NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Even less attention than usual has been paid by the press to the deliberations of the triennial International Socialist Congress that has just concluded its holiday at Copenhagen. Nothing else could be expected from Congress consisting of nearly a thousand delegates speaking fifty languages, and bent on airing ten thousand grievances. Of any ordered and combined attack on Capitalism it was impossible to discern a sign; nor, we imagine, will any delegates return to their homes with any new ideas. The English Labour party appears to have derived some satisfaction from the comparison of its own programme with the programmes of Labour parties elsewhere; not, however, so much at the difference as at the fact that the difference might conceivably make the Socialist Democratic Party in England ridiculous. But these comparisons for the sake of complacency are always offensive. We have not to judge success by measuring programmes with foreign parties, but by measuring the extent of our influence in economics. The fact is that since 1893, the year of the formation of the Independent Labour Party, wages have proportionately gone down while prices and profits have gone up. In other words, measured in pots and kettles, the working man is worse off in the heyday of Labour politics than he was before Labour politics was invented. That is the chastening reflection to bear in mind when International Congresses meet. Judged by the real standard, all we Socialists have been still unhappy servants.

The most significant to us of the decisions of the Congress was the amendment moved by Mr. Keir Hardie in favour of a General Strike in the event of the declaration of war. It is our business to let the cat out of the books of diplomatic history, and learn how States have been built and increased.

However, the point is that the General Strike is impossible for a long while to come. It is even more impossible during a war-panic than during peace. During what is called peace (really a state of internecine labour versus capitalist war), the "working men of the world" have quite as good reasons for a General Strike as during war. They have better. A General Strike during peace would not imperil national existence; during war it might, if the strike in one country did not nicely synchronize with strikes in the other countries. Again, more would be gained by a General Strike during peace. Something, at least, might be won. All that could be won during war would be a restoration of the status quo. Finally, we do not see our working-men throwing up their jobs for peace; they are much more likely to throw up their caps for war. An advocate of the General Strike during wartime would find himself in the firing-line indeed. That, we agree, would make him sublime, but his idea is demonstrated ridiculous. Why, then, we may be asked, does THE NEW AGE canvass the General Strike? Again let us be frank. The General Strike indicates a direction the following of which will ensure most trouble in the world of labour.

It would scarcely be human of us, after the events of the week, to refrain from saying: We told you so. The so-called "unrest" that has now broken its way to the surface of Labour was announced by us as existing in innumerable quantities some six months ago. Only a few weeks ago we remarked that the material would begin to explode the moment it was realised that Labour politics as such was all up. The wretched dallying of the Cabinet with the question of the Osborne decision, their obvious intention of allowing the Labour party to die without assistance, have added to the despair already setting on the minds of workmen intent on emancipating their class from slavery by political action. That feeling, needless to say, has been rendered articulate by Socialists in the trade unions. It had its effect in the North-Eastern Railway trouble; it lies at the root of the ship-building lock-out; it is the source of the trouble in Wales. In Wales, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn assures us, the men are "in a ferment"; and another miners' agent, Mr. James Winstone of Pontypool, openly welcomed the unrest, as he regarded it as indicating the awakening of the men to the fact, would be the sensible course to pursue. While the oligarchies were at each other's throats the proletariat might be resuming possession of some of their property. An immoral proceeding, doubtless, but our proletariat are not half immoral enough. They should take a leaf out of the books of diplomatic history, and learn how States have been built and increased.
that they had been satisfied too long. Well, so do we; not by any means because it fulfils our prophecies, but because if the governing classes of the country (the oligarchy, in brief), will not smoothly yield to reason they must be made to yield by ceaseless importunity and irritation.

We have referred already to the brutal fact that wages relatively to profits are going down; and the Inland Revenue returns for 1909 confirm this. But in a more comprehensible form, this means that the poor are getting poorer and the rich richer. How often has this been denied and yet again confirmed by the statistics? And, oddly enough, nothing seems to be able to stop it! Do what they may, the poor grow poorer. Do what they will, the rich grow richer. And in fact everything in a state of barbarism assists the process. Take, for example, the provision of education for the working-classes. It was undoubtedly believed by the oligarchs of 1870 that elementary education would ruin their chances of continued supremacy. Not a bit of it. They are not only more firmly in the saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes is not a bit of it. They are not only more firmly in the saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes lie in the spread of organisation, now lies in its saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes. It was undoubtedly believed by the oligarchs of 1870 that elementary education would ruin their chances of continued supremacy. Not a bit of it. They are not only more firmly in the saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes lie in the spread of organisation, now lies in its saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes. It was undoubtedly believed by the oligarchs of 1870 that elementary education would ruin their chances of continued supremacy. Not a bit of it. They are not only more firmly in the saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes lie in the spread of organisation, now lies in its saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes. It was undoubtedly believed by the oligarchs of 1870 that elementary education would ruin their chances of continued supremacy. Not a bit of it. They are not only more firmly in the saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes lie in the spread of organisation, now lies in its saddle than ever, but their trappings are of gold instead of silver. The increased skill of the working classes.
device altogether. It is admitted that payment of Members would temporarily at any rate destroy the discipline of parties: a very good thing too! It might also lead to professionalism in politics and a host of other trouble which M. Cambon will not have it! The principle is tight and in the long run the practice will be right. At any rate, there will be no legitimate complaint that whole classes of citizens are excluded from Westminster simply by their poverty. If they were excluded it would be by their defects—or scruples.

**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

The course of last week one English paper and one French paper announced that M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London, had left for Constantinople. Both announcements were hurriedly contradicted by the French Foreign Office, although in a somewhat roundabout and quiet manner. M. Paul Cambon, the papers were requested to state, had once been Ambassador to Greece. He has also visited Athens. And, most significant news of all, which no newspaper up to the time of writing has thought fit to publish, M. Jules Cambon, brother of M. Paul Cambon, and French Ambassador to Germany, is also expected at Constantinople, which was requested to state, had once been Ambassador to the Porte, and he therefore liked to spend his holidays occasionally in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

Just so! But the facts are slightly different. M. Paul Cambon did not leave London at a moment's notice and rush away to the Near East for nothing. He is at this moment sounding the authorities at the Porte as to the possibility of the Greek Cabinet Ministers being financially in a bad way, could not at the moment put their hands on the six millions sterling asked for by the Turkish Finance Minister; but they were prepared to raise the money by "unusual and extraordinary means" (I quote the words of a high Austrian personage to Djavid Pasha) if Turkey could arrange to come into the Triplice.

It is true that, as one or two inspired organs in Paris have pointed out, two of the most important Turkish Cabinet Ministers are at present in France, namely, Hakki Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and Djavid Pasha, the Minister of Finance. It has already been reported in the newspapers that Djavid Pasha tried to raise a loan in France, met with some difficulty, and hied himself to Austria and Germany. The latter two countries, being financially in a bad way, could not at the moment put their hands on the six millions sterling asked for by the Turkish Finance Minister; but they were prepared to raise the money by "unusual and extraordinary means" (I quote the words of a high Austrian personage to Djavid Pasha) if Turkey could arrange to come into the Triplice.

**Awkward pause. What would France say?** What would Russia say? What would England say? H'm—well—Djavid Pasha would think it over. Hence the unexpected visit of Hakki Pasha to France, with Djavid Pasha close on his heels. They saw MM. Briand and Pichon at a well-known summer resort. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs begged to point out that the Russian minister—war should be purchased with good French gold. Could not the Porte arrange to give some good orders for gun mountings, etc., to French firms? In such a case the losses would doubtless be "arranged for."

The Porte could.

In that case M. Pichon was satisfied. He would see what could be done.

We may thus ring down the curtain on the first act and raise it again for the second, the scene of which lies at Constantinople. Although Hakki Pasha and Djavid Pasha were absent, the Minister for Foreign Affairs was there. Probably the French Cabinet Ministers would wish us to believe that, as M. Cambon was merely taking a short holiday, the two gentlemen only spoke of the excellent view to be obtained from the heights of Pera. But this Geneva Foreign Office, however, we know better, M. Cambon is at Constantinople with the object of arranging a compromise of some sort in Turkey's foreign policy.

Russia is another factor in this curious and interesting situation. It is reported that she has just ordered four battleships for her Black Sea Fleet, in view of the threat that Turkey has recently been paying so much attention to her naval defences. These, by the way, include the fitting of her four best battleships with wireless telegraphy, communicating with a land station at Constanti

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I should have mentioned that the bait by which it was sought to lure Turkey into the Triplice was simply the southern part of Thessaly, which Turkey had been obliged to cede to Greece in 1881. Join us, urged the two robbers, in effect, and then, if there should be any trouble, you can take over southern Thessaly again, and we will back you up. This was very tempting, as the Greek section of Thessaly is the more fertile by far. But just in the meantime, when the Powers are endeavouring to settle the Cretan question, this would be rather a dangerous game to play.

The latest ballon d'essai in regard to Crete is that the island should be leased from Turkey, the governor to be appointed by Greece. This, however, rather resembles the case of Eastern Roumelia, which was nominally ruled by a governor appointed by Bulgaria. It will be recollected that King Ferdinand had no hesitation in annexing the strip of territory when the Porte, finding itself in a position to speak, was empty-handed. The sharp remembrance of this lesson still burning in their brains, I am not surprised to learn that the Young Turks do not care to consider the suggestion.

The outlook in America is distinctly lively. We have first of all the growing coolness between Mr. Roosevelt and President Taft; I referred to the relations between these gentlemen and their various followers towards the end of May. It is slowly beginning to dawn upon the President and his group that it was never intended that he should have a second term of office, whereby some anger is naturally being manifested. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt is stamping the country and, despite reports to the contrary in the American capitalistic press, endearing himself more and more to the common people.

We all know, of course, that no Presidential election is ever fought and won in the United States without vast bribery. The exact sums are naturally difficult to trace; but when Mr. Roosevelt was elected the amount spent by the Republican financiers was generally thought to be in the neighbourhood of nine or ten million pounds. If the ex-President keeps up his present bitter attacks on the unscrupulous Trusts it is quite likely that he will be deprived of a considerable amount of financial support; but, on the other hand, he may safely rely upon the votes of the smaller business men and the great mass of the people. It is evident from the results of the autumn "primaries" in the New England States that the Taft-Republicans are going to the wall and that the Roosevelt-Republicans (or "Insurgents") have the game in their own hands if they can only play it properly. If the orthodox Republicans nominate Mr. Taft again the chances are that Mr. Roosevelt will be returned as an Independent candidate; for there is as yet no strong "Democrat" in the field. Mr. Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, has been suggested as a Democratic candidate; but he is not very well known, politically, throughout the country. To save the Republican party, however, a compromise may be arranged between the "Insurgents" and the Taftites; and in this case Mr. Roosevelt is again likely to be nominated.

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The threat on the part of the United States Government to annex Panama is a matter which I have to deal with next week. The threat is in itself a rather serious matter; but the feeling on which it is based is more serious still.
A Symposium on Architecture.  
Conducted by Hunly Carter.

MR. MERVYN E. MACARTNEY, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.  
(Ed. "Architectural Review.")

Mr. Macartney's reply was received too late for inclusion in the series of replies to the questionnaire designed to ascertain to what extent artists may take part in the practice of architecture, so far as form is concerned. It would be easy, writing a "Review of Architecture" during the last twenty years, to point to a body of work in London of surpassing merit. It would however have to be conceded that Art, is at a lower ebb than at any time even the last twenty years, to point to a body of work in London at the outset that the general taste in this, the Mistress of Art, would produce. But without it it would be impossible to point to London churches so beautiful as those of Sedding, and has only touched the extremities. And while the mob seem that Americans want value for money, and when they employ an architect they want not a great gullible public who think that painters alone are artists. Little more can be done by architects themselves until the training opportunities of these men were widely applied to building—a square foot or a yard at the time. It is often many years. Thus there is on the one hand the master-builder and has besides an elaborate scholarship, not to mention it's knowledge in matters of art. And the result of this is that the further causes which would have been able to prevent the division of real architecture, that is architecture as a work of art, serves two very useful purposes. It tends to promote public aesthetic taste, and it necessitates the cooperation of art a very new idea. In many ways painters and sculptors too are fortunate; there is for them no great distance between conception and execution; in architecture it is often many years. One sculptor alone of modern times would have done great architecture. Alfred Stevens, had he been given the opportunity, would have built perhaps as Michelangelo built—with Titanic energy and power and divine majesty.  

Recent events have shown there is a tendency once more to raise the question of the relation between the artist and architecture. By some persons it is maintained that the "esthetic" movement in architecture is dying down, and that we are not in a position to be so sure of the extinction of architecture as a work of art, but are not. Till they are so united, wholly artistic building would seem to be impossible. In order to ascertain to what extent unity in architecture is desirable, and how such unity may be attained, the following questions have been put to the practitioners of art to-day, and prevents co-operation? And are you in favour of architects, painters and sculptors being trained alike and trained together, so as to lead a life of art by the same architect, painter and sculptor?  

1. Have recent developments in your opinion shown any advance in the direction of uniting form, structure, and decoration, and consequently of an increase of artistic buildings?  

2. Do you think there should be more co-operation between the architect, i.e., artist-architect, painter and sculptor?  

3. Do you believe that sympathy, i.e., an urgently necessary spirit of harmony, is lacking in artists to-day, and prevents co-operation? Are you in favour of architects, painters and sculptors being trained alike and trained together, so as to lead a life of art by the same artist?  

4. Would you say that the further causes which prevent artists co-operating in their feeling that the same artist is to be found in the artists themselves, or in the public and public administrators, or does the main cause lie in the limitations of our social life?  

5. Have you any suggestions?  

URBINO, UMBRIA.  
1. Yes, distinctly as regards domestic architecture. No! as regards public architecture. It has been supposed that the enlargement of the master's sketch for a fresco decoration, to the carving of a bride's cassone. This training, although an excellent one in itself, and the one alone capable of developing agility in design, would not in itself be a sufficient architectural training. As a matter of fact the great architects Brunelleschi, Bramante and Michelangelo, had the experience of a personal study of ancient Roman buildings. 

To imagine that a modern painter, whose training of necessity is almost entirely confined to the production of easel pictures, could do architecture by sheer instinct is absurd. Brunelleschi only raised his great dome over the Cathedral at Florence, after studying some of the ancient buildings of Rome. Modern decorative painting, an "adorns" artist's task, has not been peculiarly successful.

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applied ornament, and too often the proportion of part to part appears "ragged." When sculpture has been adopted in any form, but chiefly when in single figures or groups, it always looks like an after-thought, not a part of the design but an addition. It is a feature in a building the architect and sculptor should work together from the laying down of the first lines of the plan. In the plan controls the elevation; sculpture should be part of the plan and not be stuck in haphazard in the elevation drawing. The sculptor should have a clear idea of the space available, unoccupied spaces, and lighting. That the divorce of the three arts has been detrimental to each is nowhere better seen than here in Italy. One would like to pull down every other sham classic building one sees, or rather scale it off, from the beautiful work of architect and painter which is an integral part of the structure. A thoughtful writer and abominable artist Vasari has a pretty good fling.

II. Certainly it is the intention to employ the three arts; representatives of each should consult from the first start.

III. I am in favour of architects, sculptors, and painters being trained alike and trained together. The system would enlarge their minds and sympathies; it is deplorable to see how ignorant most painters are of architecture and sculpture, many indeed almost denying them a place in the Arts; this is ignorance, and as painting pictures is unteachable, I would not; The Art, the catch to the ignorance of those who should be teachers.

There are very few artists in any age, though there are many specialists. If we get half a dozen first-rate artists, being trained alike and trained together. The system would be valuable; I hope it will tend to promote order without rigidity, originality without affectation, and, above all in its proper place, as arbitror of the law, provider of light, provider of wealth.
further appear to show an increasing desire for refinement and harmony in decoration, and higher skill in its execution. There is still a tendency to triviality, thoughtlessness, and thoughtless imitation in sculptural and plastic adornment, and many architects of high position and reputation are still content to make their work fit comfortably into the general chaos, and regrettable incontinence in the use of ornament. But the juniors are steadily improving, and that is the hope of all of us. We have been passing through a phase of architectural chaos, of "go as you please." There has been a lack of discrimination in the rejection of ancient conventions, and the natural revolt against unreasoning archeology and thoughtless abeyance to precedent, has carried many of us too far in an opposite direction. Architectural analysis has been the result, with various manifestations of "New Art," and eccentricities and sillinesses of all sorts, partially redeemed here and there by real originality and cleverness, but tending to an incoherent and barbaric jumble of ideas, for which we seem to be finding the cure in a reversion to the scholarly limitations of classical art.

I think there is now a nearer approach to the acceptance of a vernacular manner in architecture than we have seen for many decades. This again is a hopeful sign, since no general excellence is possible without complete understanding between the initiators and the executants of building designs, and no such complete understanding is attainable without a well assimilated vernacular. The closer the co-operation the more complete the acceptance of ideals between Architect, Painter, and Sculptor—the better, in my opinion, for all three. Each can teach and stimulate the other, if thoroughly taught himself.

3. I am loth to believe that sympathy is really lacking between artists of various crafts to-day, but a widely intelligent and active interest in branches of art outside their own is not common enough amongst them to render close co-operation as easy as it should be. My own experiences in co-operation both with sculptors and painters have, however, been upon the whole of a kind to make me optimistic.

I am most strongly in favour of Architects, Painters, and Sculptors being trained together, and, for the first year or so, alike. There must however and obviously be subsequent differentiation in training in the special craft selected. I do not believe in the possibility of achievement through the practice of the three forms of Art by the same hand. The possibility of the practice of the two, i.e., painting and sculpture, has been frequently shown. But the practice of Architectural art, though thoroughly compatible and greatly assisted by skill in modelling and drawing, is nowadays too comprehensive and exacting to permit of the serious practice of two, i.e., painting and sculpture, without a well assimilated vernacular.

4. I should attribute the general lack of successful cooperation to—

(1) The relative paucity of opportunities of collaboration nowadays.

(2) The lack of full mutual understanding arising from defective training.

But these causes themselves both arise from the general ignorance and apathy of the public as to the Arts. For it is true of a nation, as of an individual, that what you really want—that, in the long run, you will get. One striking instance of our national indifference is the fact that we are alone amongst the great states of Europe in having no Ministry of Fine Arts. While there are comforting signs of a decrease of the general apathy, it is still evident that our conscious aspirations are mostly diverted to other things, some of them excellent in themselves. This is a great age of scientific research, of invention, and mechanical advance, and I think it unlikely that great developments will occur in the Fine Arts until the world tires, as the Chinese are said to have done a few thousand years ago, of mechanical devices, or loses the invention of mechanical faculty. Then, perhaps, it will look back to and copy this age in mechanical matters, making new and surprising advances in the same way, however happily, by a considerable minority that does not care about beauty. It is our business as artists to keep the supply, in quality and quantity, ahead of the demand, and to do our best for the training of the generations that will replace us.

5. It is already recognised by the more enlightened architects as a natural part of their training, draw from the Life, and practise modelling. That view should be more fully enforced. It is not yet recognised, as far as I know, by painters and sculptors that students of their branches of art should be a matter of course study architecture. I should wish that a carefully made obligatory in all schools of art, for all students, and modelling similarly made obligatory for all architectural students.

I should further wish that architectural history should be taught in all Secondary Schools as a corollary to general history; and that schools of architecture teaching subjects contributory to the existing degrees should be established in our old Universities, as they already are in so many modern ones.

COMRADES.

Into the desert I will dare
My willing foot with you,
If you will give me all my share
Of toil and danger too.

By the night-fire, beneath the tree
I'll lightly, lightly sleep,
If you will surely wake me
The second watch to keep.

Exiled, beside you I will stand,
Proud in degraded line,
If the same chain which binds your hand
In tyrant grip, binds mine.

And should fair Fortune send us time
Of ease and mirthful hours,
And sojourn in some genial clime,
'Mid singing birds and flowers:

Then up and down the shores we'll rove
And up and down the vales.
We'll race the winds in a-whirl above,
Will challenge the swift gales.

Shall lead us home at length
In tyrant grip, binds mine.

Proud in degraded line,

IN THE PRESENCE.

To whom shall I confess—to thee, O Priest?
My earliest prayer
Lies yet upon that altar which I trimmed
With hope and innocence and faith undimmed:
I may bring none of these, this later year.

To whom should I confess—Nature to thee?
To this, through thee, have I come.
Thou le' sist to giddy heights, then cast me down
And mocked me with thy buoyant hills, thy noon,
Thy birds which sing while I lay bruised and dumb.

To whom shall I confess—to you, O Men?
Knaves and fools! Ye would slay by
Each with his timid, bigoted stone to fling—
Less for despite of me or my sinning
Than fear the other doom to him belong.

To whom shall I confess? To Thee, O Soul?
Naked I kneel, and shide
My eyes to shut out all but the clean sand
Whereon I write, with un Publi'ng hand,
My sin—and next, the new vows I have made.

The Play of King Henry
The Eighth.

The Question of Authorship.

By William Poel.

I.

The play of "Henry VIII!" first appeared in print in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. It was published in the first collected edition of the poet's dramas, and so became known to the world as his play. For two centuries the genuineness of the drama was never expressed misgivings on the subject, nor is there evidence to show that Shakespeare's contemporaries disputed the authorship. Choice extracts from the play have appeared in collections of poetry, which compare
favourably with selections from "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." Wolsey's famous soliloquy is universally thought to be Shakespeare's. The various
titudes of life. At the British Museum will be found
versions of the play in French, German, Italian, and
even one in Greek. The drama, moreover, is familiar to the
playgoer, while eminent actors and actresses, with
part in "Pericles." Convincing the creations of an
inferior dramatist, have won distinction in the char-
acters of the Cardinal and of Queen Katharine. Yet,
in the face of evidence that is apparently convincing,
it may be safely assumed that "Henry VIII." is not
Shakespeare's play. The same play seems to be
"Hamlet" or "Macbeth" as being his. Indeed,
the statement has been put forth that not one line of
the play was written by its reputed author.

Now it is always an ungrateful task to defend an
argument which no one cares to accept, and the
admirers of those scenes which have made actors and
actresses famous, and of those speeches which adorn
our books of extracts, are still too numerous and too
enthusiastic to desire any other dramatist than Shake-
peare to be the author of them. Possessor is nine
points of the law, and while tradition has the prior
case, public opinion will not readily endorse the ver-
dict of a handful of literary sceptics. On the other
hand, it should be noted that even if the play is by
Wolsey's famous soliloquy is universally
admired in the dictionary of literary sceptics. On the other
hand, it is well known that even if the play is by
Shakespeare, the dramatist is in itself to some extent a censure upon
that play. The doubt implies that the play, as a whole,
does not average the work of Shakespeare's later
mastery over the resources of his art. If there are
precedents of poets living till their once-glowing
imagination become cold, there is no instance of a
dramatist losing technical facility which has been
acquired in a lifetime. It was but natural,
then, that there should exist a feeling of uneasiness in the minds
of impartial inquirers in regard to the author-
ship of this play, and it may be worth while to consider
the history of the controversy.

As is usual, the best known mention of the play is by a con-
temporary, Thomas Lorkin, in a letter of the last day of
June, 1613. He writes that the day before, while
Burbage and his company were playing "Henry VIII.", the fixed
light of an oil lamp was burnt down through a discharge of "chambers," that is
to say, small pieces of cannon. Early in the month
following Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew,
giving particulars of the fire, and describing the
pavement, which was evidently an important feature of
the play:

"The King's players had a new play called 'All is True,'
representing some principal pieces of the reign of
Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary
circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the setting
of the stage; the Knights of the Order with their Georges and
Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the
like; sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness
very familiar if not ridiculous."

Now, if Sir Henry Wotton is correct in his assertion that the play was a new one in 1613 it was probably the last
play written by Shakespeare: although some com-
mentators contend that there is internal evidence to show that the play was written during Elizabeth's reign,
and that after her death it was amended by the insertion of speeches complimentary to the new
sovereign, King James. In 1623 the play appears in
print inserted in a collected edition of Shakespeare's
dramas, by Heminge and Condell, who were
the poet's fellow actors, and who claim to have printed
the plays from the author's manuscripts. If, then,
this is the case it might reasonably exist a reason to doubt the genuineness of the drama. But
the copies, in the hands of Heminge and Condell, were
evidently in some cases very imperfect, either, in
consequence of the burning of the Globe Theatre, or by
the necessary wear and tear of years. And it is certain that
in several instances the editors reprinted the plays
from the earliest available impressions. With but few changes, sometimes for the better, and sometimes for
the worse. It has also been ascertained that at least
four of the plays in the folio are only partially written
by Shakespeare, while no mention is made of his certain
share in the play having been rewritten altogether.
So that it is presumed that if "Henry VIII.," in its present form, was a play re-written
by theatre-hacks to replace a similar play by Shakespeare that was destroyed in the fire, the
editors' work would not be unlikely to insert it in the Folio
instead of the original.

So long as Shakespeare's authorship was not doubted
there seems to have been no desire on the part of commen-
tators to call attention to faults which are obvious
to every careful reader of the play. Most of the early
commentators are confined to remarks on single scenes or
speeches irrespective of the general character of the
drama and its personages, as that of "a sort of historical
mixture of Dr. Drake fairly represent those of most writers
until the middle of the last century. He writes in 1817:
"The entire interest of the tragedy turns upon the
characters of Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey,
the former being the finest picture of a defenceless virtue,
and the latter of disappointed ambition, that poet ever
drew." Dr. Johnson, who ranks the play as second class among the historical works,
had previously asserted "that the genius of Shake-
peare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every
other part may be easily conceived and easily written."

When, however, the play is judged as a work of art
in its complete form, the difficulty of writing favour-
ably of its dramatic composition becomes evident by the
almost unconscious apologetic mode of expression
used. Schlegel remarks that "Henry the Eighth" has
somewhat "of a prosaic appearance, for Shakespeare,
artist-like, adapted himself to the quality of his mate-
rials. While others of his works, both in elevation of
fancy, and in energy of pathos and character tower far
above this, we have here, on the other hand, occasion
to admire his nice powers of discrimination and his per-
fert knowledge of courts and the world." Coleridge is
content to define the play as "a sort of historical
masque or show play"; and Victor Hugo observes that Shakespeare is so far English as to attempt to extenu-
ate the failings of Henry VIII., adding, "it is true that the eye of Elizabeth is closely kept; but this
fountain of that genius whose very bubbles sparkle so
beautifully! But to speak of 'Henry VIII.' in particular.
Henry himself, Katherine and Wolsey, though they display
a degree of character, are not half so vigorously drawn as
I had expected, or as I would methinks have done myself.
The character of Queen Katharine, in particular, is
not in Henry's language about her than in his own actions."

To come now to the opinion of the German commen-
tators. Gurvius observes:—

"No one in this short explanation of the main character
of 'Henry VIII.' will mistake the certain hand of the poet. It is otherwise when we approach closer to the development of the play, which entirely consider the poetic diction. The impression of the whole becomes then at once strange and unfreshening; the mere external threads seem to be lacking which ought to link the actions to each other. The interest of the feelings becomes strangely divided, it is continually drawn into new directions and is nowhere satisfied. Dr. Buckingham, and his designs against Wolsey, but with the second act he leaves the stage; then Wolsey attracts our attention in an increased degree, and he, too, becomes in the third act; in the meanwhile our sympathies are more and more strongly drawn to the stage; and all this loosely connected by the nominal hero whom now in heaven or earth could ever have formed into a tragic character."

And Dr. Elze, who is a warm supporter of Shakespeare's authorship, admits that the play--

"measured by the standard of the historical drama is inferior to the other histories and wants both a grand historical substance and the unity of strictly defined dramatic structure."

But it is not only with the general design of the play and its feeble characterisation that fault is found, but also with the versification. The earliest criticism on the peculiarity of the metre, and in his lecture lines than in any other which end with a redundant syllable, continues--

"This Fact (whatever Shakespeare's design was in it) is undoubtedly true, and may be demonstrated to Reason, and proved to sense; the first by comparing a number of lines in this Play with an equal number in any other Play, by which it will appear that this Play has very near two redundant verses to one in any other Play. And as to prove it we may add an hundred lines in this Play, and an hundred in this; and if he perceives not the tune and cadence of his own voice to be involuntarily altered in the latter case from what it was in the former, he would never advise him to give much credit to the information of his ears."

Later on we find that Emerson is also struck with the peculiarity of the metre, and in his lecture--

"In 'Henry VIII.' I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his (Shakespeare's) own finer structure was laid. The first play was written by a superior to the other histories and wants both a grand historical substance and the unity of strictly defined dramatic structure."

In the "Memoires d'outre Tombe" he ceased to be sentimental, but retained all the emotional qualities of his unique genius. His style, like that of Flaubert, was the outcome of poetic sentiment controlled by art and freed from errors of taste and impulse.

Hugo, who declares that when a mere child that he would be a second Chateaubriand or nothing, never attained the Virgilian charm of the master. Hugo was often moved by impulse and passion, mortal enemies of style. And, like George Sand, he was swayed and influenced by all kinds of whims and illusions. He sometimes mistook impulse for inspiration and passion for art. This form of genius succeeds because of its manifold aspects. It offers something to every temperament, and we skip what we do not like.

Now there was one poet who walked alone, choosing a solitary road—one who admired Hugo without trying to imitate the colossus—a poet who determined to dis-
card the sentimental and write with marmoreal impassibility. This was Leconte de Lisle, the author of "Poèmes Antiques" and "Poèmes Barbares." But in discarding the sentimental he also discarded sentiment. It was a failure. Many women who read Hugo and Alfred de Musset with pleasure did not even know the name of this poet, when, middle-aged, the young Parnassians of the new school selected him as their leader.

It was Catulle Mendès who first led the new school, but not having the genius to maintain such a position he proposed Leconte de Lisle as a pontife honoraire of the movement, and just at the beginning and in the nick of time gave them the title of the "Impassibles," and the school became a thing of reality. Unfortunately, in art serenity and impassibility do not mean the same thing. Mallarmé and Sully Prudhomme, both members of the Parnassian group, were calm and patient as thinkers and artists, but not impassible as poets, and the same may be said of Coppée and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, two other Parnassians. Poetry and stoicism are antipathetic; and Leconte de Lisle found by the time the Second Empire had finished the Third Republic had arrived that he had tried in vain to rid himself of passion, utopian dreams, and sectional prejudice. As a republican he hated the Empire. The serious reading public did not buy his work; he would not have studied had not the Empire accorded him a pension. But that was not all; when the Republic arrived he lost his pension and was ignored by the Republic. At this critical moment France recognized the aid of her Parnassian leader. Coppée resigned his position as sous-bibliothécaire at the Palais du Luxembourg in favour of Leconte de Lisle.

A French critic has said of the poet's work: "One cannot cite a single line created by enthusiasm." The truth is, the author of the "Poèmes Antiques" was a mere figure-head as a leader, seeing that neither Mallarmé nor Sully Prudhomme nor Coppée, to say nothing of the learned acade-}
which no man could hope to penetrate without the aid of shot and shell.

I saw here, as in so many other places, the folly of bringing all sorts of people together and calling the crowd "literary." Nearly all so-called literary receptions, in our day, are failures. Conversation in a mixed crowd is not possible. A crowd begins to form when the number of persons present exceeds ten. The host and hostess are at one end of the room, and in their place we have dollar duchesses and pinchbeck princesses, women who have not been "called" to Paris, but who have pushed themselves in by sheer perseverance and avarice, who pay for getting their names into Society journals. Without cultivated women Society is a rabble. The leading women of Paris during the Empire were not adventuresses as some good people have supposed. The beautiful Duchesse de Morny was a Russian aristocrat; the Princess Mathilde was a Bonaparte, and had a salon the like of which no longer exists anywhere; the Empress was an aristocratic Spaniard, and the witty Princess Metternich, whose culture was only rivalled by that of Madame Viardot Garcia and George Sand, was the wife of the Austrian Ambassador, whose residence was like a Royal Court, and whose receptions were the envy of the whole diplomatic world.

Crows.

An Intellectual Fantasia.—II.

By Stewart Caven.

I KNOW a certain tract of country which is as peculiar in its appearance as it is mysterious in its pervading influence. A few strange plants sit around in calm and peace like Asiatic quietists. The familiar docks and thistle, swollen to unusual proportions, dispense with the shadow and protection of large and unshaken tree trunks, and sit unashamed in the open fields. Renegade thorns and briars forsake the loving communion and altruisms of the hedges to stretch their ungraceful, prickly lengths with an almost savage exuberance of vitality. Each plant seems as if desirous of keeping aloof from its neighbours above all things.

Furthermore, although there is a continuous swaying movement as if invalid winds were stirring restlessly on their beds, there is no rustle of foliage, and although the lank, ascetic, scantily-locked trees never cease to nod their certain premonitions of local disaster, they rarely raise their eyes to look at one another, and never speak.

One of the trees, indeed, is interesting, but merely because two birds of the Crow family have taken up their perch thereon. One of them is a boy-Starling. He has a clever, inquisitive air, and is obviously vain. His companion is a rather under-sized Carrion Crow, very poorly feathered. In spite of his appearance, however, the Carrion, by name Dip, managed to irradiate an atmosphere of self-esteem, that indefinable air of being, after prolonged introspection, completely satisfied with himself, which is one of the hall-marks of genius, and very exasperating. At the moment the boy-Starling, whose name is Per, is, as usual, asking a question:

"But why do you always bring policemen into the discussion?" he said, testily.

"Because," answered Dip, who seemed to be talking simply because out of politeness, "the policeman is the latest result of the Ten Commandments. He is the only remaining active agent of the Almighty on earth. He is the new order of Priests. He is the last guardian of the Stone Tables."

"Would you have me believe that every common policeman is a sign-post to Eternity?" questioned Per, in derision.

"The boy has a wonderful grasp of metaphor," commented Dip, half to himself. "He would have made a good clergyman."
"I could never be a clergyman," said Per. "I am too much of an idealist."

"Will you never learn to distinguish?" answered Dip. "An idealist, it is true, may be a man who tries to realise his individuality above its potentialities; on the other hand, he might well be a clergyman who hopes God is as perfect as he ought to be."

"Ah, I wish he were," sighed Per.

"I grieve with you," said Dip, trying his utmost to look sentimental. "You see you are at an awkward age—too young to be exactly irrereligious, and yet not old enough to be pious."

"I have a hungering to give a meaning to my existence," declared the boy-Starling. "To possess a single life-purpose."

"And I say to you, beware of the single life-purpose," responded Dip, warningly. "Specialisation is a sure sign of approaching annihilation. If you perceive that Nature is refining you to a single delicate point, you may be sure that you are going to perform your function once—and be broken for ever."

"I understand," said Per. "You mean it is better to be a jemmy than a tooth-pick."

"That is it," answered Dip. "But let me warn you against the degrading of a grave truth by employing a ridiculous example, as is the mannerism of Ag, and the old-Hegelians."

"Here comes Ag himself, and Nod, the Mystic, with him," cried Per.

In a few seconds these two well-known Rooks were perched upon a branch of the tree.

"Impermanence, impermanence," Nod the Mystic was saying, with a jaded air.

"Ah, well," said Dip, with a sigh of resignation, "this impermanence of things is not a matter for regret alone. Though we may view with pain the change or obliteration of old and favoured customs, haunts, or ideas, yet some few of us who have hope, cannot but long for the oncoming of the destroyers who herald the advance of the chariot of calm Progress. This is what I call the paradox of precession."

"But Art is permanent," protested Per. "You once told me so."

"I care nothing for Art, or for works of art—those pitiful toys of maturity," said Nod, the Mystic. "A truly religious man will surely hate all Art, for it will ever seem to him that he is wallowing in the ponderous paradoxes of the Supernal in an absurdly weak voice."

"Look here," said Per, impatiently, "we've had two kinds of paradox already. What is a paradox?"

"A paradox is a chord of thoughts," answered Dip, without the least hesitation.

In the violence of his comprehension, Nod the Mystic, very nearly fell off his perch. Ag the Hegelian coughed.

"It's easy enough to dispose of Art like that," said the boy-Starling, "but where would mysticism be without it?"

"These questions are not well sorted to your young mind, boy," remarked Nod the Mystic. "I can tell you this much, anyway," said Per. "Without Art Mysticism becomes nothing better than a vile, toothless, unarticulated, unutterable, unutterably unutterable."

"What do our two fighting about?" asked Dip, sharply.

"We want him to admit the quality of Crowkind," remarked Dip, placidly.

"I formed it," said the Splendid Raven, boastfully. He raised his wing threateningly, and edged towards Dip, who, however, appeared unconscious of the move. "Per siemnly made off, unnoticed by either."

"Well, no," answered Dip. "But you must not think that I at all underestimate the value of the crow. On the contrary, I am sincerely convinced that, though you think with the crowd your conduct may be absolutely without reproach—in the main questions, you will understand."

"As representing public opinion," answered the other, boldly, "I have come here to compel you to toe the line."

"Ah, public opinion—you have then discovered that," remarked Dip, placidly.

"I want me to join the Social Democrats," explained Dip, with a shrug.

"Wolves that have learnt it are safer to hunt in a pack," grunted Old Pick. "We want him to admit the equality of Crowkind," snarled Old Pick, "the equality of the down-trodden, the equality of the brave."

"We don't want any parasites," said the Splendid Raven.
"I am a parasite—and proud of it," said Old Pick. "I have fed off Society all my long life, and Society has, for the most part, enjoyed the itch."

"Philosophically speaking," said Dip, meditatively, "the parasite is an epi-phenomenon, like the intellect. Nature, the Great Mother, that wants to become a God, never intended either. But just as the intellect was too clever, and discovered that it could easily live its own free life by feeding upon the body (observe the genius with the tight belt) so in the same way the parasite has discovered that he also can live without working by clinging to the fleshly parts of Society."

"But he is increasing too numerous in these days of the cheap press," added Old Pick. "Nature, I fear, will invent a belt with powders."

"We want each one to fulfil his or her duty to Crowkind," explained the Splendid Raven.

"Then do it," cried Old Pick, "each one of you, singly and alone. Watch me. I rise up to the surface of the air, take a deep draught of ether, and send down a cry fierce and thrilling, adding all the horror of age to growing strength. Then I watch the weaklings grow small with fear. I see the lovers part, and the glutton slink away. I hear the empty songstresses pause, and the woods and hedges that were trembling live the air grow cold and still. That is the proper life of a Raven—king, outcast, and tyrant, beggar and judge—the cynic of Crows."

Even whilst speaking he was assuming more and more minute proportions among the clouds. Soon he completely disappeared. Then with a sudden movement the Splendid Raven dealt Dip a frightful blow on the forehead with his beak, and flew away.

Dip dropped like a stone, but was caught in the fork of the tree, where he remained dazed, bleeding, and helpless. Soon an expression of resignation overspread his homely countenance, and he began to soliloquise.

"To live is to spoil the whole effect."

"But he is increasing too numerously in these days of the familiar desert.

"PER, my disciple, are you there?" asked Dip. He paused, and then went on, pathetically humorous.

"I have fed off Society all my long life, and Society belonged to Dartmoor as a punctual part of each day; they happened as often as the phenomena of dawn and morning, evening and night; but to me this subtle wonder, creeping out from the aube, appeared with the force of a joyous novelty, because I had not seen the magic of it for many years. Again the Moor wakened, separated her planes, built up her mountains and valleys, donned her many-coloured robes of June. From the amorphous monster that night had made of her—a huge, featureless and unshapen blot huddled in space and topping over from the sun into increasing vagueness of increasing gloom—the earth now rolled again sunward, and every moment her bosom lightened, and every moment her breath grew brighter as the sky made ready.

A cool wind blew out of the dawn, and there rode upon it certain horizontal feathers of cloud whose infinite tenacity was accentuated by contrast with the solid and sombre edge of the ragged land stretched beneath them. These shadows of matter hung like steadfast leys, donned her many-coloured robes of June. From the amorphous monster that night had made of her—a huge, featureless and unshapen blot huddled in space and topping over from the sun into increasing vagueness of increasing gloom—the earth now rolled again sunward, and every moment her bosom lightened, and every moment her breath grew brighter as the sky made ready.

The light came cleaner, harder, moresearchingly, and poured, like lustral waters, over the world until it had laved and drowned every huddling phantom of night. Thus, long before sunrise, Earth was bathed in the pearly purity of the sky, and awake and alert for her shining lover. A roseate foreglew swept the south over against morning, and for a time there was a warmth of false dawn reflected upon the earth, a great breath of life—the antithesis of afterglow and its lingering good night. But the harbinger of sunrise presently departed, and then a sort of awful and solemn but colourless light increased upon the sky. It seemed that Venus fought the sublime, chill purity of this radiance. Like a diamond she hung on her Judas. So it was perfectly futile for me to have had only one disciple. I can see that now. I wonder what is the proper proportion? More than one in twelve, for one indeed will sell his Master, but how many will tamper with the doctrine? 'Tis weary work cutting cheese with a diamond."

A moment later he was dead.

SONG OF DIP THE CARRION.

Body lean
And lordly mien—
Who is passing by?
Genius, to his fate condign,
Whop, thoughtful, comes too late to dine,—
Whispel— it is I,
Languid weaver
Of webs of rhyme;
Lone believer
In dreams sublime—
I am passing by.

Raiment spare
And glance so rare—
Who is passing by?
Hermit from his desert lair,
Doomed on sandy truth to fare—
Whisper— it is,
Dainty gleaner
In Culture's bin,
Picker and cleaner
Of dead men's sin—
I am passing by.

Dawn.

By Eden Phillpotts.

The morning star was Venus, and at three o'clock she throbbed above the black horizon eastward of dawn in a sky of palest amber.

Vague and formless, devoid of colour, bathed in chill air that brought with it an indescribable exhilaration, the familiar desert swept round me transformed by its unfamiliar phases. The cirrus clouds, now unfolding, belonged to Dartmoor as a punctual part of each day; they happened as often as the phenomena of dawn and morning, evening and night; but to me this subtle wonder, creeping out from the aube, appeared with the force of a joyous novelty, because I had not seen the magic of it for many years. Again the Moor wakened, separated her planes, built up her mountains and valleys, donned her many-coloured robes of June. From the amorphous monster that night had made of her—a huge, featureless and unshapen blot huddled in space and topping over from the sun into increasing vagueness of increasing gloom—the earth now rolled again sunward, and every moment her bosom lightened, and every moment her breath grew brighter as the sky made ready.

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The light came cleaner, harder, moresearchingly, and poured, like lustral waters, over the world until it had laved and drowned every huddling phantom of night. Thus, long before sunrise, Earth was bathed in the pearly purity of the sky, and awake and alert for her shining lover. A roseate foreglew swept the south over against morning, and for a time there was a warmth of false dawn reflected upon the earth, a great breath of life—the antithesis of afterglow and its lingering good night. But the harbinger of sunrise presently departed, and then a sort of awful and solemn but colourless light increased upon the sky. It seemed that Venus fought the sublime, chill purity of this radiance. Like a diamond she hung on her Judas; and then she fainted and died in the flow of the white dayspring. Her palpitating glory was swept away; her place knew her no more; her hour was past.

I stood on high ground above the valley of a stream, and marked the reflected light thrown upon these little waters where they sang their unearthly dawn music. Each moment told a new story, and each space of sixty seconds served to lift another veil from the desert, to reveal a new thing, to indicate new colour arisen out of darkness, to create new forms where none had been, to shoot with a broader arrow of light upon the river, and to flash a new splendour upon the changing sky.

It was at this point of the unfolding day, when morning, like a rose, began to open her petals and show the blush of her heart, that life moved beside me where I walked alone by a little footpath upon the hills. There came, to my surprise, a girl, and she would have passed; but a kinship, that had been lost a little later
when man was abroad and the world awake, seemed more felt by us both at this unusual hour of human meeting. We looked into each other's faces and smiled.

She was whiter than the white light made her—with a pallor that came from within. The Moon began to show its proper green and grey about the time that I met her. The aerial clouds were gone; it was a moment when an absolute, ineffable clarity reigned over heaven. The eastern hills strove to assert detail, and take shape and struggle apart into their proper peaks, and the glittering light meeting. We looked into each other's faces and more felt by us both at this unusual hour of human life. The hills strove to assert detail, and take shape and struggle apart into their proper peaks, and the glittering light shining above them still kept too low, so that the horizon persisted as a silhouette.

"Early birds, both," I said.

"'Tis a very fine morning," she answered.

"That's what I'm here to see; but you—perhaps you're always as early as this?"

"Most always summer time," she said.

She was large, plain, clumsily built, and ill clad. Her clothes had been put on carelessly, and the buttons at her neck were open, and showed the throat white below a ring of brown tan. The girl was with child.

"I come down from the cottage up over of a hill. I walk beside her awhile, since her time was more precious than my own, and she more precious than the dawn's self. We chatted upon indifferent matters and some token of interest or friendliness of understanding, or the pathos of that rare light above her awoke a confidence in the girl.

"I be going to have a baby in September," she said, and there was a curious defiance in her tone and way of telling me she was not a wife. She rambled on and then, suddenly, as it seemed, became conscious that she was addressing a man and not a dawn shadow that chance had drifted upon her path. She grew silent as the light waxed brighter, and I knew that she wanted me away.

"I'm glad," I answered; "that's a fine thing to have, and it will make the world interesting again, for a boy's better able to get on without friends.'"

It was her way of telling me she was not a wife. The fact, however, had appeared by many other tokens.

"Boy or girl, you'll make a good mother to it, no doubt."

She was callous and laughed at me.

"Do 'e think I want it? Why for should care about it more than its father do? He's damned the child to the world. He'll marry a Plymouth girl—lying hound."

She was large, plain, clumsily built, and ill clad. Her clothes had been put on carelessly, and the buttons at her neck were open, and showed the throat white below a ring of brown tan. The girl was with child.

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"Do 'e think I want it? Why for should care about it more than its father do? He's damned the child to the world. He'll marry a Plymouth girl—lying hound."

The girl's passion stopped her feet, and she stood still a moment, clear cut in her outline, primitive as the primitive theatre of her sorrows.

But she was not angry. She grew calmer and laughed presently, and then forgot her lover.

"I'm young," she said, and "'tis about the only thing on my side. I'll be even with him yet, and I hope ——"

What she hoped remained a secret, for she broke off and went on her way again.

I had of purpose obscured myself to a sort of silent listener, and opposed no individuality upon her. This impersonal attitude suited her. I felt she was talking as she was thinking. The accident of a not unsympathetic ear made her utter her thoughts.

She rambled on and then, suddenly, as it seemed, became conscious that she was addressing a man and not a dawn shadow that chance had drifted upon her path. She grew silent as the light waxed brighter, and I knew that she wanted me away.

The sun had risen and found mid-most Moor; light quickened, and a great aureola of glowing red ran over the heights. But where we stood shadows still reigned. The larks were aloft, their songs shrilling and tinkling in the sunfire; the cuckoo called from a rock by the river.

Then I bade the girl farewell.

"Good luck and good-bye. I hope we shall meet again; and I bet your little one will be a brave child and you'll have joy of it, whether you expect to or not."

She shook her head and passed out of sight down a lane that led away to a little valley hamlet beneath. Then the sun burst over the world, and his coming was like the sudden roar of a great symphony—melodious, glorious, heart-shaking in its appeal from the heights of the firmament to the heights of man.

**Books and Persons.**

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

By Jacob Tonson.

The following conversational episode only occurred in the United States, but a report of it shall not be kept out of an English paper on that account. At the first night of the play founded on Mr. George Randolph Chester's "Bobby Burnit," a young author was complaining to Mr. Chester about the failure of his (the young author's) first book, which had been issued at the same time as "Bobby Burnit." Naturally the young author put the blame on his publishers, and griped them, he had not got to the publishers of Mr. George Randolph Chester. "Why!" exclaimed Mr. Chester, "I always thought your publishers were pretty good people!" "Pretty good people!" the young author echoed, bitterly. "If my publishers had published the Bible there wouldn't be any Christian religion."

* * *

If you ask me who is Mr. George Randolph Chester I can only reply that I haven't the least idea. But I am assured that he is something very big indeed in the United States.
The autumn publishing season is announced as likely to be a successful one, unless a Government without a majority refrains from allowing for the welfare of letters goes and ruins it by means of an unexpected general election. Certainly the lists of the leading publishers are long, but, in the department of fiction at any rate, they seem to contain little that will excite me. There are one or two promising items, including a novel by Henry James. And yet, honestly, am I likely, at this time of day, to be excited by a novel by Henry James? Shall I put it on my shelves, and tell my juniors what a miracle a new novel is? Naturally, I suspect that a more correct definition of it would be, "an expression, in a form in which fictional narrative is accidentally present, of E. V. Lucas's temperament." What I want in Mr. Lucas's alleged novels, which are genuinely original contributions to the art of literature, is more of that side of his temperament which in "Over the Hedge" has carried the game of golf. I have little doubt that my desire will ultimately be fulfilled. It does not seem to be clear whether H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli," now running in the "English Review" and in the American "Forum," will be published this autumn or next spring.

There is nothing in the autumn lists by Joseph Conrad, George Moore, or Hale White (Mark Rutherford). Can a season be called a season from which all these names are absent? None of these first-class artists has published a long novel for years. The announcement of a long novel from any one of them would really excite me. To pass the time of waiting I read their old books. If I have had for twelve or fifteen years, is marked "twenty-first edition." A book like this wears well. Its faults, such as an occasional affectation of Gallic phrasing, and an occasional clumsiness where special tact is required, are simply nothing when weighed against its extraordinary and consistent originality, and the extreme beauty which pervades its major scenes—such, for example, as the drunken scenes at Islington. Survival of the charm of a novel is due to the fact that George Moore, mistaking his vocation, began life as a painter. His description of groups of people in a room, or of landscapes, are like nothing else in either English fiction or French. The one passage which I would put level with them is the description of the oncoming twilight at the beginning of the de Goncourts' "Les Frères Zemganno,"—which, by the way, is a very poor novel. I suppose that some day George Moore's work will be frankly and generally recognised for what it is—great. But I must admit that I see no signs of the immediate approach of that day. However, when the day does come I shall have the melancholy and base satisfaction of saying: "I told you so, year in and year out, ever since the nineteenth century."

In the new number of the "Forum" there is an article by Maurice Maeterlinck on the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" of J. H. Fabre. The article is not at all well done, but it does serve its purpose of introducing to the public work of a very distinguished, modest, and unappreciated writer. I have known men of letters in France who would read "Souvenirs Entomologiques" when they would read nothing else—not because they had entomological leanings, but because of the charm and thrilling interest of the volumes. M. Maeterlinck gives no particulars whatever of the writer, whom he calls "the insects' Homer," except the place of his birth. He says he is the author of half a score of well-filled volumes. "He might have written by the hundred. J. H. Fabre was born in 1823, and is or was professor of chemistry at Avignon. He published his first book nearly fifty years ago, and he has written school-books about pretty nearly everything, from sociology to mathematics. The first volume of "Souvenirs Entomologiques" appeared in 1879, thirty-one years ago, and now that Maurice Maeterlinck has quoted from the work there is likely to be some real demand for it.

As I have mentioned the name of Maeterlinck I cannot refrain, though perhaps I ought, from referring to the grotesquely received performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was given the other day by Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maeterlinck) at the Abbey of St. Wandrile, the Maeterlinckian home. After all, as the performance was thrown open to the public at £8 a head, I suppose one has the right to pass it without forfeiting the respect of correct people. Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the "Times," was one of the happy spectators at £8 a head. Madame Leblanc gave last year a similarly-conceived performance of "Macbeth." The peculiarity of these performances is that the spectators follow the performers from room to room, and from glade to glade, each scene being played in a "real environment." One can imagine the effect. Seldom has any actress been so fatally notoriety, invented a scheme more grossly inartistic and better calculated to attract the rich open-mouthed mob. Madame Maeterlinck played Lady Macbeth, and the played Mélisande. Now, without going into details, Madame Maeterlinck is entirely unfitted, physically and otherwise, to play Mélisande. As an actress, she is without any sort of distinction, and the performance of "Mona Vanna," in which she played the heroine, was absolutely the worst and the most appalling theatrical representation that I ever saw on any stage. (Yet "Mona Vanna" is a masterpiece.) Nevertheless, in certain sections of the French press, the St. Wandrile rendering of "Pelléas et Mélisande" was extolled to heaven. The "Figaro" said, in three columns, referring to Maurice Maeterlinck and his wife, that the genius of a creative artist had never had at its service, to the same degree, the genius of an interpreter, etc. Of course one knows how these laudations are arrived at. I was extremely anxious to see what Mr. Walkley would say in the "Times." I was ready to fall on him. But he came out of the difficulty with admirable sangfroid. In the course of a column of praise of the setting, he contrived to say not a single word as to the acting of Georgette Leblanc. This article of his was much cleverer than his recent banal article on the English theatrical year in which he was once more apparently compelled by the sinister force of antiquity to fall back on quotations from Aristotle.

I have always wondered what was Maurice Maeterlinck's attitude towards these histrionic boomings of Georgette Leblanc. It completely puzzled me that an artist so serious and so sincere could countenance such massacring of things of beauty. The close of Mr. Walkley's article at once enlightened and reassured me. I quote: "It is whispered that while there has been all this to-do about 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' the author has been placidly smoking his pipe in the reno- vated chamber of the Abbey. In the early days, emerging from his den, he will not talk about his plays. He prefers to talk about apples and pears." Excellent! If he really was smoking "placidly," then he is indeed a supreme philosopher among artists.

By the way, Maeterlinck's translation of "Macbeth" is on the whole perhaps the best French translation, though Marcel Schwob, if he had lived, would have done a much better one. But it contains some funny things. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," is rendered, "Après les convulsions..." One sees the pitfall into which the unfortunate translator has gone head over heels. One regrets. But good intentions and a certain sort of style are no excuse for this kind of ignorant perversion.
My Pardner.
By Mrs. Gamp.

Which it was the editor of The New Age interjooged me to this great poet. "Here" he says, me bein in the office and not deceivin you, sweet reader, on business, "Here," he says, "Sairey you dear trustworthy soul, here's somethink after your own art," and ands me a volume. I thought it was int on monthly nursin, bein a blue paper outside and white inside like a sedleg can. Aperiently Beals was the maiden's fam'ly name an so it turns out when in the fruit of time the mother remarks she's married a Second which is Paxton and took to drink since Aggie left home an "It's a lovely dizziness" is her very words an no deceivin you sweet reader. Lively old coucumber for her age I thinks and says.

Not bein asked to stop and Mr Paxton expected, though so many yeas and fatulins and my daughters loved as if they was better than not havin a spare bed —bout Agatha goes with an Int of somethink sweet to come though half an orfeling.

Agatha: I cannot tell—but far away from here...
That I too, may forget...
Yea; even!
Since I am free;
And there is hope within me
That I may bear a living child.

All things equal, bein one white kid glove wrapped round the knocker, and my pertickler comforts where I can take em when so disposed, my address is Kingsgate Street any hour of the day or night. Ask for Sairey Gamp and take no shame, my sweet love.

There's other poems though all occagions sweet dreams to Sairey and memoriess of evennts past and future. Mothers "near their time" is thick as blackberries and one cancer case, more for the ospital I should say than privite, and not to mention a Black Eye which refused to split on her husband with his dear innocent baby cooin in her face and Netty Spark "born in the blossom-time," Mr. Gibson says, meenin March when many things appens, since June is marriages. But one case do aggravate every bone in my Body. When families takes to doctors and dos poor Sairey out of a livin wage, ruin's their lot and ruin's their portion as I have frequent made remark an now there's another sweet dreamer gone to be Sairey Gamp and take no shame, my sweet love.

"Daily Bread—III.
By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. Price 1s. 6d. net., boards; 1s. paper.)

Zillah: You did not always hate him.
Agatha: True... yet, I think...
Zillah: You really loved him.

And so I says and be he whatsoever, marry the man wot's took advantage of her is a female's bounden dooty. Agatha excuses of herself: "Yea, I was young, God knows!" Yea, we was all young once, but not all fools as I could boast in honour unto Gamp until his dying breath when which was dirrelum trimages. Other decency prewailed.

"Then, when you scolded me, and said,
The Beals had always been respectable;
And so, I married him:
And never been respectable."

Seth: If I but knew!
PHOTOGRAPHED PAGE

REVIEWS.

By St. John G. Ervine.


You mark the passage of time in Ireland, not with the names of kings and queens and such like trumpery, but with the names of orators. The last hundred and fifty odd years of Irish history can be separated into the period of Burke, the period of Grattan, the period of O’Connell, the period of Butt, the period of Parnell, and, to-day, the period of John Redmond. Clustered about these men are other men, equally, some of them, indeed, perhaps more, than the great orators. John Redmond the tempestuous figures of John Dillon, coercion, oft enacted, has not broken the spirit of the lucidity and repetition. Clearly and continually, since the means of life in their own land, and are driven to type of Sir Horace Plunkett; but the student of national blunt, factful fashion, devoid of all literary grace and hazy as to what it was all about. In some respects orators, that it had been better for her if there had will express their resentment of their subjection, and country in subjection is garrulity Balkan States, there will be uppermost in the life same bluntness and ugliness of expression, the same in practice Mr. Redmond resembles Mr., Asquith; and the same traditional manner of speech. One feels that neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Redmond go out of his way to speak in ugly sentences; he splits his infinitives on principle; but no one, hearing him speak on any particular subject can go away from the meeting hazy as to what it was all about. In some respects Mr. Redmond resembles Mr. Asquith: there is the same bluntness and ugliness of expression, the same reputation for sincerity and realism, already proved in practice; and the same traditional manner of speech. One feels that neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Redmond would dispense with a peroration, not because that phrase in an invidious or offensive sense. I do so because the public talk of sections; and I say that this declaration problem no by every man who now sits on the Treasury bench, without exception. Therefore, that statement is no longer a statement of mine or a statement of the Irish party. It is the grave character and the urgent character of this problem. I beg of you, when you come to deal with it, to have the head so long bowed in sorrow and almost in despair. Once again the hope of a better day, of a coming day of justice, of liberty, and at least of comparative prosperity is pulsing -one only. Once again Ireland has lifted her head—that hope be not disappointed.”

The book has not yet been written which adequately describes America. Mr. Wells has written it, brilliantly and interestingly of it; but Mr. Wells has not quite achieved success. No American has yet produced a book on America in the least worth while. Mr. Henry James will never write the great word on the meaning of the Nietzschean nation, for he has been too completely de-yanked for that. Mr. Louis F. Post will not write it, for he is very Yank of very Yank, garrulous, cocksure, and intolerably conceited. This book of his, “Social Service,” contains 361 pages of argument mainly about Henry George and the Single Tax: quite half of it is the veriest padding. The book is written as a series of conversations between Mr. Post and an extraordinarily-inarticulate doctor (for the gentleman never opens his mouth once during the course of the 361 pages). In the talk on trading, Mr. Post discourses thus:

“When grandfather went ‘to town to trade,’ he did his trading at stores. He didn’t call all his trading-places stores, though; one was a coal-yard, another a distillery, another a tannery. But stores is what they all were in fact, nothing is shaped in them and they are just stores. Bob he had them shaped in his shop. But Baldwin down there...”

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diate delivery. There are many kinds, as you know—grocery stores, clothing store-furnishing stores, hardware stores, department stores, and so on—but they all classify into two kinds—wholesale stores and retail stores.

That is very typical of Mr. Post's style. He goes on for pages like that, sometimes wasting space on irrelevant things like "the history of the evolution of the retail store? Oh, I don't know, doctor, as [sic] any body can tell you that. I doubt if anyone can without pretending to know a good deal more than he knows. But the probabilities are very small."

The book is not without merit. Mr. Post does understand his Henry George, and if one is patient and willing to wade through his interminable irrelevancies, one gets to know pretty well what Henry George meant. One need not criticise the argument; that has been done time after time; one need only say, here is an exposition to Economics."

Mr. Dealey's book is very much better than Mr. Post's. It is distinctly written, without unnecessary verbiage, and in its principal expository pages (which comprise the bulk of the book) is, I suppose, as excellent a setting-forth of the science of sociology as one could wish to read. When he begins to deliver himself of his own views on the future development of the science, the book fades away, and becomes valueless altogether. Apart from that, the book is a good one. I recommend the major part of it to the student. Mr. Johnson, who is a professor at University in a place called...
public-houses in Glasgow on Sunday; and Glasgow is the most drunken city in the kingdom. I wonder if Canon Jephson thinks England is any purer for the work of the North Lambeth Vigilance Association, a body, so far as can be gathered, of tradesmen more concerned about the condition of their pockets than the condition of the women they are prosecuting. The extraordinary thing about the Canon is that when his workers did succeed in inducing women to give up prostitution, the only thing they could think of offering her was work in a factory or in domestic service, that domestic service to which the Canon attributes the great bulk of prostitution.

I was principally interested in the principle of the benefit of Canon Jephson. We, of The New Age, know all about these things, their cause and their cure, and so far as we are concerned this article is merely vain repetition. It is the Canon, therefore, that I address myself. When I read Chapter 3 I was sitting on top of a L.C.C. tramcar in Vauxhall Bridge Road. I looked out of the window, and against the railings of one of the houses I saw a prostitute. She was well and expensively attired. Past her went three bedraggled girls of the factory type, ill-fed, ill-clad, hungry-looking, unhealthy, leaden-faced, dirty. They dragged their feet along the ground as if they had no strength to lift them firmly. And as they went past, the prostitute drew her skirts about her as if she were afraid of contamination. The Canon can extract what moral he likes from that, but I cannot extract more than Vice more promptly and handsomely rewarded than Virtue, so long will women fly to prostitution. Those three girls will be dead in a year or two, starved, poisoned, or tuberculous. Ultimately, the prostitute will die too, probably of some horrible death-rate, and his bravery is great. He thinks sanely about the tragic situation of Queen Katharine in one scene to the tragic situation of Wolsey in the next, and it is harder still, after these characters have drifted into inaction, to muster any interest in the doings of Cranmer or Thomas Cromwell. The factors in tragic interest are many. It is not enough that the personality defeated by fate should be a distinguished personality. The defeat must be in some way a whole affair, and this claim must grow uninterrupted from scene to scene. There is such a thing as a trumped-up tragedy, based only upon momentary illusion, propped by wild improbabilities and ever leaning for a fall. And "Henry VIII." with its overcrowded stage and top-heavy structure, comes perilously near this form. A touch of anti-climax sends it toppling.

Sir Herbert Tree has not attempted to restore the balance. That would have been impossible. But he has magnified Wolsey, dwarfed Cranmer, enveloped the whole affair in pageantry and illusion of a certain kind. It is not the illusion that the author or authors of "Henry VIII." aimed at, but it is a better illusion, even dramatically, than they actually attained.

It follows, then, that Sir Herbert Tree's spectacular treatment can more easily be defended in the case of "Henry VIII." than in that, let us say, of "Hamlet." The material is rawer, and it might well have been thrown at the heads of the patriotic Elizabethan audience with the cry of "as you like it" or "make what you can of it." But if liberties are to be taken with the text at all, they may as well be the most effective liberties possible. If that attractive nonentity Anne Bullen is to have a whole scene to herself in Westminster Abbey, with all the local archbishops and other dignitaries to place the crown upon her empty head, why should not Wolsey have a like honour? Why not, especially when Wolsey is played by Sir Herbert Tree? There is a popular historical picture representing the fall of Wolsey, cardinals pacing the formal garden of his palace at York amid the autumn leaves, exiled, but repeating yet another "Farwell, a long farewell, to all my greatness." Surely this would have made an admirable tableau to foreshadow the final scene amid patriotic cheering. I have long hoped to see this scene played; less for the delight of seeing the stage infant in its cradle than for that of hearing the great speech of Cranmer nobly spoken. But at His Majesty's Theatre this was not to be. "Henry VIII." as played there is in three acts and eleven scenes, and it ends with a pageant in dumb show, representing the coronation of Anne Bullen. It would be the merest pedantry to quarrel with this version, or even with the coronation of Anne, for "The Famous History of King Henry the Eighth" is not in reality a very good play, and it is impossible to find a good play upon it. There are too many central figures pressing for many parts, and the background is far from strong. It is not easy to pass with real sympathy from the tragic situation of Queen Katharine in one scene to the tragic situation of Wolsey in the next, and it is harder still, after these characters have drifted into inaction, to muster any interest in the doings of Cranmer or Thomas Cromwell. The factors in tragic interest are many. It is not enough that the personality defeated by fate should be a distinguished personality. The defeat must be in some way a whole affair, and this claim must grow uninterrupted from scene to scene. There is such a thing as a trumped-up tragedy, based only upon momentary illusion, propped by wild improbabilities and ever leaning for a fall. And "Henry VIII." with its overcrowded stage and top-heavy structure, comes perilously near this form. A touch of anti-climax sends it toppling.

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and history of the period rather than an interpretation of an indifferent work of art, a whole series of such tableaux could scarcely be out of place. But there is a worse trouble. All the costumes, banquet, and decorations devised cannot represent a period or create an historical impression. History is altogether an affair of personalities. And the moment a manager leaves the safe, if tortuous track provided for him by the traditional author of a Shakespearean play, and that a manager is Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Herbert Tree has just published a little book entitled "Henry VIII. and his Court," and I gather that, besides maintaining Shakespeare's authorship of the play, he identifies the stage characters with the actual ones. But Shakespeare lived very near the age of Henry. Does Sir Herbert Tree imagine that if, for example, some poet now living should write a drama of the Court of Queen Victoria (which God forbid), the impression of that lady and her age would be a true one? And does the imaginative gift conducing to presentation of the actual? It may achieve reality, in the sense that everything finely imagined is of necessity real, but its only concern with the actual, the existing or historical fact, is to build phantasy upon it. We may take it as fairly certain that the question of Henry VIII. and his Court has very little to do with the Shakespearean play, and that a faithful study of that Court would never have been tolerated upon the Elizabethan stage.

It is only fair to say that Sir Herbert's Wolsey follows Shakespeare's line. The same is true of Mr. Henry Ainley's Duke of Buckingham, Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Queen Katherine, and the playing of most of the other actors who, having once absorbed a tradition, could not achieve realism in doublet and hose even if they tried. But Sir Herbert Bourchier is at loggerheads with them. His Henry VIII. is often undignified, and sometimes approaches comic relief. The dilemma of realism is seen clearly enough in his case. Mr. Bourchier does not bend to his courtiers; he hob-nobs with them. He is full of the mannerism cultivated in the two adaptations from the French, "Parasites" and "Glass Houses," in which he has lately played. His reading of the part can of course be defended. Probably Henry VIII., like many other English kings, was in reality a more or less genial vulgarian. No doubt he was as little addicted to the use of blank verse as, say, King Edward the Seventh. But the play requires that he should be so, and speak it as if he meant it. Such conventions are as there in this most baffling play are nicely adjusted. The instant Henry loses dignity and force, Wolsey gains. This is all very well for Sir Herbert, but in the case of Miss Katherine, Buckingham and the others, who suffer indirectly. My own impression is that all attempts at realism like Mr. Bourchier's must fail. The trouble with all the Shakespearean productions at His Majesty's Theatre is that the theatre has no absolute standards for the treatment of verse-drama, no settled convictions and no ideals. Everything, from the real peaches upon the banqueting-table to the incidental music, is done for the sake of an isolated effect; and the effects are left undiscovered, ragged, jostling one another meanly for pride of place. There is no conscious mind behind them all but the mind of the actor. Sir Herbert Tree has done much to make this "Henry VIII." an interesting revival, but he is as far removed as ever from being a great producer of Shakespeare.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE VULGARITY OF MORALITY.

Sir,—I am sorry the discussion of the truth of immortality appears to have come to an end. There was a great deal left to be said, which cannot usually be affirmed of a New Year. Then, I may say so, even on both sides. Mr. Grierson forgot that since the prevalence of the belief in immortality the floods of reason have not bayed in it. The point is,

POTPOURRI AND GENTIUS.

Sir,—Jacob Tonson in last week's issue wrote: "And what is still more curious, they [genuine artists] will seldom produce their best work unless they are driven to it by a sense of need, or by a desire to make money." Mr. George Sampson, a few pages earlier, deals with Lord Rosebery's remarks on the same point. Said Lord Rosebery:

"Poverty produces masterpieces and wealth smoothers them. You will be able to count on your fingers the masterpieces produced by rich people. You will find they have all been written under the pressure—almost all have been written under the pressure of poverty."

Mr. Sampson's reply to that is emphatic: 

"When he says that half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns, he is writing arrant nonsense, and he knows it." And later on in his article he repeats that refutation: "And the last fallacy, the greatest of all, is the assumption, worthy of a plutocratic age, that the originating impulse of genius depends for its exercise upon financial considerations. Lord Rosebery's point of view is, in my opinion, quite untenable and it seems quite in opposition to opinions he has previously given in this paper. As the matter stands, all that Lord Rosebery can do is to answer to Sampson is to refer to Mr. Tonson.

Mr. John M. Robertson published an essay some years ago, on the effect of the morrow's. It seems impossible to absolutely settle the question. He showed that the best work of "creative artists" (Mr. Tonson's "genuine artists," surely?) were a result of the consequence, and that a sense of independence, or after all financial worry was taken from them. And he clinches his argument by giving names and details to which this is also referred. J.A. CHAPPELL."

THE VULGARITY OF TASTE.

Sir,—Mr. Tawney, beaten from other positions, seeks refuge in what I can only call willful misstatement of my
contentions. He says I object to Mr. Mansbridge addressing letters to a member of the Provisional Committee. I have never said anything of the sort. If this is typical of the methods of an official and lecturer of the W.E.A., the less he has to say about any of my conduct the better. I am told that I have received a memorial addressed to the Government, and purporting to come from Trade Union representatives, but really signed by the Parliamentary Committee, in order to be submitted to the Government without reference to Trade Unionists who wishes it to express an opinion of the W.E.A. I regard this as a serious charge: substantiate, Mr. T. W. Price, if you can.

Mr. T. W. Price, I believe, is the Midland Secretary of the W.E.A., so that his effort to appear as an independent Mr. Unionist critic of my conduct is rather feeble. As to his challenge, I am willing to discuss the memorial, and to defend my action if attacked, before any audience of local or university lecturers. Come, Mr. Tawney—suppression of the facts is the essence of the memorial. Its essential points are the demands for the grant of public money to Universities without popular control, and for a Royal Commission instead of the local Union for the educational endowments of this country. Both these features I denounced. Mr. Tawney charges me with publishing the memorial in an incomplete form, and he is at least entitled to ask for this in the name of the working-classes. Is it the demand for higher emoluments for University teachers and professors, or is it the suppression of the essential parts of the document that is a serious charge: substantiate, please?

Mr. Price did not, evidently, read the early part of this correspondence, or he would know that Mr. Will Thorne, in THE NEW AGE of June 9, expressed his opinion of the memorial as it was under full popular control. (Vide the Trade Union Congress education policy.) It is not true, as Mr. Price alleges, that I myself "agree with the essential points of the memorial." Its essential points are the demands for the grant of public money to Universities without popular control, and for a Royal Commission instead of the local Union for the educational endowments of this country. Both these features I denounced. Mr. Tawney charges me with publishing the memorial in an incomplete form, and he is at least entitled to ask for this in the name of the working-classes. Is it the demand for higher emoluments for University teachers and professors, or is it the suppression of the essential parts of the document that is a serious charge: substantiate, please?

Sir,—I know that my friend, Mr. Price, does not understand me when I write to oppose her suggestion for what appears on the surface to be a fair trial of Shakespeare. If people had the sanity of Mrs. Nesbit, the question would never be raised. But it is a question of the most immediate interest, and the whole of the Shakespearians is surely an unfair phrase for deserved contempt—nor should such a phrase come from so just and well-balanced a mind as Mr. Price's. Now, Mr. Price, the arbitrary and unhampered Socialists should be at all times to co-operate with the organised workers for common objects, are so pronounced, that any attempt to construct the permanent but simple machinery required for Socialist unity is hopeless at this stage, the Committee will not add confusion to chaos, but will continue its useful work of preparing the way for that unanimity in the action of Socialists which, alone, will bring the capitalist class any serious concern in this country.

H. ALEXANDER.

PROVISIONAL S. R. C.

Sir,—In July the Provisional Committee for the Promotion of Common Action among Socialists approached all branches of Socialist organisations and Trade Councils, to ascertain how far the Socialists of this country were prepared to associate themselves with the formation of a National Education Policy. Result: the Trade Unions, after long discussion and of music—otherwise trained men like critics could not mistake bad art in literature for good art as they do. The feeling of the art of literature is almost as limited in my opinion as limited is the sense of the arts of painting and of music—otherwise trained men like critics could not mistake bad art in literature for good art as they do. It is not true, as Mr. Price alleges, that I myself "agree with the essential points of the memorial." Its essential parts are the demands for the grant of public money to Universities without popular control, and for a Royal Commission instead of the local Union for the educational endowments of this country. Both these features I denounced. Mr. Tawney charges me with publishing the memorial in an incomplete form, and he is at least entitled to ask for this in the name of the working-classes. Is it the demand for higher emoluments for University teachers and professors, or is it the suppression of the essential parts of the document that is a serious charge: substantiate, please?

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H. ALEXANDER.
did know them, by heart. I have had a lifelong delight in intense artistic sensing of the literary art of Shakespeare, short stories, of Carlyle. At any rate, I know the artistry could tell the one from the other, any more than that Lord Roberts or Mr. Asquith or Mr. Eden, or Mr. Roosevelt could tell a Turner from a Corot or a symphony by Beethoven from one by Chopin. This is no disparagement of the outside proofs of Shakespeare's concern in his plays into Bacon's rigid ways. Mrs. Nesbit quotes Gladstone; but in what did Gladstone ever prove that he had the art of painting or music? What on earth could be the exquisite artistry of Shakespeare's plays and the exquisite originality of the advertisement—"Once my hair was straight, but that one, as events proved, sufficiently unique to bring a gooseberry is rhododendron."

SEPT. 15, 1910
THE NEW AGE

MURDER AND PUNISHMENT.

SIR,—May I draw the attention of the readers to the latest and most capital murders which have been committed in this twentieth century in England?—a land where capital punishment has been in existence from the earliest times.

May I, side by side with this, draw attention to the infrequency of such crimes in countries like Switzerland and Belgium, wherein for the greater part capital punishment has been abolished?

Only a short time ago the enlightened pioneers of social reform attempted to abolish legal murders in France, but the uneducated intolerance of the crowd from which commissaries are drawn promptly decided that the next brutal murder which was committed was a proof that the guillotine should be restored.

If capital punishment had been abolished in England in 1909 all the horrible murders of 1910 would have been attributed to this reform.

What is to be said when capital punishment has not been abolished?

Every reader should remember the murders of 1910 when the uneducated intelligence of the class from which commissaries are drawn promptly decided that the next brutal murder which was committed was a proof that the guillotine should be restored.

Next morning all England made holiday. A murderer had been sentenced! But the victim, but Septimus C.—where was he? No difficulty about that. The evening editions came out with the news. Guineas discovered in a Collar! Human Remains in a Vault! And finally—Cork's Hair Found!

During the next few weeks the galleries press made a fortune. Everyone was enthusiastic, the last, the Government analysts and other experts had got to work on the prosecution. A special extra, detailing the prisoner's last meal and inviting the public to read the extraordinary proceedings. His grandmother scooped in a life-annuity from the de-
scription she supplied of his birth and first knickers. But at length, even these wonders began to fall, and public and private buyers of all sorts of torpor until the great Day of Trial revived the nation.

The present writer was fortunate enough to be in court throughout the trial. He may perhaps not have been superfine enough to give any details at all of the defence, and except for the circumstance that the defending counsel, foolishly believing in ideals of justice, which this kind of case invited him to violate, he described poor Septimus K., the wonder of our childhood, the envy of our youth, and the hope of our old age. "Once it was strong," said his lordship, with a twinkle in his eye, "but it can't be cured."

With English writing, Stickit's testimony was remarkable in its way, as indicating to what extent a clever, guilty man could assume the manner and expression of dumbly witnesses to a cruel murder.

One or two witnesses, including the bus-conductor, then gave evidence as to having been required to hold the prisoner down. After that, the open meeting was allowed to witness the actual trial and it was confirmed that Stickit had been required to post the deceased nineteen times in succession. He knew our poor old friend with whom he was on bad terms, said counsel, in evil odors, alas!—contempt of court. Council had rested its case on the fact that that motive was sufficient, and that the prisoner would absolutely control one of the branches of his profession. It was over.

A movement of indignation in the body of the court was instantly suppressed, but the jury simply chewed nuts and then, after a short pause, went purple with fury at this breach of etiquette, which rarely been my pleasure to preside over so manly an exhibition of firmness and courage to do the right. Thomas à Stickit, you will be taken from the place where you are to the place where you came, you will be tortured night and day for three weeks, and then, one fine morning, while I am eating my bacon and eggs, you will be taken out and hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may God Almighty have mercy on your soul.

"Hooray! Hooray! The court cleared. The great trial was over."

An absurd petition was got up by some maundering persons and presented to the Home Secretary, but the convict's brother who owed him about two hundred pounds, wrote to the Press and the Home Office urging that no reparation be granted; and in fact this year alone there was a vast number of letters and receipts proving the debt, which correspondence had been seized by the police, was retained, and refused to the widow of the daily execution, but public pressure, thus justice was done, a victim was avenged, and a guilty wretch was sent to his account—Noah Flew was applauded, a helpless widow defrauded, and judges were shown to be necessary as ever in the good old times. I hope I echo the sentiments of all just men in remarking that England may well be proud of the Stickit case.

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**Articles of the Week.**

**ARCHER, WM.**, "Henry VIII."

**BECKON, WM.**, "Not Proven."

**Bull-haiting.** Morning Leader, Sept. 10.


**BURNAND, Sir FRANCIS.** "Mr. Punch's Table: Another Seat Vacant." Daily Telegraph, Sept. 8.


**COX, HAROLD.** "Have Trade Unions Lost their Grip?" Daily Mail, Sept. 7.
The New Age

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

44.—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

ELEMENTARY MECHANICS. A text-book for Schools and Matriculation Candidates. (Chambers. 4s. 6d.)

1892 LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS AND LIGHTNING GUARDIANS. A technical treatise on electric waves and discharges generally. (Wright’s & Co. 15s.)

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE. Lectures on Astronomical Science. With numerous illustrations. (Macmillan. 6s.)

1903 MODERN VIEWS ON MATTER. The Romans Lecture to the University of Oxford. A pamphlet. (Clarendon Press. Third Edition. 1s. net.)

1905 SCHOOL TEACHING AND SCHOOL REFORM. Lectures. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. Net price. 2s. 6d.)

1906 EASY MATHEMATICS; or, Arithmetic and Algebra for General Readers. Separately addressed to teachers, pupils, self-taught students and adults. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

LIFE AND MATTER. An answer to Haeckel. (Williams & Norgate. 2s. 6d. net.)

1906 ELECTRONS, or the nature and properties of Negative Electricity. A treatise on the most recent discoveries in the pure science of Electricity. (George Bell & Sons. 6s. net.)

1906 SIGNALLING THROUGH SPACE WITHOUT WIRES. (First published in 1894 under the title "The Work of Hertz and his Successors") A treatise on what has become Wireless Telegraphy. (Electrician Co. 5s. net.)

1907 MODERN VIEWS OF ELECTRICITY. An exposition of fundamental electrical principles. (Macmillan. New Edition. 6s.)

1908 THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH ALLIED WITH SCIENCE. A Catechism for Parents and Teachers. (Methuen & Co. 2s. net.)

1908 MAN AND THE UNIVERSE. A Study of the Influence of the Advance in Scientific Knowledge upon our Own Understanding of Christianity. (Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

1909 THE ETHER OF SPACE. (Harper & Brothers. 2s. 6d.)

1909 THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. A Study in Unrecognised Human Faculty. (Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

COMPETITION VERSUS CO-OPERATION. A Discourse delivered in Liverpool about 1890. (Fabian Society. 1d.)

1903 MACEDONIA AND THE PROBLEM OF THE NEAR EAST. An Address at a Birmingham Town’s Meeting. (Cornish Brothers. 6d.)

PUBLIC SERVICE VERSUS PRIVATE EXPENDITURE. A pamphlet reporting an Address to the Order of Foresters, in Birmingham Town Hall on Sunday, Oct. 9, 1904. (Fabian Society. 1d.)

1905 SCIENCE AND RELIGION. A Discourse given to young men in the City Temple. (Christian Commonwealth Co. 3d.)

1905 SOME SOCIAL REFORMS. Presidential Address to the Social and Political Education League at Univ. Coll., London. (Murby & Co. 3d.)

1906 WORK AND LIFE. An Address to the Workers Educational Association. (H. Marshall & Son. 1d.)

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT. (Social Purity Alliance. 1d.)
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AND OTHER ESSAYS.
By FRANCIS GRIERSON.
2s. 6d. net.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
Une fois de plus j’ai respiré avec joie l’atmosphère privilégiée, le parfum de la suprême aristocratie spirituelle qui émane de toute l’œuvre si spéciale de Monsieur Grierson. Il a, dans ses meilleurs moments, ce don très rare de jeter certains coups d’une lumière simple et décisive sur les points les plus difficiles, les plus obscurs et les plus imprévus de l’art, de la morale et de la psychologie. Ces moments et ces coups de lumière abondent, par exemple, dans “Style and Personality,” “Hebraic Inspiration,” “Practical Pessimism,” “Emerson and Unitarianism,” “Theatrical Audiences,” “The Conservation of Energy,” etc., ces essais, que je mets au rang des plus subtils et des plus substantiels que je sache.

A. B. WALKLEY.
The Celtic Temperament is full of subtle and “intimate” things deep down below the surface of conventional thought, and for the sake of such passages I shall keep Mr. Grierson’s book on the same shelf as “Wisdom and Destiny,” and “The Treasure of the Humble.”

THE SPECTATOR.
Mr. Grierson has a right to speak, for he uses with success one of the most difficult of literary forms—the Essay.

In Preparation, A New Edition of “Modern Mysticism.”

The Valley of Shadows.
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THE TIMES.
In “The Valley of Shadows” Mr. Grierson appears in a different rôle from that of Essayist, in which he was so successful; he recalls in vivid memories the wonderful romance of his life in Lincoln’s country, letting the political, social, and religious characters speak for themselves.

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