist's workshop, as distinguished from the showroom. But even the most casual visitor who penetrates these regions will see dimly that something of more than ordinary import is afoot.

BRITISH BUDGETS: Third Series, 1921-22 to 1932-33, by Sir Bernard Mallet, K.C.B., and C. Oswald George. *Macmillan.* 30s.

THIS is one of those rare books, of which one can say with truth, that it is literally indispensable for anyone who takes an interest in public affairs; and who is not today interested in that department of public affairs which is concerned with the administration of the national finances?

This volume is the third and last of a series which we owe to the industry and skill of the late Sir Bernard Mallet, who, in the present and preceding volume, has been assisted in his arduous task by Mr. C. O. George. The first of the three volumes was published just twenty years ago, and surveyed the history of our national finances during the preceding twenty-six years. The whole work, therefore, covers nearly half-a-century—certainly the most momentous half-century in British financial history. The most momentous and the most melancholy! In 1913, when the first volume was published, it seemed as if we were entering upon a new era of prosperity. With income tax at 1s. 2d. in the £, people were,

indeed, already complaining that the burden of direct taxation was excessive; but, after all, the ratio of total tax revenue to national income stood at the moderate figure of 7 per cent. A century earlier—at the close of the Napoleonic Wars—it had been 14 per cent. Today it is anything between 25 and 33 per cent. This is probably the most important single fact brought into relief by the present survey. "If", as the authors say, "national income increases step by step with expenditure, the economic structure may remain unimpaired, even though changes in its distribution may create difficulties in the raising of increased revenue". But has this happened in recent years? Their answer to this very important question is far from reassuring. "Such evidence as is available", they write, "on this complicated statistical question indicates, on the contrary, that the national income has remained stationary, if it has not actually decreased since the years before the war".

Needless to say that this disparity between "national" income (i.e. the aggregate of individual incomes) and public expenditure involves a terrible

burden on the individual taxpayer. The English people, as Lord Snowden said in 1930, "are the most heavily taxed in the world". Precise figures to establish this proposition are very difficult to come by. It is very difficult, for example, to compare figures in a unitary State like Great Britain with those for Federal States like Germany and the United States. But, as far as can be ascertained, our own burden of £19 per head (national and local taxation) compares with £12 9s. in the United States, £9 in France, and £5 in Italy.

The effect of such a burden upon enterprise and industry can readily be understood. The May Committee definitely reached the conclusion that the demands made upon tax-payers and rate-payers had now "attained such a proportion of the total national income that they must now be considered definitely restrictive of industrial enterprise and employment". Those are grave words; but the course of events has proved them to be abundantly justified.

The space at my disposal does not permit me to examine in detail the chapters in which the authors deal exhaustively with Inland Revenue, Customs and Excise, and the National Debt and Reparations respectively. All three chapters deserve close study by all publicists and politicians and indeed all taxpayers. As regards social conditions generally, and the capacity of different classes to bear taxation, the authors quote with approval a very illuminating generalization by Professor A. L. Bowley. "The general result", he observes, "of the whole system of taxation, wage adjustments, and social expenditure, has been a very marked redistribution of the national income which in the aggregate was nearly the same per head in 1924

as in 1914. The very rich have less than half their pre-war income (allowing for taxes and change of prices); the least well-off among the working classes have gained most. Between these two extremes the tendency is almost throughout in the same direction. . . . This general statement must, however, be qualified by reference to unemployment in those industries and localities in which it is severe, and to the hard case of persons with small fixed incomes and unable to earn. . . . Great progress has been made towards the extinction of remediable poverty, considerable inroads have been made on excessive wealth, and generally income is less unequally distributed than it was ten years ago". These are important conclusions reached by a particularly competent analyst. But the question remains whether the changes thus indicated will, in the long run, contribute to national wealth or national well-being. On that question it is, however, evidently impossible to embark in this brief review.

It ought to be said that in form and arrangement the present volume follows the lines laid down in its predecessors. We have, first, an analysis of the thirteen Budget statements from 1921 to 1932 and of the debates arising thereon. These are followed by Budget tables for the same period. Then we have the three more general chapters referred to above, followed again by eighteen Statistical Tables, clearly and systematically arranged.

Sir Bernard Mallet had just completed the work, when, in October of last year, he was struck down by the illness to which he succumbed. This work, however, will remain as an appropriate monument to his memory, a fitting crown to a long life's work devoted to the service of the State.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, by J. L. Garvin. Vol. II. 1885-1895. *Macmillan*. 21s.

THE ten years 1885-1895 transformed English politics, stable since the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Of that transformation Chamberlain, collaborating at the beginning with Gladstone and at the end with Salisbury, but always expounding his own unauthorised programme, was the symbol and the storm-centre. The period was rich, as such periods must be, in dramatic personal changes, and Chamberlain, who carried his political life in his hand throughout, was not the man to minimise the quality of his retorts to fortune's strokes. He himself, together with the aged, passionate Gladstone, Parnell, vindicated only to be destroyed, Randolph Churchill lighting up the scene like a meteor, and such notable secondary figures as Dilke, Morley, Salisbury, Hartington and Arthur Balfour, gives these ten years a thrilling personal interest rare in our sober history. Yet Mr. Garvin, though he is Chamberlain's biographer and though all the artist in him quickens to the drama, never lets us lose sight of the compelling forces but for which these rivalries would have been but paltry squabbles. As Gladstone saw it, the great political work of Liberalism awaited its crown in Ireland. As Chamberlain saw it, the new economic and social claims of Radicalism could brook no delay. Add that Chamberlain and Churchill, each with partial vision of the novel realities, were on opposite sides, and it becomes clear why Gladstone with his prestige and Parnell with his iron will could so long deflect public interest across St. George's Channel.

Chamberlain's part in the remarkable Home Rule episode is told in this volume with proper emphasis on his

courage, his resource, his pitilessness, his amazing versatility. It cannot be summarised here. But two things must be said in justification of a most controversial figure to whom time has not until now given his due. First, he was absolutely self-consistent in his attitude towards Home Rule. He was eager to give Ireland the status of a province in a federated United Kingdom, but was not prepared to entertain the idea of colonial self-Government. That policy he insisted, with a prescience which time has vindicated, presented the Ulster problem in an insoluble form. But there was more to it than that. Home Rule meant disruption, and Chamberlain's whole mind was integration. Hence it was that when a political mission took him across the Atlantic, and incidentally brought him the romance of his life, his thought instantly leapt to the concept of Imperial Federation, and the same mental quality reveals itself in his first tentative approaches to the South African question which was one day to occupy him to so much purpose.

In the second place, Chamberlain was never false to his earlier social ideals. As he came to know the party which Disraeli had once led, he noticed that his conceptions did not clash with the Great Tory tradition. The trouble was that, as Disraeli had also cause to learn, the Tory mind moved slowly. Nevertheless certain things—free education, local Government, a breach in the land monopoly—were accomplished under his impulse by a Tory Government of which he was not a member. Only in the matter of Disestablishment he met with inexpugnable resistance, and here, with characteristic courage, he gave his vote openly for a cause which he must have known to be hopeless. In all our political history there is nothing more

remarkable than this effectual pressure privately exerted on a none too tractable Government by an outsider who knew that, in the last resort, he must needs maintain it in office; and the influence wielded behind the scenes from 1886 onwards made possible the open coalition of 1895. But its achievements are matter for Mr. Garvin's next volume.

HAROLD STANNARD.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, by Storm Jameson. *Cassell*. 6s.

MISS STORM JAMESON has had a good talk with herself. This is one of the gifts which the art of writing has bestowed on mankind—the power to talk the matter over with oneself. This book shows quite clearly the difference between thinking things out and writing them out. Writing seems (only seems) to cover much more ground, more thoroughly; there is a satisfying (though it may be a deceptive) appearance of logic in the written word. There it is for future reference in one definite if infinitely narrowed form; but where are the thoughts, the musings, of an hour ago? Musings with the pen are really very different from musings without it. Miss Jameson has struggled to be honest in this book; the demands of writing—grammar, sequence, the need to avoid misunderstanding—make the kind of absolute honesty she strains after difficult to attain. Wasn't it Henry James who began a discussion with a friend with the remark that "he'd like to know what Henry James thought about it"? So must Miss Jameson, I feel, have often surprised herself in the course of this book. It has a half-affinity with a long poem, for the poet,

too, if he has been the instrument he ought to be, is astonished by the range of music he has played.

Miss Jameson begins with memories; she writes with the peculiar brief vividness and that secret order (superficially haphazard) which memories command.

I know that when I was a child my memory was single, one sight or sound could hold it all. Not far from our house there was a quickset hedge smothered in convolvulus. The big white funnel-shaped flowers, much less beautiful than a hedgeful of wild rose or may, fascinated me. They died almost as you pulled them, and lay limp and gone. Only to stand looking at one gave me indescribable happiness—and then to pull it and to hope, with what passion, that it would live. That single-minded absorption becomes rarer as we grow old. . . . Do you suppose that a bird is anything but the sensation of flying as it cuts the air? I am sure that the child was no more than the convolvulus she held in her hand. If one did not lose that!

This in its shape, its development, its self-discovery through verbal felicities and images, is a lyric. Its one flaw (a small falseness, put in with the head held on one side) is in "to hope, with what passion, that it would live."

From outside the lyric anyone who likes may point out that, if one did not "lose" the singleness one would never be aware of it; by losing it we find it, if we do not actually bring it into existence.

A rough chronology leads Miss Jameson to the memory of her happiest, maddest, most rebellious days. She tells of how she shared a study with three boy-students on equal terms, living adolescence out with secret ambition and the fever of self-confidence that youth learning to leave the nest always enjoys. The war murdered friends, companions, freedom, illusion—everything. Miss Jameson writes purposely and consciously as one whose youth was

irrevocably hurt by war. The friends she lost, she lost at that very time when friendship is more than half of life. She sees the truth of war with the startled innocent direct eyes of youth. The armament firms, the wordy helpless place-clinging politicians, the poison-gas experts, the sophistries of bishops, the false heroics of poets, or the blank money-grubbing irrelevance of writers, the male-aping female, all get the plainness of speech they deserve. A book that began in quiet memories ends in a just anger that is more deadly because it is cool. There is no heroism, cleanness, fineness of spirit, economic necessity, nobility of sacrifice, that can make war anything but foul. Miss Jameson patiently faces up to each mealy-mouthed excuser, upholder, or mitigator of war. "If this country, I say, is got into another war I shall take every means in my power to keep my son out of it. I shall tell him that it is nastier and more shameful to volunteer for gas-bombing than to run from it or to volunteer in the other desperate army of protestants." There is no compromise. She means—war in any circumstances at all. I hope with all my heart that every woman, every youth will read her book; and that every war-monger, armament-maker, bishop and jingo politician may be shamed by them in time.

FRANK KENDON.

RAGGLE - TAGGLE, by Walter Starkie. *Murray*. 10s. 6d.

WE have suffered so much from our professional Catholic romantics, flagon-thumpers, and pot-belly boilers, who have turned the wind on the heath into a monotonous literary draught, that

when we find a professor setting out in heavy peasant disguise to fiddle his way among the gypsies of Hungary and Rumania and calling his book *Raggle-Taggle*, we approach the matter with suspicion. Admitted, of course, that your true learned vagabond has a touch of fanaticism somewhere whatever his sect: only the mad walk, stamping something out of their systems, which goes turgid when they are in sedentary state. Admitted, also, that we have nothing against these sloggers, so long as they do walk that turgid something off, and do not return broader and stodgier in the beam of their hearty infallibility.

Within a very few pages of Professor Starkie's book one discovers that he is one of the few whose romanticism is natural and not chronic; and the secret of his escape lies in his race, which has a genius for preserving its innocence. He is an amateur vagabond, but he is not engaged in the laborious task of converting himself to his own Faith. No—the violin, so a gypsy prisoner informed him in Italy after the war, was made by the devil, and men and women go daft when they hear it. He was determined, therefore, to go to the Transylvanian devil and be daft for a while too. So he took the road to Budapest, fiddling in the streets and the cafés, living on the coins in his hat, feeling his way in the gypsy art of hitting upon the mood of his audience and playing a triumphant way into it, and readily taking any adventure that offered. But to live up to Borrow and Don Juan required, he found, an abandon which the cautious north in him ingloriously denied. His earliest adventures are escapes from feminine trouble—once by the window when Providence in the form of a husband came to rescue him in time—and he is amusingly aware of his deficiencies as

a picaresque hero. And even later, when he had survived the diabolical powers of the fiddle over the female heart, he found the gypsies a sordid, rough, dirty, and incalculable collection of ruffians to be with, and had many times to take to his heels.

The book is packed with extraordinary adventure and is immensely readable. The fiddle in Hungary like a good horse in Ireland, will win acceptance everywhere for the traveller. He arrived, for example, late one night at a Magyar village when all the people were in bed. He knocked at a cottage where he had heard voices and they cursed him and refused to open. At his wits end, he remembered his fiddle. Life among the gypsies had sharpened his instincts for the right tune and when he had played "Hullamszó Balaton" and "Cserebogár," two songs which penetrate "the innermost sanctum of the Magyar soul", the door opened and a man clad only in a shirt rushed out and dragged him inside with delight. He slept in the best bed that night and was freely entertained by the peasant for two days.

A glance at some of the chapter headings gives a good indication of his manner and matter: "Who is the girl with the golden hair? Poor Manczi, the play girl of the inn. . . . Our tearful parting. A wake in Hungary. A son playing a fiddle over his father's open grave. Wafting the spirit away on the wings of music. Gypsy girls. I buy them bracelets. Their talent for stealing. Rostás has a lordly manner, but it was I who paid. An attempt to rob me. I fall ill and am cured by the gypsy witch. Parasciva. Her incantations and her foul remedy drive the evil spirit out of me". He lived all this as long as he dared; it required gusto as well.

Not all the book is devoted to adven-

ture. Professor Starkie writes with knowledge about Hungarian music in general and gypsy music in particular. After he acquired the art of working from the languid "lassu" of the Hungarian melodies to the martial "friss" and the final mad orgy of the "csárdás", the gypsies taught him their "bird songs" in which their love of embellishments, grace-notes, trills, and flourishes finds its supreme expression. But he notes with gloom the gypsy improviser putting on a white tie and playing synthetic jazz at the fashionable restaurants and the old men refusing to sing the old songs for fear of modern ridicule. For, however gypsy fiddling may stand in regard to the classic violin tradition, it is the blood of the people, the life of their culture and folk lore; and the transitional period of the modern world, with all its mechanical vulgarities and banalities, is rapidly overtaking them. Professor Starkie has caught this unspoiled peasantry in time and has written one of the most absorbing and entertaining books of amateur vagabondage that has appeared for years, and with a fine spontaneity.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE ARYAN PATH

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POEMS, by Stephen Spender. *Faber*. 5s.

THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN, by C. Day Lewis. *Hogarth Press*. 3s. 6d.

FLOWERING REEDS, by Roy Campbell. *Boriswood*. 5s.

MR. SPENDER'S first book of poems has been eagerly awaited by all who have a lively interest in the development of modern English poetry. He is distinctly "contemporary": he writes of pylons "tall with prophecy", for him there is no bird-song equal to the music of an express-train, and his complaint is that "this century chokes me under roots of night". He has contrived for himself a verse form which is as modern as the sympathies it expresses—a series of flashes not unlike cinema shots:

"But next day stumbling, panting
up dark stairs,
Rushing in room and door flung wide,
I knew."

His power is undeniable: in fact there is no other young poet writing today who has quite his vivid, emotional, contemporary appeal. But in this very quality of contemporaneity lies his weakness. His poetry is feverish and not altogether devoid of insincerity:

"But let the wrong cry out as raw
as wounds"
or, of an express-train:

"Ah, like a comet through flame,
she moves entranced

Wrapped in her music no bird song,
no, nor bough

Breaking with honey-buds, shall ever
equal."

Mr. Spender has somewhat the same appeal for us today that Rupert Brooke had for his generation and the same weakness is inherent in both. At its best, however, his *Poems* is an unmistakable declaration of genius:

"Near the snow, near the sun, in the
highest fields

See how these names are fêted by the
waving grass

And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening
sky.

The names of those who in their lives
fought for life

Who wore at their hearts the fire's
centre.

Born of the sun they travelled a
short while towards the sun,

And left the vivid air signed with
their honour."

Mr. Day Lewis, though quite as modern in expression and quite as definite in his preference for an imagery drawn from a mechanistic world, is more mature and far more abiding in his appeal. There is nothing feverish about his poetry, nothing insincere. He is the better craftsman and the true source of his poetry is immeasurably deeper. *The Magnetic Mountain* is his third book—and in some ways his best; nevertheless, one cannot resist the feeling that his determination to write round a central theme (in the present case an optimistic progress towards an ideal state) has led to a certain amount of over-writing: there is a good deal of satirical comedy in the book which could be dispensed with and the basic metaphor of the central theme has occasionally led to a false application of the mechanical image. Mr. Lewis's poetry, however, is, at its best, among the finest of our time:

"Look where the ranks of crocuses
Their rebel colours will display
Coming with quick fire to redress
The balance of a wintry day.

Those daffodils that from the mould
Drawing a sweet breath soon shall
flower,

With a year's labour got their gold
To spend it on a sunny hour.

They from earth's centre take their
time

And from the sun what love they
need:

The proud flower burns away its
prime,

Eternity lies in the seed."

Mr. Campbell's newest collection of lyrics has none of that tempestuous rebellion which characterized most of his other volumes. *Flowering Reeds* consists of some two dozen immaculate romantic lyrics, written with vigour and gusto and imaged in a fine, flaming speech. Occasionally there is a suggestion that the poet has not quite screwed his courage to the sticking-point; but his poems are always fiercely individual and rise, at their highest, to a rare level of lyrical perfection.

C. HENRY WARREN.

ASPECTS OF SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY VERSE. Selected and
prefaced by Peter Quennell. *Jonathan
Cape*. 6s.

A NEW anthology of poetry must justify itself—the poetry chosen, when out-of-the-way, must seem to upbraid neglect; if the poetry is well known, the material make-up of the book must please; or there may be some new recommendation or persuasion in the anthologist, some presentation of his own reasons for his own choice. Mr. Quennell's book comes off quite well by each count but not supremely well by any. He has printed a few poems which have probably never been chosen before by an anthologist. Some are by little poets, some are from seldom

opened pages of well-known books. The selection from Herrick, for instance, is pleasantly new. Out of the twenty-six poems here printed, the first lines of which begin with A, B, or C, eighteen are already common possessions or are to be found in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, or in the anthologies of Mr. Ault or Mr. Kerr. The rest are Mr. Quennell's finding.

Mr. Quennell qualifies for the third count. He has written prefaces to the book itself and to each of the three sections—Lyrical, Metaphysical, Devotional. Here there is plenty to accept—for instance, the exclamation after mentioning the garden poems of Marvell and Cowley, "How 'literary', set beside the Elizabethans!"; or this, "Cowley requires the assistance of a definite theme round which he can learnedly weave his poetic web". All the generalisations are interesting, but some require more argument, and at least a statement of exceptions. Instead of noting the seventeenth century fondness for music, Mr. Quennell might have remembered that the Elizabethans were at least equally fond of it and then shown how their fondness differed. There are two particularly provocative remarks. The note on p. 157 speaks of the "deserts of (Waller's) collected verse", broken only by two small oases. One cannot echo Dryden's adulation nowadays, though one can understand it. But more of Waller's verse is green than Mr. Quennell allows. Dryden's "magnificent recuscitation of blank verse" refers, I suppose, to *All for Love*, but even if Mr. Quennell means to follow Mr. Eliot in slighting the versification of *Paradise Lost* (which appeared eleven years before *All for Love*) he must express himself so that he does not appear to have forgotten Milton.

GEOFFREY BILLOTSON.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE, by Logan Pearsall Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.

It is both a pity and a shame upon us that we English do not read more of Shakespeare. Yet how easy this is to understand. After all, having once been marched in our school days, very often by a dreary pedant, among the foothills of this vast and perplexing region, or driven under vile duress to essay the ascent of one of the greater peaks, it is perhaps small wonder that we do not voluntarily go back again, to wander where we are alternately blinded by beauty, puzzled by much that is more than strange to us, now and then thrown right off our bearings.

These perhaps, apart from mere laziness and a sneaking preference for detective fiction, are among the most common reasons for the neglect of our greatest poet by the average Englishman of intelligence. They are not, however, to be found among the many and cogent reasons for not reading Shakespeare which Mr. Pearsall Smith enumerates before he suddenly makes up his mind, steps over the frontier, and finds himself transported into a magic land.

He is frank about these obstacles and the bogeys that lie in wait for the reader. If he goes ill-equipped he will be lost, for we are far from Shakespeare's day; customs and, above all, the language have altered; worst of all, the text itself is corrupt.

In the circumstances let us be thankful that, for the man who would read Shakespeare neither as an ignoramus nor as a myopic expert, there has here arisen a guide and mentor who has ventured in these perilous fields and returned with a right good knowledge of the country, and, what is more, with his vision unimpaired.

If, after reading Mr. Pearsall Smith, we do not immediately pack our bags with his list of requisites for pilgrimage and take the road with him straightway, it certainly cannot be laid to his charge.

JOHN LINNELL.

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES. A CRITICAL STUDY, by Frederick Watson. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

THROUGHOUT his book, Mr. Frederick Watson seeks to justify Surtees' characters and pleads for the backgrounds of his novels. Behind the comedy and the caperings is Surtees' commentary on contemporary country life and now that his characters have ceased to shock, while continuing to amuse, it is not difficult to understand why his present status should so far exceed that of his lifetime. Even today, Mr. Watson complains, Surtees has not been allotted a worthy enough place in the procession of literature. His is the first purely critical estimate. Not concerning himself unduly with the biography of his subject, Mr. Watson is anxious to hammer home one point, almost one point alone, that Surtees "preferred to follow the 'heaven-born' on his horse or in his *Hunting Tours* and to hunt with the 'hidiots' in his novels". Nevertheless, despite his unconcern of popularity, his "hidiots" were not so congenital as a first glance suggests. As Mr. Watson points out, Surtees' portrait of Scamperdale, whom anyone might be excused for accepting as an authentic type, completely upset the appercarts of his contemporaries. But Scamperdale was not such a bad fellow after all; Sponge was a cynic but not the blackguard he appears on an immature acquaintance; Jorrock

was vulgar and a grocer, but the "unt" was everything to him.

Having made an attempt to justify these rich comic characters, Mr. Watson emphasizes the value of his subject as a social historian. Surtees lived through fifty years of comprehensive change in conditions of living and the change was greatest in its effects upon the countryside. Surtees preferred to chronicle rather than to expostulate. In constructing this book, chapter by chapter, the author seems roughly to have followed a plan. Dealing with various aspects of country social life, he opens each chapter with a brief but valuable survey of his own which he follows up by demonstrating how the books of Surtees illustrate the phase.

At the same time, the friendly critic never loses sight of the fact that Surtees was a humorist and not a reformer, who

did not, for instance, even mention the agricultural labourer. His satire was a criticism of snobbery. He loved a good master but preferred a "queer character", a condition which gave rise to a conflict between his hunting and his literary enthusiasms. One of these, however, must have suffered had he been at all eager for the applause of either the reading public or the hunting world. That he chose to ignore the sentimental claims of the latter gave his literary gift little chance of recognition. But now that the sharp edge of the satire that lifted Jorrock from Great Coram Street and set him upon Arterxerxes has been blunted, Surtees' reputation has been established and this book, elucidating the secret of his gusto without criticizing it in any categorical manner, should not fail to increase it. A. WILLIAM ELLIS.

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SELECTED FICTION

GRAND CANARY, by A. J. Cronin.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

TROPICAL WATERS, by Ronald
Fraser. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THESE two novels, which are both well worth reading, demonstrate the recent reaction against realism as a literary and artistic premier force. Dr. Cronin, whose methods have undergone a considerable change, employs dream-symbolism in his new book, and Ronald Fraser brings in (rather unsatisfactorily) the "earth-pull" of Lawrence.

Grand Canary opens with a sea-voyage. Dr. Cronin has not chosen one of the great liners, but has turned his attention to the small group of passengers on a 3,000-ton cargo boat, and proceeds to relate the events which subsequently happened on land in consequence of the contacts established on board ship. The scene is set on the Canary Islands and the central figure is that of Harvey Leith, a young research-doctor, who has been the victim of great suffering and humiliation through a professional scandal, and the experiences of his fellow-passengers are grouped round him. The crises of the story are beautifully done. The mystery and the advance of death in the Spanish island help to intensify the reader's sympathy with the young doctor and to comprehend his love, which is at last sublimated to an ideal, giving him strength to renew his former ambitions.

Though in marked contrast to *Harvey's Castle*, this book in its way is a worthy successor. It is not so massive, and the manner in which it is written is lighter and more mobile. With the exception of Daines-Dibdin and Elissa

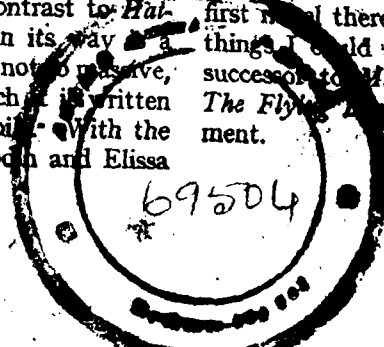
Baynam the subsidiary characters are rendered with feeling, humour and truth, but Dr. Cronin does not seem quite happy portraying sophisticated people.

Grand Canary is a sincere and at the same time exciting novel, in which humour and tragedy are nicely balanced. It is a moving story, the tension rising steadily until the moment when the dreaded yellow fever takes control. After this catharsis the closing pages bring one back gently to England and Harvey Leith's future.

Ronald Fraser's new book also begins with a sea-voyage—on a big ship this time—and culminates in a series of rapid adventures in South America. While the characters remain at sea all is well, but though the country is beautifully described the rest of the story disappointed me. The mysterious *Marlene* in search of her satanic husband at first promised great things, but in spite of the author's endeavour to endow him with all the power of tropical evil, Pino deteriorated into a commonplace dago villain.

The main trouble with this book is that Ronald Fraser has tried to write a story of the *Sard Harker* variety, and as his chief claim to literary eminence depends upon his capacity to describe subtle human relationships and the minds of intellectualised people the shooting affrays and pursuits in *Tropical Waters* fall a trifle flat. If this were a first novel there are various laudatory things I could say about it, but as a successor to *Marriage in Heaven* and *The Flying Carpet* it is a disappointment.

HELEN GOSSE.



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