IS WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE A LOST CAUSE?

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LIKE the announcement of Lord Rosebery's anti-Budget speech, the rumour of a dissolution in January is "premature at any rate." The country never knows what may be in the minds of ministers, or whether anything particular is there at all. Various wonderful plans are said to be brewing; but we have never known a Cabinet half so subtle as either its apologists or critics. The probability is that, like any human committee, the Cabinet invents its explanations a few days after the event; and, plainly, the event of the moment is the double-barrelled meeting at Birmingham, when Mr. Asquith will be followed by Mr. Balfour. We expect that Mr. Asquith will make a trial trip of his new Zeppelin programme of reforms; and if it should prove airtight after Mr. Balfour's attempts to puncture it, the Cabinet may decide to risk a general election on it. That, of course, is only our guess. Really, however, we cannot conceive why a Cabinet with still three years to run and the flowing tide with it should want to dissolve at all; unless it be that the tide is too fast! For ourselves a general election always promises something. One hundred and fifty Labour and Socialist candidates are to stand whenever it takes place; and that will give us plenty to do.

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Butler tells us of a parrot that would only allow its mistress to read aloud on condition that she introduced its name from time to time. Lord Rosebery appears to us not unlike that bird. He cannot bear to be in politics; but he can still less endure to be out of them. His name must at least be mentioned now and then if only to assure him that he is not dead and buried. His latest threatened resurrection is, however, the least well-timed of all. Generally he is a most discriminating and dramatic revenant; but as a defender of the Dukes at the very moment of their descent into bathos his task of lifting them to the sublime will prove impossible, and may cover him with their mantle. Lord Rosebery's life-error has been his profession of Liberalism. It never was more than a sentimental affectation, due in part to Gladstone's personality; but he has never had the courage to admit his error and frankly to change his party. Consequently he has been both unhappy in politics and a nuisance to both sides. His anti-Budget speech, if it should be delivered, might be mercifully used as an excuse for pushing him off the Liberal League, of which he is a president. He would be thankful for someone to make up his mind for him.

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In politics the phrase is everything. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for the expenditure of the Development Fund having been magniloquently named the colonisation of England, various persons and papers are now assuming that the thing is done: in the End as well as in the Beginning was the Word. We are ourselves inclined to regard the Fund as both useful and promising; but it will have to be dragged and pushed by elephants. As outlined by Mr. Lloyd George on Thursday the first objects of the Fund are roads, forestry, agriculture, and communications. These are unimpeachable, and certainly on the way to colonisation; but we must not be satisfied with merely looking towards Jerusalem. The planting of a hundred acres or so with trees will not pass with us as Afforestation; nor will the creation of a motor road from London to Brighton satisfy us that Roads are being attended to. Properly administered, the Fund and the Programme may easily become the ten years scheme of public works which is part of the Minority Report's recommendations.

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The announcement by Mr. Asquith on Thursday of the conclusions of the Imperial Conference on Defence is the first recorded event in the history of the Imperial Commonwealth proper. While disposed on the whole to welcome the prospect of such a standardising and unifying of the Commonwealths under the Flag, we are not without regret that such an instrument of peace has not been forged internationally. In one sense the present arrangement is more Conservative than Liberal,

and certainly owes more to Unionist than to Liberal statesmen. The direct policy of Liberalism was and should have remained international rather than Imperial; in which event we might have had by this time a Federation of Great Powers all over the world sworn to uphold defined standards of civilisation. As it is, the present instrument is purely British, and as such inevitably something of a challenge and provocation to the other nations. Also its standards will be British, with all our virtues and all our vices. Unless internationalism, therefore, extends its influence, we shall be doomed to a comparatively restricted field of development; the Empire will be merely a very large island with all its inhabitants insulated by prejudices from the rest of the world.

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Surely the time is ripe for the invigoration, or shall we say re-invigoration, of the old Socialist International. The Socialist movement in England is suffering from a severe depression, and we imagine from all the reports that it is not flourishing much anywhere else. The causes are hard to discover, but one of them is certainly the comparative narrowness with which each nation has envisaged its own social problem. Outside a few sagacious leaders, very few Socialists in England are alive to the strict bearing on their own problems of the doings of Socialists and Labourists abroad. Engrossed in the immediate practical politics of our own country, we fail to realise that potent factors even in these have their explanation abroad, where indeed we must learn to look for them like statesmen. The International Committee that meets at intervals of six months is much too slack in its work. We doubt if most Socialists even know of its existence. Yet the public ignorance of recent events in Spain and in Sweden is a disgrace even to so dilatory a body. Its members should have supplied the Press of the world with news daily. We cannot have an international influence without an international intelligence; and for the direction of that we look to the International Committee.

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It has always been understood that the Regulations of 1818, by which Indians may be deported without charge or trial, contained a clause making a revision of the sentence imperative every six months. Lord Morley certainly gave us to understand that on July 1st of this year the sentences on the nine deported Indians would be reconsidered; and we as certainly hoped that they would be reconsidered favourably to the prisoners. The new Under-Secretary, however, in reply to a question from Mr. O'Grady, first denied that the revision was imperative in the 1818 Act, and then had the impertinence to read the Clause, from which it was manifest that he was completely wrong. Anything more barefaced in the way of self-contradiction we do not remember to have read in Parliamentary annals. Regulation III distinctly lays down that the report on the prisoner shall be submitted in order that the sentence may be reconsidered. The Master of Elibank's plea that the report related simply to the prisoner's health in prison was simply contemptible. If inflammatory English papers are to be censored in India, we should decidedly include the report of the new Under-Secretary's speech. Any Indian who may read it runs the risk of becoming dangerously inflamed.

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We put it to any decently-minded person whether the occupation of warder or wardress in a prison is not one of the most degrading forms of earning a living. Instinctively we realise that the work is of such a character that either the nature that chooses it is depraved to begin with or becomes depraved in the process. The conflict of evidence, for example, between the Suffragettes and the wardresses was for the public no conflict at all. Mr. Herbert Gladstone naturally sides with his own, but him apart, everybody with any experience instantly assumed that the Suffragettes were telling the truth. And everybody, of course, was right. The evidence, again, of the two prisoners at Wormwood Scrubbs who have been sentenced to additional imprisonment for assaulting warders is on the face of it more credible than the evidence of the warders. One prisoner, Woolley, alleged that when a man had once been reported for indiscipline the warders got a downer on him, which lasted to the hour of his release. We believe it. In fact, we can believe almost anything of these administrators of the prison system, Mr. Herbert Gladstone included.

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We did not have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Blanco Posnet," produced in Dublin under the fierce light that beats upon everything Mr. Shaw does. But we take it that Mr. Yeats's prophecy that everybody present would, when the play was over, rub his eyes in wonder at the action of the Censor was completely justified. It would appear, indeed, as if the Censor had a particular objection to Mr. Shaw, including any play Mr. Shaw happened to admire. "Blanco Posnet," to judge from the notices, is about as religious a play as a Salvation Army Captain could wish: it is (again we rely upon notices) an account in a dramatic form of how Mr. Shaw found Jesus. Even the British public, we imagine, would not object to that. But Mr. Redford objected all the same. It is precisely this appearance of personal bias that will, if anything will, abolish the Censorship. If Mr. Redford had played the part of omniscience and censored right and left, always taking care to keep his motives unintelligible, he might still be a figure of power. But his humanity has betrayed him: his office will die of his exposure.

* * *

But not without having first afforded us some amusement as well as instruction by means of the Committee now sitting on the subject. Mr. A. B. Walkley has, perhaps, played the subtlest part in the comedy. He professed to think it of the smallest concern that "Monna Vanna" should be forbidden even for a single performance in England. Does it amount to much, he asked, that the public should miss an evening's æsthetic gratification? The "Nation" is ponderously indignant with Mr. Walkley for his persiflage: and regards his thesis as "a whole-hearted blasphemy against the power of beauty in life." But that we find even worse nonsense than Mr. Walkley's. The "Times" dramatic critic is obviously poking a little fun at the British public. What, he asks, does anybody care about a work of art? The greater the work the less the care. And who save artists are the better for an evening's æsthetic gratification? An art for spiritual delight is impossible for the mass of people whose lives are in violent contrast with it. And the few whose lives are not inartistic are probably living on sweated labour. As the Yorkshire councillor remarked at the Hague: "Art be blowed, give us summat to ate."

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By the way, it was a strange coincidence that the issue of the "Nation" containing the admonition to Mr. Walkley was illustrated by a page advertisement of a well-known soap. The verses in praise of the stuff were by the late Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.D., J.P., and the accompanying drawing was by Mr. Walter Crane. The demand for art seems to be almost confined in England to a few commercial firms.

Carnegie at Home and Abroad.

MR. CARNEGIE as a practical joker is little to our taste. Sorrowfully we admit ourselves are but the degenerate offspring of a people that did once stomach the kind of fun when Hector can crow over the body of the slain Patroclus: "the fowls of the air shall eat thy flesh." Mr. Carnegie belongs to that ruder age when you not only knocked your enemy down but enjoyed dancing on his prostrate body and reviling the corpse. Not that Mr. Carnegie does not betray some signs of belonging to a more humane age. For instance, though he does not disdain to make the speeches himself, he employs others to do the fighting. He does not knock the enemy down himself. For that he pays the sheriff, the soldiers, and the constabulary. At Pittsburg, not for the first time in its brief history, the ill-paid, downtrodden miners have revolted against their slavery. These wretched people are under the disadvantage of being "foreigners." Readers of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" will understand how these "foreigners" are imported into Pittsburg, where the conditions are like those of Chicago, only more so. A strike has been going on for several weeks, and the men have been so ruthlessly handled by the constabulary—in one paper we read that these are mainly Irish and are rejoiced to have a fling at the "foreigners"—that the strikers, like the hippopotamus in the Zoo, have defended themselves; the women, we are told, being especially bitter. Strange women these, who will not tolerate starvation, cruelty, and oppression. Having provoked the intensest resentment, the authorities have, of course, imported the military. "Private residences have been searched for firearms and groups of persons are not permitted in the streets. The authorities are determined to put down the lawlessness and violence which have marked the strike for the past three weeks, and to-day dozens of arrests have been made of those believed to be ringleaders and inciters to violence."

These phrases deceive no one in Europe. We understand perfectly well that Mr. Carnegie and his partners have provoked war in Pittsburg, and are rich enough to buy up the military and the Press. They will suppress the strike by the slaughter and imprisonment of those who are seeking some amelioration of their wretched existence.

Mr. Carnegie having got others to do the fighting for him can afford to have his little joke. In the midst of his own war he issues a pamphlet, "Armaments and their Results." The pamphlet is issued through the Peace Society. (Perhaps on this occasion the Pease Society might be more appropriate). He writes: "Armies and Navies exist and increase solely under the plea that these are the best and indeed the only means of ensuring Peace." Mr. Carnegie points out that soldiers do not conduce to peace. And indeed he should know, for at Pittsburg we read: "The Governor has been called upon for more troops."

Mr. Carnegie will know whether more troops make for peace. In his pamphlet Mr. Carnegie proceeds to point out how incorrect is the view that "Armaments are the cheap defence of nations." He argues that it is a very costly defence; America, for instance, paying £97,000,000. We wonder how much of this is spent for the defence of Mr. Carnegie and his like. "Armaments and true friendship are incompatible," he tells us. We hope the working classes of this country and of America will remember this dictum when Mr. Carnegie again poses as their friend.

We understand Mr. Carnegie perfectly well when he puts down a strike in Pittsburg by importing armed forces, but we could not relish this joke of issuing, at the same moment, a brochure in favour of Peace. There is just a possibility that Mr. Carnegie dislikes war between the nations because the soldiery would be then employed upon other than his private ends. He may fear that they cannot be in Havanna and in Pittsburg at the same time. "All human experience proves that men unarmed are less likely to quarrel than men armed"—writes Mr. Carnegie—unless, he omitted to say, you are rich enough to buy both arms and the men.

For ourselves, we agree with Mr. Upton Sinclair in this week's "Clarion," "that the Socialists should formally ratify treaties and covenants, pledging themselves . . . . to prevent this crime [of war] from being committed." We are opposed to war, whether in Europe or in Pittsburg, whether promoted by Carnegie or by Kaiser.

Health at School.

TUCK your tuppenny in. By order of the Board of Education. And one of the wisest orders ever issued by the Board. Could we but see our schoolmasters and schoolma'ams, our boys and girls playing at leapfrog throughout the day, with occasional diversions in song and dance, we should be hailing the way to the millennium. The scholarly lads and lassies who take no joy in violent recreation will be saved by the proviso of the Board that all lessons in physical exercise must be thoroughly enjoyed by the children. This is the recognition of our dual nature, of the control of the body by the mind which is lacking in the drill and gymnastics of the day. We shall not deplore the blunders that have been committed before arriving at the sensible syllabus that is about to be issued by the Board of Education. It is inevitable that experiments must be made and that we must pay for these experiments in adapting our lives to new and ever-shifting conditions. In philosophy we hold by the a priori and introspective methods, but in the practical conduct of life we find no way other than that of trying all things.

The preface to the memorandum settles the principles of the present forms of physical drill and gymnastic training; it puts to rest the whole tribe of muscle training charlatans. "Physical training is not for the purpose of training gymnasts, but to promote and encourage by such training the health and development of the body." We have seen the arm-muscles so overdeveloped in these physical schools as to break the bones of the arm. Worse still, muscular training of this kind has been purchased at the cost of lowered general vitality and lessened resistance to disease.

The syllabus points out that for young children the natural free movements of the body which supply all that is required are to be encouraged. We hope that this position will be driven into the heads of all our teachers in elementary schools. A healthy, happy child never walks, is never silent unless absorbed in his work or play. The child jumps, runs, skips when sent on an errand. These natural movements are abhorred by many teachers and parents; they are thwarted at every instant. "Tommy, sit quiet. Don't run, Jane, walk quietly." These are the commands we hear again and again in our class rooms. The syllabus recommends that for infants, "The exercises should be quick rather than slow, free rather than constrained, large and massive rather than fine. Accuracy or precision of movement is hardly to be expected." Little formal exercises should be wanted for normal children under seven if the teachers be encouraged to carry out these principles.

For older children it is equally important that the dulness of the usual exercises be abolished. This is the universal complaint made against the Swedish system of drill. The syllabus recommends skipping and dancing exercises, based upon the sound doctrines that the exercises should be thoroughly enjoyed and that "occasional short and violent efforts, even to breathlessness, are made by all healthy children in play. They form an important factor in physical development, and

for such healthy children an occasional 15 or 20 seconds of hard running or skipping is entirely good." That which now thrives as dancing in many of our schools is the dreariest of performances. An inane pointing and pirouetting, without even

> The charm that shines, the grace that glows
> In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

Many of the old European folk dances which are referred to in the syllabus supply the requisite co-ordinations of the muscles by which man has expressed not only his means to live but his feeling for beauty and joy in life. Dancing is for the great mass of people the earliest and the most readily available art, and one in which all can share; the feeling for beauty is quite intimately associated with a proper sense of balance and support. These folk dances have been introduced by Dr. Gulick into the schools of New York, with what success we may judge when he tells us that "you would see a class of fifth-year girls giving the Russian Comarenskia with such spirit and abandon as to arouse the enthusiasm of their parents, many of whom are Russians who had danced that same dance when they were younger." We may hope to enjoy the Highland Fling, the Irish Lilt, the English Harvesters with our children in our London schools.

Whilst the Board of Education is bravely grappling with our modern problems, attempting to make life saner, healthier, and more beautiful, the War Office pursues its policy of Prussianising our land. Boys of sixteen years of age are to be encouraged in military drill and training; they are to be supplied with thirty rounds of free ammunition. We are on the road to the ideal preached by the "St. James' Gazette": "The country is, as yet, very far from our own ideal of compulsory service for all able-bodied boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen." Truly an idyllic prospect, which a few years more of Mr. Haldane may tend to bring very near. If Boy Scouts are bringing about this prospect we must, harmless as we have hitherto thought this fun, be on our guard. We look to our teachers to spike the big guns of the War Office by dance and song, and joyous exercise.

Labour Exchanges and Unemployment Insurance.

THAT a well-ordered scheme of insurance against unavoidable idleness, coupled with a well-managed scheme of labour exchanges, would rid unemployment of its worst horrors and most demoralising influences there can be no doubt; but, unfortunately, the dual scheme of the Government, as at present laid down, is anything but well-ordered. The insurance part of the scheme, to be a success, must be universal, compulsory, and simple; and the labour bureaux part, to be successful, must be run conjointly and concurrently with the insurance part. Labour exchanges and insurance must be put in operation on one and the same day. To start, as the Government propose to start, the exchanges at least a year in advance of the insurance will be a blunder almost, if not quite, big enough to wreck the whole scheme.

Let us face the facts before it is too late. So far as increasing the available amount of employment is concerned (apart from the employment of a few officials) labour exchanges will be useless. These forthcoming exchanges cannot, and are not intended to, provide work. They are intended to stop, or reduce, the weary and dispiriting trudges from workshop to workshop which now curse our unemployed, and they are intended to be an integral part of a larger scheme for dealing with the evils of unemployment. The mainspring of this larger scheme is to be insurance. Very well, then, why, in the name of everything that is reasonable and sane, why not start these two essential parts of the machinery—exchanges and insurance—together? Exchanges without insurance and aliment will be mustard without beef. If the exigencies of the national exchequer will not permit of the establishment of the insurance fund next year, then for goodness sake do not let us have the farce of exchanges next year. Let the exchanges be hung up until they can be accompanied by insurance.

Labour exchanges in this country, unless they are to be a failure—unless they are to be boycotted by all the best of our workmen and ignored by both the best and the worst of our employers—must be attractive. That is the first cardinal point to remember. These exchanges must be able to offer a good workman something more tangible than the shadowy privilege of answering a score of questions, registering his name, and then waiting for some employer to turn up. Exchanges which can guarantee neither work nor relief will be viewed by all the best of the workers as no improvement upon the existing distress registries. I unhesitatingly declare, from practical knowledge, that if these exchanges are started without insurance all the best of the unemployed will shun them, and continue to seek work in the old way. There will be nothing substantial to induce good workmen to register. Men will, as at present, hang about the gates of the industrial establishments in the hope of seeing employers, or foremen with whom they are acquainted. And if the men ignore the exchanges the employers will do the same—there will be no inducement to send or telephone to the exchange for hands who may be strangers when there are plenty of well-known and tried men asking for employment at the gates of the works. The scheme will fall to pieces.

Labour exchanges can be made of real value to the victims of industrial fluctuations, but, as an indispensable condition of success, they must be attractive and not repellant. And to be attractive they must be the places where an unemployed man can receive his out-of-work aliment from the unemployment insurance fund. Let the exchanges, from the day of their inception, be insurance offices as well as labour bureaux, and then the bonâ fide workmen will use them—indeed, they will have to register in order to get their aliment. The contention that labour exchanges can be made a success in this country without insurance because they are successful in Germany does not hold good. Our authorities have to face the fact that we have already had a scheme of distress work registries which all the best of our workers have treated with contempt. Our new exchanges must be run on quite novel lines—they must be able to offer something substantial from the very beginning—or they will be ignored by both workmen and employers. If we are not to have, from the first day of the operation of the general scheme, universal unemployment insurance, then we need not trouble about labour exchanges, for they will be useless.

T. GOOD.

Souvenirs of Bayreuth.

By Francis Grierson.

II.

ON every occasion where action takes the place of metaphysical dreaming, Wagner carries his audience with him. The colossal proportions of his climaxes attain to heights never equalled by any other composer. When there is no room for abstruseness his inspiration does precisely the right thing in the right place. Whenever his musical ideas are assisted by passion and developed by a process of clear and rapid action heaviness gives place to precision. Vehemence, power, sublimity, brace the nerves, stimulate the mind, force intellect and sentiment along on waves of harmony that sweep every chord of the soul with indescribable emotions. The second act of "Parsifal" and the second act of "Tannhäuser" are happy examples of Wagner's best work, while the two first acts of the same music-dramas contain striking specimens of the great composer at his worst.

Of all men of genius he is the most uneven, the most irregular. The distance which separates his perfect inspirations from his ordinary moods is like that which separates the condor from the sparrow. His imagination seldom takes a middle course, and right in the face of the most artistic, the most finished musical form the ear is smitten with crudities that shock the sense of harmony and good taste. In many scenes it would appear that Wagner is purposely coarse and banal, as witness Tannhäuser's song to Venus in the second scene of the first act. It would be difficult to find anything so vulgar in the whole range of opera, not omitting opera-bouffe itself. The impression produced is that of the ear-splitting braggadocio of the half tipsy student making a poor attempt at improvisation. In this otherwise beautiful scene Wagner could not, or would not, create the proper melody in the proper place; but I prefer to think that he could not, for the simple reason that it is so much easier to be commonplace than inspirational. It is evident that the composer of "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal" lacked what Haydn said made Mozart so sure and solid: good taste. That proportion and unity which characterise the works of Beethoven and Mozart are wanting in the works of Wagner. Strictly speaking, certain pages of his music can be rendered with greater satisfaction in the concert room, detached from the obscurity and shortcomings of the context, for it cannot be denied that the musical and poetic illusions are often painfully dispelled by dramatic tediousness and the adjuncts of experimental odds and ends. Wagner was born with innate originality, but he forced his natural talent into channels where his genius became clogged by a desire to be still more original. He tried to do too much.

All through "Parsifal," for instance, and especially in the "Grail" scene, one discovers a searching after something new, a ponderous and studious effort to depict emotions in a more profoundly impassioned mood than had ever been done by another. But the effect falls far short of the intention. The choral part of this scene, sung by invisible choirs, is no better or worse than a score of familiar hymns known in thousands of churches of different denominations throughout Christendom, and which one has known since childhood. Strikingly like a certain Methodist hymn is the chorus of one of these scenes, while the general impression produced on the audience is that of High Mass in some Catholic church on a fête day, when the sacred robes are more costly and imposing than usual and the ensemble more picturesque. But it must be confessed that the "Grail" scene has much less movement and is less interesting than the service of the mass. One wishes that Amfortas would come to the end of his tedious lamentations, just as in "Tristan and Isolde" one longs for the death of the hero after hearing him rend the air with groans and passionate appeals for forty-five minutes.

In some respects Van Dyck was an ideal Parsifal; his voice was rich and strong, and from beginning to end his acting was all that could be wished for. Fräulein Mailhac made her debut as Kundry, and Herr Plank enacted Klingsor, the magician.

When the curtain parted on the second act Klingsor was discovered on his magic tower, making ready to invoke the spirit of Kundry. Herr Plank was undoubtedly the fattest man that had ever walked the boards, and as he moved about, wrapped in a black velvet robe cut somewhat in the shape of a woman's dress, and tied about the waist with a broad sash, and on his head a white turban with streamers, the effect can better be imagined than described. Really he seemed too fat to sing; the audience wondered how he would take a deep breath. The boards creaked under his weight, and when at last a deep, sonorous basso rang through the auditorium people prepared themselves for a scene of unparalleled weirdness.

In the final scene of the second act, where Kundry, now a beautiful woman, tempts Parsifal, the superb acting of Van Dyck added lustre to the efforts of Fräulein Mailhac. There is nothing in the whole range of Wagnerian music more exacting than the score of this scene. The strain on the vocal organs is never relaxed, and every gesture and movement is fraught with meanings that must be developed to the fullest in order to bring out the poetic and mystic intention of the author. The interest increases step by step. As Kundry rushes to the farthest end of the stage and calls for help the highest notes must be taken with faultless precision and delivered with the utmost dramatic vehemence. Every art the singer possesses is called into play. The scene is long, but full of action, and towards the last an indescribable feeling of approaching calamity takes possession of the audience. Klingsor appears in answer to Kundry's call for help; but no stranger in the audience is prepared for the scene that follows. Parsifal at this moment breaks the magic power of darkness, and quick as a flash, before the mind can realise how it is done, the big black form of Klingsor, with the solid ground on which he stands, sinks into the earth. It seemed as if the very bulk of Klingsor made his fall more swift and terrible, while at the same time there was an element of tragic humour mingled with his disappearance. Herr Plank stood like a huge statue, solid, motionless, his face alone expressing awe and wonder at the thought of his failing magic. It was the first time so fat and pompous a "demon" had been seen under circumstances so impressive and serious.

The mise-en-scène, the religious and supernatural element, these are the secrets of the great enthusiasm manifested by certain persons for "Parsifal." Take away these things and the work would fall flat. We are borne along with Parsifal and Gurnemanz from a vast and realistic forest to mountain gorge and rugged peak. The whole stage is in motion. Without knowing how, everything glides into new forms. Distant chimes are heard, and out of all a Gothic temple appears. A mystic light streams from the dome in solemn splendour, and as it illumines the Holy Supper the Knights of the Grail enter and take their seats. Far away from the summit comes the echo of seraphic voices; the Grail is taken from the golden shrine, Amfortas raises the cup, when it glistens with flashes of celestial light. Then the Grail is covered again, the blinding light disappears, and the knights drink of the wine prepared for the sacred ceremony.

The scene again changes. Klingsor is standing on the ramparts of his magic tower, defying the powers of light, invoking the nameless woman—Herodias in another existence, Kundry here. From the darkness below purple light gleams in fitful flashes, and at last, after a powerful invocation, the woman Kundry arises, slowly, awfully, from the bluish depths, enveloped in a cloud of mystery. A terrible cry electrifies the audience. Kundry, once more under the spell of Klingsor, groans and languishes under the new burden imposed by her master. The scene between the two evil powers increases in passion and frenzy, and at last Klingsor mounts to the top of the ramparts and sounds a trumpet. Kundry disappears, and the magic climax begins.

The weird light grows fainter; the whole tower, with Klingsor the magician, moves like a great ship, disappearing in the purple depths below and beyond. But while this is taking place, and before the audience has time to realise its full meaning, a garden of enchantment is looming up all about the vacant space caused by the disappearance of the castle. Immense palms appear in place of pillars; a marvellous region of flowers opens before the astonished gaze; the Elysian fields of temptation have been planned by Klingsor for the destruction of Parsifal; and here, in this fairy garden, maidens appear, in the form of flowers, who induce him to descend from the heights above. Suddenly a soft voice is heard from an arbour at one side. It is that of Kundry, now turned into a young and beautiful woman. The branches move apart and she is seen reclining on a couch of roses. Parsifal, at first bewitched by the charms of Kundry, now repels her with violence; then Klingsor again appears on the ramparts beyond, and his legions rush to the rescue of Kundry, who, beside herself with despair, crouches in the last agonies of defeat. Klingsor launches a dart at Parsifal, but the latter catches it in his hand, and, raising it in triumph, makes the sign of the Cross in the air. The Arabian walls crumble, the flower-girls fall to the ground and wither, the stage is a desert. Everything is shrivelled to dust, while Kundry hears Parsifal's voice shouting from the summit of the ruins: "Thou knowest where we shall meet again!"

In the last act Kundry again assumes another form. Divine love fills her soul, and in silence and submission she attends to the wants of Parsifal. The music is soft and melodious; one is moved by the simplicity of the persons on the stage, who look and act more than they sing. The scene changes and the Temple of the Grail is seen once more; and here the miracle of the healing of Amfortas' wound takes place. Celestial light descends from above, hymns of praise are heard from invisible choirs, a white dove slowly descends and hovers over the head of Parsifal.

The curtain falls, the light is turned on, and the spectators begin to realise that they are sitting in the Bayreuth Theatre. The strange expression of their faces tells of the almost painful reaction that is taking place in returning from the mediæval to the modern world. Everyone slowly rises, and in silence leaves the theatre.

But it is impossible, even for a genius, to deceive the critic who is freed from illusions of sight, sentimentality, and superstition. The critic who is acquainted with the art of Mozart and the harmony of Beethoven, the artist who appreciates Italian suavity and French precision, is never for a moment carried away by the vague, uncertain, unequal orchestration of "Parsifal." In a single act as many as a dozen motives strive to make an impression on the listener; there is a constant war between the violins and the flutes, between the high, shrill notes of the wind instruments and the melodious tones of violas; passages which should be sung in a low key frequently rise half an octave too high; in eight times out of ten the effect produced is not what was intended.

The most original and effective music in "Parsifal" is the chorus of flower-girls. Here the motive and movement are happily combined in a charming flow of lucid and limpid thought. The idea is developed by artistic methods at once brilliant and effective. In this scene Wagner shows himself once more the composer of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; but the impression of beauty and harmonious unity is soon effaced by the dominant tones of the old meaningless, fatiguing motives which swell up here and there like fugitive airs heard in delirious dreams, or bits of melodies remembered after the chaos of a musical nightmare. It is marvellous what meanings some people make themselves believe they see in these motives! It is true the various motives testify to the strength of Wagner's imagination, but it is a power that runs wild, like an unbroken Mexican mustang, heedless of the bridle of art. Wagner found himself at the end of his creative power, but his vanity would not let him rest on the glory attained in his earlier works. Like hundreds of others who persist in doing too much, he succumbed to the temptation to indulge in patchwork. There are entire scenes in "Parsifal" that are made up of musical spots, analogous to a picture composed of splashes of purple, green, pink, yellow, and black, sometimes the colours harmonising, sometimes clashing, just as it may happen. Certainly it is easier to do this kind of work than it is to modify, blend, and unite in a perfect ensemble of tone and colour.

Wagner's genius is differently interpreted by a score of contradictory schools. The artistic idea which he laboured to perfect is torn into a thousand fragments by the pretentions of soi-disant symbolists and metaphysical dreamers, just as the works of Balzac and Browning have been twisted to fit the vagaries of the wildest utopists. Meanings which Wagner never dreamed of are held up as the true interpretations; the most absurd definitions are sown broadcast, to be again caught up in other lands, until the real spirit of his work is shrouded in a chaos of contradictions and conceits. But in spite of all, the performances at Bayreuth are given as the composer intended. It is only in the open air that the pretender and the fanatic make a display. Once in the theatre, they are crushed under the splendour of the mise-en-scène and suppressed in the common obscurity.

Socialism and the Middle Classes.

A Parable and a Policy.

THERE was once a special train, consisting of an engine and one coach. The latter was divided into six compartments; four first-class to hold six passengers each, one second-class to hold eight, and one third-class to hold ten. Now there were four first-class passengers, one in each compartment, the second-class compartment was full, and there were sixteen third-class passengers in the third-class compartment.

The first-class passengers said what an excellently managed railway it was, and how well the public were catered for and their comfort studied; the second-class passengers said "Oof!" The weather was simply broiling, so the exclamation was almost justifiable. The third-class sweated and said "D——!" That, of course, was really blasphemous. It is bad enough if third-class passengers sweat, but to say D——!

Still, all would have gone on well but there happened to come along two more passengers, one a second-class and one a third-class. They were both very big, powerful men. The third-class one tried to get into the third-class compartment, but it could hold no more, so he jumped into the second-class compartment into which the second-class passenger had just previously got.

At the outset both only asked very politely to be allowed to stand, but some of the other passengers began to object. They talked about people with third-class tickets intruding into carriages of a superior class. They did not use the expression "second-class," but always said "superior." They also made use of the word "select" very often. They declared that the station-master ought to turn out the two new passengers, especially the third-class one, and put *him* in the third-class compartment. They vowed that the railway management was becoming simply disgraceful.

At last the third-class passenger spoke. (He was a *very* big man, evidently a navvy in his Sunday clothes). "'Ere I am," said he, "and 'ere I stay! If any on yer want ter chuck me art, do it!"

That set the second-class passenger off. "I've paid second-class fare, and I don't mean to travel third, so there!" and he squashed down between a thin man and a fat woman.

Then a little man in the corner, who had hitherto kept silence, spoke. He wore a tweed hat and a pink Liberty silk tie. "Gentlemen!" he said, "may I make a suggestion? We *can't* turn our third-class friend here out, he could lick the lot of us with one hand tied

behind him; the same holds true of our big second-class fellow passenger; but we *can* all be comfortable if you will follow my advice. There are four first-class compartments with only one passenger each. Let us put two of those passengers into a compartment. That will give us two empty compartments, holding six each. There are eight of us with second-class tickets, and our big friend here makes nine. Let us put five in one compartment and four with our other big friend—he only holds a third-class ticket, it is true, but then he is *very* big—into the other first-class compartment. Then eight of the sixteen passengers now in the third-class compartment can get in here and eight stay where they are. The first-class people will not be hurt, for they only paid for a seat apiece, and they will have three seats apiece. Half the third-class passengers will be benefited, for they will travel second-class, and the other half will be in comfort in the third-class compartment, where there will then be seats for all and two to spare, and—we shall travel first-class! These two gentlemen are *very* big"—and he smiled at the two new-comers—"and if they only ask the first-class passengers to do as we request I am sure they will express themselves as delighted to oblige us. If the two gentlemen I mention do not care to do the speaking I shall be delighted to represent the case to the station-master and our first-class brethren if these two gentlemen will only stand in front of me and the rest of you behind me. Come, ladies and gentlemen, what do you say? Who will join in an application to the station-master?"

"What!" cried the fat woman. "Join myself to intruding third-class passengers against the ladies and gentlemen who travel first-class! I'd have you know, sir, that my landlady always travels first-class, and once, when her husband was standing for the County Council, she came in and took a cup of tea with me when she called for the rent!"

"What!" cried the thin man. "When my three uncles and their twelve children, my cousins, and their children all die, I shall probably get their money and be able to travel first-class myself! Your sentiments, sir, are disgraceful, and quite Socialistic!"

"He talks dam common sense!" said the big second-class passenger. "Come on, old chap!"—to the navvy—"and you, too, hop-o'-my-thumb!"—to the small orator with the Liberty pink silk tie—"*We'll* travel first-class, at any rate!"

"So'll we!" cried all the other passengers except the fat woman and the thin man, and out they got.

"Stop!" cried the fat woman. "Stop! Stop!" cried the thin man. "What shall we do?" cried the fat woman. "What shall we do?" cried the thin man.

"Come with us, of course!" said the big second-class passenger.

"Never!" cried the fat woman. "Never!" cried the thin man.

"Then stay behind and be d——d to you," answered the big second-class passenger savagely.

"But then those horrid third-class people will come in here!" cried the fat woman.

"Horrid third-class!" squeaked the thin man.

"Now look here, my fat and thin friends," said the big passenger, "you've got to choose one way or the other. You must either come with us and be comfortable at the expense of the first-class people; or you can stay where you are and wait till you're swamped by the third-class folk coming in. You're not strong enough to hold the door against the third-class; you are strong enough to compel the first-class to make room for you. Now then, boys, line up!"

The big second-class man was quite taking the lead, and the small orator in the Liberty pink tie looked as though he did not quite know whether to be pleased or annoyed.

"But suppose the station-master and the first-class passengers object?" cried the fat woman.

"Yes, suppose they object?" cried the thin man.

The big second-class passenger buttoned his coat and turned up his cuffs; the Navvy spat on his hands.

J. Z.

Woman's Suffrage—A Lost Cause?

By W. L. George.

(Member of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage.)

THE women will get the vote, and yet the Cause, as a Cause, is lost. This is an apparent paradox, but it now appears that the connection between the agitation and its ultimate success has become so slight that the agitation might be allowed to lapse without good or evil results as regards the obtention of the vote.

The demand for the suffrage has been something more than a nine days' wonder, but it has had its day; the obstinate demand by a minority of women, backed by the sympathy of a large number, actively opposed by a smaller number, is deadened and almost nullified by the apathy of most British women. In spite of the vigorous propaganda of the various suffrage societies, not more than 1 adult woman in 20 takes any interest whatever in the obtention of the vote. Opposition on the part of the men is diminishing, and therein too lies a danger: we are becoming so well agreed that women's suffrage is desirable and just that our enthusiasm on its behalf is fast becoming comparable with the keenness with which we demand food and raiment for those who need it.

The Suffrage societies have withdrawn their demand from the arena of party, and this in many ways is a fatal move. If Great Britain were governed by coalitions all might be well, but there is no room at present for a Woman's Suffrage candidate, as Mr. Bertrand Russell knows to his cost. The Social and Political Union, too, are well aware of the weakness of the appeal they make to the electorate; if I am wrong in this why have they not devoted £700 to £800 out of the large sums which they receive to a Parliamentary contest? No doubt they know too well that they would be riding for a fall, and remember the early defeats of the Social Democratic Federation at Council Elections at Hampstead and Battersea. And 20 years have elapsed and the Federation is still unimportant.

Of the Women's Freedom League and the National Union we need not say much more. The first reflects the lustre of Mrs. Despard, its brilliant captain; the second sways drawing-rooms and draws towards its slumbrous bosom those whose ears have been grated upon by its more outspoken fellows. Their propaganda educates, but their dynamic force is nil.

Will anyone pretend that any election has been decided by the pro-Suffrage vote? Many perhaps, but who will prove it? And can this be shown until many candidates have been run, and it be demonstrated that they hold, if not a majority, at any rate the balance, of power?

The attack upon the Liberal Party has been the cardinal error of the Suffragists. I say this, not because I am a Liberal, for I am also a Men's Leaguer, but because it is of no avail to be anti-Liberal unless you are pro-Tory. So long as the Suffragists openly declare that they are against any party who refuses them the vote, so long will they remain of no importance. They should never have joined in elections until they

were strong enough to decide them: let them give the blow before the word.

The Suffragists should have devoted themselves to propaganda, taking no part in elections. It is possible that they might in course of time have become strong enough, because they would not have offended party susceptibilities. Then they could have offered the Suffrage vote to the highest bidder of the two parties, driven a bargain such as that which takes place from time to time between Labour, the Irish, the Nonconformists, the Catholics, etc., and the party in power.

To-day the Suffrage rout is complete. They have alienated a large section of the Liberal Party without gaining the Tories. They have gained the Socialists (n'en déplaise à Bax), but the Socialists are not in power, and there is nothing to show that they will hold even the balance of power for many a long year. They have gained from Mr. Asquith a promise that the Suffrage will be included in his Reform Bill, but when will there be a Reform Bill? Either this Government will dissolve after the acceptance or rejection of the Budget by the Lords, or it will stay in power, if possible, and defer the Reform Bill until 1910 or 1911. In the former alternative, if the Liberals win, the Reform Bill and the Suffrage Bill with it are put off to 1916, i.e, the political Greek Calends; if they lose and the Tories get in, there is nothing to show that the latter will enfranchise the women. If, on the other hand, the Liberals stay in power and present a Reform Bill in 1910 or 1911, the Lords will reject it, and it is exceedingly likely that by that time the country will be ready for a change, instal the Tories in power and postpone the Suffrage question sine die. And the irony of the situation will be that the Suffragists must logically work against the party whose Reform Bill enfranchises them.

Lastly, then, is the question of the advertisement of the cause: Many adherents have been lost by stone throwing, the use of the whip, assaults on the police, the breaking up of meetings, etc. Personally I believe that many more adherents have thus been gained than lost, but the damage to the cause lies in the fact that the agitation has become commonplace. The newspapers now devote half a column to a Suffrage riot where they once devoted three. The public seems to have been sated, and, like a voluptuary, it needs a new and more vivid sensation every day; the murder of half a dozen Cabinet ministers, the blowing up of St. Paul's, or at least the Carrie Nationalising of the offices of the Anti-Suffrage League, are steps which might prove useful. But what then? How much further would the Cause have got?

To put fear into governments is an excellent thing, for governments seldom go further than they are kicked, but they have to be kicked, and the Suffragists are mainly assaulting thin air. Thus the Cause is lost, though woman's suffrage come. It is lost as was the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, which, passing through appalling difficulties for nearly forty years, has lately come into being. The Woman's Enfranchisement Bill will be passed as was the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, and in the same way, for no reason and at no particular time, when some mysterious evolutionary law has been long enough at work to allow its being passed. Many laws come into being because certain persons can buy their acceptance at the price of so many votes: the Suffrage Bill is not one of them, for its consequences are electoral, while its motive force is not.

Until, therefore, there is a party in the country which can bid for the Bill there will be no Bill, unless the Suffragists will remit themselves into the hands of the blind force that moulds our political destinies. That force will pass the Bill this year, next year, or some day, but quite apart from the Suffragist efforts, in spite of them perhaps, when the appointed time has come and when the women have understood a little better the elementary psychology of the males whom they alternately bully and cajole.

The Missionary.

He lived some twelve miles from where I was stationed, and on the occasion of calling for his post had invited me to visit him. He was a tall, well-built man of a kindly, somewhat careworn countenance, clean-shaven, but with hair almost falling to his shoulders, and broad, sloping forehead; he was a man to arrest attention, and I immediately congratulated myself on having such a neighbour. Plainly he was a scholar, and I was soon convinced that he was also fairly well posted on most matters of interest, literary, political, or scientific, dating up to only a month back.

I was happy to accept his invitation, especially as he lived in a part of the district which I had not visited. My camp was at the base of the highest peak of the Ndongobo Mountains, and I had often cast longing eyes at the rugged range which, guarded at every few miles by towering sentinels of 1,000 feet of sparsely-wooded, loosely-knit, blue-grey rock, kept eternal watch over the lesser hills and broken country about. Every peak and ravine had its native story or superstition, as for hundreds of years the tribe had fought its most desperate battles in these hills. From time immemorial also this had been the training ground of the tribe. At intervals of a few years all the native boys of a right age are taken by the wise men and warriors into those mountains. For the three coldest months of the winter are they kept there, naked as they were born. At night the reflection of huge fires can be seen above their resting places, and the chanting of their songs strikes weirdly on the ear. Many things are they taught after the rites of circumcision have been performed. Very, very few white men know of these things, and these few are strangely silent. Acting together, they are also trained to run down the mountain buck. Trapping and snaring and the art of the knobkerrie and assegai are not neglected. Woe to the woman or girl who should happen upon one of their camping places in the mountain. She is never seen again. Should there be whites in the neighbourhood they are warned not to move in certain parts, and he is unwise who gives no heed to this. They go to the school as boys of small account, but are known as men when they emerge and are entitled to a voice at the council.

The Missionary lived on the other side of the range on the bottom slope, almost immediately opposite my camp, and it being extremely rough travelling I had decided to spare my good horse and walk over. On the appointed morning, long before sunrise, my servant came to say that a boy had arrived with a donkey for me. These little animals could manipulate the rugged paths much easier and more safely than horses; but, slinging a small water bottle over my shoulder and grasping a stout thornwood stick, I told the youngster to mount the donkey and lead the way. What a glorious walk that was! The footpath took the hill at once, winding about, rising steeply, dodging round huge boulders, then running straightly across a patch of lovely green; again dipping through a thickly wooded kloof, to rise abruptly on the other side. We were well into the hill when the sun rose. Chubby little brown rock rabbits were here and there, peeping shyly at us, and birds were filling the kloofs with song. Such moments are rare, and one could but pause and yield gladly to the delight of it all. The very air seemed charged with life and beauty, and one drank it in greedily. The steep path, when again we breasted the hill, seemed to me to fly under our feet. The highest point we touched was a good deal below the peak, but covered a view of country to a distance of perhaps sixty miles. I had heard of a spring at this crossing, and on reaching it was delighted to find the water pure and cold. We had tiffin here, and after resting a bit and studying the surrounding country I told the boy to lead on and more quickly. We reached the bottom in about an hour and a half. I knew that we were close to the Missionary's house, but as we were moving through a very heavy growth of prickly pears nothing could be seen ahead. The path led down to a tiny stream, and we had hardly crossed this when

we came on a string of five girls with calabashes of water on their heads making, in single file, along the same path. My guide called out, and the girls immediately stopped and stood to the side of the path. As we got up to them I was astonished to find that the girl in the middle was white. She was bare-footed and her hair hung in plaits down her back. The native girls had only skins on, but she wore a dress. She had her large gourd of water poised as beautifully on her head as any to the manner born, and had been striding along with the same free swinging grace. I guessed from her countenance that she was a daughter of the missionary, but as she greeted me in the same native tongue as did the others I simply returned their greeting and passed on. We reached the house in a few minutes, and found the Missionary looking out for us. He was much surprised to find me driving the donkey along with the boy on it, but that was soon explained and we went inside. I was introduced to the lady of the house, a gentle little woman, and a well-grown boy of about sixteen years of age. I found the boy could speak nothing but the native language. A few minutes afterwards the girl I had seen carrying water came in with a tray of milk and biscuits, and was introduced as the daughter of the house. She dropped a little curtsey and said she was my servant, again in the native tongue. To complete the introductions necessary the Missionary went out for a moment, and returned carrying on one arm a fat, chubby little native boy child of about five years of age, and leading by the hand a curly-haired little son of his own. The black picaninni was introduced (and shook hands with the same freedom as did the other) as an experiment. It appeared that the two children were born on the same day, and the Missionary had induced the black mother to give him her son after weaning to bring up with his own boy. They were to sleep in the same bed, eat from the same pots at the same time, and to have exactly the same privileges in their bringing up and training. The good man's idea was of course perfectly plain and surely of considerable psychological value. Here was a pure bred native child, with centuries of savage and barbarous ancestors leading right up to his father, placed in conjunction with and reared in exactly the same way as a white child of cultured parents and the most civilised ancestry. How will they compare at the ages of five, ten, fifteen, and manhood?

The Missionary had been almost more than honest on his part, and apparently his wife and children were acting in a good loyal spirit. If one child had a toy present the other had one equally as good; where a spanking was considered necessary it was administered in either case with impartiality. Their clothing was the same, and, as I was able to observe, they were kissed with equal gusto when sent off to bed. The boys were now five years of age, and the result of the Missionary's observation was that from the age of three to the present the native child had shown, apparently, greater intelligence than the white. He was quicker to grasp a situation and to act in it. He had a better memory. In school marks he was far ahead of the golden-haired, blue-eyed boy. The Missionary had made copious notes of progress and comparison from their infancy, and it was only in entries made the last two months that a slight change had been noticed in favour of his own son. The white boy was showing a wee bit better in matters requiring application and consistency. Although they were two mischievous little sportsmen and, as far as could be observed, of very similar temperament, where some small matter had not been quite lucidly explained it was noticed that, not having grasped it in his quick way in the first instance, the black boy would very soon dismiss the subject, whereas the other would seem to be not quite satisfied, and perhaps a little later would ask a question with reference to it.

The Missionary and his gentle wife had arrived at this spot eighteen years back. The house, which was a large, well thatched green brick building, and the little church close by of the orthodox style with its little cross standing up from above the front door, as also the various out-houses, had all been built, with some rough native aid, by the reverend man. The canvas ceilings and all the adornments of church and dwelling were the work of his wife. Until within the last three or four years white men had very rarely been seen in that part, and even now the big boy and girl in the house looked at one with some nervousness and a great deal of curiosity. There were some eighteen to twenty reed and mud native dwellings close to the house which I rightly guessed belonged to the principal members of the church. The good man and his wife, in talking over the results of their tremendous sacrifice and hard work of all these years, expressed themselves as happy in the number of their converts and church members, but, questioning everything keenly as I was, there seemed to be a note rather wanting in fullness of tone about here, and in a more personal conversation, when strolling with the old gentleman through his lands, it discovered itself. He named one native teacher who he believed to be a true Christian convert, and he counted some half dozen women to be relied upon, but knew that every other member of his congregation would fall at the simplest genuine test. They remained heathen at heart. Many small tribal differences had been fought out during his long residence among them, and he had had unique opportunities of entering into the native mind and character. One man and perhaps six women! Making the most of all the comfort which could be accepted from such results, this learned man and Greek scholar knew (he did not, in so many words, say so) that he and his gentle, earnest wife had wasted their lives, and, what was of far greater concern, probably been of grave ill-service to their children. Had he remained at home and worked amongst his own slum brethren he knew that he would have been of great service, while here he confessed that all his work and teaching had scarcely influenced the life of the tribe one iota.

In every case of sickness they came to him because they were treated and got medicine for nothing. It was really for love, but he knew by the returns they made, if he required any work done, for instance, that it was absolutely unappreciated. Their own native doctors had to be paid. The Missionary had probably never—unless it was to his wife—allowed his inmost thoughts and feelings to rise to the surface as they did on this occasion. He spoke quietly and sometimes so feelingly that, although intensely interested, I was almost relieved for his sake when we were recalled to the house. I found on meeting them again that the big boy and girl were receiving an excellent education from their parents, and that, although they only easily spoke the native tongue, they could read and write two European languages.

Before retiring I played a game of chess with this youngster of sixteen, and received such a beating as effectually to take all the conceit out of me in that direction.

RICHMOND HAIGH.

BABY VERSES.

On the top of an old brick wall, moss-grown,
Sat a gnome, like the wall, all red and brown—
A beautiful beast—silk and gauze, spic and span,
And down on the wall he sat, quite like a man,
Till his long leg bent at its velvet knee.
He wore one wing where a tail might be,
A wide silk wing he could spread for a screen
Any time he might not wish to be seen.

A mushroom she wore for her Sunday hat,
And she carefully perched on the high pew-seat.
She balanced her hat with marvellous skill
On the very top of her topknot curl.
Oh, kind. when the chapel let out again,
She sheltered her sisters out of the rain.
And she wouldn't laugh at the funniest jest
'Case her hat should fall and be second-best.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE season is now silly, doubtless so knocked by "The White Prophet." The one faint glimmer in the gloom of its silliness is Gilbert Chesterton's book on Bernard Shaw, which certainly contains about Shaw some true and passably profound things that have not been said before. Yet I regret this book. The author, as a New York paper once picturesquely said of myself, "is interesting without persuading us that he has quite struck twelve!" I regret all books about contemporaries who are at the height of their powers. And if such books are to be produced I prefer them to be written by tedious scribblers and collectors of press-cuttings, as indeed they usually are. I resent their being so good as to compel me to read them. I find a certain lack of dignity in this latest gesture of Gilbert Chesterton's. A man of his originality and power ought in my opinion to be better occupied than in writing a whole book about a fellow-performer in the arena of letters. He could have said all that was useful, or even deathless, in the limits of an article. I should have imagined that the appearance of a real printed and bound monograph upon the genius and achievements of Mr. Tom Browne (R.I.) had rendered for ever impossibly ridiculous this exegetical habit of explaining live men to their publics. I have been comforted to think that Chesterton's book on Shaw contains fewer errors of fact than his book on Browning. I have also been comforted by the perusal of an exquisite essay on "Chesterton upon Shaw" which the other day adorned the "Manchester Guardian." We never get such essays in London newspapers. Here is an extract from it, to serve as an illustration of the sort of thing that I reckon pretty good: "Mr. Shaw's is one of the cyclonic kind of talents that charge through their time as an express train tears through small stations, and if your mind be only a piece of straw or an empty paper bag, or is not pulled in some other direction by something else, it leaves all and follows the express until the express drops it a little further on." Hasty, of course; but fine journalism.

* * *

This essay, I need scarce inform the omniscient, was signed "C.E.M." It could have had no other initials. Gradually I am building, in London, the reputation of Mr. C. E. Montague as the most brilliant journalist in these kingdoms. Here is another stone patiently laid in the edifice. I think I ought to state that I have never seen or heard Mr. C. E. Montague. I could not even swear that he spells his name with an "e." And I wish to point out plainly that I do not compare him with Milton. A slightly preposterous person, who evidently cannot tolerate the praising of other people, wrote recently to this journal, and, among other chidings, chid me for having affirmed that another journalist, whom indeed I do know, was greater than Milton. The horrid accusation was of course a mere hard, cheerful untruth, and not the sole untruth in the person's letter. Wishing to give him no shadow of excuse for a new lapse into iniquity, I solemnly say that I do not compare Mr. C. E. Montague with Milton.

* * *

The silly season, at any rate in England, has been marked by no new features. And as Parliament still sits its symptoms have been perhaps less outrageous than usual. It is true that the "Daily Mail," with that strong editorial commonsense which guides it, has chosen the very period when its columns are heavily charged with politics and aviation, to run not one silly season subject, but two—the second one being its own failure as a publisher of books. There are moments when the ingenuity of Carmelite House trickles thin, and one is apt to fancy that one's "Daily Mail" might be less amateurishly messy under the direction of Sir Frederick Banbury, Prince Edward of Wales, or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Matters, however, are not much better in France. For example, the Paris "Figaro" has persuaded its readers to discuss whether Hamlet was fat or thin. But the "Matin," which is surely the most infamous popular daily in Europe, has lighted on a good notion, which is capable of vast extensions and which the "Daily Mail" would certainly have utilised had it been clever enough to think of it first. The "Matin" imagined the idea of writing to Adelina Patti to the following effect: "Dear Madam,—Is it a fact that a rich American has paid you twenty thousand pounds down for your throat after you are dead?" Prompt came the indignant reply from Craig-y-Nos, indited by the secretary of the Baroness Cederström, that the rumour was "one of those rumours which do not repose and never have reposed on any kind of foundation." The net result was some sixty lines of high-class silly copy for the "Matin," specially telegraphed from London. The possibilities of this genial idea are clearly immense. For example, Mr. Blumenfeld, the pure-bred John Bull who edits the "Daily Express" in the high interests of home and country, might write to Lord Northcliffe: "Dearest Northcliffe,—Is it a fact that you have sold to Mr. Moberly Bell for twenty thousand pounds the right to compose your obituary notice for the 'Times'? The rumour is afoot, and should be stopped if it is not true."

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

Seven Short Plays. By Lady Gregory. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

To judge these seven playlets apart from their natural setting were as difficult as to judge a fragment of old tapestry but faintly indicating the wonderful material and design of the whole. They rightly belong to the Irish National Theatre Society Plays, and are the clever work of one of a group of modern poets with a taste for the sociological epic, united to symbolise the soul of Ireland. This these playwrights accomplish in a series of beautiful psychological pictures which collectively represent the evolution of the national spirit and individually throw light upon its many-sided aspect. You begin with the "Shadowy Waters" of Mr. Yeats—to whom this book is dedicated—in which you are shown the birth of that spirit in rich poetical surroundings centuries ago. Then you watch it pass in the dim background of events evolving during seven and a half centuries of criminal blunder and gross stupidity. Then in Mr. Yeats' "Kathleen ni Houlihan" you see it emerge burdened Christian-like with its accumulated heritage of wrongs. So you pass to Mr. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," wherein you see it seemingly crushed, distorted, and made abject beyond recognition by oppression and elimination. Finally, in Lady Gregory's plays, you watch it emerge again. In her delightful peasant characters, with their spontaneity, poetry, light-hearted humour, and their edifying insularity, you seem to be at the re-birth of the national spirit, and are conscious of a new Ireland—Ireland in the future. There is very little to choose between these plays. They are equal in truth and charm, in sympathy and simplicity. Whoever has seen them acted will read his favourite one; whoever has not seen them acted will read them all.

Among the Danes. By F. M. Butlin. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

This present volume is not a very favourable specimen of travel book. The author, it is true, has given us a three-fold view of Denmark, and we see something of the Denmark that helped to breed England, of the co-operative dairy Denmark, and of the Denmark of Hamlet and Hans Andersen. Mrs. Butlin has narrated bits of its legendary origin and historical interest, referred to its economic development since its loss of Schleswig, and hinted at its artistic possibilities. But her work is marred by superficiality and slovenliness in style. Thus the history consists mainly of extracts, and such universal matters as the co-operative agricultural movement, the educational experiment, and the remarkable activities of the Danish Heath Society are touched upon chit-chattily. Holberg's pays (for plays) is probably a misprint, but the picture (meaning portrait) of Drackenberg is sheer carelessness. We are almost left to discover Andersen's poetic Denmark in Miss Ellen Wilkinson's illustrations, which have an interesting quality.

Accidental Injuries to Workmen. By H. Norman Barnett and C. E. Shaw. (Rebman. 7s. 6d. net.)

The authors of this book have compiled a very valuable list of accidental injuries coming under the Workmen's Compensation Act, proceeding in proper anatomical order from bone to muscle, thence to organs of special sense, thence to internal organs, and finally to the Nervous System. The whole is rounded off by a lucid legal introduction by Mr. T. J. Campbell, and appendices of legislation and industrial diseases. The book is, as the authors point out, two years late, and this, we may add, in more senses than one. It shows us indeed a measure passed to protect practically all employees, but it gives us no indication of how this Act is now being defeated by employers compelling the worker to pay for accidents. Unfortunately, too, the Act is very weak in respect to the definition of accident, and it is said to encourage serious malingering. A book that aims to interpret it as it stands and furnishes a clue to the nature of every case it ought to include, although of immense service to the doctor, must remain but a curiosity to the layman.

The Decay of the Church of Rome. By J. McCabe. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. McCabe's object in this book is to trace what he calls the decay of the Church of Rome in the Latin, English, and Germanic worlds. This he attempts to do with honesty, shrewdness, and insight. But we feel he does not altogether succeed. In spite of his anti-Catholic bias his honesty is too much for him. If it is Mr. McCabe's view, as stated in his thesis, that "the Church of Rome is rapidly decaying," it is strange he should be at such pains to persuade us it is not decaying at all, but simply losing ground through meddling with matters that do not concern it. But the fact is Mr. McCabe cannot get away from his Self. He has been in the Church, and no man knows better than he that the whole trouble of the Roman Church is due, as he points out (12) to its meddling unskilfully with politics. The fortunes of the Catholic Church have always tended to fluctuate (16), and this has been largely due to its political mistakes. The beginning of the "decline" in France in 1870 was due, as Mr. McCabe doubtless knows, but does not say, to the Pope making Bismarck a son of the Church; while Gambetta's anti-Catholic outburst (20) was caused by the attempt of Rome to reinstate the House of Bourbon. To sum up, in Mr. McCabe's words: "They (the clergy) have often, in spite of their better judgment, obeyed implicitly every order from the Vatican." Hence our contention is that the present position of the Church of Rome is simply an expression of a position into which its political ambitions and conservatism have forced it, and that as soon as it recognises this, ceases to meddle with politics, and comes into line with the movement to democratise Christianity, it will again take rank as a spiritual force. Mr. McCabe's honesty causes him "to shrink from forecasts." So he leaves Rome where "its whole management of the Latin races, devoid of any large statesmanship," has landed it.

Mesmerism and Christian Science. By Frank Podmore. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Whatever may be Mr. Podmore's capacity as a compiler, capacity in other directions cannot be ascribed to him. All this is proved in the volume before us. He conscientiously traces the course of Animal Magnetism from Mesmer, detailing—as Binet and Férè have done—the growth of the curative virtues of magnetism and its entry upon a scientific career as Hypnotism under Charcot. Here he warns us that Hypnotism, rising from the material morass into which Mesmer had flung it, encounters the soul and straightway adopts two forms. It takes rank as an orthodox agency of practical therapeutic utility and as a doubtful system of religion. This religious tendency he condemns as the begetter of "the shadowy brood of latter-day mysticisms—Spiritualism, Theosophy, the New Thought, and Christian Science. This is sad nonsense, though not worse than his foolish statement that "the Church of Christ, Scientist, represents the last word of mysticism." To classify mere Mesmerism, weird Will Worship, and sane Soul Seership together as mischievous mysticism clearly proves that Mr. Podmore does not know what mysticism is. Our own opinion is that he has never studied either medical hypnotism or the new psycho-therapeutic methods by which it is claimed energising faith and will-power can assist Nature's healing powers or the renewed search after Reality. Till he shows some signs of having done so we must refuse to accept such a work as the present except as a humorous conception alike of Medical Magnetism and Mysterium Magnum.

The Literary History of Rome. By J. Wight Duff. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is what we suppose would be called a scholarly production. It is useful as a book of reference if you are seeking good texts of Roman authors, but we should not advise the use of this book as an introduction to Roman Literature. It makes everything so very dull, the criticism is so very placid and uninspiring. Lucretius, for instance, is treated with chilling courtesy. "His verse remains undeniably strong and majestic. . . . . Perhaps it is too much to say that he was groping towards a higher faith." Surely Lucretius at least might arouse some enthusiasm in these days when his doctrine of evolution has become so widespread. Cæsar becomes a writer of blue-books; Horace receives praise on account of his sanity; "he yet pierces to the universal heart." He pierces to no heart at all, and a country that had any care for its youth would burn Horace and send any translator to the gallows.

An Atheist at Church. By George Standring. (Forder. 4d.)

We would rather call this book of light-hearted sketches Standringtonian than as actually the work of a secularist conscience. It contains so many touches that are Mr. Standring's own, and not a few that the secularist would disown. For instance, a confession of being impressed even by the æsthetic magnificence of the Catholic Church (2) is not at all typical of the out-and-out secularist, who usually shrinks horror-stricken from the Church and all its pomps and vanities. But it is the sort of thing we expect from Mr. Standring. It is his honest conviction, and he would not tell a lie upon any, much less upon this solemn occasion. Moreover, it is good for him to feel this æsthetic force of the Catholic Church, for it enables him to give value by contrast to his entertaining account of his travels from Romanism to Ethical Culture, taking other forms of public worship on the way. A really good investment.

The Book of Job. Vol. I, i to xiv. By David Davies. (Simpkin. 5s.)

Those who have seen Blake's picture of Satan pouring the plague of boils on Job will have realised that, on the whole, the prophet did not have a soft time. Still, there are many less cheerful things than his "Philosophy of Sorrow." Indeed, the "Book of Job" is a great imaginative work, the greatest picture ever composed for the sake of humanity. Coleridge regarded it as an Arab poem of immense beauty; it inspired Goethe's "Faust"; it was Victor Hugo's

favourite reading. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Davies that it deserves to be rescued from neglect, and we welcome his exhaustive book of reference. But somehow we can never get much information out of biblical commentaries, and the present is no exception, for it leaves us puzzling over that imaginative prologue where the Devil appears as a sort of dramatic public prosecutor.

DRAMA.

The Last of the Censors.

THIS must prove a true prophecy, for assuredly no man will be found self-sacrificing enough to accept a post as Mr. Redford's successor.

There are moments when one blushes for the Government—for instance this solemn affair of the Censorship, a lengthy inquiry into the obvious. The discourtesy with which poor Mr. Redford has been treated really passes all limits of decency.

Being offered a sufficiently remunerative post, he naturally accepted it, surely under the impression that he would sit comfortably under the protection of the Lord Chamberlain's wand. He felt himself perfectly capable to undertake the task of examining plays, for had he not been in and out of the office during Mr. Piggott's lifetime? He was "a personal friend of his predecessor, and had often been in correspondence with the office." Moreover, as further qualifications, he possesses a wife who can make running translations from the German and that "dramatic insight without which he could not understand the plays."

Picture this dear couple conscientiously poring over usually tedious and occasionally indecorous manuscripts. By the way, will Mr. Redford's collaborateur also be harassed in the witness box? The situation is pathetic to an almost tearful degree. And yet through it all Mr. Redford remains a gentleman in his scarcely complaining responses. When Lord Newton asks "if he does not feel hardly used to be made the subject of attack by the authors?" he gently replies, "I am a little aggrieved sometimes."

One's blood boils! Even Mr. Harcourt asks, "Is it not proposed to call the Lord Chamberlain?" But no, it is not, and there lies the shameful injustice and discourtesy of the case. Apparently this unfortunate English gentleman has been pitchforked into a position of unexpected and undesired publicity, although he is not the responsible person.

Disgraceful too are the charges which Mr. Redford has been forced to repudiate; but, thank God, he knew how to vindicate himself.

Mr. Law: "There was an interval of eight or nine years between such and such plays. In that time your mind, I suppose, had developed?"

Mr. Redford (with wounded dignity): "If you speak of my individual mind, it was probably always the same."

Again the Censor was apparently expected to voice his opinion in public concerning the most dubious themes. He did turn for one moment when Mr. Law spoke of the veto on "Monna Vanna": "Upon what principle or precedent, Mr. Redford, did you refuse the play of 'Monna Vanna'?"

"That play has been so extensively discussed that it seems almost unnecessary to answer, but still if you wish it——"

"I certainly should like to know the general principle."

"Upon the principle of the immorality of the plot. Of course I could go into the details, but it would be a long business. I could tell you the whole plot."

"Thank you; I have read the play with very great pleasure."

(Wearily): "Oh, I didn't mean to say you hadn't."

"Do you consider the general plot of the play immoral?"

(Modestly): "The plot of a woman entering—? Yes, the whole plot of the play, to my mind, is—improper."

Mr. Redford's delicacy was sorely tried in the attempted discussion about "The Breaking-Point," by Mr. Garnett. He had just begun to open out, too, in a friendly way; he was inclined to make the committee a present of his personal opinion, a gift they appeared to desire more than most things.

Mr. Law: "The fact that 'The Breaking-Point' was not publicly performed destroyed the value of the author's property, did it not?"

"That is really a question I have nothing to do with, but there was no property in it, if you ask me."

But the Committee seemed to wish for a more intimate discussion of the play. The Censor very properly floored any such intention.

"You know the one scene that was objected to. I cannot *possibly* mention it here!"

And so throughout the tactless cross-examination this admirable Censor of ours conducted himself with the discretion which must surely attend him at all times.

The Censor, too, has always been obliging if only approached in a becoming fashion and by persons of sufficient weight and position—a fact for which he has scarcely received sufficient credit. As he remarks: "Plays can always be reconsidered, and frequently he is willing to reconsider them if 'slight modifications' are introduced."

There are several instances, two at least, of this accommodating attitude, which have not so far come before the Committee. In '87 a translation of Octave Feuillet's "Julie" was submitted to the Censor. Julie dies of heart shock in the end when her husband discovers that she has committed adultery (between Acts I and II). Naturally the Censor found all this disquieting, but, being in a particularly amiable mood he effected a compromise. The play should pass if Julie, at the end of Act II, said: "Thank heaven, I have only sinned in intention." She would still have to die of remorse for the deed at the end of Act III, but after all that is not the Censor's business.

In 1900 a play called "Freedom in Fetters," by Sir Sydney Olivier, Governor of Jamaica, was submitted and refused. Indeed, the name alone is enough to suggest unorthodoxy to any gentleman without further perusal. It smacks of something wild and paradoxical. However, when the identical play was sent in again under a new title, "Beatrice Maxwell," no further difficulties presented themselves, and it was licensed.

One waits anxiously for the issue of the investigation. May Mr. Redford be permitted to retire gracefully into private life before his tormentors have chivied him into a premature grave.

N. C.

Recent Music.

Elgar, Reger, and the Promenades.

ONLY once a year does serious music become nearly popular. Those people who can afford to pay a shilling for an evening's entertainment may hear the best music in the world performed by a first-class orchestra. But they must hear it uncomfortably. They may smoke, but for a shilling they must stand packed close together like the crowd at a big test match. It happens, too, that these concerts (I refer to the Promenade Concerts

of the Queen's Hall Orchestra) are given during part of the hottest season of the year, so that if it should be a particularly warm evening the impossibility of "promenading" and the discomfort of standing are rendered doubly inconvenient by the close proximity of perspiring enthusiasts. We are accustomed to congratulate ourselves on these annual occasions upon the fact that the "taste" of the London public is improving steadily, and that it is only a question of time when our scullery-maid will devour the analytical notes on the Domestic Symphony with the same relish with which she now swallows Mr. Horner's penny stories. Nonsense, of course; people have only wanted the opportunity more frequently offered of hearing decent music at a reasonable price to prove that they will accept it and make it "pay." But our capitalist musicians take care that popularity shall mean nothing below the uncomfortable shilling. They take care to extract as much as five shillings for the best seats at these "popular" nights. I do not think it unreasonable to hope that we shall one day have promenade concerts all the year round with a maximum charge of, say, sixpence for a seat. During these warm evenings the Queen's Hall is packed, and so is the Lyric Theatre, where the Moody-Manners season of opera in English is still proceeding.

A fortnight ago Sir Edward Elgar's symphony was performed for the first time at the Promenades. This latest work of our English composer is one that you have to hear a dozen times before you can grasp it. I have not yet heard it a dozen times, and so my feelings are still in a transitory stage. Off-hand I might say it appears somewhat prolix and long-winded, but as a piece of workmanship it is probably the finest thing these islands have ever known. And it is English, absolutely English all through (whatever that may mean; I cannot define the term myself, but it seems to be something between being diatonic in music and episcopalian in politics.) Of course, modern English music naturally derives more from German than any other Continental school, and the best summing-up of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" I have heard was that of, I believe, Mr. George Moore, who described it as "Catholic Wagner." This symphony, however, composed ten years later, is decidedly less sensuous and more virile than that work and less obviously derivative. In manner it sometimes suggests the work of Hubert Parry, with this difference, that where Parry is emphatic Elgar is excited. Parry, again, would rather be dull than vulgar; Elgar is frequently dull, but he is quite often vulgar—that jolly vulgarity you meet in Tschaikowsky and in the ballads of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Vulgarity only creeps in occasionally in this symphony, however; you do not feel annoyed at these moments for you know it is better the man should be himself in this very personal way than play the classic game of Pretend. There is this quality of candour about nearly all of Elgar's music that prevents it being so consistently dull as the ebullitions of his academical seniors.

When a new composer is said to be strongly influenced by Brahms I generally avoid hearing him. All the daily critics, I think, agreed that in his "Variations and Fugue upon a Merry Theme" Max Reger derived much from Brahms. Reger, however, has the reputation of being savagely modern, and people flock to hear any new work of his performed for the first time. At the Promenades the floor of the Queen's Hall was packed to hear the first performance of these "Variations." I don't know who was edified by it. I didn't find the work savagely modern except in its pose of classicism—a fashionable vice. The "merry theme" was an ordinary little tune, taken from some eighteenth century opera; and it was in its working-out that Reger showed so much of the Brahms influence. But his master was more successful in connecting his variations, and could always keep the theme more or less prominently before you. (Brahms was a bore, but he was an artist all the same). Reger, in his lust for contrapuntal eccentricities, too often obliterates the theme, and the form therefore loses much of its usual interest. The final movement, an elaborate fugue, is far and away the best thing in the composition; it is as masterly as anything old Bach himself ever wrote. Reger, after all, works best in harness. Give him a prescribed form (in this instance he had a ready-made tune for his fugue), some strict rules to obey, and he compels your highest admiration. In his *lieder* he is often charming, even exquisite, for he is dilating on somebody else's motto; but turn him adrift in search of ideas and he immediately loses power. So far, I do not see that Reger has brought any new beauty into music. If anything, he has brought a new pomposity.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—***Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.***

A CASE IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your issue of last week Mr. C. H. Norman brings perhaps the most serious charge which it is possible to bring against an unnamed Lieutenant-Governor of India—that he connived at the premature execution of an Indian sentenced unjustly to death, to anticipate a certain reprieve from the Viceroy. Unless a charge of that kind is fully substantiated, it condemns the accuser to the unequivocal loathing and contempt of every Englishman whose sense of honour is not rotting in the putrid slough of gangrenous provincialism or rancid insincerity. While Mr. Norman's views on Denshawai and Dhingra incidents are my own, his attitude towards Rhodes and on other subjects which he has written about in your columns seems to me no less dishonest than contemptible, and therefore, as a whole-hearted Socialist who desires that Socialism should have no truck with what is contemptible and dishonest, and as a man who has some first-hand knowledge of India, its peoples, its ways of thought, and its Lieutenant-Governors, I hope that Mr. Norman will see his way either to substantiate the charge he has brought, which reflects on every member of a service whose single-hearted devotion to duty—and on this point I am perhaps better qualified to speak than Mr. Norman—is as unquestionable as their intelligence is hypothetical, and so convict me by analogy of gross lack of understanding in those other cases where I find him unworthy of the respect of straight-thinking men, or, if he cannot substantiate the charge, withdraw it and himself unreservedly and finally from the Socialist movement, and leave it to those whose methods and motives, whatever may be thought of their abilities, are clean.

MAURICE BROWNE.

* * *

Mr. Norman writes:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The impudent letter of a person named Maurice Browne, which you have kindly communicated to me, and obtained my permission to print, would remain unanswered by me were it not that such individuals, if their letters are not published, conceive that it is because their atrocious abuse has some justification in fact.

Before stating the circumstances, allow me to quote the exact words I used so that I may, in the last paragraph of this letter, thoroughly expose Mr. Maurice Browne's malignant perversions. "Take one instance in India. A murderer had been sentenced to death. He appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor, and the appeal was disallowed. He then appealed to the Viceroy. The

Viceroy granted his appeal, and remitted the death sentence. The sentence had been carried out by the special orders of the Lieutenant-Governor when he knew the man had appealed to the Viceroy, and on a day before which it would be impossible for the Viceroy's decision to be known. Every attempt to investigate the details of this incident has failed; and the whole blunder has been hushed up."

Here is the record in the House of Commons "Debates." On the 14th June, 1906, Sir H. Cotton asked: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for India whether his attention has been drawn to the fact that in a recent case in which a capital sentence had been passed, a prisoner prayed to the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam for mercy, or, as an alternative, for the transmission of his memorial to the Governor-General in Council; that the Lieutenant-Governor rejected the prayer, and forwarded the memorial to the Governor-General in Council, but ordered the man's execution: that the Governor-General telegraphed staying the execution, but too late, as the man had already been executed; and whether he will make enquiries into the facts of this case." Mr. Morley replied: "I find it difficult to believe that the facts are as stated in the question, but if they are they amount to an enormity." On 12th July Mr. Bright inquired: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for India whether he has received a report from India of the circumstances connected with the execution of a native who had appealed to the Governor-General; and what action he intends to take with respect to the official who is responsible for this execution." Mr. Morley made a long statement giving the official explanation of this serious incident, winding up his answer by saying: "I regret to say that in my view these proceedings fall short of the high and exact standard of official duty that the Indian Civil Service has for so many generations so notably maintained." On the 17th July, Sir Henry Cotton returned to the attack: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for India whether he is in a position to give any explanation of the circumstances under which Udoya Patni, of Sylhet, in Eastern Bengal and Assam, was hanged under the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor, although his prayer for mercy had been transmitted by the Lieutenant-Governor to the Governor-General in Council, and the orders of the Governor-General, granting a reprieve, arrived after the execution had taken place; and whether he can state what action he has taken, or proposes to take, in the matter." Mr. Morley replied: "I have nothing to add to the very full statement which I made on Thursday last. I am in communication with the Government of India; it is their affair rather than mine." There the matter has dropped, so far as I have been able to trace it. As in the case of Mr. Rhodes, I say the documents overwhelmingly establish the fairness of my comments.

Mr. Maurice Browne has alleged that I charged "an unnamed Lieutenant-Governor—that he connived at the premature execution of an Indian sentenced unjustly to death, to anticipate a certain reprieve from the Viceroy." That allegation is a deliberate and wicked misrepresentation of the plainest English. I described the man concerned "as a murderer." I did not use any words capable of bearing the meaning of "connived," or "sentenced unjustly to death," or "a certain reprieve from the Viceroy."

In dealing with a gross blunder of the Indian Executive and the Lieutenant-Governor, I was pointing out how monstrously unfair was the repression of the governed for agitating against a Government capable of executive errors of this kind.

C. H. NORMAN

[This is not the first time that our contributor, Mr. Norman, has been put to the trouble of rehearsing facts quite as accessible to his critics as to himself. Before venturing in future to challenge Mr. Norman in such a tone as that adopted by Mr. Maurice Browne, we trust that our correspondents will themselves enquire into the facts of the case, and only when they fail to find confirmation of Mr. Norman's statements proceed to question his references further. While we are far from endorsing all the views held by our contributor we are certain that for his facts there is always ample evidence.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

THE FIT OF GERMANIA AND AFTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A contemporary of yours professes to be in a quandary as to the reason why a certain literary ware it has recently issued, with great expectation of success (including, of course, profit), the subject of which is not unconnected with our German cousins, has fallen dead upon the town, like a badly-inflated balloon sent up in an inauspicious moment. It is a favourite thought of mine, Sir, I know not whether original or acquired from multifarious reading, that the pageant of history is like a kaleidoscope, in which, as you know, the pieces are always the same, only the pattern varies from time to time. Now in reading Dean Swift's strange critique upon a supposed discourse on "The Art of Political Lying" I came across this acute paragraph the other day. "Concerning the species of miraculous, or terrifying, lies which may be used by politicians, he (the critic) gives several rules; one of which is that terrible objects should not be too frequently shown to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the people of England should be frighted with the French King and the Pretender once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary precept, in bringing out the raw-head and bloody-bone, upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late."

You may imagine, Sir, how pleased I was to come across this confirmation of my favourite idea, that whatever "fake" has been used in politics in the past will be sure to be dished up again, and also the probable explanation, advanced long ago by the Dean, of the catastrophe your contemporary, the Comet of Carmelite Street, is so eloquently (and, of course disinterestedly) deploring just now.

JNO. F. BURTON.

* * *

ANTI-VIVISECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Are Crile's avowed cruelties "experimental Research into Surgical Shock"—cutting, tearing, burning the skin; cutting and crushing muscles; crushing the joints; crushing, tearing, cutting and burning the tongue; pouring boiling water within the abdomen; removing vital organs; burning and crushing the paws; tearing and crushing the nerves?

Are such experiments as described by Dr. Bigelow (Harvard Professor of Surgery) on one of many horses broken with age and disease, resulting from lifelong devotion to man's service: "He was bound upon the floor, his skin scored with knives like a gridiron, his eyes and ears cut out, his teeth torn out, his arteries laid bare, his nerves exposed, pinched, severed, his hoofs pared down to the quick, and every conceivable and fiendish torture inflicted on him while he groaned and gasped—this agony protracted by carefully preserving life under these continued hellish torments from early morning until afternoon."

Are the unspeakable atrocities of Alfort, the pitiless devilments of a Montegezza or a Burdon Sanderson; a Klein who declared publicly that "he had no regard whatever for the sufferings of his writhing victims"; a Brown-Sequard, whose sickening deeds, such as opening the vertebral canal, or, still worse, the spinal column, to lay bare the substance of the marrow" would make a devil shrink?

Are these, and a thousand like them, practised as they are daily in the laboratories of Europe and America, to be scoffingly dismissed as on a par with "the faint and uncertain suffering of a sick rabbit"?

One very awful fact is noticeable in every single utterance of vivisectors and their apologists, viz., the total universal absence of pity from their lips or pens.

Your correspondent speaks of the Socialist researcher as "marching onward to victory," and of "entering into his kingdom." God send us no such victory—God send us no such kingdom! What could profit victories and kingdom so gained if they cost—the soul?

CHARLES L. MONEY.

* * *

THE SECULARIST MOVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. George Standring, in his interesting reminiscences of the Secularist Movement, mentions the old "National Reformer," with its programme of "Atheism, Republicanism, and Malthusianism." Certain profane and irreverent minds translated this as "No God, no king, and as few people as possible." I believe a clergyman was responsible for the interpretation, but cannot recall his name.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

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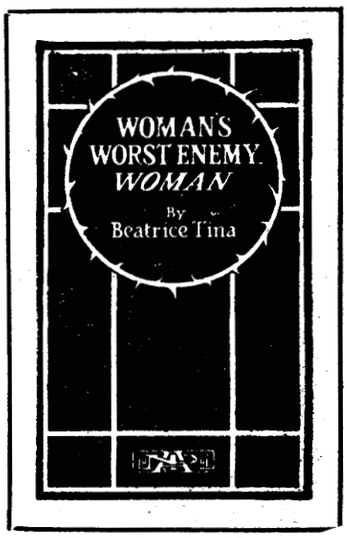

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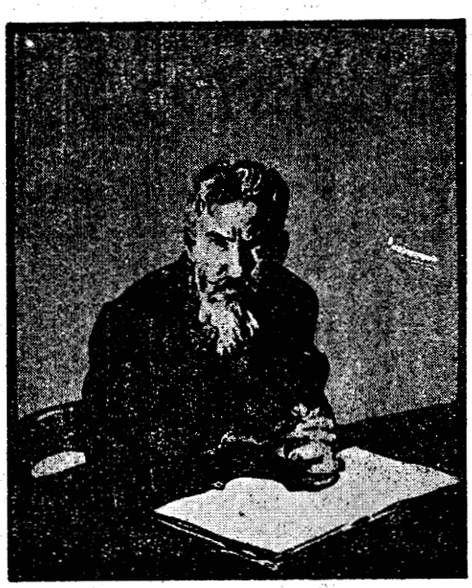

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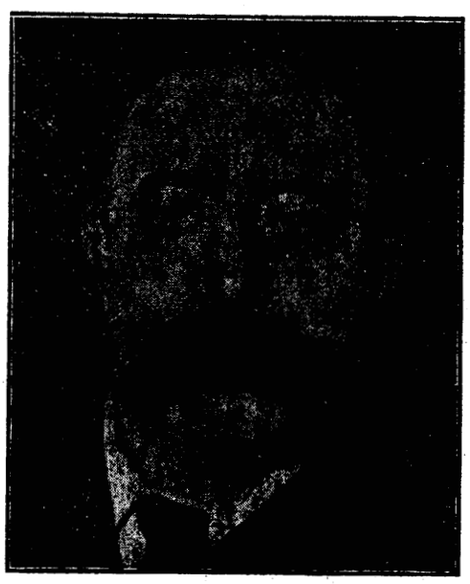

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