THE NEW AGE

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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 a 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 unprofitable servants.

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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 bag on every occasion, and we do so now. The General Strike will not be possible for another fifty years and by that time it will be unnecessary. Consequently, as an antidote against war, the threat of a General Strike is useless, not to say childish. Our Army Council may be very ignorant, but they would be supernaturally obtuse even to take into account the possibility of a General Strike on either side. Spasmodic disturbances would probably take place in the Labour ranks of both belligerent countries, but they would be directed less to stopping the war than to obtaining some labour advantage out of it. That, in 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.

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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 war-time would find himself in the firing-line indeed. That, we agree, would make him sublime, but his idea would be 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.

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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 inflammable 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 settling 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

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.

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We have referred already to the brutal fact that wages relatively to profits are going down; and the Inland Revenue returns for 1909 confirm it. Put 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 has made of them more profitable wage-slaves: the ingenious creatures are now able, without a farthing additional wages, to earn three or four times as much profit as heretofore. So while wages remain stationary despite of free education, profits go up because of it. Or take another example, the organisation of Labour. The creation of trade unions has been fought at every step by the oligarchy on the assumption that these organisations would inevitably increase industrial wars. So, perhaps, they did for a while; but in the end the organisations have become the chief instrument of peace. Referring to the present Labour disputes the "Times" says: "The danger of industrial war, which once lay in the spread of organisation, now lies in its breakdown."

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The means by which the trade union organisations have been "captured" by the employers are, fortunately, quite clear. There need be no beating about the bush either to discover or to announce it. The secret lies in what is called Collective Bargaining. As we remarked last week, an agreement between masters and men is, in fact whatever it may be in name, a treaty of surrender on the part of the latter; and all that the advocates of collective bargaining have done is to throw the onus of blame on workmen whenever trouble takes place. Collective bargaining has existed in one form or another these last ten years, but it was only in 1908 when Mr. Lloyd George's great scheme of Railway Conciliation was launched, amid the lyrical plaudits of Mr. Webb and the Fabian Society, that the system became firmly established. At the present moment there are 262 permanent Boards or Joint Committees known to the Board of Trade; and it is interesting to observe, in view of our contention that these Boards are most useful to employers, that of 7,508 cases settled by them in the ten years, 1900-1909, only 104 were preceded by a stoppage of work, strike or lockout. On the other side of the account, something would surely have been expected if the agreement had been, as the "Nation" sapiently observes, "on approximately equal terms." Yet what do we find? Take the railway returns for 1909 as issued this very week. The total working expenditure of the companies (mostly wages) fell from 76½ millions to 75 mllions, and this in spite of the fact that, as Mr. Chiozza Money observes in the "Westminster Gazette," the scheme has secured some of the railway men 6d. and some of them a shilling a week extra. The conclusion is obvious: these conciliation schemes, Arbitration Boards, Joint Committees, etc., etc., are a failure from the wage-earners' standpoint.

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There happens in this case to be no possible blame attachable to the men's leaders. Apart from the fact that the funds are not prepared for a large levy, the men's signatories are honourably bound in the event of any dispute to make every effort possible to secure the loyal observance of the terms of the agreement or award. The men's leaders, in short, are in honour bound to side against the men if any dispute proceeds irregularly. And they do! In the shipbuilding dispute the employers and the men's leaders are on the same side, though the men are two to one against the latter. In South Wales, the men's officials are risking their limbs (at least their appearances) in trying to persuade the men to abide by the terms of surrender. Elsewhere, and in the future, the state of things will be the same. It will be the men who will rebel and the officials, their own and the employers, who will endeavour to quell them. Such is the result of "Collective Bargaining." The "Nation," we observe, takes, as usual, a singular view of the matter. "The unrest," we are told, "is tactically and technically wrong, but it is an eminently natural stage in a by no means completed evolution." What on earth does this mean? If the repudiation by the men of the terms of the agreement is a natural stage in the evolution of collective bargaining, then it cannot be tactically, even if it is technically wrong. And to what, we ask, is this "unrest" a stage in the evolution? Does the "Nation" look forward to collective bargaining "on approximately equal terms" the clauses of which, when the men are better disciplined, will be maintained? But that is the last thing even to be hoped or expected. A beleaguered city can never bargain on approximately equal terms with its besiegers; nor is the moral responsibility of breaking the agreement so great in their case as in the case of the superior party. The fact is that collective bargaining between Capital and Labour is bad in principle as well as in practice. It assumes not only an equality that does not exist, but also a status on the one side that is insufferable. Contract we understand, but these agreements assume the permanence of the status of wage-slave; and it is precisely this status that is fundamentally objected to. So long as that remains, our advice to trade unionists must necessarily sound immoral, but it is in our view inevitable: produce the maximum of trouble to the oligarchy at the minimum cost to yourselves.

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Slowly but surely our press is beginning to realise the full significance of the possible extinction of the Labour party. The "Morning Post" is quite certain that payment of members "is the only complete reply to the charge based on the Osborne judgment that the manual workers are debarred from Parliament." We scarcely expected the Unionist press to display so much insight, though the same organ did at the last election urge the running of Unionist working-men candidates. The "Westminster Gazette" has also begun to advocate payment of members: "We ourselves have already said that we think the occasion ripe for this change." On the other hand, the "Nation," after wobbling this way, that way, and no way at all for weeks has come down in favour of the reversal of the Osborne judgment—with reservations. "The restoration of their political rights is a necessary adjustment and an inevitable concession to fact." But note the proviso: it is to the effect that Labour members shall not be pledge-bound to any party—particularly, we suppose, to the Socialist party. Here's a gift indeed! The funds are to be once more confined to the support of trade union delegates who in other matters shall be free to vote as they please.

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We are not complaining of this at all, since it was obviously the party pledge that produced Osborne. But we want to know what Liberals, let alone Socialists, have to say to a proposal that merely puts politics back about twenty years. Like the "Nation," we object to the pledge-bound nature of Labour representatives, but our remedy is not to revert to the past, but to revise for the future. Labour delegates of the Burt and Fenwick type were admirable in their day, but their day is gone. The machine-made party killed them. If the machine-made party is to go too, let us replace it not by resuscitated Burts and Fenwicks, but by a new

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 so-called evils. Let it! The principle is right 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.

In 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 the Porte, and he therefore liked to spend his holidays occasionally in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

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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 their attitude towards Germany, the Triplice, and 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 shortly. Strange that two French Ambassadors should simultaneously choose Constantinople for their holidays!

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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.

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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 he could see no reason why old German men-o'-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 loan would doubtless "be arranged for."

The Porte could.

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

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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 Foreign Office 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. At this 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 fact 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 Constantinople.

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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.

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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, so to speak, wasn't looking. With 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.

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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, whereat some anger is naturally being manifested. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt is stumping the country and, despite reports to the contrary in the American capitalistic press, endearing himself more and more to the common people.

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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 hope 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 Huntly 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 studio 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 at the outset that the general taste in this, the Mistress Art, is at a lower ebb than at any time even of the eighteenth century. At the same time it is higher than it was in the succeeding century.

A tradition in architecture cannot be built up in a day, but the last two or three decades have seen the beginning of one—or rather a renascence of the older Palladian tradition. And there are to-day in the practice of architecture a number of men who, given opportunities, would produce work in no way inferior to that done in the seventeenth century. It may not be tedious to enumerate some notable buildings erected within the last twenty years: Mr. John Belcher's "Chartered Accountants"; the late John Sedding's Church in Clerkenwell; Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards building for "Bovril"; the work of the late John Brydon hidden away up and down in London; Messrs. Adam and Holden's work; Mr. Lutyens, Offices of "Country Life"; the Gaiety Theatre, Scotland Yard, and part of the quadrant in Regent Street by Mr. Norman Shaw; Mr. Beresford Pite's Assurance Offices at Euston; Selfridge's. All this work in various designs expresses nobly, beside definite geometrical ideas, the personality or temperament of their designers, not in any *outrè* fashion, but through definite style, and are not inferior to any architecture achieved since the time of Wren. These buildings give a not unfavourable view of the characteristics of the Renascence, the modern style par excellence. Pseudo-mediævalism is to-day a thing of the past, except it exist still in sentimental coteries. But without it it would be impossible to point to London churches so beautiful as those of Sedding, Gilbert Scott, and Bentley—work to which in the same kind there is nothing comparable in Europe or America.

But the reason why these and similar works are the exception lies in the apathy of the public.

During the renascence in Italy connoisseurship in all forms of art was general, and from the Pope on Peter's throne to the clerk in a Florentine's office everyone constituted himself a judge in matters appertaining to art. In England up to the middle of the eighteenth century taste in architecture was fairly general. Every gentleman understood its principles, and several of them were not without ability in its practice.

Little more can be done by architects themselves until the public expresses some kind of approbation. Perhaps on the whole the best work in England to-day is Domestic, for the simple reason that the leaven of taste works slowly and has only touched the extremities. And while the mob inhabiting great cities have none, individuals here and there have knowledge in matters of art.

At the present time young men receive an excellent education in architecture—a certain unanimity in method and ideals bids fair to equip even the average practitioner to do reasonable architecture, and with opportunities such as are offered in America much might be done. It is customary to sneer at American culture—American architecture, at any rate, flourishes in great vigour and beauty and scholarship, and will one day lead the world. But it seems that Americans want value for money, and when they employ an architect—they want to get architecture. In London we accept all kinds of vulgar fripperies from stockbrokers turned architects.

In the plastic and constructive arts the practitioners call themselves painters, sculptors, architects, etc. It is only the great gullible public who think that painters alone are capable of producing art, so they muddle along, and when they want a bit of "art" they buy it from the painter. The assumption that painters can do architecture is doubtless based on this feeling that "art" may be obtained in sample and applied to building—a square foot or a yard at the time.

It is true that at the time of the Renascence in Italy the practitioners of art turned indifferently to any of its manifestations. Michelangelo the sculptor was put to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—as painter he was turned on to St. Peter's to complete it. It should be borne in mind that the training opportunities of these men were widely different from those of to-day. In general they were apprenticed to a *bottega* where anything was turned out from a bronze statuette, the painting of a merchant's signboard, 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, Bramanti, and Peruzzi—got their experience from 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 strenuous specialised study at Rome. Modern decorative painting, an undisputed "artist's" task, has not been peculiarly successful. Chavanne, Brangwyn, and perhaps one or two more have been able to compose on a large scale with breadth, simplicity, and dignity.

Architecture has a still greater scale to manage, and it has besides an elaborate scholarship, not to mention its constructive and other difficulties.

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.

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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 "æsthetic" movement in architecture is dying down, a fact to be deplored since the creation of real architecture, that is architecture as a work of art, serves two very useful purposes. It tends to promote public æsthetic taste, and it necessitates the cooperation of artists.

The decline of good building is said to be due to the divorce of the three principal forms of art, architecture, sculpture, and painting—a divorce that is injuring each form separately—and the consequent isolation of artists from each other. Thus there is on the one hand the master-builder thinking in building as a whole; on the other, a great body of painters and sculptors who might also be artists in building—the master-builder's chief workmen, in fact—but who are instead isolated from him and from each other, and producing a great deal of work which we could conceivably do without. They should instead be united in a common effort to create beautiful architecture, 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 eminent architects:—

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

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? And are you in favour of architects, painters and sculptors being trained alike and trained together, so as to lead to the common practice of the three forms of art by the same hand, and to the sympathetic understanding by artists of each others work, upon which understanding a spirit of harmony can alone be based?*

4. *Would you say that the further causes which prevent artists co-operating more fully in the creation of real architecture are 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.

I. Yes, distinctly as regards domestic architecture. No! as regards public architecture, partly on account of the control exercised by the Office of Works—an office as full of red tape as empty of æsthetic cultivation. Our public buildings are apt to look "small." There is too much

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 ab initio. When sculpture is to be a feature in a building the architect and sculptor should work together from the laying down of the first lines of the plan.

In all good architecture 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 his word as to projection of mouldings, occupied and 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 lies underneath—notably at Arezzo—where that delightful writer but abominable artist Vasari has a pretty good fling.

II. Certainly where 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 unfortunately too often held to be "The Art," the public catch on 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, architects, sculptors, and painters we must be satisfied at present.

IV. The mischief in a large measure resides both in the Government and the public—both are ignorant. The Government says give us a good working plan for an office, an outside which shall be like something else, stick on some ornament, but you must not be original any more than we demand originality of our tailor.

V. I think the town-planning scheme is likely to be very valuable; I hope it will tend to promote order without rigidity, originality without affectation, and, above all destroy the jerry builder, and place the Office of Works in its proper place, as arbitor of the law, provider of funds, but quite outside all powers to control in matters of æsthetics. On those matters our rulers are wisest when silent.

Mr. Arthur S. Dixon, F.R.I.B.A., President of Birmingham Architectural Association.

I think there has been a considerable general improvement in architecture in Birmingham during the last ten years, and it has come about in the course of the general relations between architect, builder, and workmen. From time to time a craftsman in one or another art—such as plaster work, iron work, etc.—has become known, and I think whenever this has been the case his co-operation has been welcomed by architects. There have been, however, few if any buildings erected here within my knowledge in which there has been any opportunity for the co-operation of painters and sculptors: but I am not quite sure, on second thoughts, what you mean by a "painter"—some admirable work has been done in the way of wall-painting in this neighbourhood as well as in London by men trained in schools of art, and as many of the architects here as well as craftsmen, painters, etc., have been, or are, connected with the school of art, I do not think there is any want of sympathy between them.

Mr. Edward Barclay Hoare.

It seems to me that the necessary business side of an architect's life and profession is bound to predominate over the artistic side, and what is wanted of the architect (as opposed to the sculptor, painter, etc.), and what is all that should be expected of him, is that he should do the best possible (in both directions—business and art!) in the circumstances in which he finds himself professionally engaged.

Mr. C. F. A. Voysey.

If I would state my views in as few words as possible, I must of necessity say what is unpleasant to many. But I believe what hurts most is that which is true. If you call me a liar and I do not believe you, I do not mind much; but if my conscience confirms your opinion, the sting is intense. From this I infer that what is painful is really good for us.

You ask "have recent developments shown any advance in the direction of reuniting form, structure, and decoration, and consequently of an increase of artistic building?"

I believe there is a wide-spreading belief in the importance of recognising the possibilities and limitations of materials, which has led to a more fitting use of them, and to far better art. But when you speak of the increase of artistic building, I understand you do not only mean the materialistic qualities of building, but their moral and spiritual effect. In the latter direction I see absolutely no advance but a decided deterioration, which I attribute to irreligion. The falsehoods in doctrines have turned men's thoughts away from religion. The religious would say, "We must stick to our principles whatever they be, whether we live or die." But the irreligious says, "Although I call myself an artist and a professional man, and my customers clients, I must do what they want—because I have got to make a living somehow. When I have earned a little I will be more independent." But Nature says, "No, my friend; the price of real independence is to be ready to starve for what you believe to be right. If you won't pay the price you can never have the power. Go, join the band of sheepish followers and conform to all conventionalities, fashions and favourites." Then our building will be in accordance with popular notions, and if materialism is the mainspring of human action, as it must inevitably be, when men put religion in the background, then you can have no art, no poetry, no music, no architecture worthy of the name. No one will be looking for any spiritual qualities at all. But stay! This is the logical end, but are we there yet? Does not the revolt from false doctrine denote an honest heart? Does not the discontent among artists that your questions imply denote an inward striving for something better? Yes, I firmly believe that Providence means man to go forward in his way and in his good time, and therefore there must come an awakening of the better side of our natures when we have recovered from the demoralising and weakening effect of prosperity, which has whetted the appetite for pleasure and enjoyment to such an extent that the flesh has almost got the upper hand. So to the question, "Should there be more co-operation between artists?" I answer, co-operation for selfish purposes and trades union principles, most assuredly no! Co-operation to stimulate and inflame the spiritual side of our natures and make us strong to brave popular odium and starvation if need be, yes! a thousand times yes! No other kind of co-operation between man and man is of any lasting good.

To question three, "Is a spirit of harmony lacking, and should all artists be trained together?" I do believe that only religion can keep down the demon of selfishness. Therefore the spirit of harmony must be impaired if instead of spiritual aims we substitute material ones. If my thoughts about you are built up on the bed-rock of my banking account, I cannot run the risk of ruin in order to convert you to a spiritual state of mind that will add neither jam nor butter to your bread.

To the last part of the question certainly we must say the more the architect knows about painting and sculpture, the greater will be his sympathy with his fellow-creatures, and consequently the better will be his architecture. This is a truism I am almost ashamed to repeat, it is so obvious. Training the students together must be a help in this direction, and at least familiarise them with each other's difficulties and limitations.

The tendency of modern times to specialise is the direct outcome of materialism. It produces the most perfect machine. If I can keep one poor devil making chairs legs all his life, those chair legs will be most cheaply and quickly made and return me the largest possible profit. But if I want the same man to do the legs and all the other parts, and so put a human quality and interest into the whole, I shall find it very bad business. My man will be happier, no doubt, if his spiritual nature has not been already turned into petrol.

Your last question as to cause of defects in our architecture being due to Architect or Public. I believe it is due to both equally. The public gets what it deserves like the individual. If we love the effect of richness, the materialistic qualities of fine finish and physical strength, we shall get and have got those qualities. If my physical condition is to come before my spiritual, I shall enjoy my week ends in a bestial fashion.

Please do not infer from the foregoing remarks that I wish to impose on others any system, social or religious, which I may have found beneficial; or that any corporate action on the part of societies or governments is thought to be of the slightest good. I believe in none of them, but that each man must work out his own salvation in his own way. All we can hope to do for each other is to kindle and fan into flame that higher life—that spiritual consciousness that alone is worth living for.

Mr. Edward Warren, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

1. Recent developments in Architecture seem to me to have shown, upon the whole, a hopeful advance in the directions of symmetrical composition, structural emphasis, reticence and concentration in the use of ornament. They

further appear to show an increasing desire for refinement and harmony in decoration, and higher skill in its execution.

There is still a terrible amount of vulgarity, triviality, and thoughtless imitation in sculptural and plastic adornment, and many architects of high position and reputation are still guilty of the acceptance of a very low standard of craftsmanship, and regrettable incontinence in the use of ornament. But the juniors are steadily improving, and that is the hopeful sign. 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 archæology and thoughtless abeyance to precedent, has carried many of us too far in an opposite direction. Architectural anarchy 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 initiator and the executants of building designs, and no such complete understanding is attainable without a well assimilated vernacular.

2. 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 educated 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 high 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 Architecture, though thoroughly compatible with and greatly assisted by skill in modelling and drawing, is nowadays too comprehensive and exacting to permit of the serious practice of two other crafts.

I think that all three crafts need a higher and more thorough form of education and technical training than most of us obtain, and that the co-education of artists would lead not only to wider and more intelligent sympathy and closer and more successful co-operation than are now at all common, but also to greater pleasure in their work to the artists themselves.

4. I should attribute the general lack of successful co-operation 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 mechanics, or loses the inventive mechanical faculty. Then, perhaps, it will look back to and copy this age in mechanical matters, making new and surprising advances in art. There is always, however, and happily, the 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 that architectural students should, 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 as a matter of course study architecture.

I should wish to see that study 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 waken 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 a-whirl above,
We'll challenge the swift gales.

In winter-work and summer-play
We'll spend our joy and strength,
Till the soft hand which closes day
Shall lead us home at length.

IN THE PRESENCE.

To whom should 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 led'st 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?
Nay! Ye would hurry by,
Each with his timid, bigot stone to fling—
Less for despite of me or my sinning
Than fear the other deem him bad as I.

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

Beatrice Hastings.

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 not called in question The earliest commentators 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 reflections on the vicissitudes 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 no intention of impersonating the creations of an inferior dramatist, have won distinction in the characters 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 in the sense in which we speak of "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 Shakespeare to be the author of them. Possession is nine points of the law, and while tradition has the prior claim, public opinion will not readily endorse the verdict of a handful of literary sceptics. On the other hand, it must be conceded that even to challenge the genuineness of a play, attributed to the world's greatest 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 dramas, that it does not bear comparison with the "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and the "Tempest"; plays which in the date of their composition are contemporary with "Henry VIII.", and which were written at a time when the poet had obtained complete mastery over the resources of his art. If there are precedents of poets living till their once-glowing imaginations become cold, there is no instance of a dramatist losing technical facility which has been acquired by a lifetime's experience. It was but natural, then, that there should exist a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of impartial inquirers in regard to the authorship of this play, and it may be worth while to consider the history of the controversy.

The earliest known mention of the play is by a contemporary, 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." in the Globe Theatre, the building was burnt down through a discharge of "chambers," that is to say of small pieces of cannon. Early in the month following Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew, giving particulars of the fire, and describing the pageantry, 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 matting 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 commentators 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 the first collected edition of Shakespeare's dramas, by Heminge and Condell, who were the poet's fellow actors, and who claim to have printed all the plays from the author's manuscripts. If, then, this statement were trustworthy, there could be no 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 quarto 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 "Pericles," the play having been omitted 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 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 commentators to call attention to faults which are obvious to every careful reader of the play. Most of the early criticisms are confined to remarks on single scenes or speeches irrespective of the general character of the drama and its personages. Comments like the following 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 suffering and 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 Shakespeare 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 favourably of its dramatic qualities becomes evident by the almost unconscious apologetic modes 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 materials. 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 perfect knowledge of courts and the world." Coleridge is content to define the play as that of "a sort of historical masque or show play"; and Victor Hugo observes that Shakespeare is so far English as to attempt to extenuate the failings of Henry VIII., adding, "it is true that the eye of Elizabeth is fixed upon him"!

In an interesting little volume, containing the journal of Emily Shore, who made some valuable contributions to natural history, are to be found some remarks upon the play written in the year 1836. The criticism is the more noteworthy since Miss Shore was only in her sixteenth year when she wrote it, and she then showed no slight appreciation of literature, especially of Shakespeare:—

"This evening my uncle finished reading 'King Henry VIII.' I must say I was mightily disappointed in it. Whether it is that I am not capable of understanding Shakespeare and cannot distinguish his beauties, I do not know. There is no effort in Shakespeare's works; he takes so little pains that what is interesting or noble or sublime or finely exhibiting the features of the mind, seems to drop from his pen by chance. One cannot help thinking that every play is executed with slovenly neglect, that he has done himself injustice and that if he pleased he might have given to the world works which would throw into the shade all that he has actually written. To be sure this gives one a very exalted idea of his intellect, for even if the mere unavoidable overflowings of his genius excel the depths of other men's minds, how magnificent must have been the 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 Cranmer exists more in Henry's language about him than in his own actions."

To come now to the opinion of the German commentators. Gervinus 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 action and attentively consider the poetic diction. The impression of the whole becomes then at once strange and unrefreshing; 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. At first it clings to 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, disappears in the third act; in the meanwhile our sympathies are more and more strongly drawn to Katherine, who then likewise leaves the stage in the fourth act; and after we have been thus shattered through four acts by circumstances of a purely tragic character, the fifth act closes with a merry festivity for which we are in no wise prepared, crowning the King's loose passion with victory in which we could take no warm interest."

Ulrici is even more severe in his remarks upon the play:—

"The drama of 'Henry VIII.' is poetically untrue, devoid of real life, defective in symmetry and composition, because wanting in internal organic construction, i.e., in ethical vitality."

So also is Professor Hertzberg:—

"A chronicle history with three and a half catastrophes varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the baptism of a child in which are combined the elements of a satirical drama with a prophetic ecstasy, and all this loosely connected by the nominal hero whom no poet 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 stricture."

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 of the play appeared about 1757. It consists of some remarks, published by Mr. Thomas Edwards, that were made by Mr. Roderick on Warburton's edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Roderick, after pointing out that there are in the play many more 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 any 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 to prove it to sense, let anyone read aloud an hundred lines in any other Play, and an hundred in this; and if he perceives not the tone and cadence of his own voice to be involuntarily altered in the latter case from what it was in the former, I 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 on "Representative Men," observes:—

"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 thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where, instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm; here the lines are constructed on a given tune; and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence."

Now these quotations, it may be urged, were picked out with a view to prejudice a favourable opinion of the play. But disparagements are, none the less, important links in a question of authorship. In fact, it was because Shakespearian critics, of undisputed authority, declared that "Henry VIII." was not a play worthy of the poet's genius, that a few advanced scholars were encouraged to come forward and pronounce that no part of the play had been written by Shakespeare.

(To be concluded.)

Leconte de Lisle.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

Without the cosmopolitan innovations of the Second Empire literary society in Paris would have remained more or less provincial to this day. The Paris of Napoleon attracted beautiful women without talent, witty women without beauty, and gifted women with the fascination of genius. Napoleon may or may not have governed France, but I am certain that Paris under the Second Empire was governed by women. It was the women of Napoleon's Court who set the fashions in everything. They brought to Paris a strange, new, and conquering element, a new order of ideas, and a cosmopolitan outlook on life which was nothing short of a revelation to the old conservative aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The Second Empire was a woman's world, and the poets, artists, and musicians who were not appreciated by women fared badly indeed. But already during the reign of Louis Philippe women were proving to be the rivals of men; the only rival to George Sand was Victor Hugo, and it was the women who acclaimed him at the very beginning of his career. Alfred de Musset was a woman's poet and Chopin a woman's composer. The great romantic movement of 1830 swept classicism from the field of the arts, and in spite of a citizen King the movement brought with it a romantic sentimentalism previously unknown in Europe.

The Revolution of 1848 changed nothing but the entourage of the Tuileries. When Louis Napoleon became Emperor writers, artists, composers continued much in the way they had begun at the opening of the new era; the Napoleonic Court brought together a galaxy of women from the four quarters of Continental Europe such as the modern world had never known, and in much of the poetry, the literature, and the music of the time the sentimental got the upper hand. Where Chateaubriand displayed an impeccable mastery over sentiment, never letting it lapse into sentimentality, Hugo, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, were lavishly sentimental, and their failings helped to make them popular. The music of Chopin, Auber (the most typical of French composers) and Ambroise Thomas showed the same characteristics. All who did not succumb to the popular weakness had to wage continuous battles with poverty. Berlioz, the greatest of French composers, died before his music had triumphed over the sentimental opposition, while Flaubert, who was writing for lovers of pure literature, fought the same hostile element until the day of his death. But why was Chateaubriand so popular? Chateaubriand became popular through his early stories. They were the sentimental bleatings of a poetic kid in the literary wilderness created by the French Revolution. 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 declared 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 fatal blunder. 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 some wag 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 and 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 works, and he might have starved 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 Francois Coppée came to the aid of the 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 Verlaine, ever followed his methods. It was Baudelaire who, in praising the work of Leconte de Lisle, remarked that the contempt he felt for the Empire and the public generally was so "tranquil" that he did not even give himself the trouble to express it. It would have been interesting and instructive to have learned from the poet himself what he thought of the Republic which ignored his existence. All eloquence is but wind when it consists in emotions without a message for anyone. Had he been gifted with vision, had he been gifted even with a ray of the prophetic, he would have seen what was coming for art and literature under the Republic; and he would have been contented with the Empire.

II.

"You are going to see a man who is as cold as his poetry," said the Princess Metschersky, as we drove from her villa at Passy to the residence of Leconte de Lisle in the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

The Princess was the translator of Shelley's "Cenci," and an intimate friend of Victor Hugo. She urged me to accompany her on this occasion, and I must say I did so without any desire to meet the host.

The *appartement* of the poet was of ordinary size. A French writer has described the salon as "classic," that is to say, it was furnished with palissander and grey rep, with "fauteuils administratifs" in green velvet, and other bourgeois symbols. Over the mantel there was a bust of the poet, which served to heighten the cold and uninviting aspect of the salon. No one loves "the classics" more than I do, but I draw a line at classical rooms and classical furniture. In this matter I am a Goth. Paul Bourget has said that "when you have seen the salon in one Parisian mansion you have seen five hundred."

Leconte de Lisle had the air and mien of a clean-shaven pedantic professor: stiff lips, hard, grey eyes, and an eye-glass to match the presumed stoicism and apparent cynicism. He might have been a combination of a surgeon-general and a cavalry colonel, fit for a cavalry raid, but unacquainted with the arts, the capers and the flights of Pegasus; and the more I saw of him the more I wondered what could have induced such a man to occupy himself with poetry. Never had I seen such a head on the body of a professed poet. "The style is the man," I thought to myself as I studied this incongruous, contradictory, paradoxical personality.

In one corner sat Mlle. Judith Gauthier, a plain-looking woman without the genius of her celebrated father. She was surrounded by women, among whom was Madame Leconte de Lisle. This group never moved. In the dining-room the host was busy with the manuscript of some young poet who needed advice. He passed to and fro through the room with sheets of paper in his hand, and with an expression on his face that said: "You see what a serious business it is —no time to talk, no time for anything but correcting the poetry of all these young poets who will some day be academicians, *grace à moi.*"

In the dining-room José de Hérédia, Henri de Regnier, and one or two others whom I knew, were standing about, smoking cigarettes, looking extremely bored. What a contrast between this place and Mallarmé's little room! Academical honours spoil some people, just as titles of nobility spoil others, and too much success others.

In a man like Leconte de Lisle there is something *orgueilleux*, vain and self-conscious. Such a mixture in a man of talent produces a state of nervous irritability which often ends in mental disorder; and it was evident that the poet believed himself indispensable to the Parisian, if not to the whole literary world.

At the salon of the Comtesse Diane there was the saving grace of wit, humour, and vivacity. Leconte de Lisle, old as he was, had not learned and would never learn the art of social intercourse. His egotism grew with every new honour, and I remember his rage at something Paul Bourget said of his poetry. He challenged Bourget to a duel, but the latter wrote a letter saying he would do nothing so absurd, seeing that he (M. Bourget) was a young man and Leconte de Lisle was an old one. "And besides," said the novelist, "I have a great admiration for the gifts of Leconte de Lisle." But the idea of an academician challenging a writer like Paul Bourget for some trivial criticism showed the state of the poet's mind.

For so distinguished a man Leconte de Lisle was the greatest social failure I ever met in Paris. I tried to fathom the cause of this failure. He was born on an island of the Indian Ocean, and was doubtless an incurable provincial long before he came to Paris. There was doubtless something lacking in his early education; and, lastly, he was born with a haughty and overbearing disposition. The sociability and tact of a man may be judged by the way in which he lets sectional notions and habits slip from him when he comes to live in a great centre of intellectual culture. A provincial frame of mind is fatal to social intercourse. Leconte de Lisle, in coming to Paris, expected people to conform to his notions of how things should be done. He came with a little world of his own illusions, expecting the central minds of the Capital to adjust themselves to his methods and ways. The sentiment and manners of intellectual Paris are like adamantine fixtures, and refuse to ebb and flow with the arrival of every new writer or school of writers. Leconte de Lisle's literary evenings were failures because he could not attain the "centre." He was elected a member of the Académie because Frenchmen do make an effort to be just in literary matters; but the personality of the man had no real weight on contemporary thought. This explained the attitude of Mlle. Judith Gauthier, sitting in a corner surrounded by persons of her own sex. The host, she knew, counted for nothing. He had not, like Mallarmé, a literary court of his own, and she, clever lady, could and did hold one of her own in her little corner. I was greatly amused when I thought of the strategical position occupied by Mlle. Gauthier. With her back to a corner, no one, man or woman, could take up a position behind her. Two or three of her lady admirers sitting before her would be joined by others, and a half-circle was thus formed through

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 and yourself make three; you have then to admit of seven others. Be you poet, philosopher, artist, or musician, you will know how to get along with that number and judge each stranger separately, and finally decide whether you wish to meet any of them again.

But if you wish for success, even with the small number of ten, you will have to set your wits to work and draw up a list of persons whom you know will harmonise with the general aim and purpose of your evening. If you are wise you will invite no one with a mania for discussion. If you are very wise you will not invite two artists, or poets, or novelists, or actors.

Leconte de Lisle's salon proved that there was in Paris an element of decadence in the literary world which could not be ignored. Could such a salon have existed under Louis Philippe? Madame Adam said to me one day, "It is the fault of the Empire." But why place vicious thinking and ill-breeding at the door of the Empire? On the contrary, all the trouble started with Voltaire. Brilliant and witty, Voltaire destroyed much but erected nothing. He made cynicism popular. In no sense was he creative. The cynic never creates anything. It is true that under the Empire there was a scramble for place and favour; and audacity, once more, as during the Revolution, became the order of the day.

When, at last, the balloon of Empire burst at Sedan disillusion and disgust became general. The expression of worldly pleasure and material contentment so common on the faces of the people now changed to one of pain, distrust and jealous rage. French suavity and politeness gave way to brusqueness and egoism, and the dry stalks of intellectuality rose into prominence with old men like Leconte de Lisle and young ones like Guy de Maupassant, men whose souls were compressed in the general shrinkage of sentiment and solidarity. Zola wrote materialistic novels, and the Goncourts kept a cynical diary. But the love of display grew apace. National misfortune did not kill ridiculous vanities. All that was vulgar under the Empire was kept alive under new names. Display and pretension expanded with the Republic. Everyone now had a salon. Men like Leconte de Lisle received, and left their guests to sit or stand like the figure on the monument, regardless of time, grief, or the state of the weather. Guy de Maupassant installed himself in a luxurious home in a fashionable part of Paris, and at last died, a young man, with a disease that might have been diagnosed as the fatty degeneration of heartlessness. Everyone found the means of receiving, but very few the means of entertaining and edifying.

Many of the writers who have no salon may be classed as cynics pure and simple—cynics who have passed beyond the saving graces of innocent vanity and approbativeness. A fierce struggle for a prominent place before the eye of the public has been going on in Paris for the past twenty years. So blinded have some writers become to the sense of ridicule that I know more than one academician who would not object to taking part in a bull-fight were it not for the grave risk to scalp and skin which that entertainment would be certain to provoke. Leconte de Lisle, for example, created great amusement by challenging M. Bourget; but the poet was unconscious of a sense of ridicule. So, too, he was unconscious of any farcical design in expecting his guests to sit staring at one another.

There can now be no mistake about the intellectual life of Paris under Louis Napoleon. With the break up of the Empire the charm of the wonderful, romantic movement was broken. Whatever the Empire may have been it was not bourgeois. It was an epoch of brilliant women and gifted men. The Republic brought with it the reign of the common-place, political salons, scientific realism, a school of hydrocephalic and colour-blind artists, and a decadent school of symbolism. The brilliant and witty women are gone, 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 aplomb, who pay for getting their names into Society journals. Without cultured 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 Princesse 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 Princesse 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 growths, and sit unabashed in the open fields. Renegade thorns and briars forsake the loving communion and altruism of the hedges to stretch their ungraceful, prickly lengths with an almost savage exuberance of vitality. Each plant seems as if desirious of keeping aloof from its neighbour 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, scanty-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 irreligious, 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 degrading a grave truth by employing a ridiculous example, as is the mannerism of Ag, and the neo-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 the 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 prescience."

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

"I care nothing for Art, or for works of art—those piteous toys of maturity," said Nod, the Mystic. "A truly religious man will surely hate all Art, for it will ever seem to him to be prattling 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 the quite common sexual emotion devoted to the stars."

"Boy, you make a mistake," answered Nod, severely.

"No, he does not make a mistake," sneered Ag the Hegelian. "It takes a real genius to do that. What he does is to repeat a very common kind of error."

Nod the Mystic, however, had departed, considerably vexed.

"There, you've offended him," said Dip. "You should be more careful to respect the opinions of your elders. Be mindful they are too old to change them. They may lose them, but they have no longer the energy to replace them. Remember that, and be charitable."

"You're a born cynic, Dip," remarked Ag, "and 'tis a pity."

"No man was ever born a cynic, my dear friend," responded Dip. "If he is one the world alone is to blame. And you may quite safely love a cynic, just as you might love a cross-tempered old grandfather. He is only an idealist with a broken heart—and the gift of expression."

"Now for it," cried Per. "Here comes the Splendid Raven. This means politics."

"Then I'm going," said Ag the Hegelian. "I can't endure politics. I am puzzled to know how you, Dip, a true philosopher, can sink to such a level."

"And why not," asked Dip, gently. "After all, life is more than thought."

"I always bear this in mind," said Ag. "When once you have sculptured the image of Truth, it is no use grubbing about amongst the fragments."

"Ah, it is just those fragments that interest me," murmured Dip.

At this moment a magnificent Raven alighted on the bough, and set it swaying. Ag the Hegelian immediately flew off, and Per drew back somewhat. The Raven appeared openly aggressive, but Dip was imperturbable.

"Well, have you made up your mind to join us?" demanded the Splendid Raven of Dip.

"I cannot join you," murmured Dip, smilingly. "You are too many, and the issues are too distinct. I have a perfect horror of being lost in a mass. Moreover, as I have never had the opportunity of being superlative you must at least allow me the privilege of being unique."

"And what right have you to make yourself prominent," sneered the Splendid Raven.

"It is easily explained," replied Dip. "When a crowd lines up into ranks the man who stands still finds himself naturally in the position of a commanding officer."

"I suppose the crowd isn't good enough for you?" suggested the Raven.

"Well, no," answered Dip. "But you must not think that I at all underestimate the value of the crowd. On the contrary, I am sincerely convinced that, though if you think with the crowd you will think like a fool, if you *act* like 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 formed it," said the Splendid Raven, boastfully.

He raised his wing threateningly, and edged towards Dip, who, however, appeared unconscious of the movement. Per silently made off, unnoticed by either.

Just then an awful crying broke forth among the high clouds, and rapidly drew nearer. Almost immediately they were faced by Old Pick, the Great Raven.

He was very old, and in size he was immense. His wings when spread measured nearly five feet from tip to tip, and silhouetted against the grey sky the thick, featherless points of his wing-shafts made them appear to be armed with scythes.

"Well, how do you find things, Old Pick?" asked the Splendid Raven, with a forced joviality.

"The weather's all right—hard enough—but nothing dying," answered Old Pick, grimly. "What were you two fighting about?"

"He wants me to join the Social Democrats," explained Dip, with a shrug.

"Wolves that have learnt it is *safer* to hunt in a pack," grunted Old Pick.

"We want him to admit the quality of Crowkind," snarled the Splendid Raven.

"There is only one sort of equality," croaked Old Pick, "the equality of the down-trodden, the equality of *the prone*."

"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 Amoeba 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 fleshy parts of Society."

"But he is increasing too numerously in these days of the cheap press," added Old Pick. "Nature, I fear, will invent a bug-powder."

"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 songsters pause, and the woods and hedges that were trembling with life 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 an art," he said, "to die is not so important. I have filled my palette with the colours of experience, and I have painted a world on the canvas of my mind. One colour is wanting—it is Death. And I am not so certain that this last touch is not going to spoil the whole effect."

He paused, and then went on, pathetically humorous. "So is the last soliloquy of a murdered philosopher running to waste, which, if written, could not fail to interest the veriest Chough. Oh, for some hidden Plato. Per, my disciple, are you there?"

There was no response.

"Ah, little Judas," continued poor Dip, and now involuntary groans of pain kept breaking from him. "How strange it is that every great teacher must have his 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,
Who, thoughtful, comes too late to dine,—
Whisper,—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 I,
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 phase. The circumstances 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 toppling 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 tenuity was accentuated by contrast with the solid and sombre edge of the ragged land stretched beneath them. These shadows of matter hung like steadfast hawks above the morning, and already took a flush of dim rose beneath the darkness of their outstretched wings. But other clouds floated not on the whole sky, save where, in a deep notch of the hills, a few parallel bars of dim grey vapour melted together and brooded low over the land.

The light came cleaner, harder, more searchingly, 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 foreglow swept the south over against morning, and for a time there was a warmth of false dawn reflected upon the earth, a herald 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 there; 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 behind 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 carelssly, 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 morning. My work's in the village," she added.

"Pleasant enough on a day like this, but you must have rough times in winter and autumn."

"Us don't care for weather up here. Us don't care for it no more than the things* do."

"You get used to it. And what's your work?"

"Dairymaid."

I walked 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 from the girl.

"I be going to have a baby in September," she said, and there was a curious defiance in her tone and a doubt as to how the affair would strike me.

"I'm glad," I answered; "that's a fine thing to have, and it will make the world interesting again, and you won't find it dull any more." For she had said her life was dreary, and had spoken with a subdued weariness that I attributed to her coming child. She considered my answer.

"'Twill be interesting, I suppose."

"What could be more interesting?"

"I hope 'twill be a boy," she said, "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 I care about it more than its father do? He's damned the child to hell afore 'tis born, and treated me as if 'twas a sin for me to have it. He seemed to think, if I'd loved him proper, I'd never have treated him so bad. And now there's half-a-crown a week coming off his money he's mad about it, and calls the child a little beastly robber a'ready."

"Why doesn't he marry you?"

"Marry me! He hates me. A man with a stall to market. A huckster. He'll marry a Plymouth girl with a bit of money, I expect, some day. I wouldn't marry him neither—not now. He's no good to a woman—lying hound."

Little clouds had fluttered out from between the hills and they were laden with the approaching splendour of the sun. They came as messengers bearing gifts from the young day. A note of carmine deepened instantly into red gold, and the bannerets were all ablaze and aflame in a moment. Behind them the sky had warmed from the tone of ivory to pale agate, and aloft the blue began to deepen. The foreground was full of shadowless, untinctured light, and each stone and clump of gorse and spread of the spring-green brake showed stark, without atmosphere, like the foreground of a Perugino. As yet, indeed, there seemed no atmosphere in the world. One wondered what one was breathing. The valley mists had long departed, and distance limned without haze or vapour, hard and bright.

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.

* Sheep and cattle.

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 regretted that he had not gone 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 the slightest regard 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 even read it? I know that I shall not. Still, I shall put it on my shelves, and tell my juniors what a miracle it is. A new novel by E. V. Lucas is promised. I call it a novel because its author will probably call it a novel. 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 Bemerton's" criticised 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 ones again. I have just read "A Mummer's Wife" for the third or fourth time. (My copy, which I suppose I have had for twelve or fifteen years, is marked "twentieth 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. Some of the charm of this 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 the 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 said half a 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-conceived performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was given the other day by Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maeterlinck) at the Abbey of St. Wandrille, 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 discuss 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. Georgette 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 proper to it! One can imagine the effect. Seldom has an actress, bent on notoriety, invented a scheme more grossly inartistic and better calculated to attract the rich open-mouthed mob. Madame Maeterlinck played Lady Macbeth, and she 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 "Monna 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 "Monna Vanna" is a masterpiece.) Nevertheless, in certain sections of the French press, the St. Wandrille 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 before 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 "Le Temps," 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 remotest chamber of the Abbey. . . . Even now, 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 fiévreuses de la vie. . . ."! Fitful—full of fits—convulsions! One sees the pitfall into which the unfortunate translator has gone head over heels. One regrets. But good intentions and a sense 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 ints on monthly nursin, bein a blue paper outside and white inside like a sedleg powder, and black letters approprit in case of complicagions unforeseen make what calcilations you like and can. I was took aback findin when not anticipatin, poems, but my travels into this wale of life have eddicated me to conceal my feelins though as I've often said to a friend of mine which her name, my loves, is Mrs. Harris, I feels it every bit as bad as the sweet patient herself and no denigin.

"You're a true sweet creejur," I says to him and I pops the book in my pocket, "and thank you and may you always have Sairey at and in time of trouble and none of these new-fangled hussies, not knowin a feedin bottle from a snuff-box. "Take it ome, Sairey dear," says he, "and do a review of it—write down your impressions. And make it pat." So I waste no words accordin.

It's called "Daily Bread Book III" which is suppogin to mean that there has been two likewise though unbeknownst to me. Perjonally speakin I don't old with poetry for married ladies, it ots their brains and gets em mincin above that sitiwation which it pleages Providence to call them and which every decent female ought to be appy in like it or not. Owever I say with truth and confidents there is books wot's bad when certain interestin occagions is expected and books wot's good. Mr. Gibson's book is good be the ewent settled and known or onsartin and aggrawatin to the anxious art. I ave nothink to say contrairy to the character of this precious young gentleman behind is back or afore is face. I won't impeage him for a friend to Sairey Gamp he is and must be. The Bible truth of all his words is "Send for Sairey!"

One of his heroeines is Agatha Steel, pore creejur, havin no less nor more than three sweet hinfants born yet never saw the light nor breathed a breath in this blessed wale, an then Mr. Steel took isself to foreign cowntries in company of a Bragian female, leavin her unpervided when to go back home to her own parients was only nat'ral if inconwenient. Her mother, which her name was Mrs. Zillah Paxton, an had several proper though the First a accident an come to nothink Mr Gibson says, hadn't set mortal eyes on Agatha since the weddin, only just in time if my experienge of life and females does not deceive me, for reasons best be silent about and sympathige. Mr. Gibson has great knowledge of the female art and manners. Zillah says,

> "You Agatha!
> You startled me....
> I heard the staircase creaking;
> But, little dreamt 'twas your foot."

Which takin the lines away and speakin straight on, has been my very identical words to Mrs. Harris times and times without end.

Agatha reproages of her mother for hurryin on the weddin and the old lady says wot any mother with feelins would exprej.

> Zillah: Because I tried to do the best for you,
> And save you from the gutter!
> Agatha: The best for me... the best!
> To make me wed the man I hated!
> Zillah: You did not always hate him.
> Agatha: True... yet, I think,
> I never really loved him.
> Zillah: More shame to you!

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

> "Then, when you scolded me, and said,
> The Beals had always been respectable:
> And so, I married him:
> And have been respectable."

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 falutins and my daughters looked as if they wos better than not havin a spare bed—hout 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 I!
> 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 dispoged, 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 occagioning sweet dreams to Sairey and memories of ewents past and future. Mothers "near their time" is thick as blackberries and one cancer case, more for the orspital I should say than privite, and not to mention a Black Eye which refuged 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, meanin March when many ewents appens, since June is marriages. But one case do aggrawate every bone in my Body. When families takes to doctors and doos 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 creeter gone to her account an a lovely hinfant left behind to conwict its father of perwersity and stingliness, for stingliness it is when mothers-in-law is let to be pesterin round instead of the monthly nurse. I knowed the pore patient would pop off dreckly these followin words arouged my sperrit. The happy father an a friend is talkin and awaitin the ewent in a hour, both bein firemen an him hopin some fambly would catch on fire so's he could be busy while his wife wos bein confined and not settin listenin, which Mr. Harris at his First was dreadful timid and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and so his friend and him's conwersin to the point.

> Christopher: How proud you'll be!
> For I'm a father, and I know.
> There's not a prouder man in all the world.
> Seth: If I but knew!

Fate! I thinks to myself, Fate and perfectly prewentible complicagions! And truth it was and always will be unless they sends for Sairey. And many thanks to Mr. Gibson for showin up confugion and meanness and pointin forth the dooties of married ladies an my art's love to that sweet gentleman which I make so bold as to propoge his health and namin "My frequent Pardner!"

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

REVIEWS.

By St. John G. Ervine.

Home Rule. Speeches of John Redmond, M.P. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

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, more eloquent; thus you have circling about John Redmond the tempestuous figures of John Dillon, Tim Healy and William O'Brien. To some degree, it may be said, that Ireland has suffered from her orators, that it had been better for her if there had been fewer rhetoricians and more men of affairs of the type of Sir Horace Plunkett; but the student of national psychology knows that the inevitable product of a country in subjection is garrulity: a tributary people will express their resentment of their subjection, and whether that country be Ireland or Poland, Egypt or India, Finland or Armenia, the Philippines or the Balkan States, there will be uppermost in the life of that country a band of eloquent men and women voicing the demands and wrongs of their native land.

Mr. Redmond's speeches are notable chiefly for lucidity and repetition. Clearly and continually, since 1883, when he first entered Parliament, he has stated that Ireland is over-taxed, that Irishmen cannot get the means of life in their own land, and are driven to America and the ends of the earth to seek them, that coercion, oft enacted, has not broken the spirit of the Irish people, that the population of Ireland has been halved in sixty years, that Unionist after Unionist has gone to Ireland a Unionist and returned almost, if not quite, a Home Ruler, and that the state of elementary education in Ireland is scandalous. He talks in a plain blunt, factful fashion, devoid of all literary grace and intellectual passion: almost he seems to 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 silent strength not altogether realised 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 represented to them a final outpouring of the spirit, but simply because it is customary to perorate. Notice how the peroration is positively dragged into the conclusion of the speech delivered by Mr. Redmond in the House of Commons in February, 1906, on the Irish Problem :—

"If I speak of the sections of the Liberal party I am sure no honourable gentleman opposite will think I use the phrase in an invidious or offensive sense. I do sc because the public talk of sections; and I say that this declaration was supported by all so-called sections of the Liberal party, 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 declaration of the Liberal party. That is your own declaration, and that declaration proves at one and the same time the grave character and the urgent character of this problem. I beg of you, when you come to deal with it, to have the courage of your convictions, and to deal with it boldly. [Here followeth the peroration.] Sir, in conclusion, one word more —one only. Once again Ireland has lifted her head—that 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 through her veins. God grant, for her sake, but equally for yours, that that hope be not disappointed."

When a man has been saying that for the better part of thirty years, it ceases to have any meaning. In all these speeches you find just that sort of thing at the end. Ireland is always once again lifting her head, and so on. In 1886, when I was still an innocent child, Mr. Redmond was telling my countrymen in the Rotunda, Dublin, that "we have seen the cause of Irish liberty advanced in our day to the very threshold of victory. We have seen our friends multiplying and our enemies disappearing; we have seen the heart of the civilised world touched by the spectacle of Ireland's constancy and devotion, and minds and ears that were longed closed by prejudice and ignorance against the demands of Ireland are now open to the voice of reason, . . ." and so on. I am no longer an innocent child in Belfast (there are innocent children in Belfast!), but—well, all that eloquence sounds rather odd after these twenty-four years!

Sometimes, when I survey the Irish members from the gallery of the Commons, I wonder to myself whether there is a man among them who really understands the purpose of things. All this clamour about liberty and bleeding Ireland, precisely how much of it is mere gush, and how much of it is real indignation at the spectacle of insult offered to the human soul—not, mind you, to the Irish soul, but to the whole world soul! I spoke to an Irish Nationalist once in a deep valley in Donegal. He was a tippler, and full of the cheap rhetoric and egoism of the bibulous. He had, he told me with pride, been carried out of the House of Commons by an embarrassed English policeman. He was proud of that squalid deed! . . . I could detect no sort of vision in his mind; he whispered to me that if Ireland had Home Rule, he would be a "Tory to-morrow!" His wife was a poor, feckless, whining thing, full of complaints that the better classes in her town (the Protestant clergyman's wife and persons of that sort!) did not know her because she was a Catholic and the wife of a Nationalist! . . . I left them, and I climbed to the highest part of the hills that made the valley, and it seemed to me that there and then I knew that Ireland could gain no sort of good from men of that type. There are eighty odd Nationalists in the House of Commons: you could count on the fingers of one of your hands the number of them that are of value.

Social Service. By Louis F. Post. (T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

Sociology. By J. Q. Dealey. (George G. Harrap and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Introduction to Economics. By A. E. Johnson. (George G. Harrap and Co. 5s.)

The book has not yet been written which adequately describes America. Mr. Wells has written brightly 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 work 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, even though in some respects they were also something else. For things were stored there in readiness for delivery as needed. To-day some shops are called shops, though nothing is shaped in them and they are just stores. Bob Blissert, you remember, used to keep a tailoring shop. He made clothes. But he didn't keep a clothing store. You couldn't get a suit of clothes of (sic) him without being specially measured and waiting for two or three weeks until he had them shaped in his shop. But Baldwin down there at Canal and Broadway, he kept a clothing store. You could go into his place at any time, and walk out in a few minutes with a finished suit of clothes under your arms or on your body. A store is a place where social service products are gathered in readiness for convenient and imme-

diate delivery. There are many kinds, as you know—grocery stores, clothing stores, 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 quite inept and 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 simple."

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 precisely 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 of the doctrine of the Single Tax: it will do you no harm to read it, beyond, perhaps, a fractured temper.

Mr. Dealey's book is very much better than Mr. Post's. It is decently written, without unnecessary verbiage, and in its purely 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 that science, he flounders into bad eugenics, and loses positive value 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 a university in a place called Texas, where I imagined only cowboys and buffaloes lived, is dull. I mean no discourtesy to Mr. Johnson. The science of economics is a preposterous business: it is, by its very nature, the most head-racking stuff that ever was. Occasionally, a John Stuart Mill quickens its dry bones, or a Bernard Shaw becomes almost hilarious about the margin of cultivation and things of that character; but, on the whole, the thing is dull. Mr. Johnson is worthy, but he induces yawns. He is not sufficiently explicit. He forgets that his book is an introduction to economics, and he takes it for granted that the student knows more about the subject than he really does. I wish that Mr. Johnson had written "Social Service," and that Mr. Post had written "An Introduction to Economics." I mean no more than that. They are both, I have no doubt, worthy men: God made them; but somehow they seem to have got mixed: the one ought to be the other.

I think then that the trouble with America is that it talks too much, and that it is dull. It is a miserable sinner, and there is no health in it. For the past few days I have seen herds of Americans parading the streets of London, strange, dried-up men, with hard, relentless, unsmiling faces; and ill-dressed, tight-skinned, short-sighted, be-glassed women. I think that is as much of America as I desire to see.

My Work in London. By Arthur W. Jephson. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net).

Canon Jephson, now that he has left Walworth and is resident at Ecton and apparently has leisure, has written a book. It came to me between two other books, one on economics, the other on sociology; an association which seems singularly appropriate; for Canon Jephson's life for the most part has been lived among very poor people. The odd thing about him, however, as it is the odd thing about so many people of his mental temperament, is that whilst he has lived persistently with very poor people and has been admitted into the secret places of their lives, he yet in great measure does not understand poor people. He has the middle-class mind at its best. He appears to be a man of great common sense, to possess strong organising and directive ability, to be courageous and loyal, to be impatient with cant and mawkishness; but he also seems impervious to ideas. The facts are what Canon Jephson demands: he has no use for imaginings which he no doubt describes as vain. The man who can write like this:—

> This leads me to remark on the hostility of the Socialists to all kinds of thrift. The Socialists know that self-respect and self-dependence are the root enemies of their policy, and wisely so from their point of view. Directly a man or woman has anything of their own, they are not likely to be led astray by any scheme of wholesale distribution and reliance on other people, or the State. If I wanted to combat the Socialist agitation I should begin with the teaching of thrift to every child and adult in the land. This would effectually counter the fireworks of the street corner, with the new heavens and the new earth in five minutes, promised by Socialist orators in poor neighbourhoods—

is clearly a man who is too busy with things as they are to discuss patiently any new theory. He prints the stuff I have just quoted in all seriousness, and apparently that is the extent of his knowledge of Socialism. Yet one of his curates at St. John's, Waterloo Road, was a member of the Guild of St. Matthew! I am sure that if ever Mr. Hill attempted to explain Socialism to Mr. Jephson, he was met with a kindly wave of the hand and a wag of the head before he had uttered two sentences, and a slightly impatient "Yes, yes, my dear Hill, but really!——." And then I imagine Mr. Hill gave up in despair.

I gather that Mr. Jephson does not really understand the problem of poverty, from the curious remarks he makes on pages 14 and 15, wherein he states that poor people hate regular employment:—

> The dislike of girls for domestic service may be traced to this same hatred of regular work, which is characteristic of all persons imperfectly trained in youth.

In some curious fashion the Canon seems to think that this dislike of regular work is ingrained in poor people, and that they have to be taught to work consistently. The plain truth is that there is no habit which is so easily lost as the work habit, and that men of discontinuous employment never acquire the habit of working regularly because they do not get regular work. It is nonsense to say that girls dislike domestic service because of the regularity of the employment. They dislike it because the expression "domestic service" describes the grossest form of sweating that is left in these islands. Consider the life of the average general servant in the average suburban family. She is overworked to an incredible extent; there is no moment of the day which is definitely hers, rigidly set apart as a time in which she can do as she pleases; she lives, works, eats, recreates in the kitchen with the sink always in view; she sleeps in a room which, if it were not her bedroom, would be the box-room; she is always in an atmosphere of inferiority; her employers are her master and mistress, and their children are Master This and Miss The Other: there isn't any one in the house on her own level. That is why poor girls prefer foul-smelling factories to domestic service, that and nothing else, unless, indeed, it be the reason put forth by Canon Jephson himself at the conclusion of Chapter 3:—

> Nearly all the poor women had been domestic servants. It is terrible to think of, that these good people, the servants, who add so largely to our comfort and happiness, form the greatest recruiting ground for the prostitute.
>
> I, who had been behind the scenes for so many years, know full well that one of the reasons which makes working girls hate domestic service is the thought that there is a greater risk in gentlemen's houses than in factories of becoming a prostitute.

That is a handsome tribute to the oligarchy!

Chapter 3 deals with the suppression of disorderly houses and the problem of prostitution generally. Here, again, Canon Jephson never gets at grips with the problem. With a great deal of courage he attacked the keepers of brothels and the local overseers who were inclined to blink at the facts staring them in the face.

> The net result of the action of our North Lambeth Vigilance Association was to make the district quieter and more respectable. The evil was not destroyed, but the evil-doers kept within reasonable bounds, and their horrible trade did not flaunt itself so boldly as possible.

In other words, Canon Jephson merely succeeded in driving it underground. He did not stop it. It is the old error of the total abstainers again. They closed the

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 local tradesmen much 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 a woman to give up prostitution, the only work 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 am writing this review principally for 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 to 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 dressed. She was waiting for a customer. 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 not got the 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 can assure him that so long as Vice is more profitably 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 disease; but the balance of joy seems to be with her.

I am afraid I am not dealing quite fairly with this book. There are a great many fine things in it, somewhat crudely put. The Canon's style is poor, and his grammar is weak; but his thought is sometimes sound, and his bravery is great. He thinks sanely about the declining birth-rate:—

> Still, after all, when people complain about the low birth-rate of France and bewail the diminishing birth-rate at home, it might be well to inquire whether in France there are not more children of six or seven years of age in proportion to married couples than at home. There are fewer children being born in France, I know, but I also know that the chance of living is proportionately increased thereby. There can be no possible use in urging the necessity of a high birth-rate and then letting the infantile mortality continue at the rate it now is in our crowded places.

The chapter on Religious Education contains the only sane expression of opinion I have yet seen put forth by a parson.

Canon Jephson, I said at the beginning, has the middle-class type of mind. He has it at its best, but he is not free from its defects. He relates a story of a wedding in Walworth, which he apparently thinks is funny: so do most middle-class people. Here it is:—

> On another occasion, when marrying a couple, the bride would not say "obey," and yet this was in pre-suffragette days. I told her she must do so. She bluntly refused. Then I said, "I shall not go on with the service unless you say what is in that book." "Shan't," she said. I upbraided her again, whereupon the bridegroom up and spoke out: "Keep your 'air on, guvnor; I'll see about that when I gets her home."

In other words, the young man intended to thrash her when he took her to his residence. And Canon Jephson thinks that that is a funny story!

I will conclude with one more quotation, which contains, I think, the very essence of middle-classness. Canon Jephson says of St. John's, Walworth:—

> We could not be beautiful, we could not be great, we could not have the grandest services; but we could be clean, and that character we always retained.

I can see the British middle-class licking its chops over that confession. We cannot be beautiful, but we can be clean. We may be ugly, but we do wash. It was not thus with Augustine and the Fathers who were so full of the glory of God that they could not see their own uncleanliness. Canon Jephson may be right. Dirt is pretty horrible. But so is ugliness.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

King Henry VIII. (His Majesty's Theatre).

Shakespeare (the generic Shakespeare) wrote a play called "The Famous History of King Henry the Eighth." It consists of a prologue, five acts in seventeen scenes, and an epilogue; and opening with the fall of the Duke of Buckingham it hovers in interest between him, Cardinal Wolsey, King Henry and Queen Katharine, with Anne Bullen hard at their heels. After each of these personages in turn has, as sporting men say, "shown prominently" and flattered the hopes of his or her supporters, each falls back into the rear, and a complete outsider finishes first in the shape of the infant princess Elizabeth, who is duly christened in 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 invented coronation scene, for "The Famous History of King Henry the Eighth" is not in reality a very good play, and it is impossible to found a good play upon it. There are too many central figures pressing for attention, too many fates in the balance. 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 made inevitable by a whole chain of events, and this claim must grow uninterruptedly 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 be impossible. But he has magnified Wolsey, dwarfed Cranmer, enveloped the whole affair in pageantry and so achieved a tolerably stable 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 fallen cardinal pacing the formal garden of his palace at York amid the autumn leaves, exiled, but repeating yet another "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness." Surely this would have made an admirable tableau to follow upon the Ante-Chamber scene in Act III., for Wolsey's final disappearance is abrupt. Mr. Flanagan of Manchester, the apostle of the tableau, who announces each December what is termed a "Grand Shakespearean Production," would not hesitate to adopt the idea if it happened to occur to him, and Sir Herbert Tree might do worse. In a rendering avowedly designed to present a picture of the manners

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 here the trouble begins. All the costumes, banquets, dances and decorations ever 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 play like "Henry VIII.," he comes up against the question—which personalities? Shakespeare's Wolsey or the actual Wolsey, Shakespeare's Henry or the actual Henry? 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 conduce 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 Shakespearean lines. The same is true of Mr. Henry Ainley's Duke of Buckingham, Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Queen Katharine, 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. Mr. Arthur 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 shall speak verse, and speak it nobly. Such contrasts as there are 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 Tree as the dominant figure, but it is hardly fair to Katharine, 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 undisciplined, 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 MORTALITY.

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 AGE discussion. There were, if I may say so, faults on both sides. Mr. Grierson forgot that since the prevalence of the belief in immortality the floods of reason have descended. We do not now speak in the vocabulary of the pre-rationalist days. Neither, on the other hand, do we speak to-day in the rationalist vocabulary of Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner and Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe. If Mr. Grierson sounds old fashioned, these latter sound still more so. We are in the post- or super-rationalist era, in fact.

What have we brought unscathed through those critical purgatorial flames? Not, certainly, the knowledge of our immortality. That is for the mass of men as far off as ever it was. But we have, at least, preserved and re-established two things: first, that absolute knowledge apart, the noblest men and nations do, in actual fact, live deliberately by noble rather than by ignoble hypotheses; secondly, that the varieties of individual religious or mystical experiences are such that here and there are always to be found men and women who know and feel themselves to be immortal, and act on that knowledge.

I make no particular point of these isolated cases, however, since they are unhappily few and shy; but of the former of our two monuments that have survived rationalism it is impossible to make too much. Even granted that immortality is a hypothesis only, there is no doubt that it is a nobler hypothesis than that of Mortality. Mortality, in short, is a vulgar belief and quite as much a superstition as any other materialist deduction. Belief in mortality does not, as Mrs. Bonner seems to argue, lead necessarily to a useful life, nor does the belief in immortality protect us, as Mr. Grierson thinks, from a criminal life; neither belief has any direct effort on conduct whatever. Nevertheless we may say that noble minds prefer noble beliefs as they prefer the best pictures, the best poems, and so on. Their beliefs are as much indicative of their minds as their tastes in other matters.

The truth of Mr. Grierson's contention amounts, therefore, to this: that the same minds that instinctively conform to high standards in the matters of life and art and conduct conform to high standards in belief also: they instinctively believe in immortality as they instinctively "believe in" Homer and Turner. Minds, on the other hand, that instinctively prefer the inferior and the second-rate in art and life instinctively reject the doctrine of immortality. They can no more honestly swear by immortality than they can swear by Pheidias. If they do so it is either hypocrisy or snobbery; and we want neither. Let them have, in belief as well as in art, the courage of their bad taste.

I will not labour the deduction that we need expect no great works of art from materialists. How can we? Grapes do not grow on thorns nor figs on thistles. Vulgarity in belief connotes vulgarity of taste in general; and a great art without taste is impossible. No, we believers in immortality have our rationalist and materialist friends there: they can demonstrate our beliefs irrationalist, but in the same breath they must declare great art irrational. And in practice they do. No rationalist materialist figures in the history of Art.

R. M.

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POVERTY AND GENIUS.

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 really do want 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 smothers 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 and his like believe that a genius produces his masterpiece primarily because he wants to make money." Now who are we to believe? Personally I do not quite understand Mr. Tonson's point of view as expressed last week; it seems quite in opposition to opinions he has previously given in this paper. As the matter stands, all that Lord Rosebery need do in answer to Mr. Sampson is to refer him to Mr. Tonson.

Mr. John M. Robertson published an essay some years ago, on the "Economics of Genius," which seems to me to absolutely settle the question. He showed that the best work of "creative artists" (Mr. Tonson's "genuine artists," surely?) was done in consequence of the possession of an independent income, or AFTER all financial worry was taken from them. And he clinches his argument by giving names and details to which there is no reply.

JAS. CHAPPELL.

* * *

THE W.E.A.

Sir,— Mr. Tawney, beaten from other positions, seeks refuge in what I can only call wilful misstatement of my

contentions. He says I object "to Mr. Mansbridge addressing letters to a member of the Parliamentary Committee." I 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 mine the better. What I have really objected to is the W.E.A., or an official thereof, sending a memorial addressed to the Government, and purporting to come from Trade Union representatives, but really composed by himself, to the Parliamentary Committee, in order to be submitted to the Government without reference to Trade Unionists whose wishes it pretends to express. It is these hole-and-corner tactics, and not my action in unveiling them, which are "inconsistent with the code of honour usually observed among Trade Unionists." Further, while of course the W.E.A. has a perfect right to have its classes financed by the Government if it can, it is rather ridiculous for it to proceed to pose as an instrument of working-class emancipation under those circumstances.

Mr. T. W. Price, I believe, is the Midland Secretary of the W.E.A., so that his effort to appear as an independent Trade 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 working-men convened under the auspices of a Trade Union, but not before a gathering packed with W.E.A. supporters. Who ever heard of a counsel asked to plead before a jury of his adversary's friends?

Both Mr. Tawney and Mr. Price try to make out that I object to public money being spent on popular education. That is a mistake; I am entirely for it as long as it is 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 on University Education instead of on the educational endowments of this country. Both these features I denounce. Mr. Tawney charges me with publishing the memorial in an incomplete form. I shall be glad to know what I have suppressed. Is it the begging for money for the University—an echo of Lord Curzon's appeal three years ago? (Only Lord Curzon, at least, had not the effrontery to ask for this in the name of the working-classes.) Is it the demand for higher emoluments for University lecturers? Come, Mr. Tawney—suppression of parts of the document 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, which was in full agreement with mine. He also wrote a long letter to "Justice" about that time (I have not the date) in which he challenged Mr. Mansbridge to publish the memorial—a challenge which was not taken up. There is, therefore, one member of the Parliamentary Committee who condemned the memorial. This is rather important in view of Mr. Tawney's efforts to make out that I have made free with a Committee document, and his implied suggestion that the Committee and not Mr. Mansbridge or the W.E.A., marked it "private." Had this been so, Mr. Thorne would presumably have shared the responsibility and not repudiated it. I do not know him personally, and cannot say for certain whether he "used a W.E.A. memorandum" in the March deputation to Mr. Runciman or not; but from all I know of Mr. Thorne, and his work in keeping the questions of education and endowments to the fore, it is inherently unlikely. At all events he can answer for himself.

Lastly, it is just because I, and others of more importance than myself, wish the Universities to be within the reach of all, that we demand the restoration of the endowments, both of them and of the public schools, and that we object to the tortuous ways of the W.E.A., which is in the educational sphere what profit-sharing is in the industrial sphere and "Lib.-Lab.-ism" in the political—a red-herring to side-track and delay the organised Labour movement.

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.

* * *

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 compose their unhappy differences. The six questions submitted invited replies, stating the possibility of simple co-operation in the local propaganda for Socialism; the prospects of initiating common action aiming at representation on local authorities, and finally, the branches and Trades Councils were asked to state their opinion on the use of local committees consisting of delegates formed to secure representation in Parliament.

In some quarters there is misunderstanding as to the object of the Provisional Committee in seeking this information. In those quarters it is assumed that the Committee intends moving towards the establishment of a new Socialistic Party. The truth is quite contrary to such an assumption. In the opinion of the Committee there are too many Socialist Parties already. A greater measure of common action among Socialists cannot be obtained by adding to the present number of organisations. The sole result of such a policy would be to increase the necessity for each organisation to explain wherein it differs from the others.

The Provisional Committee holds that the right road for those who would bridge internal divisions in the movement, and create a really powerful instrument for the expression of Socialist opinion, is the promotion of joint activity between the members of existing Socialist bodies on practical but unhampered Socialist lines. If the antipathies of leaders, the indifference of followers, or the definite determination to sink Socialism in Trade Unionism, however cordial 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 Socialisic 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 cause the capitalist class any serious concern in this country.

H. ALEXANDER.
Hon. Sec.

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THE TRIAL OF SHAKESPEARE BY JURY.

Sir,—I know that my friend Mrs. Nesbit will not misunderstand 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 have arisen. But, weakness is not justice; nor is timidity reasonableness. First of all, it would be futile, since the trial would be absolutely worthless, and its findings as worthless. In the next place, the bitterness of the Shakespearians is surely an unfair phrase for deserved contempt—nor should such a phrase come from so just and well-balanced a writer as Mrs. Nesbit—the impression left upon me is that the artistic ignorance of the Baconians, which is enough to exasperate in itself, is only surpassed by their aggressive effrontery. But whether all this be so or not, matters little. As Bacon says: "The play's the thing." The Shakespearians are justified in their contempt of the Baconians on a far more profound significance than any academical persons are even likely to understand—so how are we going to call the jury together? even if the results are not a foregone futility. Let me explain what that significance is.

Supposing the jury have the artistic sensing of colour, it is impossible for them to mistake the creator of Turner's "Ulysses and Polyphemus" for the creator of Corot's "Bent Tree." Is not that so? The man who has any sensing of colour will easily realise that the artistry of these men is so vastly different that, even if we did not know their names, we should never confuse their art. Now, academic persons, whether prime ministers or professors, or board-school masters, have no particular gifts to judge—no matter how eminent—if they cannot sense the poetic emotions created by artists in painting. This all sounds obvious, doesn't it? Well, let us put it as a simple obvious truism: the man who senses music as an art will not easily mistake the art of Beethoven for the art of Chopin; as one who senses the art of colour will not easily mistake the genius of Turner for the genius of Corot. But you will see that I here compare poets; the difference is still more marked if we compare the art of writers in verse with the art of writers in prose—for the poet in verse employs an instrument so different from that of the poet in prose, as to accentuate his craftsmanship. Now we come to the point that is the denouncer of this Baconian drivel. Everybody writes about literature as if they had the artistic sensing of it; and this delusion is naturally increased by the fact that whilst in music and painting the public often do not sense it in any way whatever, a man needs to be almost an imbecile of the most hopeless kind if he shall not understand the meaning of words to some extent. But the sensing of the art of literature is almost as limited, in my opinion as limited, as the sensing 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. I hope I make myself clear. Now, anyone who senses the emotional artistry of a work by Dickens could not mistake it for the artistry of George Eliot, far less would he mistake it for the artistry of Browning. You could not deceive me, for instance, with the pen line of Beardsley as being the pen line of Phil May, which are much nearer of a likeness than the art of Shakespeare and the art of Bacon. Now, take oneself—I presume that I have an average sense of literary art, that is to say that the colour and rhythm of words are granted to me—I know Bacon's "Essays," or

did know them, by heart. I have had a lifelong delight in them. I have, as probably most creative writers have, an intense artistic sensing of the literary art of Shakespeare, of the English translation of Isaiah, of some of Bret Harte's short stories, of Carlyle. At any rate, I know the artistry of these varied artists so intimately that I could not possibly mistake them. But—and mark this well—it does not follow that far greater men in other activities—a great judge, or great politician, or great engineer, or great general—could tell the one from the other, any more than that Lord Roberts or Mr. Asquith or Mr. Edison or Mr. Roosevelt could tell a Turner from a Corot or a symphony by Beethoven from one by Chopin. This is no disparagement in any way—either they have the feeling or they have not. But when people write books upon Bacon and Shakespeare that are so vilely illiterate that the phrasing makes one's teeth ache, surely Mrs. Nesbit is not going to demand serious consideration for their effrontery! Surely no worse thing could happen than that any one, so utterly unable to sense the vast gulf that lies between the exquisite artistry of Shakespeare's plays and the exquisite artistry of Bacon's essays, shall be taken seriously because he distorts and contorts, and makes zig-zag puzzles to fit such distortions, in "proof" that Shakespeare was Bacon! Surely Mrs. Nesbit does not for a moment miss the fact that the most serious stumbling blocks in mere documentary evidence, quite outside art altogether, to the Baconian theory are wholly damning! And that even if the outside proofs of Shakespeare's concern in his plays were not overwhelming, his art could never be squeezed into Bacon's rigid ways. Mrs. Nesbit quotes Gladstone; but in what did Gladstone ever prove that he had deep sense of the art of literature? What value have any lawyer's doubts on the art of literature any more than on the art of painting or music? What on earth could be the value of any German professor on so subtle a thing as the artistry of the English tongue?

In fact, the reason for the utter futility of putting Shakespeare to trial would be that not only the trial would be worthless, but that any man who is so devoid of the sensing of the art of literature as to confuse the art of Shakespeare and Bacon, or of the sublime art of the cockney barber's son Turner with that of Michelangelo, or of the great art of Beethoven with the art of Chopin, could be easily convinced that a gooseberry is rhododendron.

It is unthinkable that a rose should be taken into court and stand trial because some Donelly or Gullop or Gollop swears it to be some fraudulent blackberry. And if the Gollops and the Donellys find themselves the butts of satirical laughter, it is no affair of the rose; nor have they the right to complain and whimper. I feel sure that Mrs. Nesbit will realise on careful consideration that a fool's trial can have nothing to do with a fair trial. We do not send Innocence to the bar because dullards assail her with fantastic and stupid slanders. HALDANE MACFALL.

* * *

MURDER AND PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the large number of brutal murders which have been committed in this twentieht century in England—a land where capital punishment has been in existence from the earliest time?

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 intelligence of the class from which common juries 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 it is suggested that capital punishment is the best deterrent from murder.

May I offer a very cordial welcome to all your readers who will join the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment? JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., D.C.L., Oxon., President of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment,

1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C.

* * *

"TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!"

Sir,—I venture to send you the following résumé of a certain famous murder trial. The affair took place so long ago (at least three weeks) that the details of this old-time cause célèbre are doubtless already forgotten. My personal acquaintance with all the circumstances and inner workings of the case may, however, make up an interesting story in these days when nothing is happening. Space forbids an absolutely complete transcript of the whole trial, so I have omitted the speech for the defence, which made no difference anyway, the prisoner's futile expostulations about liars, etc., and also the judge's jokes, since these were the well-known sharp-shots used at every trial.

The prisoner, Thomas à Stickit, a bill-poster by trade, was brought to trial at the Old Bailey charged with the murder of Septimus K. Cork. The murdered man was a famous character in his life-time, being no other than the origina! of the advertisement—"Once my hair was straight, now it is curly." Readers will and must remember (for everything turns hereon) that the said Septimus K. had one hair sticking out of the top of his head, one only indeed, but that one, as events proved, sufficiently unique to bring a man within that net of circumstantial evidence which, on account of its peculiarly damning character, English judges prefer to any other sort of testimony. The preposterous folly of rejecting purely circumstantial evidence was exposed to its quick in the Cork case, where one hair weaved the hangman's rope and sent a cruel murderer (let us say without invidiousness) not to a higher, but a different, court.

One morning all the world was startled to hear of the strange disappearance of Septimus K. For weeks all England sought for him. Scotland Yard enrolled a million acting deputy Noah Claypoles and offered a substantial reward in the shape of the next vacancy as public hangman. The editors of the gallows press were overcome with emotion, and, indeed, the credit of discovering the perpetrator of the outrage belonged to the distinguished sub of the "Evening Mews." For from the following profound remark which appeared in those columns, Scotland Yard derived the clue which cleared up the mystery. Said the "Mews," "Our poor old friend Septimus K. Cork has vanished as completely as if the bill-posters had refused to stick him up any more."

Inspector Noah Flew read these portentous words over his morning egg. He gasped, he rolled his eyeballs, he finished his egg and smoked his pipe and made his famous dash for the north. Catching the midday tube, he arrived at Baker Street just in time to board the No. 96 Road Car for Willesden, where the bill-posters live. Another man might have gone on from Baker Street by rail, but Flew preferred not to risk exciting suspicion. Besides, ambling pleasantly along on the rural equipage, Flew got the opportunity he desired of questioning the driver as to undesirable characters in Willesden. And he put this wary and subtle conundrum: "If there was a murder and a bill-poster was suspected of that murder, whom would Willesden prefer to see hanged?" The 'bus-driver solved the question out of his personal and peculiar consciousness. "Why that —— Tom Stickit, of course. —— stuck-up ——! Don't drink nor smoke nor borrow nor lend! There's his house if you want it; number nineteen."

"Oh, I don't want it," said the cautious Flew, and he travelled onward past four more houses. "So long," he said; "I've got to see about some plumbing in this street," and he swung off the moving 'bus. When it had turned the corner he rapped at nineteen. Mrs. Stickit opened the door. "I arrest you—" began Flew, absent-mindedly, but corrected himself by a bad fit of coughing. "Er—Is Mr. Stickit in?" he ejaculated at length to the sympathetic lady. "Just having his tea, sir." "Please tell him I'll call in ten minutes," said Flew, and he dashed off and telephoned for assistance. Then he retired to a stationer's and filled in the name of Thomas à Stickit on one of the general warrants he always carried. The arrival of four stalwart men in blue was the signal for him to begin to fear lest the guilty man should have flown. Knowing his guilt why should he have remained? The fear proved groundless. Stickit was still at his tea. "Bluffing, eh, Stickit?" was the inspector's greeting. "What the devil!" exclaimed Stickit, putting on an expression of bewildered innocence. "Come on," said Flew. "Constables, do your duty." And in the manner of capture invented by that immortal humorist, Sir W. S. Gilbert, on an occasion which will stick to his memory at least as long as the Babbiest ballad, the four constables flung themselves upon the bill-poster; when Flew, with truly Gilbertian spirit, roped Stickit and throttled Stickit and trussed Stickit and thumped and pommelled Stickit until the villain was as helpless as a bairn in swaddling bands.

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

During the next few weeks the gallows press made a fortune. Every edition grew more emphatic than the last, for the Government analysts and other experts had got to work on the prosecution. A special extra, detailing the prisoner's breakfast menu, positively choked the streets. 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 fail, and public and press lay about in a sort of torpor until the great Day of Trial revived the nation.

The present writer was fortunate enough to be in court throughout. Some people may perhaps deem it superfluous to give any details at all of the defence, and except for the circumstance that the defending counsel, foolishly believing in Stickit's innocence, had the audacity to put the accused into the witness-box, I should have refrained from introducing irrelevant matter. But Stickit's testimony was remarkable in its way, as indicating to what extent a clever, guilty man could assume the manner and expression of complete innocence.

Counsel for the Crown stated a damning case. In a voice which shook with unshed tears, he described poor Septimus K., "the wonder of our childhood, the envy of our youth, the hope of our old age." "Once it was straight," faltered the eminent K.C., "but it became curly. What English head has not been thrilled by this message from him who is now laid low by a felon's hand?" Counsel went on to the finding of the remains of the victim. "English law requires that the corpse of the alleged victim shall be discovered and identified before a suspect may be condemned—I should say—charged. But it does not require that the whole of the corpse shall be discovered—only sufficient of it to satisfy the Crown. That much has been found. Intact, preserved in a layer of quicklime, the Hair of Septimus K. Cork dumbly witnesses to a cruel murder." Evidence, counsel proceeded, would be called to show that the Hair unquestionably belonged to Septimus K. Coroner's evidence would testify that the Remains was in perfect condition and—curly! Expert witnesses would corroborate the police theory of poison having been used to procure death.

"And now as to the accused." Thomas à Stickit was a bill-poster, and therefore familiar—unhappily too familiar—with the countenance of the deceased. On one occasion Stickit had been required to post the deceased nineteen times in succession. He knew our poor old dead friend with that familiarity which, said counsel, in evil bosoms breeds, alas!—contempt. Counsel had no hesitation in suggesting as motive, adequate to a depraved mind, that Septimus K.'s murderer had encompassed his death from sheer boredom, "sick of the sight of his face, in fact," said the eminent K.C.

"That is the all-important part of the case," said Mr. Blatantson. "If you are satisfied that such was the motive, that that motive was sufficient, and that the prisoner would be possessed of such a motive, you will have gone a long way in satisfying your mind that it was the prisoner and no other man who murdered Septimus K. Cork." The jury nodded automatically.

Inspector Flew told the story of the arrest in calm but thrilling tones. Four constables corroborated as to having been required to hold the prisoner down. Then, after the owner of the patent restorer to which Septimus owed his luxuriant Hair, had vouched as to the shape, colour, and curliness of the Remains, and how he had formally identified it as that of his client, Dr. X. Willingsworn, the Government analyst, testified that he had examined the aforesaid Remains which was in good order, a hirsute product, undoubtedly from a human male, and exhibiting at the root half of a millionth part of a grain of a powerful poison. This poison, though harmless to ordinary persons, was absolutely fatal to individuals who earned their living by publicity. Its technical name was "Boikot," and the merest hint of it would suffice ultimately to cause death.

"Would your experience lead you to believe the prisoner had it in his power to use this poison?" asked counsel.

"Undoubtedly," replied the great analyst. "In a sense he would absolutely control one of the branches of his profession where this deadly drug is employed."

One or two witnesses, including the 'bus-conductor, then gave evidence as to the prisoner's manner of living. He was, they all agreed, of an unsociable character, hating a pleasant face and given to remarks of a sort highly contemptuous of the art displayed on street hoardings. In particular he had been heard to declare that the fat, red, bald cranium of Septimus K. was the means of corrupting and vulgarising the young idea.

A movement of indignation in the body of the court was instantly suppressed, but the jury simply chewed nuts throughout the rest of the proceedings. Counsel for the defence examined and cross-examined and harangued in vain. The twelve good men and true deliberately usurped the prerogative of the judge and indulged in forty winks.

I, the present writer, almost alone except for the prisoner and one or two reporters, heard the prisoner's testimony. I must say he was impudence incarnate. Flatly denied not merely being the murderer, but having ever employed the poison Boikot, declared it was impossible for him to have employed it—it was kept under armed guard in the head office of his firm. All this in simple, direct speech calculated to give the impression of innocence. But the subtlest liar betrays himself if let go on long enough. Stickit admitted having used the expression about the vulgarity of the dead man's countenance. "So it is vulgar," he declared with a fatuous pretence of candour. "The face of a fool and a glutton, and not at all the thing to hold up for the admiration of little children."

Counsel for the Crown intimated that he would not waste the valuable time of the Court in asking questions. And the judge began his summing-up. It was masterly! The felon hadn't a chance from the word Go.

"The prisoner, Thomas à Stickit," his lordship said, "is indicted for the wilful murder of Septimus K. Cork, and however long he (pause) or you (sweet smile) may live, you will never have a more easy task than is before you to-day. At the outset, you may as well understand that I personally know him to be guilty. Everybody took it for granted long ago that he is guilty. He is guilty! In the interests of justice, I must go through the form of recapitulating the evidence—but don't let that disturb you. I know all the tricks of the trade. When I mention anything poetical, such as 'gossamer webs strong as chains, Nemesis, scales of Justice,' etc., you will set all that against the prisoner; when I speak of 'pitiless murderer, helpless victim, lust for blood, motive, cogent strength of evidence,' etc., you will set that also against the prisoner; and when I name such qualities as belong to all juries, for instance 'just and ordered reason, strong sense of right, unerring and impressive courage,' etc., you will set that likewise against the prisoner. Now, then! Gossamer—steel—Nemesis—scales of Justice! Cruel—hard—victim — absolutely — convincing! Just—reason — pray—earnestly—God — give—you — guidance—firm—and—righteous—verdict!"

The jury retired . It was stiflingly hot in the ante-room, so the first man turned round to come back as the last man went in.

"Guilty." The Court rang with applause. His lordship went purple with fury at this breach of etiquette, which almost ruined his Great Effect. In fact, for a moment he lost his head and thought he must already have pronounced sentence. The movement of the ushers re-assured him, but the taste of the trial was very nearly spoilt. A dead silence is the traditional cue for the Black Cap episode. Slowly and solemnly his lordship put It on.

"Prisoner at the bar, the careful, patient trial is over. You are justly condemned by your fellow men. It has 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 whence 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 maudlin 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 reprieve be granted; and for this yeoman service to the law 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 duly executed bill-poster. 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!

T. K. L.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "Henry VIII.," Nation, Sept. 10; "Bull-baiting," Morning Leader, Sept. 10.

BEGBIE, HAROLD, "Not Proven: Mr. Podmore's Posthumous Book on Spiritualism," Daily Chronicle, Sept. 5.

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

CARPENTER, EDWD., "The Language of Domestic Fowls," Country Life, Sept. 10.

CAVAIGNAC, EUGENE, "L'Appàrition du Capitalisme à Athènes au siècle de Périclès," Revue des Deux Mondes, Sept. 1.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Chorus," Daily News, Sept. 10.

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

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DOUGLAS, MARGARET, "Village Crafts: Dorset 'Ball' and Dorset Brain," Daily Mail, Sept. 6.
ELLIS, HAVELOCK, "The Logic of Dreams," Contemporary, September.
GAYNOR, W. J. (Mayor of New York), "Efficient City Government," Century Magazine, September.
GLASIER, J. BRUCE, "The International Congress," Labour Leader, Sept. 9.
GREEN, F. E., "The Small Holding in September," Daily News, Sept. 5.
GUEST, Dr. L. HADEN, "How to Start and Conduct a School Clinic," Daily News, Sept. 5; "How to Deal with the Underfed and Defective," Daily News, Sept. 9.
HOLIDAY, HY., "Holman Hunt, O.M.," Daily Chronicle, Sept. 8.
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KELLY, J. LIDDELL, "What is the Matter with the Asiatic?" Westminster Review, September.
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MACARTHUR, MARY R., "Slaves of the Forge: The Women of Cradley Heath," Christian Commonwealth, Sept. 7.
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MACDONALD, MARGARET E., "Women at the Copenhagen Congress," Labour Leader, Sept. 9.
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MANN, TOM, "Industrial Syndicalism," Justice, Sept. 10.
MASSINGHAM, H. W., "Problems Ahead: The Issue of the Conference," Morning Leader, Sept. 5.
MAUREL, A., "Un Jour à Bruxelles," Revue de Paris, Sept. 1.
MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Thoughts on the Present Discontent," Daily News, Sept. 7.
MOORE, FREDK., "The Forbidden City: Pekin after Ten Years," Daily News, Sept. 6.
PERRIS, G. H., "What Next in Finland?" Nation, Sept. 10.
QUELCH, H., "The Copenhagen Congress," Justice, Sept. 10.
REYNOLDS, ROTHAY, "Tolstoy's Birthday," Daily News, Sept. 10.
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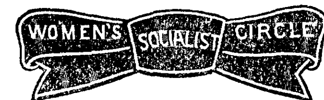

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