The earliest pioneers, indeed, thought that Socialism was misunderstood. There was no apriori reason in the idea of Socialism made on the whole so slow a progress and their amazement at its slow progress is the failure of the English Socialist movement to understand the causes that retard its progress in England. There is no getting away from the fact that Socialism in the popular mind is in England associated with most of the things that are either repugnant or alien to the English national character. No shadow of reason exists in Socialism itself why this should be so. On the contrary, if Socialism has any constructive proposals to make at all, they are such as Socialists believe would inevitably make England a happier, more powerful, and even a more wealthy country than she is to-day. Why not? No Englishman believes that England is at this moment all she might and ought to be, and every lover of England is imperatively moved to perfect his country. Socialism, certainly in the eyes of Socialists, would most assuredly do this, and, what is more, is patriotically designed and intended to do so.

For what is there in Socialism that is incompatible with the most exalted form of patriotism? We have contended over and over again that the true Socialists are the true patriots. If they are not this, they are merely pseudo-Socialists. Who among Englishmen is more wedded to the idea of nationality, if it is not the Socialist who would endow with free nationality every race under the sun, his own included? For your true patriot is as patriotic in the defence of other nations as in that of his own. This, in fact, is the test of patriotism. Again, there is nothing incompatible with patriotism in the Socialist proposal to enrich the common life at the expense of certain forms of individual over-indulgence and luxury. Nor again is there anything incompatible with patriotism, particularly with English patriotism, in the Socialist’s desire to extend the conception of justice to the duty of providing equal opportunities of happiness for every citizen. Regarded from any point of view, every single doctrine of pure Socialism is not only compatible with, but indispensable to, real patriotism, and above all, as we say, to patriotism in England.

Why this has not appeared to be the case in England arises from several causes, one of which is the utter failure of the English Socialist movement to understand and grasp the English character. This character is really extraordinarily complex in its simplicity, and is only to be understood by instinct, or by long reflection.
on the history of the English race. Taking, however, the grossest view of the English character as embodied in the mythical figure of John Bull, the ordinary Socialist, like any other discerning critic, is shocked by its amiable brutality, by its obvious pride in being incorrect, by its most ideal of physical comfort; and, by misinterpreting this figure of the whole English mind, is repelled into the appearance of anti-patriotism in consequence. This, indeed, is a lamentable error; for in truth there never was a more mistaken or one-sided image of English character than that of John Bull. As well say that Falstaff is the whole mind of Shakespeare as that John Bull is the whole mind of England. Yet this error has undoubtedly been made by many Socialists.

Again, it is certainly true that Socialists in England have come embittered through being misunderstood, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. Conceive a man benevolently, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. Conceive a man benevolently, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. Conceive a man benevolently, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. Conceive a man benevolently, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. Conceive a man benevolently, and more misunderstood for being embittered. It was hardly possible for mortal minds to escape it, especially in England. 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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In the course of my semi-diplomatic peregrinations in various quarters of the globe, I have naturally had occasion to rub shoulders with and closely observe many rulers, statesmen and politicians, past, present, and future. Among them were six whom I have always mentally put in couples: Mr. Roosevelt and the German Emperor, President Fallières and President Taft, and, lastly, M. Briand and Mr. John Burns. Taft I met when he was Secretary for War, Fallières just before he became President, and both of them— of whom I am likely to remember much when they give up office—may be dismissed in a few words. They are both well-nourished; they have both been lawyers; they have both held various State offices; they have both become Presidents of Republics—the two greatest Republics in the world; and they are both mediocrities. Though they have achieved a certain amount of fame since Taft acted as law reporter for the "Cincinnati Times" and Fallières practised as a barrister at Nérac, they would fail to be back in their former positions. The other points that they have in common are that they both had power forced on them as stop-gaps, and that they are both anxious to get rid of it as soon as they can see that they can. They do say that Madeleine's was her social position as wife of the President, and is very desirous that her hubby should try to remain where he is as long as possible—a wish which he, good domesticated man, may be willing to accede to when his actions are otherwise determined—a platitudinous which seems to me almost good enough for Roosevelt himself, the platitudeuinarian in excelsis.

We must not, however, deal with Roosevelt and the Kaiser quite so abruptly. What will strike anyone about these two, even if only from reading about them in the papers, is their almost unlimited amount of self-assurance or nerve, whichever terms may be preferred. They are the people, and wisdom is going to die with them. A friend of mine who was present when the ex-President was delivering his lecture at Berlin University some days ago has told me of a typical incident. As the mighty hunter and race-preserve' brought out point after point, the look of surprise and bewilderment on the faces of the grave professors around him seemed to increase. And not unreasonably; for practically all the theories of world-development and so forth which Mr. Roosevelt was explaining had been based on the works of the very men he was addressing. It is no wonder, I thought on reading this information, that the lecture was a bad one; for not even the Oracle of Delphi could be considered to have had a chance of the problems elaborated wherever the Königsbergian philosophy has penetrated. But how delightful it was to think that a German professor had at last been compelled to swallow his own nauseating medicine!

Again, the learning of the two rulers is supposed, where the outside world is concerned, to be encyclopaedic. On what subject has the Kaiser not written and spoken? And have we not read recently about Mr. Roosevelt's four, or five, or six, or ten, university lectures? The Austrian Government proposed to build twenty Dreadnoughts within a period of ten years, together with the necessary auxiliary vessels. This is too obviously intended to scare somebody. Any Government has no wish to find itself in Queer Street, even to oblige its powerful neighbour; but the German Government is perpetually desirous of inspiring fear of the mailed fist.

Let us leave these champion bluffers, these pseudo-Napoleons. Burns and Briand complete the third pair. With Burns I once had a long confabulation on various matters after he took up office, though for years before I had taken a fatherly interest in his career. Briand I met not long before he became, somewhat to his own surprise and temporary embarrassment, Prime Minister of France. Both these men were at one time out-and-out Socialists. Years ago Burns was in the hands of the police, and Briand only just managed to escape imprisonment. Both men took office, and bold! their Socialism became obscure, and their former companions muffled and wavered. Each of them had chopped off his extreme-progressive signposts and only offended his conscience by so doing. Both struggled for a time to explain this feeling, first to themselves and then to the public, without succeeding. At length Briand, the more cultured though less widely-read man of the two, was able to render himself, and hence Burns also, articulate. Since taking high office he had "adapted" himself—the phrase has become historic on the Continent. Like Burns, Briand possesses considerable administrative capacity, for which the present condition of French politics affords less scope than English politics. Like Briand, Burns has much oratorical talent; but that of the Englishman is direct, fierce, denunciatory, flamboyant, often verbose, somewhat interminable nonsense, his music? And finally, are they not both militant Christians, whose exuberance our pious contemporaries praise energy of his, which is merely physical and not intellectual.

But the President and the Kaiser possess another American characteristic in common. Their bluff is marvellous. All German policy during the last ten years has been built upon bluff, and only the recognition of this by European diplomacy has averted war on the Danube. She bluffed with the Dardanelles. She bluffed even when Delcassé fell—that terrible day when the French Government suspended the telegraphic service for four awful hours in order that there might be no delay in getting the army mobilised! And she bluffed in Egypt over the Suez Canal question, in which she had no right to interfere at all. Other instances of German bluff would be too numerous to mention here; but one of the most recent was the statement made a few days ago in the "Handelsblatt" that the Austrian Government proposed to build twenty Dreadnoughts within a period of ten years, together with the necessary auxiliary vessels. This is too obviously intended to scare somebody. Any Government has no wish to find itself in Queer Street, even to oblige its powerful neighbour; but the German Government is perpetually desirous of inspiring fear of the mailed fist.

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The Prevention of Destitution Bill.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I happen to doubt the value of newspaper controversy, and my practice is to decline to engage in it. But as statements have lately been made in *The New Age*, with an air of great assurance, as to my views and mental attitude—supposed to be exemplified in the Minority Report—I must ask you to let me state, once for all, that these statements are wholly inaccurate. Far from desiring or expecting to see more able-bodied persons interned in institutions than at present, the whole effort is to cause fewer to be so dealt with, and the very object aimed at in regard to the Minority Report, that document is inspired throughout with the spirit of the present-day reaction against residential institutions of any kind. As compared with existing arrangements it goes to the very extreme of deploring the need of any institution except that which may give its value to a polytechnic in his own town, but sometimes at such a residential establishment as Hollesley Bay might easily become. (It is a characteristic perversion of this idea to confuse it with that of Detention Colonies for the offender.)

The “discovery” of the Minority Report in this connection, for whatever may be worth, is that (whilst outdoor relief is hopelessly impracticable) it is alike practicable, advantageous, and economically sound to provide, without question, for whatever it may be worth, is that (whilst outdoor relief

The Minority Report does not propose that any man claiming to be unemployed and in need, not wages, indeed, but full maintenance, with separate subsistence allowance for wife and family without disgrace or stigma or penal conditions, and without detention, on condition of voluntary attendance daily at an establishment for physical and technological instruction, which need not usually be a residential institution. I believe this to be a social “discovery” of considerable importance, for the first time enabling a solution to be found for the problem of the unemployed. Those who dislike it are invited to find another.

Finally, there is the Detention Colony. The Minority Commissioners believe (as I think everyone else does) that (whilst outdoor relief for whatever it may be worth, is that (whilst outdoor relief cannot provide for the present masses of unemployed! For good or for evil, we have now left such schemes behind. The feature of the Minority Report is that it proposes to “regularise” the national aggregate demand for labour year by year; by deliberate “dovetailing” of the unskilled labour of the seasonal trades; and by systematic “decas-
of the means of production by but a few on the other, especially the great body of Socialists, will agree to not directed to them, and that I shall have to meet the mass of the proletariat the lack of security is certain. If you question men or even do no more than the passionate desire for security in the enjoyment of society, and even men whose average earnings may be satisfied will not feel a sense of great injury and its apparent upon every side. Men seek for a living wage according to their occupation, and if they obtain it are very fairly content, and commonly make little effort to change their Condition. The proofs of this are marked the present generation in England was making, not for Socialism but for that Servile State. These proofs are really important if there is anything in them. If there is nothing in them it is for critics to show in what my statement is lacking, and not to call it names. I must begin, therefore, by giving those critics yet another definition, and I must make clear I can sincerely my former efforts in this direction were lacking is lucidity. What men chiefly and particularly desire in their economic circumstance is sufficiency and security. Sufficiency, of course, cannot be defined, the standard of it is variable, and differs with different societies and times, and even with different characters in the same time and place. Still, we all roughly know what we mean by it, and we know that men will feel passionately that they are subject to a wrong if they are forced to live in such a standard of material comfort for their livelihood. We further know that men once so satisfied will not feel a sense of great injury and wrong, and will not as a rule be at great pains to change their condition. The proofs of this are apparent upon every side. Men seek for a living wage according to their occupation, and if they obtain it are very fairly content, and commonly make little effort to add to it, while to procure a minimum for those who have it not is the aim of men in every society, and a source of every economic reformer in every time of economic trouble, and especially in our own.

Side by side with the necessity for a sufficiency comes the passionate desire for security in the enjoyment of it. Why question men or even do no more than notice them in the unhappy welter of our industrial conditions, you will find that their insecurity is the chief trouble of their lives; this factor, moreover, is discovered (though in varying degrees) throughout society, and even men whose average earnings may be high, continually suffer a sense of oppression, injustice, and acute ill-ease, if those earnings are precarious. For the mass of the proletariat the lack of security is certainly as bad a thing, or, perhaps in their own eyes, a worse thing than the smallness of their wage.

There may be some who will contest these premises; if so, I can only say that this argument is not directed to them, and that I shall have to meet them in some other fashion; but I think the great body of those who analyse the modern discontent, and especially the great body of Socialists, will agree to those premises. Modern industrial society is unstable, because it is a thing to be reckoned with, and it is intolerable to men because, under its conditions of theoretical unlimited freedom on the one hand and the possession of the means of production by but a few on the other, gross insufficiency for many, and gross insecurity for nearly all. It is self evident that the possession of the means of production by Governments, local and national, would, if those Governments were just, secure sufficiency and security for all. That is the Socialist solution. It is not equally self-evident that the possession of the means of production in private ownership and in varying amounts by the great mass of citizens would be a permanent solution. I believe it would be so, because throughout history States so economically organised have proved stable for centuries upon centuries; because it is the state of life taken for granted in language, in popular morals, in jurisprudence, in almost every traditional aspect of human activity; and because men left free to develop themselves in small communities do actually organise themselves in this fashion. I believe that the so-called Distributive State depends upon certain economic instincts in mankind which, when the means of production are in the hands of many, leads to the establishment of co-operative institutions as certainly as the institution of marriage leads to the establishment of the home and of all the complicated but strong network of custom, law, and opinion by which a body of homes builds up a State. But this solution is only a solution for those who believe that man is built upon such lines. It is an organic solution based upon an organic judgment of men; it is not a self-evident, and, as it were, arithmetical, solution, as the Socialist solution is.

The Servile State, to repeat a definition that must surely by this time be familiar, is a State in which the few are left in possession of the means of production while the many, who are left without such possession, remain much as they were save that they have their lives organised and regulated under those few capitalists who are responsible for the well-being of their subordinates. The Government, of course, is the agency which makes the capitalists responsible; the Government must in both subordinates and the worker, and make itself the active agent of organisation; but so long as it leaves the capitalist in possession of his capital and, under the sanction of punishment (which is absolutely necessary to such a conception), confines the worker to certain hours and habits, and sees to it that a proportion of his produce shall be paid to the capitalists, the State is servile. You have two classes of citizens: one economically free, and the other not constant and availing object of every economic reformer in every time of economic trouble, and especially in our own. It is not true that great numbers of workers, perhaps the majority of workers, would willingly sign life contracts with their present employers, that is, would think themselves safe from the chance of owning collectively or distributively the means of production, on condition that their present sufficiency was guaranteed to them as secure? Further, would not such workers be willing to include in that contract sanctions permitting the employer to order? Through such sanctions of course the contract would be worthless.

Next is it not true that the so-called Socialist efforts of the last few years have, as a fact, followed this line of least resistance? This is last and for evidence alone; it is not a matter of theory—and the evidence is surely overwhelming. Municipalities have given to their employees in larger and larger numbers, security and sufficiency. But what trace is there of their having removed from the shoulders of
the workers the burden of paying tribute from the produce of their labour to the capitalist class? Governments have with every regulation introduced a larger and a larger element of security, and our beginning to produce a larger element of sufficiency into the organised lives of such workers as their reforms can touch. But wherein does their action affect the special economic privilege of the few who own the means of production?

It is characteristic of those who try to combine their love of such activities with the ideal of Socialism to show how efforts of this kind might undermine the capitalist régime, and might transfer the means of production from its present owners to the community; but the question is not whether they might, but whether they do!

Thus one critic of what I have said points out that the control of municipal tramways, etc., is acquired under the collective ownership of those means of production. That is quite true; and if emnity to capitalism on the part of your municipal Socialist were so active and significant, and if in order his bid for the expropriating the capitalist, these experiments might effect that end within a certain limited field. But as a fact they are doing nothing of the kind. The money (that is, being transferred, the materials required for the experiments is not taken but borrowed from the capitalist class; it is borrowed under an obligation to pay the capitalist interest out of the workers' earnings, the interest so paid is in excess of the permanent tribute which capital might exact, and the excess is only valuable to the capitalist because he can (and does) reinvest it; that is, use it to extend his grip upon the means of production; finally the pace at which it is being borrowed is quicker than that at which it is being repaid. Further, it is being borrowed not only for reproductive experiments, the earnings of which can at least meet the promised tribute, but for unproductive experiments as well; experiments which have to pay the tribute just as much as the reproductive ones, and yet are not even expected to earn it! Of course the tribute might be paid by taxing the very people, the capitalist class, to whom the payment was made, and by taxing them only; but as a fact it isn't, and those words "it isn't" (being translated) mean that the same type of mind which to offend those who are the masters of our time.

The conception that it does reposes upon a lamentable confusion of thought. The existence of the reserve army of labour enables capital to keep wages down below a limit which they might reach did that reserve not exist. The absorption of the unemployed by municipal Socialism, for this use also, the implements and the food and the bricks and mortar and the land on which such an experiment will require?

Whichever way we approach not the theory but the actual working of modern Socialism, we find the same thing. It canalises economic development more and more towards the Servile State; it recognises in a manner more and more final and absolute the existence of a separate society, and with the doing so that your so-called "Socialist experiment" will take the form of borrowing from the capitalist, for this use also, the money capital.

Moreover, with what capital is the municipality to employ the unemployed? If it does not confiscate it must tax or borrow. Has it ever taxed, or is there the least sign of its taxing beyond the point which the capitalist agrees to pay? Further, it is not one that your so-called "Socialist experiment" will take the form of borrowing from the capitalist, for this use also, the implements and the food and the bricks and mortar and the land on which such an experiment will require?

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Republic or Empire? I.

A Dialogue.

By Francis Grierson.

SCENE: A luxurious private room in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. Time: May, 1910—just after a sumptuous dinner; coffee is being served.

Persons present: A senator, a judge, a general, an ex-ambassador, an episcopal rector, a professor of history, a professor of psychology, a multi-millionaire. They had come together to welcome home the man who had been an ambassador only a short time before, and after some speeches the company settled down to the ordinary talk of the evening.

"It is a great and moving subject," remarked the senator (taking a couple of whiffs at his cigar), "a very great subject. When you pronounce the word Empire in a country like ours you bring into play the greatest stops of the organ; you sound the trumpet notes of heroism, romance, adventure."

"I should say," said the judge, "it includes much more than that: an American empire would involve the whole world in its meshes. Were we ruled by an emperor, not only all the present social factors would be changed in our country, but Europe and Asia would be involved in the progressive changes, the flux and the reflux of political, religious, and material development."

The judge, as he ceased speaking, extended his arm, eyed his cigar with deliberation, and then brushed the ashes off with his fat little finger, while every member of the party watched him as if he were about to deliver judgment in a case where it was a question of life or death.

The judge paused a moment, and said: "I am one of those men who exert a ponderable influence by "helt." He was a political heavy-weight. The bulk of his body sustained and balanced his words, his looks, and his gestures, while the senator, who was thinner and taller, was a physical feather-weight, whose muscles were in his brains, and whose knock-downs were in his arguments.

There was a pause, as there usually is in cases when a grave question has been suddenly brought on the tapis, and the listeners are taking soundings in the shallows of their own ignorance. Evidently, by the shifting of legs, and slight, but significant, clearings of the throat, most of the party were beginning "to sit up."

"Do you know," said the professor of psychology, "with a rather serious smile, "there is something in the quality of the wine that decides or influences these after-dinner discussions." To which the ex-ambassador replied good-humouredly: "You look at the label of the champagne bottle before judging the import of the conversation."

"We have been drinking Veuve Clicquot this evening," returned the professor, "and I have little fear of the quality of the conversation. If we are going to discuss the question of an emperor in this country we should do it with "unmuddied heads."

"And, I should add, with strong nerves," said the senator.

It takes moral courage to face the subject under any circumstances," retorted the judge.

"Is that the question not in the air?" It was the professor of history who asked the question.

"It is in the air, but not yet on people's tongues," remarked the senator. "We require to breathe microbes before we feel their effects; the incubation always takes time," the senator said. "Now that this question has been brought frankly before us I am reminded that a good many people have lately been feeling Imperial without knowing just how to describe their feelings."

"Perhaps the time has come to diagnose the symptoms," put in the psychologist. "Is it, or is it not, a disease?"

"You touch a vital point," chimed in the judge.

"It would be impossible to over-rate its far-reaching
important. If it is a disease, everything depends on whether it is 'catching' or not.

The psychologist now spoke with much animation: 'We know that 'fashion' is nothing but the working of one imagination on the mind of another. One or two persons fix upon a certain fashion, then groups begin to imitate that is set before them, after which the public fall into line, and no one questions the utility or the futility of the fashion imposed.'

'That is true,' declared the senator; "if we are destined to have an emperor it is but a question of who be the first to suggest the imperial idea; but only a question of time. What is in the heart will one day be expressed by the hand." He suited the action to the word by lighting a fresh cigar.

Not long ago, the rector, "I heard a clergyman say that 80 per cent of his congregation were secretly ready for an empire." He gave a furtive glance at the company.

The rector despised democracy, not so much because he thought it all wrong, but because his secret inclinations opposed it. With him, as with the class he represents, democracy was not so much a thing to be feared as a thing to be shunned. As for Socialism, he would as soon think of learning Chinese as of reading up the philosophy and economic arguments of its leaders.

The rector stood for a large and powerful class that rules in the social circles of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. His class stand for the letter as opposed to the fancy, and insist on the subservience, manner opposed to method. In their eyes the Episcopal Church is a barrier against what they deem the common and the vulgar. In America it is the only symbol of royalty left after the Declaration of Independence. Deep down in the bosom of all good Episcopalians there remained, and there still remains, the secret sympathy with the old manners, the old beliefs, the old social habits and customs. Between the intellectual Unicorns of New England and the Episcopal Church, as represented in cities like Baltimore and Philadelphia, there is the difference of a whole world. With the American Episcopalians aristocracy has everything to do with class, very little to do with intellect.

"You mean to say," remarked the ex-ambassador, "they are weary of the present social conditions; tired of doubt and that chaotic equality which nothing seems to mollify, and that they would welcome any change that would close the breach of social aisles?"

"It would take a mighty big thunderstorm to do that. Our country is big," it was the general who spoke.

It would take a series of thunderstorms that would reach from New York to San Francisco and from Chicago to New Orleans," added the judge.

"It would all depend on the actual mood of the people," declared the senator, "or the mood of the class with the most power."

"And these would, of course, be influenced by the actual political and social conditions of the time. It is a complicated subject," saying which the judge leaned back in his easy chair, and with a grimace in which his mouth, nose, eyes, and eyebrows all played a part, he slowly puffed a long cloud of smoke towards the ceiling; and again he riveted the gaze of the whole company.

The ex-ambassador, becoming restless, asked of the senator, "What, in your opinion, is the cause of a people's mood?"

"A nation's moods are exactly like the moods of an individual," he replied, with a nonchalance in which a grave nervous energy was manifest from the deep sockets of his grey-blue eyes. "A nation has its whins, caprices, humours, like private persons. The statesman who ignores this simple fact is a man who has not mastered the art of governing."

"That is true," remarked the judge; "but all history
is full of examples of sudden changes of government, and the people at large have always acted pretty much the same. What can people do under stress of power? The old history repeats itself. There is a great outcry for a time. Then people settle down after getting weary of futile opposition."  The general, now fairly interested in the subject, remarked, "An American Empire would be impossible unless it included all North and South."

"And that," which caused the ex-Ambassador to ask: "How would these be conquered or induced to join the Imperial forces?"

"If we ever become an Empire," replied the General, "we shall be the strongest naval power in the world, with our navy, and our army, and we should represent in the two Americas what England accomplished in India. It seems wonderful when we think of it how it was done. Here in America the countries to be conquered are at war with each other, while England was put to enormous trouble and expense when at war with India."

"What makes present social conditions in America so interesting is the unprecedented complexity of the social, political, and religious elements. It is futile to go back to Rome and Rome for parallels. Never in history have the social elements been so mixed, so intrinsically mixed."  The Professor of History spoke these words with intense seriousness, and the Judge and the Senator, who were about to reply at the same moment, but the Senator rose to his feet and the company saw before them the dominant mind of the evening, tall, solemn, with a presence that some would describe as serenely satanic and others as severely Imperial, and as beamed above the sitters he seemed an enigmatic oracle of the present and a prophet of the immediate future.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am at one with the sentiment expressed by the supreme bard of the English-speaking races when he uttered those wonderful words: 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.'"

He paused here to give the company time to imbibe all they possibly could of that mystical and overwhelming truth. Then he continued, "By these words the poet included individuals, peoples, states, nations and empires. He meant them to apply as much to parties as to men, as much to politics as to eternal principles. Meditate on them, expressed by the supreme bard of the English-speaking races when he uttered those wonderful words: 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.'"

It would be difficult to depict the conflict of sentiments, hopes, fears, vague desires and slumbering ambitions evoked by the Senator's sentiments. We resemble Columbus and his crew just before they sighted the shores of the New World. The tide of empire is rising. Whither will it lead us? When it recedes will it carry us with it far beyond the islands of the Pacific? Will it sweep us on and on till it touches the shores of Eastern Asia?"

"Indeed I do. How often have I not told you that England is in a deplorable condition? The other evening when he uttered those wonderful words: 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.' The old history repeats itself. There is a great outcry for a time. Then people settle down after getting weary of futile opposition."  The general, now fairly inextricably mixed."

Several members of the company left the room, and the discussion on that subject was at an end, but not the thoughts and the impressions. More than one of the party would lie awake till late brooding over the importants of the future in America, in Europe, in Asia, in the whole world; for what were things coming to? (To be continued.)

The Philosophy of a Don.

X.—A Study in Opposites.

Nothing is better calculated to strengthen one's faith in one's own creed than the mutual contradictions of those who despise it. As the careful student of these pages no doubt remembers, my colleague Chesterham recently unburdened himself of certain opinions highly derogatory to the present age, and traced our alleged degeneracy to the prevalence of Scepticism. I was anxious to contest this, and to stimulate the Senator's sentiments on the same subject, and as the special Providence that favours the philosopher would have it, Shav himself has offered me the desired opportunity.

"Have you read the speech I made at St. James's Hall the other evening?" he asked when we met this afternoon.

"Of course I have," I replied, eagerly.

"What did you think of it? Brilliant, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it pleased almost as much as it depressed me."

"That's right. It was meant to depress you. It was meant to depress everybody. It is my mission in life to depress people and to make them uncomfortable."

"That's right. It was meant to depress you. It is a question of expediency. If the financial interests of the country are better served by Imperial power than by England or any of its possessions, I will go by the board sooner than become a nation of money slaves depending on Europe for supply and demand. It ain't a time for guess-work, it's a time for action. I have made what money I possess, but I want more. We all want more; we want to push the thing clear through from Australia to China and Japan and from there to the Pole. I don't care a hang who leads the people. President or Emperor won't make any difference."

"I reckon," said the judge, with a forced laugh, "it's a case of hanging our banners on the outer walls."

"For the cry is still they come," smiled the professor of history.

"And you can take my word for it," added the general, "we can afford to let 'em all come."

"We have been doing that for some time," remarked the rector.

"Assimilate Republicans and Democrats, Catholics and Protestants, trade and agriculture, East and West, with an army to match our navy, and we should repeat in the two Americas what England accomplished in India. It seems wonderful when we think of it how it was done. Here in America the countries to be conquered are at war with each other, while England was put to enormous trouble and expense when at war with India."

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I had time to check him he launched forth into one of those tempestuous and tedious monologues which my friend mistakes for conversation.

I listened patiently—what listening to Shav costs me Heaven and my conscience only know; the fluent have no conception of the sufferings of the inarticulate—waiting for the blessed lull of exhaustion. And when that came I hastened to make the most of it.

"It is so easy to talk like that, and so delightful when it is done well; but it is also so wasteful," I said.

"Ten words of reasoning are worth more than ten volumes of rhetoric. You have denounced the disease, and I have no doubt you have told the truth, as it appears to you. But you have discreetly withheld the diagnosis. Assuming that our plight is as deplorable as you depict it, why is it so deplorable? Is it because of our scepticism?"

"Just the opposite; it is because of our inordinate adherence to established creeds. We are asphyxiating in the all-pervading, all-corrupting miasma of orthodoxy. We suffer from a mortal repugnance to dissent. Conformity is the word of command—from the colour of your tie and the shape of your shoes, to literature, art, religion, or cookery—and singularity in any guise or form is anathematised. Everything that is uncommon is treated as heresy. It is heresy to wear your hair half-an-inch longer or shorter than your neighbour's. It is heresy to talk about the things you really care about. It is heresy to be honest after your own fashion.

"To be yourself is to be damned. In the circumstances what else can you expect but stagnation? We have grown so accustomed to accept, without criticism, the thought of other people that we have lost the capacity of thinking for ourselves. The English mind, like a muscle that has long been condemned to disuse, suffers from atrophy. That is my diagnosis of the disease."

I was almost sorry for Shav as I watched him stepping bilithecly and blindly into the pit I had prepared for his unhappy feet; but that did not, of course, prevent me from drawing him further into it.

"Your keen eye," I said, "has detected the evil with unerring precision. But still, you can scarcely deny that there is a compensating beauty in discipline and a security in conformity, such as independence and singularity can never bring."

"Nothing can compensate for the loss of freedom. Your best guide in life is your own nature. You can achieve neither nobility of character nor happiness by cultivating either according to rules of other men's making. If what you do is irksome, it is certain to be wrong. So says my Moral Adviser, and experience proves him to be right. Slaves have never done anything great, and we English became slaves the moment we ceased to be original."

"A levelling age, naturally, is not favourable to originality," I said. "Yet England remains one of the most original countries in the world. Don't the French pay an involuntary tribute to our superior originality when they call us eccentrics?"

"A pure legend, a myth, and a sarcasm! There is no eccentricity or originality of any sort left in England. English originality died on the day the evolution theory was born."

"At least you will admit that that theory was original?"

"I will admit nothing of the kind. The 'survival of the fittest,' when you think of it, resolves itself into something more than this: 'Those that survive are the fittest to survive'—a more fatuous piece of tautologial platitudinarianism was never palmed off on humanity as a scientific discovery. In the same way you might argue that none succeed but the best. I ask, 'Who are the best?' and you answer, 'Those who succeed.' This proposition is quite as true as the other and almost as innocent, and that does not make it any the less a platitude. No, my dear boy, we live in an age of the trite and the obvious. If you want to establish a reputation for originality nowadays, all you have to do is to believe in God or abstain from golf. That is how that ass Chesterham has managed to establish such a reputation in certain suburban circles."

"Well, at all events, you do not lament our loss of faith as he does," I said, with a laugh.

"Faith? But how do I do lament it? We have not enough courage to confess our infidelity. We are a nation of cowards, cretins, and self-dupes. Our clergy preach a sanctified mythology in which they themselves no longer believe, and our laity pretend to listen with reverence to doctrines they scorn to act upon. They both seem to fancy that there is some divine finality about their creed."

"It is the essence of all revealed religions to be final."

"Rubbish! There have been many revealed religions before Christianity. They have had their day and ceased to be. What right have we to assume that ours is an exception to the rule? You laugh at the polytheism of your ancestors. What guarantee have you that your monotheism will not be laughed at by your descendants? We libel the East by labelling everything that is torpid, rigid, and conservative Asiatique. Is there anything more Asiatic than our own popular mythology and metaphysics, and yet we shrink from the pretence that we have got a creed for all time? John Bull, poor, muddle-headed, beer-besotted soul, has not enough sense to reflect that time was when his catechism was unknown, and that, therefore, there must come a time when it will cease to be known. He has not yet discovered that birth implies death—that what has had a beginning must have an end—that life means ceaseless transformation."

"How can you expect him to reflect on these things? He has so many other matters to attend to—carif reforms and parliamentary squabbles at home, cordial understandings with France and cordial misunderstandings with Germany abroad, not to mention scores of other questions more substantial, if not more profitable, than your blasphemies."

"I don't expect John Bull to recognise the truth of my teaching by mere reflection or intuition. There are plenty of other stimulants besides. The Englishman is now quoting the Japanese. Well, let John Bull look at the way in which, having once grasped the Western principle of individuality, they have recast their own ethical code accordingly. I was reading only the other day a new school book in which the old Confucian creed is brought into harmony with the new beliefs. Why do we still cling to our own worn-out Confucianism and refuse to call a fable a fable?"

"Oh, well, the East has always been more thorough."

"You mean less hypocritical. For there is no denying that we are hypocrites. Christian altruism has been lying buried beneath the dust of nineteen centuries of mythology and metaphysics, and yet we shrink from recognising the fact and substituting some living creed for all time? John Bull look at the way in which, having once grasped the Western principle of individuality, they have recast their own ethical code accordingly. I was reading only the other day a new school book in which the old Confucian creed is brought into harmony with the new beliefs. Why do we still cling to our own worn-out Confucianism and refuse to call a fable a fable?"

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"Oh, well, the East has always been more thorough than the West.
"I should not mind that kind of confusion. What I do mind is the deadly stagnation of the present day. If you want further evidence of the senility which is the result of servility to established standards, look at the woeful dulness of modern life. Here are things of the past. We have lost the genius for sacerdotal foppery, in fussy ritualism, and in all those healthful Anglo-Saxon eccentricities one must go to the Flea Circus of the Trenchant Tongue—unless thus he is overwhelmed and regarded so a world that he thought of it? But what does it all amount to?

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The Spirit of the Hive.

By Walter Sickert.

We know that when a surgeon of genius is playing in his fateful theatre the miraculous part on which depend perhaps two lives, and their infinite consequences in the geometrical progression of illusion on illusion, nature is subject to, and to some extent dependent on, inspiration. But in these minutes of inspiration he can only attain one of the highest crests of the innumerable waves that rise from the level of the mass of water that constitutes the surface of past achievement. The highest crest is limited by the utmost salience possible from the universal level of the waters. The great surgeon's highest effort is strictly based on the level to which the surgical canons, known practically to every three years' student, have been lifted at the date of the operation.

What is true of one branch of human achievement, in the incessant war with the malice and inertia of nature, is true of all other branches. The draughtsman has not yet been found to formulate the canons of art; but they exist for all that, and from time to time one facet or the other has been comprehended and expressed in words. A jobbing painter has naturally not the time to study much of what has been written on his craft, and the impetus of the impressed writer, the -superficial and journalistic conclusions. The bulk of Ruskin's writing is not invalidated because of his attack on Whistler. A certain girlish petulance of style that distinguished Ruskin was not altogether a defect. It served to irritate and fix attention, where a more evenly judicial writer might have remained unread. The pretention of a great critic is not like the pretention of the ridiculous modern being called an expert. A great critic does not stand or fall by immunity from error. Ruskin, nourished on traditions totally opposed to those of his contemporaries, has come under less danger of perjury or supplanted. It must be remembered that he was a draughtsman in water colour, and that he constituted himself the prophet of a school of water-colour draughtsmen (scolding them for not keeping their saucers clean), and specially of the great English painter, whose painting sprang from his astoundingly fine draughtsmanship, and retained the characteristics of this original, and of this manner of analysis.

When I am writing on these subjects I believe my only claim to utility is that I know myself to be quite incapable, by want of training as a student and a writer, of being able to communicate to the public, and to them alone, the truths that are worth telling. Meanwhile, I would beg the superficial persons, to whom the Bible seems to me beyond praise and to rank with the finest drawings in the world for strange and exquisite fancy and ideal execution. But that is not what I was going to say. The useful thing to record is that a great draughtsman, the father of past achievement, I am, finds himself in entire agreement with the whole of Mr. Bell's book. I do not say with Mr. Bell's individual preferences among Burne-Jones's pictures, or with exact shades of praise or comparison to which he is impelled. But that is not important. What I mean is that I find myself in entire agreement with the entire thread of Mr. Bell's reasoning, and with the method of his defence. [I also except one paragraph in which I think he misunderstands and underrates what he calls Impressionism or Realism, or both—I forget].

I have dwelt at some length on this agreement, firstly, because it would be impossible to find a clearer or more typical example of common ground in what the critics have taught the public to call different 'camps,' and, secondly, that my readers may have it on record at first-hand.

I have lately been reading again some of Ruskin's writings. Here, again, I am certain that for twenty years or so a whole generation has been incomprehensible, and superficial and journalistic conclusions. The bulk of Ruskin's writing is not invalidated because of his attack on Whistler. A certain girlish petulance of style that distinguished Ruskin was not altogether a defect. It served to irritate and fix attention, where a more evenly judicial writer might have remained unread. The pretention of a great critic is not like the pretention of the ridiculous modern being called an expert. A great critic does not stand or fall by immunity from error. Ruskin, nourished on traditions totally opposed to those of his contemporaries, has come under less danger of perjury or supplanted. It must be remembered that he was a draughtsman in water colour, and that he constituted himself the prophet of a school of water-colour draughtsmen (scolding them for not keeping their saucers clean), and specially of the great English painter, whose painting sprang from his astoundingly fine draughtsmanship, and retained the characteristics of this original, and of this manner of analysis.

Space fails me to-day for an amplified criticism of Ruskin, which I must reserve for another time. Mean¬while, I would beg the superficial persons, to whom the art columns of the newspapers are generally entrusted, to revise their attitude as follows: "Let's see. Rags made of paper, or paper made of rags? Oh! rags made of paper, of course. So and this observer in England, at a given moment, reason thus: "Let's see! Whistler a charlatan! No! Wrong tip! The Master! What about Ruskin, then? Whistler v. Ruskin. Ruskin's the rotter, then. All right. Thanks." Ce n'est pas plus difficile, et impose de plus à l'ingéniosité a pupil of Corot, aided in England by Lucien Pissarro and by Gore (the latter a pupil of Steer). But that is not important. What I mean is that I find myself in entire agreement with the entire thread of Mr. Bell's reasoning, and with the method of his defence. I also except one paragraph in which I think he misunderstands and underrates what he calls Impressionism or Realism, or both—I forget.]
are to consider these beauties, these innovations, as enrichments, as variations, as additions to an existing family. How barbarous you would seem if you were unable to bestow your admiration and affection on a fascinating child in the nursery without at once finding yourselves compelled to rush downstairs and cut its mother's throat, and stile its grandmother! These ladies may still have their uses. You are much too officious and hasty.

William Langland
(1332—1400).
(Author of the "Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman."

By M. Gilbert.

"Who reads Cowley?" pertinently questioned Pope; and with even more emphasis may one not also ask "Who now reads Langland?"

Complete indeed, one imagines, will be the oblivion overtaking him, when already his own name is occasionally confounded with the name of the principal character of his great poem and reference is made to "Piers Plowman" as if to the author himself. The historian of mediaeval England, the student of Middle English literature know him, and knew him well, but with these exceptions he is indeed, if ever writer was, forgotten.

There are in the English literature of the fourteenth century two figures standing so high above their contemporaries as to be apart from them altogether, each in a sphere by himself; just as, later, in the seventeenth century, Shakespeare and Milton stand. They are the figures of Chaucer and Langland. Chaucer is not forgotten; nearly everyone has, at any rate, heard of him, and his works, in an unsuitable word, one thinks, when applied to Chaucer's poems, are still abundantly printed, published, presented to others, and (one is willing to believe) read. But with Langland the case is different. He is unknown. The people, whose cause he had so much at heart, and on whose side he ranged himself so boldly, have not even heard his name.

The reason that Langland meets with such neglect is not very hard to find. It is not, as has been somewhat incautiously asserted, because of the archaic language, he wrote in, for the percentage of Anglo-Saxon words, as Professor Marsh long ago discovered, is exactly the same in both Chaucer and Langland. But, partly, it is the form of verse that he chose, that has acted as a barrier to comprehension by modern minds, for Langland wrote in the alliterative measure of the old Anglo-Saxon poets, and he himself refers, half-apologetically it would seem, to "the rough web of his rudest lays"; and, partly, it is the gloom of the subject. For it is very true, as a recent writer has said, that—

The sad old earth
Must borrow its mirth
From the rough web
Of Hosts:

The voice sounds at times, as it were, the angered and anguished voice of a new Isaiah: "What mean ye that ye beat My people to pieces and grind the faces of the poor, saith the Lord God of Hosts!" or, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." For stern and gloomy prophet as Langland is, he has dim, hopeful glimpses of a better state of things, towards which the whole world travels, a goal that it may, nay, say rather, must, some day attain.

Nothing is really known of William Langland, save what he himself incidentally tells us in the three texts, the so-called A. B. and C. texts, of his great poem and in the slight sketch he left of himself. We know, for instance, that he was born in 1322, for in the B. text, the date of which is 1377, he declares his age to be forty-five. On internal evidence again he began the A. text, the first draft of the poem in 1352. Thus, we know that the poet, like Dante, was "in the midway of this our mortal life" when he entered upon what was to prove his life-labour—the task to which he devoted himself with an all-absorbing and passionate zeal.

He was a West-countryman; the dialect form shows that, even if we had not several references to the Malvern Hills; but the greater part of his life was lived in London, in Cornhill. Before his death, however, he appears, like another and greater poet, to have returned to the West again, for in another poem of his, the only other poem he wrote, "Richard the Redless" (i.e., Richard II.), he describes himself as being in Bristol in the year 1399. From the fact that this poem, of which only one MS. is known to exist (of "Piers the Plowman" there are fewer than twenty-three MSS.), comes to an abrupt conclusion in the middle of a page, it has been assumed that Langland never finished it, and that the date of Chaucer's death, 1400, was the year in which he also died.

With regard to Langland's schooling, he tells us that it was received through the kindness of friends. We know that he entered the Church, probably taking Minor Orders, and that he wore the clerical tonsure, but his marriage (he speaks of "my wife, Kitte," and "my daughter, Calote"), stood in the way of his advancement, and he seems always to have been poor, earning his scanty livelihood by singing "placebo," "dirige," and "seven psalms" for the good of men's souls.

In appearance he was tall, so tall that he was nick-named "Long Will."

"I have lyved in Londe" (i.e., London), "quod i, my name is Longe Wille," occurs in one place, and elsewhere he observes that he is too long to stoop low, and so cannot "loute faire" to sergeants and others, "persones in pellure" (i.e., "fur"), "with pendauntes of sylvor."

Certainly he seems to have been, from the little touches scattered throughout the poem, without the words of which Chaucer would have called "a ful solempne man." One cannot help thinking, for instance, that the slight sketch of the allegorical figure "Wit," in Passus VII., might stand as an apt description of himself.

He was long and lene, liche (i.e., learned) to none other—Was no pryde in his apparille, no poverte noughter.

Sedile of his semblant and of softe chiere.

(i.e., Sad in his aspect, his face was kind).

But, if there was no pride in his apparel, one feels that there was plenty of it in his heart, and a sound abundance of very haughty, although mute, disdain, for those who sat in high places and made themselves rich by oppression and injustice.

Langland's poem is one long protest against the existing conditions of society. "The time is out of joint." One might sum the book up in this one sentence—and his heart is broken that he cannot set it right: Langland knew, if ever man knew,

That worst woe that baffled souls endure
To see the evil that they cannot cure!

The cruelty and extravagance of the rich, the sufferings and the ignominious subjection of the poor to vice, laziness, and most extortionate greed of the priestly orders; it is the thought of these things that fills his mind, and bids him speak out and spare not. Chaucer, he, too, was abundantly conscious of the manifold iniquities of those who sat in high, and, above all, in holy places. He pictures them as boldly, very whit, as Langland, and with a shining brilliancy new to English verse, and never found in Langland's writings; but the spirit that underlies the expression of this consciousness is that of acceptance, whereas in
Langland it is that of fierce protest. For Chaucer represents the "impulse that enjoys," as surely as Langland stands for the "impulse that aspires." And the aspiration of Langland were briefly this: Civil and religious liberty for the people.

Even in Langland's day there were not wanting, for the seeing eye, signs that the old order was changing, and that a new performance, in process of time, yild places to the new, and that "the first-rate possible language rises to the height of prophecy and foretells the reformation of the Church at the hands of an energetic king: "Ac (i.e., but) there shall come a kyng and confesse, and rede, and blisse, and bete you as the bible tellethe for brekynge of yowre reule. . . . Thanne shalle the abbot of Abyndont and alle his issu for evere Have a knokke of a kyngge and incurable the wounde." And thus we see the ultimate overthow of either the monarchical or the ecclesiastical power that Langland wished or worked for, but rather a simplification of religious forms, and especially a purification of the lives of the exponents of religion. In the Founder of the Christian idea he had the strongest belief, and for His "soldier-saints," to use Browning's apt phrase, he had the profoundest reverence. It is against the Pope and the degenerate successors of the earlier monks that his allegory is directed, and his denunciation passionate, ardent longing for an ideal Pope, "a general pacificator," as Dean Milman's words, reconciling the Sovereigns of the world to universal amity. It is the actual Pope, the Pope of Rome, or of Avignon, levying the wealth of the world to slay mankind, who is the subject of his bitter invective. For Langland dreams of a day when

Battles shall non be, ne man bere wepe,

and weaves fancies of the time when even the legal profession shall cease to exist:

And a lawe shal sle, shal aris,

and such a lawe shal arise,

and suche a mesame the peple and a perfitt trewe.

And just as he longed for an ideal Pope, so did he desire the advent of an ideal King. The vigorous rebuke administered to Richard II. (in the Prologue to Richard the Redless) opens with words of gentle, almost pathetic, remonstrance, as if he were maimed thus to be forced to reprove his Sovereign, "whose subject he ought to be." Nor where does Langland seem firmer in his belief, appearing more or less that rulers and "religiose" would spontaneously amend the error of their ways, and that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England. Langland's "Prowoman" ploughed up the land in which Wycliffe sowed. In the remarkable passage that Heaven would one day suddenly take from them all malice and hardness of heart. But his outspoken words, his bold utterances, were not likely read, and the message contained in them was transmitted from mind to mind among the people of England.

MESSRS. METHUEN have taken over the publication of all the books of Mr. F. W. Bain. To the vast majority of the public, the name of F. W. Bain means simply nothing at all. But to those who have read "An Occasional Causerie," a study of "De Profundis," reprinted from the now extinct L'Ermitage, and a translation of two passages of "De Profundis," which, after all, we do not include in the original English edition, but which were included in the German edition. It would be very courteous of the Messrs. Real Book, who has the esteem of men of letters, to explain why these passages were omitted.

More interesting information has accrued to me concerning literary censorship in the provinces. Glasgow has about a dozen lending libraries, chiefly, I believe, of the Carnegie species. In the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett allowed a place. Further, "Aanna Kreninna," "Resurrection," "Tess," "Jude the Obscure," and "Tono Bungay" are banned. Further, and still more droll, in the works of a correspondent who has been good enough to send me all sorts of particulars: "A few days ago I applied at the Mitchell Library (a reference library in the centre of the town) for Whitman's poems. The attendant procured the volume, but, before handing it over, consulted one of the senior librarians. This official scrutinized me from a distance of about eight yards and finally nodded his head in acquiescence. The book was then given to me. On the back of it a little red label was affixed. I made inquiry and discovered that books with these labels are only given out to persons of (what shall I say?) good moral appearance."

Nevertheless, we ought to be thankful that we live in Britain. The case of the United States is in some respects far worse than our own. The famous Sir Robert Anderson has just explained in "Blackwood" how he established a sort of unofficial censorship of morals at the English Post Office. In the United States an official censorship of morals in the provinces. Glasgow has about a dozen lending libraries, chiefly, I believe, of the Carnegie species. In the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett allowed a place. Further, "Aanna Kreninna," "Resurrection," "Tess," "Jude the Obscure," and "Tono Bungay" are banned. Further, and still more droll, in the works of a correspondent who has been good enough to send me all sorts of particulars: "A few days ago I applied at the Mitchell Library (a reference library in the centre of the town) for Whitman's poems. The attendant procured the volume, but, before handing it over, consulted one of the senior librarians. This official scrutinized me from a distance of about eight yards and finally nodded his head in acquiescence. The book was then given to me. On the back of it a little red label was affixed. I made inquiry and discovered that books with these labels are only given out to persons of (what shall I say?) good moral appearance."

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An extract from an article in the "Fortnightly Review." An extract from "Man and Superman." An article in favour of freedom of the Press reprinted from the Boston's "Woman's Journal." An article by Lady Florence Dixie reprinted from a Scottish county paper.

On one occasion the editor of "Lucifer" had occasion to mention that adultery and fornication had not been criminal offences in England since 1660. The authorities were so aghast at the idea of this information being allowed to creep out that they insisted on the passage being deleted. It was.

Further. The Editor of an American paper, on it being suggested to him that he should reprint portions of a criticism of "Measure for Measure," by Mr. A. B.
Walkley in the "Times," refused to do so for fear of prosecution. Perhaps the most truly American instance of all is the misfortune that befell the Reverend Mabel McCoy Irwin. The excellent lady began to publish a paper advocating strict chastity for both sexes. It was excluded from the mails on the ground that no allusion to sex could be tolerated. I reckon this anecdote to be the most exquisitely perfect of all anecdotes that I have ever come across in the diverting history of moral censorships. There is a subtle flavour about that name, Mabel McCoy Irwin, which is indescribably apposite. . . . McCoy. It is a wonderful world! I am much indebted to an American correspondent for these American delights.

My attention has been directed to yet another remarkable phenomenon in that really curious city, Manchester, where they have more and better classical concerts than in London; where Shakespeare is played in Chester, where they have more and better classical drama; and where Ibsen is played to two houses a night in Vienna. It was time that the old country should be correspondent for these American delights.

Deh-Yan, the Master Girl, belonged to the tribe of brave women. She was out in charge of a troop of children berry-gathering in the neighbourhood and in times in which she really feared a wolf in open country, a bear or lion in any country, and a wife-hunter from beyond her feet had sounded a faint little wailing. . . . But there was one which he had not given a thought to—the ardent strength of a woman's first passion. "Man, I am come." His dim eyes opened very slowly. It was no dream; she was there, dark, bronze-red with exertion and exultant warmth. She was burdened, too. A bison robe was drawn under him, another laid over him. . . .

What will the Little Moons say to this? "I asked, his brown cheek bulging with food. The girl frowned, and turned at the hair of her kilt. 'I am dead,' she answered. 'A bear got me at our first camp.'"

A promising person! The rest of the idyllic story of this "house-keeping" in a cave we shall have to learn to our readers. . . .

THRASHED.

Memories of Sixty Years. By Oscar Browning, M.A. (Lane, 13s. net.)

Before us is a portrait group labelled to Yah Stiftungsfest der Sud Laryngocelen. It consists of rows and rows and rows of scientific "personalities" and rows and rows of their wives, daughters, sisters and other female supporters. To the left is a "prominent" personality who appears to be introducing the other prominent "personalities," and the very realistic scenery which forms the background to the patient camera. This is one picture called forth by Mr. Browning's book. Another is that of Mr. Oscar Browning and his circle of many of the most distinguished men of his age enjoying an evening—a very long and entertaining one, be it said—of reminiscences at Mr. Oscar Browning's private residence. Mr. Browning leads off with some early memories. "On 17th January, 1879, the day of my birth, there was one of the blackest fogs ever known in London." We are a little curious to know what brought the fog down, but are not told. Then he introduces us to a nurse to lift the fog again. When three years old, he tells us, he asked the nurse as to "What is Heaven?" The nurse replied, "Where God is." He then asked, "Who is God?" But no answer was forthcoming. This clear doubt as to the existence of the divinity is followed a year later by a sudden and clear comprehension of the doctrine of the relativity of sensation, leading to the conclusion that the child-mind is anything but a blank. In deed," he maintains, I often doubt whether there is any essential growth, or even change, in human faculty from the cradle to the grave. Does not the growth lie in the power of communicating with others, not in the faculty itself? Having launched this generalisation, based on his own youthful precocity, for psychologists and educationists to browse upon,
Mr. Browning introduces a chatty quarter of an hour taken up with the discussion of his early experiences at Eton and Cambridge. Thereupon we are told something of his first acquaintance with classics, mathematics, and theology, "which, as a matter of history," and the Cambridge bill of fare, in which the doings of the College beer play a great part. And we are told innumerable good things of dons and undergraduates and other things great and small, in passing to and fro from Eton to Cambridge. So Mr. Browning's sum of experience gathers, linked by good and amusing stories of schoolmastering, world-wide travel in quest of knowledge, and the Cambridge bill of fare, in which undergraduates and others—the great body of notable men he encountered in his passing to and fro from Eton to Cambridge. And we are told innumerable good things of dons and undergraduates and other things great and small.

It is not quite clear why Mr. Williams sought to exploit a character of this kind, unless it be in the interest of a number of sensation-mongers whose depraved ears will be tickled by the recital of his love-affairs with women and wars. When he was not making love, fresh conquests and little girls and princesses, he was making war in Italy. His love affairs were as numerous and as picturesque as those of the notorious Casanova. All this and more Lesure brought out in his portrait of Richelieu. Mr. Williams, however, does not altogether satisfy with this portrait, and has written his book in order to revise it at many points. But, strangely enough, he accepts Lesure's rather naive explanation of the secret of the extraordinary attraction which the duke had for women. He places it to design rather than to accident, and absurdly tries to reduce it to principles of conduct when it was really contained in a magnetic quality that defies analysis. Richelieu was endowed with that rare fascination which Chateaubriand and many other men have possessed, and which few women can withstand. He was built to win women, and if we wish to know the reason, we must seek it in the psychology of sex, not in the mental dulness of the place, or trying to catch those suggested in Mr. de Selincourt's lyrical passages. If Mr. Markino had not referred to the "rheumatism" he might have thought he was trying to make a record of the mental dulness of the place, or trying to catch in the spirit of Mr. de Selincourt's, which is inclined to dulness. The text is written partly in the history, and partly in the philosophical mood. It reveals that Oxford has gathered its great and glorious heritage from the past, and that the source of its present com- punction and conscience is in its relation to the life and needs of its time, and in this way to utilise its great heritage. In spite of its occasional attempts to bring itself up to date Oxford is still a Renaissance type of University, with renaissance colleges, renaissance halls, renaissance education and type of thought. The best part of the book is the brief chapter on historical formation, which reveals the names of those early scholars who made Oxford, and the long, everlasting, and manifold service to throw a clear light on a grossly sensual and grossly sensational period of French history.

In fairness to the author it must be said, however, that the book is not entirely taken up with Richelieu's dealings with women. It has a great deal to say about him as Marshal, a position he doubtless owed to his friendship with Voltaire, who was another promoter of his career, and who helped him up and helped to establish his reputation, and this in more ways than one. In spite of his debauched life he managed to live to the respectable age of ninety-five, and in the course of his career he encountered princes and poets prime ministers and pedagogues. The one fault we have to find with the author is that he relates his experiences too much like a don, and for this reason we believe that another book of the kind would be too much. The present volume is very handsomely turned out, and too much like a don, and for this reason we believe that another book of the kind would be too much. The fascinat
Miss Elizabeth Baker’s “Chains” is certainly an exceptional play. By its very simplicity and quaintness it almost startled the critics out of criticism when it was performed by the Play Actors a year ago, and again upon its revival by the Repertory Theatre last week. I have never seen the English stage which seemed to realise so completely the conception of the “room with one wall taken out,” through which one could follow the course of events. This impression of reality depends upon minute observation and a remarkable power of recording impressions sympathetically—aided, of course, by the restrained acting and finished production which we have learned to expect from the repertory management. So far, so good. “Chains” is so trumped up piece of theatricality. It is faithfully observed, well written, and convincingly played. It is perfect of its kind, and the only question which one could follow the course of events. This impression of reality depends upon minute observation and succeeds. Its success raises the whole measure of perfection after which it strives. One can grant to the establishment going by taking in a lodger. Charlie Wilson, a clerk in the City during the hours of the day appointed by God for work in an office, and resided between 7 p.m. and 8 a.m. at 55, Acacia Road, Ham- mersmith. (I am not sure that Miss Elizabeth Baker suggested that he should do this, but perhaps she did, and his view of life has even more than the common limitations. The pitiful anecdote. This brings me to my real criticism of the play, which amounts to criticism of the realistic method in general. Take this theme as it has been outlined—the desire for freedom, the revolt against business or domestic slavery. There are two ways of treating it. The first is to choose a group of ordinary, everyday people—the man and the woman in the street—and to portray them exactly as they really are. That is Miss Baker’s method in “Chains.” But Charlie Wilson will always fail when the emergency comes. Forces will be too strong for him. He will be broken like a butterfly on a wheel, just as William Falder was broken in Mr. Galsworthy’s “Justice.” His revolt becomes a fiasco. It is well that he should be dissatisfied, but dissatisfaction is only the Purgatory of the rebel. It is well that he should shout defiance at the City and try his luck. Morton Leslie, the safe, middle-aged man of life in England, life in Acacia Road, that must be changed, the machine that must be smashed, the rat-trap of offices and business, a ruthless machine. It would certainly never occur to him to destroy the conditions that have made such plays possible. But this effect depends simply upon seeing, intensified by the art of the theatre, ugghly happenings that can be seen in the newspapers, in every paper and every class. Is there any one of us who could not tell just such a tale of failures seen—of broken lives, of shipwrecked virgins, unwanted, drifting from house to house; of youth given for age, courage for convention, romance for comfort, freedom for security? No matter how skilful in workmanship or how human in sympathy, their mere recital will be of little use. Anger and pity pass more swiftly than inspiration. And inspiration cannot fail to free an idle bourgeois if in our eagerness to pass from the old order to the new we are content only to exchange false convention for glaring fact, the vacantly unreal for the merely real, the form of the penny novelette for that of the pitiful anecdote.

The second method (infinitely the more difficult) has already been implied by contrast. It is to create exceptional figures: the men and women who will not fail, who, as Queenslanders, will not be overwhelmed by the forces they defy. Their very defeat inspires us with the sense of tragedy and their power remains unbroken; to create these figures, even if they do not exist, or are found so rarely that few of the audience have met with them, is to create these two ways the choice lies. The first is the way of “Chains,” but the second the way of deliverance.
ART.

By Hunly Carter.

Our joys of that abominable structure, the Albert and Victoria Galleries, are eclipsed in face of the new Albert Palace. Sir Hubert von Herkomer has dreamed a dream of marble halls covering acres and acres and acres of the sacred precincts of Hyde Park. The aims of his Art Palace are many and vast. If all the museums included in the Albert and Victoria Galleries are a secure temple for the R.A., it will provide a banqueting hall for the mob. Herein, prince, prelate, peer, and pauper may hobnob and feel at home. Watching over by the crowds that may browse contented in imagination upon the manifold blessings within the Arcadian and of the hermitage without it.

It seems, then, that one pitiable, disastrous, and discouraging failure in the matter of Art palaces is not sufficient. We are threatened by a repetition of an institution which has served no purpose other than conclusively to demonstrate that we are incapable of understanding or appreciating either the spirit or form or arrangement of a possible Art Palace. We have been given, and have thrown away, one of the finest opportunities of erecting and organising not one Art Palace, but a whole group of palaces that would have made the name of the nation really great and rarely large. Magnificent groups of buildings, erected haphazard, each building within that group complete in itself, yet each related to the other and to the whole, might have sprung into existence. These groups would have centred about an institute forming an index or key to the entire series. In this way Kensington might have been made the centre for the development of each and every subject from anatomy to zoology, historically speaking. So might have been developed a scientifically speaking. So might have been developed a comprehensively speaking. So might have been developed a systematic collection of detail, its massiveness would have been unfurled. Here a new development of the museum and picture gallery system might have arisen. Instead of this organised unity we have chaos. Large and costly buildings are erected haphazard, having no relation to each other. There is that Great Palace, but a whole group of palaces that would have been made the centre for the development of each and every department. Bloomsbury with its bookworms, Piccadilly, the pessimist’s hell, Harley Street with its healers, Kensington with its rich and smart, Chelsea with its rowdies and every subject from anatomy to zoology, alpha-betically speaking. So might have been developed a comprehensive yet minute systematisation of detail, would have been unfurled. Here a new development of the museum and picture gallery system might have arisen. Instead of this organised unity we have chaos. Large and costly buildings are erected haphazard, having no relation to each other. There is that Great Eastern in masonry, the Imperial Institute. Near by is the Natural History Museum, with its better ordered contents. Hard by is the new Art Museum, having nothing in common with either. The Albert and Victoria Museum, built at the cost of some millions, and raised to the peerage by the ha’penny press, stands as an eloquent testimony to our ability to do the wrong thing by design. Regarded from every standpoint it is bad. Architecturally it is bad. Its massive central block is ugly and separated from the wobbling wings. Its sugar-caster domed pavilions are an eyesore. Its finicking details and its childish statuary like a fairy tale stuffed in pigeon-holes, are an abomination. Here was an opportunity to unite architecture and sculpture. The sculpture might have been made an integral part of the structure. The whole might have been made a magnificent monument of masonry. As it is, the building is worthy of Balham. It ought to be rechristened Bedlam Secundus, seeing that it is devoid of all reason. And Kensington, which attended the opening, and indulged in it, was not the worse.

With regard to its costly contents, this institution is like other museums. It is just a replica on a vast scale of the confused accumulation of architectural and decorative detail, mere storage for the accumulation of architectural and decorative detail, mere storage for the accumulation of architectural and decorative detail. We are threatened by a repetition of an institution which has served no purpose other than conclusively to demonstrate that we are incapable of understanding or appreciating either the spirit or form or arrangement of a possible Art Palace. We have been given, and have thrown away, one of the finest opportunities of erecting and organising not one Art Palace, but a whole group of palaces that would have made the name of the nation really great and rarely large. Magnificent groups of buildings, erected haphazard, each building within that group complete in itself, yet each related to the other and to the whole, might have sprung into existence. 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May 20, 1910

THE NEW AGE

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ny palette to enjoy the quality of the pigment. I look up an old bit of canvas that has got age and dirt enough to give the Sargent artist as a master in that is a master indeed. The strong men of to-day are striving to get nearer and nearer to life. In the novel, in the play it is so, but in my palette to enjoy the quality of the pigment. I look up any 'The strong men lie in his drawing, for many can draw as well. It is not exponent of Life, and a master in that is a master indeed. Startle even him himself. It does not lie in knowledge of tonal appearances as an unbalanced critic, destructive without justifying at all which I have written. Mr. Carter promised me satisfaction, but not his blood The former was to be his defence of his proposition "art exists in new forms alone." With regard to his "blood with our face, though unpublished, has been freely recorded in the press; but you can hardly talk to any man who knows Mr. Shaw personally without hearing of private unrecorded "backings" of one sort or another. To accuse of men of failure to give struggling genius a leg-up is really stupidity so grotesque as to be almost funny. I have no fear in pointing this out is lest there may be a new wild rush to Mr. Shaw's door.

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In his attitude towards the National Gallery Mr. Carter appeared as an unbalanced critic, destructive without justifying at all which I have written. Mr. Carter promised me satisfaction, but not his blood. The former was to be his defence of his proposition "art exists in new forms alone." With regard to his "blood with our face, though unpublished, has been freely recorded in the press; but you can hardly talk to any man who knows Mr. Shaw personally without hearing of private unrecorded "backings" of one sort or another. To accuse of men of failure to give struggling genius a leg-up is really stupidity so grotesque as to be almost funny. I have no fear in pointing this out is lest there may be a new wild rush to Mr. Shaw's door.

JOHN STUART MILL AND CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Thirty-five years ago a religious journal, the "Church Times," wrote of John Stuart Mill as follows:—"His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel and a most dangerous person." The same was the secret, I suppose, his "notebook" as well. "I have a perfect right to despise Please, Mr. Sickert, give us the secret, and we cannot afford to lose Mr. Carter from the art columns of THE NEW AGE.

W. H. WATSON.

THE ENDEAVOUR OF GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Why has Mr. Randall marred an otherwise excellent article by his ungracious, unjust and totally unnecessary sneer at Mr. Shaw? What public man has done more in the way of prompt recognition of unappreciated genius than G. B. S.? To take only four recent instances, Samuel Butler is taking his proper place to-day chiefly through Bernard Shaw's "backing." A. L. Coburn's photographic genius was brought to public notice largely through Bernard Shaw, the poet's genius of W. H. Davies was made known almost entirely by Bernard Shaw (Mr. Randall surely has not already forgotten Davies' "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" with which he had some trouble). That your Lordship's forthcoming English edition of the plays of Sherwood and Mr. Shaw's forthcoming preface of pages. These are all public instances, familiar even to me. But he is the only man who is not "sick of me" and that; we cannot afford to lose Mr. Carter from the art columns of THE NEW AGE.

W. H. WATSON.

A BABU ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your extracts of Babu English from "Memories of an A.D.C." remind me of the following letter addressed by a Babu to a friend of mine. It has never, I think, been printed before.

"Your honour's servant is a poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on season for staffs of life. Therefore he prays that you will favour upon him, and take him into your saintly service that he may have some permanent labour to work, and by his honest work and honest to his family. Wherefore he falls on his family's bended knees and desires of this merciful consideration to a damned miserable life, like your honour's servant, which are living in a hell' by the explanation that the workers in any of these industries, or in the frozen meat trade, is "shocking." It is not true that the condition of the workers in any of these industries, or in the frozen meat trade, is "shocking." The general misrepresentation of the working class as far as its objective was concerned. Its declaration was not decided upon with a view to improve conditions of labour.
as "Stanhope of Chester" appears to imagine, but as a sign of protest against the alleged excesses of the police in dealing with the labour disturbances of May 1 of that year. The reference to the "white slave trade" seems to me to be irrelevant to the subject under discussion. Surely "Stanhope of Chester" does not go so far as to lay the existence of this infamous traffic to the door of the rich classes of South America? That this is injurious to all, for, according to the Chinese official who drew my attention to the matter when I visited Pekin a few years ago, the people might be willing to suppress all socialist papers, but it is not reasonable to suppose that a traffic in human beings is not permitted to their people about.

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the House of Lords, having completely recovered from its nervous breakdown, will doubtless take the fullest advantage. So long as the throne remains broad based upon the people's will (and democracy has declared itself with remarkable coherence on this point during the past few days) so long is the integrity of the hereditary principle assured. Let Socialists face the facts and act accordingly.

E. L. Lindfield

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your notes of last week were refreshing. At last we have the difficulty before us. Socialism proper, as you point out, has no sympathy with class rule of any kind—it is at war with an exclusive Labour rule as to an exclusive class rule by the Labor classes. It is useless for practical purposes to say that that is not real Socialism. It is true, but it doesn't remove the difficulty. And the difficulty is this:

Socialism may be likened to a fire—a fire which, properly understood and intelligently directed, will purge the world of malodour which, handled ignorantly and without appreciation of its dangerous possibilities will spread unchecked, devouring in its course the good with the evil—just as the noble with the ignoble. Thus the last state would be worse than the first.

To speak practically—suppose that in years to come a Socialistic party returns to power: will those votes most part will have returned it? Is it not at any rate probable that they will be the votes of the Labour classes? And if so, will not their representatives in the main reflect their position of power? In the present condition of things it is improbable that they will then be Socialists. So long as the term tends to be inflammatory, and whose present support of Labour is achieved by the so-called "anti-Socialist" arguments, such as are by their inhuman employers. The intelligent among them appreciate the fact well enough, and the others, if they don't, are by constant repetition they may even come to feel the need.

Let me hasten to say that I acquit THE NEW AGE of short-sightedness in this direction, but I am sure that in most Socialist writings or speeches too much stress is laid on the advantages which will accrue to the working classes. I do not believe the working classes are not to be considered—they should be considered more than any class because they are at present the worst treated, but it is unnecessary to drumming into them that they are by their inhuman employers. The intelligent among them appreciate the fact well enough, and the others, if they don't, are by constant repetition they may even come to feel the need.

And again, the avowed Socialists on foreign affairs—Indian affairs, for instance. They seem to me to totally lacking in appreciation of the difficulties of a position. It is one thing to call attention to an evil, and another to fasten the responsibility in an offensive manner on to persons whose hands are very much tied. The hope of Socialism lies in its appeal to the brain and the heart—its danger in its appeal to the passions. When you call a man a blackguard you appeal neither to his brain nor his heart; but you do appeal to his passions when you tell him that he is being treated in a blackguardly manner by someone else. It is well to be outspoken, but it is unnecessary to be offensive, for outspokenness is not the same as the moral-mentor about the average Socialist.

I believe the difficulty has become one of nomenclature. So long as "Socialism" is confined to all absolutely personal names, it will continue to have to the upper and middle classes the ugly sound that it has at present. Most people are large enough to consider matters which are a matter of their friends and acquaintances. Often, if one reasons with them, they will say, "Yes, that's all right, but that isn't Socialism. It's simply an idea of your own." And that ends it.

While Socialist and Labour wants are recruits from the educated, professional, and business classes.

Do you suppose that such persons attach any serious importance to the ordinary anti-Socialist arguments, such as that Socialism would discourage genius and encourage idleness? Not a bit of it. They use the arguments for lack of a better, and by constant repetition they may even come to believe them, but their real hostility to the movement is due to the fear that it will end in the domination of Labour.

Is it possible, then, that those Socialists whose attitude is not inflammatory has declared itself with remarkable coherence on this point during the past few days) so long is the integrity of the hereditary principle assured. Let Socialists face the facts and act accordingly.

W. E. J. Lindfield

CHRISTIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your Foreign writer says: "There seems no reason why, because a few ignorant fanatics in Great Britain foolishly subscribe thousands of pounds of pound sterling in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to "propaganda abroad, a bunch of similar fanatics at the other end of the world should be employed in vilifying a system of religious philosophy which was known for several centuries before Christianity was heard of."

That, I am afraid, is sheer nonsense. Let me give you two brief reasons why I think so. (1) Turn to the annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and you will find among the subscribers to the General Fund the names of officers in the army and navy, judges of the King's Bench, merchants of the City, and laymen of all sorts and conditions. Your writer calls these gentlemen "ignorant fanatics." (2) Those who resist the methods of Christian missions know that missionaries do not vilify the faith of the people among whom they work; they are distrusted by the truth latent in that faith, and show how it is confused in the minds of the people. The fact that the religious philosophy of the Chinese was known for several centuries before Christianity was heard of is irrelevant. Christianity is a divine religion, whereas such persons should form a group (under a different or a modified name) which would reject the narrow Labour par-tisan as rigidly as the Capitalist.

The New Age should prove a good nucleus.

J. R. W. Tanner

HEINE AND "THE NEW AGE."
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Is not your position somewhat similar to that of Heine when he wrote: "It is true that my party do not regard me as one of the cleverest; but I am an earnest man. I know that right well, though I pretend not to observe it. But my heart bleeds within me, and when I am alone, tears flow for how ill-used I am by my fellow-countrymen. I am a true proletarian, as one of themselves, and often laugh at me in their sleeves. Stone is heaved at me, and still I stand firm. I know right well that my position is a false one, that all I do is folly to the wise and a torment to the fools. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying: 'Stone is heaved, and sand is a burden: but the wrath of a fool is heavier than all true enough. But I have unfortunately contracted this unlucky passion for Reason. . . . This secret of my unfortunate love gives you, Madame, some insight into my folly."

And may I add this from the same author on the German Revolution: "German philosophy is a serious affair which concerns all mankind, and our remote descend-ants will alone be able to judge whether we are to praise or blame for having first worked out our philosophy, and after that our revolution. It seems to me that such a methodical race as ours must begin with the Reformation, then busy ourselves with philosophy, and finally, after finishing with it, pass on to politics."

Thoughts go before the deed as lightning precedes thunder. German thunder is indeed German, and not in a hurry, loud it comes rolling slowly onward; but come it will, and when ye hear it crash as naught ever crashed before in the history of the world, then know that der deutsche Donner, our German thunder, has at last hit the mark. At that sound the eagles will fall dead from on high, the lions in remotest deserts in Africa will draw in their tails and creep into their royal caves. There will be played in Germany the beautiful with the ugly—the noble with the ignoble. Whatever the more intelligent Socialists may say as to the real aims and ideals of Socialism, there can be no doubt that the movement has become closely associated with class rule, i.e., rule by the Labor classes. It is useless for practical purposes to say that that is not real Socialism. It is true, but it doesn't remove the difficulty. And the difficulty is this:

Socialism may be likened to a fire—a fire which, properly understood and intelligently directed, will purge the world of malodour which, handled ignorantly and without appreciation of its dangerous possibilities will spread unchecked, devouring in its course the good with the evil—just as the noble with the ignoble. Thus the last state would be worse than the first.

As on the benches of an amphitheatre, the idle will group round Germany to behold the great battle-play."

E. H. Dunkley

UNIVERSITIES AND THE WORKING CLASSES.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

There is, as readers of THE NEW AGE will recall, a conflict of some standing on the above subject between the...
so-called "Workers' Educational Association" and the finer and clearer headed members of the Labour and Socialists' parties. The broad difference is that, while the latter stick out for the Trade Union Congress programme of "free secular education from the primary school to the university under full proper control," the W. E. A. are, to say the least, not averse to the opportunity of the Labour movement, to sacrifice the secular and democratic parts of the demand, and to concur in some scheme whereby a number of working men will be admitted, under present conditions, to the benighted influence of the older universities without popular control.

The W. E. A. are now putting forth a demand for a "Royal Commission on University Education." It will be remembered that not long ago a deputation of Trade Unionists asked Mr. Runciman for a Royal Commission on University Endowments and that he flatly refused it. The difference between a "Commission on University Education" (which may signify everything or nothing) and one on University Endowments—those endowments which were originally meant for the poorer classes of the nation and which the governing classes have stolen, as they have stolen everything else worth taking from the people—is quite obvious. But the W. E. A. are now going, it seems, to represent their demand for a "Commission on University Education" as the demand of the working-class. Rumour tells me that a document was lately circulated among Trade Union Congress officials which, *inter alia*, represented this W. E. A. demand for a Commission on University Education as made by the working-class. As this document was in the form of a memorandum destined to be forwarded to the Government, this representation is serious. The document was, I believe, marked "Private and Confidential." May I, as an outsider, ask who it is who thus circulates such a document purporting to relate to the demands of the rank and file, and yet issued in this hole-and-corner way to a few leaders, and whether this is the usual way Trade Union affairs are allowed to be treated?

**Oxford Graduate.**

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**THE FLORENTINES.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Francis Grierson has lately been most interesting and suggestive, yet no less tantalising in his allusions and inducements, promises and hints of a new school of Italian thought, centring at Florence. Now, like many of our compatriots, I have been in Florence once and again, indeed this very Easter but without any inkling that in that great and beautiful city there are any minds and voices not more or less completely in the service of the past, in any way adequately free in the present from these charmed bonds, still less looking to the future, least of all interpreting it, preparing it. Everybody in Florence, in short, seems to us ordinary visitors to be directly or indirectly more or less of a museum curator. Let Mr. Grierson, then, who knows better, tell us more clearly what to look for, and where? Even at Vencesius's lending library, the{louvre,} the Louvre for foreigners in Florence, correspondents to whom I have sent these articles get little or no help; still less does anyone I can ask in this country, on a word, then, will Mr. Grierson define his reference to the "Florentines" generally, and expound their teaching somewhat further and so help his readers more fully to satisfy the interest his vivid articles must have aroused? What, too, of the "Future, the like?"

P. GEDDES

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**Articles of the Week.**


DURRANT, W. S., "From Art to Social Reform: Ruskin's 'Nature of Gothic,'" Nineteenth Century, May.


HERFORD, Prof. C. H. "By the Loire," Nation, May 21.


KINROSS, ALBERT, "Why do Americans Come to Europe in Search of a Soul?" Graphic, May 14.


LOWE, CHAS., "The Two Cousins: King George V. and the Kaiser," Daily Chronicle, May 19;


MOREL, E. D., "The Late King, Monarchism, and Blood Royal,"" Justice, May 21.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

27. - E. NESBIT.

(Mrs. Hubert Bland.)

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1909 HARDING LUCK. Story for Children. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6/-.)
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1895 THE PROPHET'S MANTLE. Novel. (In collaboration with Hubert Bland.) (Drane. 2/6.)
1894 THE BUTLER IN BOHEMIA. Short Stories. (In collaboration with Oswald Barron.) (Drane. 1/.)

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