NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The proposed abandonment by the Labour party of its famous Pledge solves the problem of the Osborne judgment only for a few minds. This course may facilitate, as no doubt it was intended to facilitate, a more or less dignified compromise between Labour and the Government; but we cannot help thinking that, as the "Nation" has been quick to perceive, the problem still left untouched by the dropping of the Pledge is much more serious. It is the question whether Trade Unions as such should be legally permitted to take part in general politics. We put the question in this form because the seemingly broader but really narrower question of whether Trade Unions should undertake any political action at all is not, or ought not to be, under discussion. Trade Unions in pursuit of their legitimate task of raising their own status and the status of their members are bound to employ political means of a kind; they may even, like the National Union of Teachers, be incited thereto by desire to avenge the dishonour in any sense whatever towards their representatives and against whatever may be concealed beneath it, and against Pledges and Bonds however really advantageous they may be. It was, in fact, the view of the laissez-faire critics of the Pledge who were incited thereto by the desire to avenge the reversal of the Taff Vale judgment least of all were they aware of the much as some persons. Popularly, no doubt, it was one of the most convenient handles by which to lay hold of the Labour party; but we doubt if one in ten of the critics of the Pledge could explain his objection intelligibly. We would go further and take leave to doubt whether the two Lords whose final decision in Osborne's favour was based exclusively on the existence of the Pledge knew quite clearly what their ground of complaint was. We have re-read their judgments recently only to find, as has been suggested, a prejudice and not a reason. Lord James of Hereford and Lord Shaw did not in fact, if we examine the matter closely, object to the Pledge on grounds of public policy; still less were they incited thereto by the desire to avenge the reversal of the Taff Vale judgment; least of all were they aware of the existence of the Pledge or of its advantages. It was, in fact, the view of the laisser-faire school; a view which we should last expect either to be dishonest or mean, or, on the other hand, to entertain any real conception of public policy. The public policy of this school is obviously to have none; and we may say, in passing, that many of the profoundly advanced democrats who are calling for the reversal of the Osborne Judgment appear to us to belong to it. Consequently, neither the abandonment of the Pledge nor the fact that with it goes the unanimity of the Lords in the Osborne decision weighs with us, whose criticism of Trade Unions in politics is on principle and not on laissez-faire grounds. We contend that pledge or no pledge, on principle as well as in practice, Trade Unions as such have absolutely no right in general politics, and only a privileged position in politics at all.

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We are fortunately beyond the suspicion, in taking this attitude, of enmity in any sense whatever towards delegates at Westminster, there is no reason why other Unions should be refused what the Teachers enjoy; and it should be noted that the Teachers exact of their representatives a "pledge" of support only on questions relative to their profession. Outside the scope of the Union's objectives, the Teachers' representatives are perfectly free to vote and speak as they please. Such representation of Trade Unions we do not understand that even Mr. Osborne himself would refuse to support. At least he did not refuse before the Pledge was extended to cover non-Trade Union matters.

Of the Pledge itself we do not, as we say, make so much as some persons. Popularly, no doubt, it was one of the most convenient handles by which to lay hold of the Labour party; but we doubt if one in ten of the critics of the Pledge could explain his objection intelligibly. We would go further and take leave to doubt whether the two Lords whose final decision in Osborne's favour was based exclusively on the existence of the Pledge knew quite clearly what their ground of complaint was. We have re-read their judgments recently only to find, as has been suggested, a prejudice and not a reason. Lord James of Hereford and Lord Shaw did not in fact, if we examine the matter closely, object to the Pledge on grounds of public policy; still less were they incited thereto by the desire to avenge the reversal of the Taff Vale Judgment; least of all were they aware of the existence of the Pledge or of its advantages. It was, in fact, the view of the laisser-faire school; a view which we should last expect either to be dishonest or mean, or, on the other hand, to entertain any real conception of public policy. The public policy of this school is obviously to have none; and we may say, in passing, that many of the profoundly advanced democrats who are calling for the reversal of the Osborne Judgment appear to us to belong to it. Consequently, neither the abandonment of the Pledge nor the fact that with it goes the unanimity of the Lords in the Osborne decision weighs with us, whose criticism of Trade Unions in politics is on principle and not on laissez-faire grounds. We contend that pledge or no pledge, on principle as well as in practice, Trade Unions as such have absolutely no right in general politics, and only a privileged position in politics at all.

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We are fortunately beyond the suspicion, in taking this attitude, of enmity in any sense whatever towards
the Trade Unions themselves. On the contrary, we admire them for the work they have done; we even admire them for the attempts they have made to "capture" politics, and, most of all, we desire their welfare since on it depends, as we believe, the welfare of the nation. We ask them to realise their point of view and to regard it as weighty and statesman-like. On the supposition that the Trade Unions are in fact the working classes articulate it is easy to see that the objection to Trade Unions entering general politics may be interpreted by them, then wrongly, as an objection to working-men entering politics. Again, the greatest task of Trade Unions is to preserve what status they have won and to raise it still higher. But if the Osborne decision, a blow will have been struck at their prestige which will be more keenly felt than the mere depriving them of a doubtfully legal power. It is not, in fact, the loss of the political weapon which is felt most deeply: there are more ways of getting to Dover than leg over leg as the fox went; it is the loss of esteem, prestige, confidence—what you will: a question of pride, in short. If means could be found to reverse the decision ostensibly without in fact doing any wrong, truly thinking the Unions would not mind. As it is they feel compelled to fight for a "right" which but for its being challenged and made a point of honour as well as law they were not disposed to regard very highly. Lastly, we should put the view of those reformers who (mistakenly, in our view) see the advancement of working-men's interests bound up with the political future of the Trade Unions. Rob the Unions of their absolute freedom in politics, they say, and you destroy the "soul" of the proletariat of ever rising to predominant power; you condemn the working classes to the status of eternal servitude.

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We are not sure that all these objections could be completely answered by anybody holding our view that both Trade Unionism and the working-classes generally might one day "run the Empire". Certainly Socialism, and the Labour party might one day "run the Empire," but the advantage to be derived by Socialism is not immediately under consideration. What we understand is to be shown is that the organised Labour movement can do better work out of general politics than in it. For most of our arguments we can rely, strangely enough, on Mr. Sidney Webb, whose work on "Industrial Democracy," written in conjunction with Mrs. Webb in 1897, is even more illuminating to-day than it was then. The strangeness of our citation of Mr. Webb will be clear as we consider the matters like ourselves, were surprised when Mr. Webb announced his support of the movement for the complete reversal of the Osborne decision; and still more to those who have the "keenly" in their souls, are as innocent of any such ambition as Wolsey. As we write this, Mr. Keir Hardie let slip the expression of his hope that the Labour party might one day "run the Empire," and we shall hope to prove it one day; but the advantage to be derived by Socialism is not immediately under consideration. What we understand is to be shown is that the organised Labour movement can do better work out of general politics than in it. For most of our arguments we can rely, strangely enough, on Mr. Sidney Webb, whose work on "Industrial Democracy," written in conjunction with Mrs. Webb in 1897, is even more illuminating to-day than it was then. The strangeness of our citation of Mr. Webb will be clear as we consider the matters like ourselves, were surprised when Mr. Webb announced his support of the movement for the complete reversal of the Osborne decision; and still more to those who have the "keenly" in their souls, are as innocent of any such ambition as Wolsey.

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Apart, however, from political theories we are prepared, as we say, to contend that the unions have more to gain than to lose by the maintenance of the Osborne decision. Certainly Socialism, and the Labour party might one day "run the Empire," and we shall hope to prove it one day; but the advantage to be derived by Socialism is not immediately under consideration. What we understand is to be shown is that the organised Labour movement can do better work out of general politics than in it. For most of our arguments we can rely, strangely enough, on Mr. Sidney Webb, whose work on "Industrial Democracy," written in conjunction with Mrs. Webb in 1897, is even more illuminating to-day than it was then. The strangeness of our citation of Mr. Webb will be clear as we consider the matters like ourselves, were surprised when Mr. Webb announced his support of the movement for the complete reversal of the Osborne decision; and still more to those who have the "keenly" in their souls, are as innocent of any such ambition as Wolsey.

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Again, Mr. Webb denied in advance the constitutional legitimacy of Labour representation as such. It was contrary both to Collectivism and to the principles of Democracy. "The conception of Society [still more of Parliament] as a struggle of warring interests; the feeling that every man and every class is entitled to all that he can obtain by the use of force, and in whose name all remittings of power are made," he said, "is a remnant of the Manchester School." The Collectivist statesman, on the other hand, is "groping his way to feeling that every man and every class is entitled to all his possible efficiency." To this end Democracy as distinct from sectionalism is necessary: "The working of democratic institutions means one long training in enlightened altruism, one continual weighing, not of the advantage of the particular act to the particular individual [or class] at the particular moment, but of those 'larger expediencies' on which all successful conduct of social life depends." Does it not follow, then, that not only is the political influence of Trade Unions nullified by the absence of consent, but Democracy as distinct from sectionalism is necessary? Does it not follow, then, that not only are contrary to the spirit of Democracy? If that was, as Mr. Webb believed, true in 1897, it is, as we believe, true in 1910. Finally, on this point, it stands to reason that if Mr. Webb strongly opposed extra-Union politics he did not contemplate the additional evil of a compulsory levy for extra-Union politics. Indeed, it is clear that he had in mind the possible and desirable political future of Trade Unions the formation of voluntary associations of life-minded political working-men (p. 833). At most he would approve of "a political federation of the unions confining its work exclusively to Trade Union objects."

We cite these old opinions of Mr. Webb because we believe that they weigh heavily both against his present views as expressed in Euston Road a fortnight ago. Moreover, they lead naturally to the question which we have raised in earlier notes: the question of what, in the event of the Trade Unions being debarred from general politics, their restricted political and industrial future may be. We will content ourselves for the present with a mere indication of the direction in which the answer is to be looked for: "The Trade Union will then have one of two courses to pursue; and more especially concerned with raising the standard of competency in its occupation, improving the professional equipment of its members, 'educating their masters' as to the best way of carrying on the craft, and endeavouring by every means to increase the best system of the democratic state of the future the Trade Unions may be expected to be conscious of their own special function in the political world, and to busy themselves primarily with its fulfilment." The "programme" includes (1) The establishment of a National Minimum; (2) Revision by practical criticism of the Factories and Workshops, Mines, Railways, Shop, and Merchant Shipping Acts; (3) The help of each industry by all; (4) The maintenance of the Right of Association; (5) The Preservation of the Home." (Webb, "Industrial Democracy," p. 839.) To these, other duties arising from Acts passed since 1807 may be added.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Some time ago I promised to speak about various armies in this column, and this week I propose to make a start by referring briefly, very briefly, to the final weeks of the Army manoeuvres at Salisbury, in order to winter with which I cut short my Finnish visit. I wish to begin, however, by correcting an error on the part of the "Berliner Tageblatt's" editorial staff whereby the name of a distinguished military critic, Colonel Gadke, was appended to an article which he has given me to understand he did not write. This article appeared in the "Tageblatt" of September 18, and was, on the whole, favourable to the Territorials. It was quoted extensively by the "Westminster Gazette" and other English newspapers, and I thus have inadvertently produced a wrong impression. I note that, in the "Daily Telegraph" of September 28, Colonel Gadke has specifically repudiated the article in question.

If I myself venture to express an opinion on the manoeuvres which have just ended, and on the soldiers who took part, it is only pleasure and pride that I thus have inadvertently produced a wrong impression. I note that, in the "Daily Telegraph" of September 28, Colonel Gadke has specifically repudiated the article in question.

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Coming now to the Regulars, they do not take such an intelligent interest in tactics and strategy as the French troops (who are undoubtedly far and away the best in Europe), or even the Germans. But, while the Frenchman knows things by instinct, the German soldier is over-crammed with book-learning, and is inclined to neglect practice for the theory. What has always distinguished the British soldier is his doggedness in battle. In one important respect he differs from all other armies: he will witness enormous slaughter among his comrades without losing his nerve. From the South African war alone numerous instances could be quoted to prove this point.

Without officers, however, even the best of soldiers become a mere mob; and the reader will be inclined to ask what our officers are like. Well, the reply will not be encouraging. Our lieutenants, captains, majors, and colonels are not bad—they could be much better. Our lieutenants, majors, and colonels are not bad—they could be much better. But I suppose that, in view of the present snobbishness of society and the higher ranks of the Army, one might leave these matters for another occasion.

There are numerous charges which must be brought against the Army administration, not to speak of theiggardliness of the Treasury in paring down the expenses in connexion with the manoeuvres; but I must leave these matters for another occasion.

Now, as to Finland. When I paid a hurried flying visit to Helsingfors several days ago I was surprised to notice a batch of English journalists. I could almost have sworn that I recognised Messrs. Nevinson and S. G. Hobson, and I had a mind to ask them, "What went ye out for to see?" But I refrained. For I am sure these esteemed colleagues of mine saw—what they went to see. Their amiable hosts would take care of that. As for what is likely to happen in Finland, if Russia had no paper rights at all, if Finland were acknowledged by the whole world to be an entirely separate country, I say deliberately that it would be the duty of a patriotic Russian Government to conquer this country and fortify it against the potential, and, indeed, probable aggressions of a powerful enemy.

What justification, I wonder, have certain British journalists for supposing that the German Fleet is intended only for an attack on Great Britain? Look at the map, and consider what happened two years ago, and you will find, further, that the German Fleet was preparing to attack him in the rear! Incidents like this, however, were but too common.

Again, the officers did not display sufficient initiative and intelligence on occasions when they should have done. Many of them are still too pompous and lacking in common sense. Some of them, I fear, seem to rely for their military book-training on the scraps of Caesar's Commentaries which they may have read at Eton or Harrow. I could point out quite a few instances, however, where Caesar's tactics seem now to be considered by the best authorities as out of date. To adapt tactics to modern guns is a difficult task. In short, our incompetent officers are products of the present public-school system, and if we wish to improve them we shall have to begin by making it possible for an officer to live on his salary, and by throwing the higher appointments open to intelligent men from the lower ranks.

An International Symposium on the Art of the Theatre.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

In view of the present world-wide reform movement in the theatres, the following general questions are being put to prominent persons in various countries abroad:—

1. Is there any reform movement in the theatre, and, if so, what is its object and nature?
2. Does the staging of plays in your opinion tend to become more artistic?
3. Are artists co-operating to any extent in the staging of plays? Or is the work carried out by artisans?
4. Are there any other facts in the development of the theatre which you consider worthy of mention?

AMERICA.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce. (British Ambassador, U.S.A.)

The Ambassador begs to inform you that, much to his regret, he finds himself unable to help you in your enquiry regarding the American Theatre. The American public is just leaving the country for a considerable period and consequently will not be in a position to deal with the matter.

Hamilton Bell. (Art Director of the New Theatre, New York.)

Until the New Theatre opened with the avowed intention of making its productions as complete as possible in the matter of scenery, lighting and costume, hardly anything...
serious had been done in New York of recent years "in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage picture." It is extraordinary how little impression the visits of Mr. Belasco to this country had made. He himself said that the old routine was followed. But these are rapidly being re-

Robert Taber employed a number of artists to design both scenery and costumes for his plays; but for the most part what is observed is the result is beautiful only. There still sur-

Laurence Barrett was fired by his example and made a few admirable productions, and the greatly to be lamented serious had been done in New York of the art to which he devoted so much attention and in which he achieved such notable successes. Mr. W. M. Rossetti. There must be some mistake about my brother, Dr. G. S. Rosetti. He never did any work for the Lyceum or any other theatre. Perhaps some one has confounded him with his father, the late Sir Henry Rosetti, who did some thing to do with the reproduction of "King Lear" at the Lyceum—at some such date, I think, as 1881. Brown was requested to do something by way of designing the costumes and decorative details. This he did, and he may perhaps have made some suggestions as to the scenery, but I don't think he painted any at all of that. Miss Terry would probably recollect the details.

Regarding what I said about Madame Brown I perceive that I was rather incorrect: the date may rather have been 1889 or 1890.

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a Fairy-Play dealing with a Magic Frog—surpassed the Blue Bird in beauty or appropriateness.

The old No are being revived by amateur societies with the identical music, dresses, and business of 300 years ago. There are mystical seek mediavel, but have always appealed to an elite and could not be exported.

The popular drama has always been regarded as vulgar and melodramatic, but on the other hand almost as true poetry by scenic beauty of costume and touches of poetic symbolism. It is quite as old as the No, going back to Shakespeare's Macbeth in my "Japanese Play and Playfair" (Heinemann, 1902).

I know of no other source of information since my book the Japanese number of the "Times" (July 19, 1910), with which you have perhaps seen a special article on the Japanese Drama. The writer deals at length with a movement in the direction of reform. Mr. Kawakami and his wife Sada Yacco have of course been for some time introducing some European modifications, and a few years ago Mr. Matsui was here as the representative of the National Theatre movement to study in the United States. I gave him introduc-

tion to Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Ellen Terry, and made him a Member of the Players' Club. I do not know with what result.

[Acknowledgments and thanks are due to Professor C. J. Holmes Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Arthur Morrison for resources of information on the Japanese Theatre.]

SPAIN.

Mr. Edward Hutton.

(1) What interests me in Spain is not the commercial theatre, in which you have perhaps seen a special article on the Blue Bird in beauty or appropriateness.

(2) The problem which you raise is very complex. It is true that the theatrical conventions which are not the least insufferable and barbarous, and this owing to the wild desire for correctness of realistic detail which limits the stage to the facts. Sick and public blindness allow such things to continue. Oddly enough, though opposed to conventions, the modern spectator allows this one, the grossness of language passed unchallenged. He is attached to it because it is really false, whilst all else concerned with the scene is a necessity.

(3) Perspectively inevitable false. It must therefore be done away with in order to understand the aesthetic aspect of the scene.

Now our theatres do not attempt to do away with it. Possibly owing to their structure they cannot do so. Thus it comes to the question of modifying their traditional form as a whole. That is why I mentioned architectural reform.

All the science of the producer, all the art of the designer and decorator can but palliate, not cure, an organic disease.

The founders of the Kunstler Theatre of Munich have mastered this secret. Their present experiment constitutes without doubt the most important effort in the history of the modern theatre; it means a revival of the great traditions of the drama.

In any case it reveals a better understanding of the demands of the theatre, a tendency towards the development of art, towards that development of beauty of which you speak.

The problem dealt with is not that of a servile imitation of nature—a feeble effort, a sure obstacle—but how to suggest the essential environment, the framework, of each scene; how to intensify the atmosphere of the drama. And it is in order to produce this scene that researches are now being made.

In France, particularly, the scope for artists is unlimited, and we might have marvellous scene-painters. The theatre directors should employ them. What could not a Maurice Manzana-Pissarro, an Edmund Dulac would do?

With regard to producing illusion in space, light of course, is the best factor. And it is in order to produce this illusion that researches are now being made. I would specially mention Fortuny, Appia, Edward Gordon Craig among the foremost innovators of lighting reforms. Many enthusiastic reformers have thus demonstrated methods which are more or less complete.

The Kotstedh Theatre gives the scenery its true signif-


cance. In our days the traditional "scene" destroys the spectator's receptivity. Scenery which is addressed to the eye ought, before everything, to stimulate the creative power of the mind through the visual organ. It ought not to dis-

tract the mind by dissipating the attention, but concentrate it; hence would arise a feeling for simplicity and just values. Accessory also acquire a vivid and extreme importance according to their choice and arrangement, as long as the scene-painter then loses nothing in interest. On the contrary it becomes more deeply artistic, since it is no longer a question of dazzling the audience by means of glaring effects easily obtained.

A scene not very deep with an expanding or diminishing frame, as designed by Pissaro or Charles Léandre in the Theatres of Dresden, Dusseldorf, Cassel; in Austria, Valentin, and Gustave Möhler (at one time connected with the Vienna Opera House), is doing valuable work.

But there still remains much to be done. Artists (I say artists, not mere house decorators, who would not benefit in the least from the modern conditions of the theatre) would no doubt exercise their imagination and originality if they were given a free hand.

In France, particularly, the scope for artists is unlimited, and we might have marvellous scene-painters. The theatre directors should employ them. What could not a Maurice Denis do? A Manzana-Pissarro, an Edmund Dulac would certainly attain a high artistic value.

Why not listen to M. Jacques Emile Blanch and the charming ideas he has put forward in a remarkable article in the "Figaro"?

I have but one wish: the rapid diffusion of the theories of the Kunstler Theatre and the success of the work of the innovators.
The Beaconsfield of Romance and Reality.

By T. H. S. Escott.

The Napoleonic legend is not likely to be revived by the hospitalities given on English soil to the French Bonapartist Pretender and his bride-elect, the Princess Clementine of Belgium. The explosion of the long lingering Disraelian legend will begin on the 20th of October with the issue by Mr. John Murray of the first volume of Lord Beaconsfield's biography, from the pen that the great man's executors have considered most competent for the work. Mr. Monypenny's book appears to be the first instalments, and the choice of the famous Albermarle House for its publishers recalls the famous Albemarle House for its publishers recalls the man's hands. The issue in the new Quarterly Review, the lineal descendants of its original projector have a traditional claim to place a Conservative statesman's memoir before the world. It is, however, the results flowing from the earliest connection between those of the Disraeli and Monypenny name which originally caused Lord Beaconsfield to place his writings in the Messrs. Longman's hands. The issue in 1832, with the Murray imperium, of "Contarini Fleming," came six years after a very different kind of enterprise, in which the second Mr. Murray somehow against his better judgment, had, under Disraelian pressure, been induced to engage. This was the newspaper called the "Representative," that lived through a few troubled months in 1846. Concerning this everything known has been said in the by-lines of his accounts of the Murray Dynasty. Here it is enough to correct one or two hard-dying fictions belonging to this chapter of newspaper history. Benjamin Disraeli was never editor of the paper, nor even very much involved in it. The Vivian Greyish article, said to have opened with the words: "As we were lounging the other night in our box at the Opera." Isaac Disraeli had thought well of his son's notion that a Tory daily on new and original lines would draw out much unsuspected literary talent, useful to the party and paying to the publisher. The shrewd Murray himself always had his mis-givings, but the elder Disraeli's influence and the younger's "unrelenting excitement and pitiless importunity" prevailed against his judgment. Benjamin bore the organisational strain, especially in the scarce and painful correspondence. But for the Murray name and the second John Murray himself rather than any other. The Disraelian failure to find an agreed portion of the capital for the undertaking produced a temporary coolness between the publisher and the father and son who were two of his intimates. That gradually disappearing estrangement did not stand in the way of Mr. Murray publishing many things afterwards, as for Isaac Disraeli, so for his son Benjamin. Thus more than a generation later than "Contarini Fleming," "Lord Beaconsfield's Home Letters to his Sister" bore the Murray name on their title page. That the same patronymic is to be associated with the Beaconsfield biography will be looked upon by future generations as showing that the author of "Coningsby," long before his death, had lost any feeling of bitterness towards the house whose head, after his earliest success with "Vivian Grey," continually rendered him substantial service.

The first Disraelian misconception which the biography will have to dispel is the persistent misrepresentation of Benjamin Disraeli's social position and personal circumstances in his younger days, as well, for that matter, as periodically many years later. His father was not only the son of a wealthy merchant, but was surrounded by relatives more comfortably off, and all bound together by the ties of helpful interest in each other's welfare. Isaac Disraeli himself, if not a popular writer at the time, received large sums for the collections of literarians which, beginning with the six volumes of "Literary Curiosities" in 1791, only closed off in the "Amusements" in 1840. Isaac Disraeli also, at different times, wrote several romances and murder verse; though these are only worth mentioning because they suggest the strength of the hereditary principle as illustrated in this remarkable family. In English public life, men who have risen to the front have not done so without possessing something more than a mere independence. To that rule Canning, who was taunted with being an adventurer, formed no exception; his marriage with the Duchess of Portland's co-heiress gave him a capital amounting nearly to a quarter of a million, and placed him for all his life above all money anxieties. So, too, it was with Benjamin Disraeli. There still exists, and has long been familiar to the present writer, a letter of Lord Beaconsfield to a distinguished "Quarterly" Reviewer who had pictures to write much about him, the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings. There the illustrious writer says: "Can you not use your newspaper influence to dispel the myth so sedulously created by journalists of the painfully straitened circumstances he declared it not only at starting but through most of my existence. The facts," continued Lord Beaconsfield, "are these: my patrimony abundantly sufficed to place me in a position of security. Nothing my ambition has done without the patronage of Charles Monypenny. I have one of the most beautiful as well as most convenient houses in London at Grosvenor Gate, but which, from the age of thirty-five, placed him for the rest of his life among the comfortably-off members of Parliament. Long before that marriage, the want of money had always been followed by the immediate supply. His writings brought him more than at the same time was received by Bulwer-Lytton from his pen, which, nevertheless, helped him to fortune as well as fame. Mrs. Brydges William's gifts to him of furniture, jewels, and ready cash did not fall short, from first to last, of £60,000.

The materials at the official biographer's command will further enable him to show that Disraeli's Jewish birth did not prevent his receiving a most orthodox Christian education, beginning with the Church of England worship. Nor did Benjamin Disraeli's Hebrew origin seriously retard his social advancement. His father's admiring, distinguished and powerful friends were many. They introduced the son to the brightest and most agreeable coteries. In these the future Beaconsfield pitted himself against brilliant contemporaries who had had all the advantages of Eton, of Christchurch, or of Trinity, and, in the social combats of conversation and wit, he seldom came off second best. The Jew indeed, as he was called rather a pet name than a reproach among his friends, never found himself the victim of racial disadvantages. The forthcoming memoir will record some remarks of his about his unhappy childhood. These, however, were really made for effect. As for the vogue that followed, so far from being due to any personal merit, money or friends, it will be seen to have formed a tolerably complete presage of the fame and splendour that maturity was afterwards to bring.

One or two points more. The initial instalment of the life lands the reader at the beginning of the Vicorian era, where the subject matters. The author of "Coningsby," long before his death, had lost any feeling of bitterness towards the house whose head, after his earliest success with "Vivian Grey," continually rendered him substantial service.
produce. To anticipate a much later point of the
narrative, the world will in due order learn the secret
history of household suffrage in 1867; will see the idea
of this to have been the fourteenth Lord Derby's rather
than Disraeli's; will be told of the hostile intrigues
which encountered him in what he himself called his
task of "dragging up hill an omnibus laden with
country gentlemen"; will know for the first time that
in these efforts he received no help more valuable than
the man who has been to him his manager of the
Conservative party, Markham Spofforth.

At the Sign

NOWADAYS," began the man in breeches and gaudy
hose, "nowadays, old people count for nothing. Time
was when age was reckoned wisdom.

After delivering himself of his eleven o'clock plati-
tude, he gulped down his eleven o'clock second drink.

"This age has occasionally been taken for folly," I
suggested.

"By fools," he returned laconically, ordering his
third drink.

"Even by the philosophers," I laughed.

He scowled and turned his back upon me. Clearly I
was an undesirable; and he one of those with whom
one should never argue, whose boon companions must
concur in his every assertion, positive or negative. I
smiled, content with his treatment, removed my glass
from the counter, and placed it upon one of the little
tables of the lounge; and, throwing myself back upon
the blue leather, recalled my afternoons spent "At
the sign of the Swelled-head." O yes, I assure you it's
a good translation. It is the only possible English
rendering of one of the most suggestive words coined
by the mind of the lack-wit German.

Ah, the fragrance of that coffee! Those winter
afternoons of ecstasy whiled away in the café "At the
sign of the Swelled-head." I had them labelled
"At the sign of the Swelled-head." A sign of the Swelled-head.

O yes, I assure you it's
a good translation. It is the only possible English
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For this would leave thy friends
Soothes most thy wounded heart?
Thou whom thy gods forsake and fortune's seas
Make sport of: May it chance that thou prefer
His whom a like despicable
Of fate not seldom knew.

The slender youth that sings uncrowned with roses
Eases his sadness with some pleasant strains;
Yet, ah, what art of this
Can soothe the heedless boy?
All golden he believed all credulous,
Vain and unmindful: O what tears when he
Who would believe all gold
Shall stoop and find all dross!

ODE.

By Frederic Johns.

What slender girl, her hair unbound, unrobing,
Caught thee in meshes of such pleasant sort?
Earnest that even thou
For this would leave thy friends:
Thou in thy venture to experience
Storms and more pleasing gales: they in their low
Standard of blessedness
Sadly to mourn thy loss.

What tender lips the liquid balm distilling
Please thee most in an unheeded hour?
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Meditations and Reflections.

By Francis Grierson.

If it be true, as Schopenhauer says, that musicians speak the highest wisdom in a language which they do not understand, poets express the highest knowledge in a language of which they alone possess the secret.

Three things dominate the fool and the philosopher alike—inexorable illusion, inexorable infinity, and inexorable death. Mystery and death hold the empire do not understand, poets express the highest knowledge in a language of which they alone possess the secret.

Humour lies midway between wit and sarcasm, like a tongue between two rows of sharp teeth.

Genius has the faculty of making itself felt and understood by two distinct classes: the narrow and the broad minded, the man of a single idea and the man of many; so, for example, the sensual humorist will pronounce Shakespeare a genius because he recognizes an affinity in Falstaff; the woman of romantic passions is won by Romeo and Juliet; the poetic mystic by the passions of Hamlet; the tyrannised parent by the sufferings of Lear; the warrior by the glory of Iago. But the negative prototype of genius is found in the man who is capable of appreciating all these forms of expression and faculties of creation; to this small number belong the cultured intellects who instantly seize and assimilate the music, the melancholy, and the metaphysics of genius.

The world is a long time in discovering the merits of the true artist, because the ordinary mind must first search up and down the gamut of passion and sentiment before striking a common chord in the symphony of its existence. Most people encounter the forces and faculties of originality by chance; they go to the theatre to pass away the time, and suddenly learn that Shakespeare was acquainted with the follies and ambitions of human nature; they attend a performance of a Lohengrin or curiosity, and learn with astonishment that Wagner is a monarch of melody as well as a Triton of trumpets; they gaze on the masterpieces of Michelangelo, and discover a familiar expression in the pose and pathos of his heroes; all these things are not sought for by the world, and the master of any art is obliged to ascend to the very heavens to satisfy the demands of culture, and descend to the commonplace to satisfy the demands of the crowd.

Pride goes hand in hand with glory and riches, so that a proud nation resembles a proud individual, and ends by believing herself invulnerable. And still more strange, she believes herself more superior to all other nations, and regards them with contempt. For this reason her downfall, if it arrives, is doubly humiliating.

A penchant for the mysterious and the romantic engenders illusive notions and dangerous ambitions, which work together to lure the senses and deceive the judgment.

Riches united to egoism create in the minds of the deluded a feeling of repugnance which borders on fear. One flees from the egoists who hang around on their fortune, as from tyrants who seek not only the rights but the life of others.

Without a long and varied experience mere impression is easily mistaken for intuition.

While our illusions are in a state of vendue, desire is certain to be confounded with intuition.

Montaigne's influence lies in his personality and not in his thought. His manner of writing is much the same in all his work, for he never stops to choose; he begins to think only when he begins to write. He never waits. This is why his language is not that of the prophet or the innovator. He presents the paradox of being an original personality without being an original thinker. He holds the mirror up to all the ancient writers, but adds nothing to what was already known. His originality consists in his moral courage and his manner of looking calmly at both sides of a question. He made a circuit of all the old systems, surveyed the philosophical arena of the past, leaving us an ethical impression of the intellectual atmosphere of the different schools of Greece and Rome, Montaigne did a work for which his genius fitted him. He imitated no one. Herein lies his strength and his charm.

Great men accomplish what is obvious and apparent, wonderful men arrive at the unforeseen by a path hidden to all but themselves. Washington, Bismarck, and Gladstone were great men; Bonaparte and Lincoln were wonderful men. Byron and Tennyson were great poets; Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Schumann were great musicians; Mozart and Beethoven were wonderful musicians. Wonderful men accomplish the inevitable through the inexplicable. Men like Bismarck and Gladstone create nothing. They re-arrange things; they place people in parties. Great men shuffle the cards for other men to play, the wonderful men shuffle their own cards and always play "Solitaire."

A thin veil separates genius from madness, through which it beholds the insane antics of the world, depicts its sorrows and sufferings, its vanity and its pauperism. The wonder of mind and body. A thin veil separates genius from madness, through which it beholds the insane antics of the world, depicts its sorrows and sufferings, its vanity and its pauperism. The wonder of mind and body.
A Journey to Grahamstown During the Famine of '59.
By Catherine J. Haigh.

"My tete vanders—my head wanders."

We had been waiting in Main Street, Port Elizabeth, since eleven. It was one now—and no sign of the waggon.

"Toch! Poor child! We'd better go back to our homes and get some dinner."

We were Mrs. Ratcher, Mrs. Welsh and myself, a girl and a boy by a waggon under the care of a Dutchman, Mynheer De Wet. My friends were the vleis. Then our food began to look small indeed.

A waggon met another waggon belonging to the same Dutchman. It was loaded with casks of brandy. The cries of the oxen and shouts of men were so loud, eight times we had to stop for fear of the oxen going over.

At 3.30 my companions in the same place; but still no waggon in sight, and it was four before it came crawling along. We soon climbed inside out of the blazing sun. In the waggon were fifty bags of black sugar stowed away under a cartel, or bedstead without legs or top, strapped to each side of the waggon. We soon climbed inside out of the blazing sun. In the waggon were fifty bags of black sugar stowed away under a cartel, or bedstead without legs or top, strapped to each side of the waggon. He came back comfortable to sit or lie on. The rest of the luggage was at the back part. At 4.30, to our joy, we were moving slowly on. When we got to the creek we met another waggon belonging to the same Dutchman. At 7 a.m. we were only nearing Swartzkoops, five miles away, but they outspanned for rest and coffee.

What is this the Dutchman is saying? He must go back to Port Elizabeth; he has not got all his bills of landing. We were to go to bed and stay, as we should not start till four next morning. So two men and two women left in a cartel bed, and these skin and bone. One lovely moonlight night we sat round the fire for some time and told stories, and then went to our cartel bed until 4 a.m.

For three days we crawled slower and slower. The poor oxen were sick, and no water was to be found in miles away, but they outspanned for rest and coffee.

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A Grand Pretender.

By Alfred E. Radcliff.

III.

But the conflict was not yet. If Lassalle "was in no hurry to decide his fate as regarded matrimony," as Eliz. E. Evans declared, he was not seeming more urgent to inaugurate the Republic. The Progressist Party was then formidable, and in the unsettled state of affairs might have been manipulated by a political genius who had designs on "the highest power." Bismarck was not yet in office, and the Progressist Party was in conflict with the Monarchy, when Lassalle began to break with it, and began his singular practice of delivering academic lectures on CCassian questions in General" to working men. If this was the way to the Presidency, Helene would not enjoy her triumphal entry into Berlin immediately; even "The Workers' Programme," which involved Lassalle in a fine, was not an obvious equivalent to the order for a State marriage. If to this period is to be assigned his remark to Holtoff (quoted by Eliz. E. Evans) "that he could not imagine the Revolution a success if they were successful," his lecture to the Berlin Philosophical Society on "The Philosophy of Fichte and the Significance of the German Volksgeist," which so bored the audience that they gradually left the room and went to supper, brought the Progressio no nearer; nor could any influence of his allay their distrust. As Herr von Dönniges was then acting as Bavarian Minister at Berlin, Lassalle might write to Marx, "I have begun a little practical political agitation"; but the results were not likely to be revolutionary.

If Lassalle turned from the charms of Helene's husband to the philosophy of Fichte with the facility born of practice, Helene had no such resource. Lassalle had become the "central figure of her existence," and in the absence of the man, she consoled herself with his works. She never attended any of his lectures,Recouvenir; but "prove he loved her," by getting him to obtain everything that Lassalle had written. She says herself:—

I have often been reproached with having a certain strain of cruelty in my nature, and there may be some truth in this. I always demanded and obtained from my admirers unequivocal recognition of the superior qualities of their favored rivals. In Yanko's case, when he at first refused to study Lassalle's works with me, I said, "You must. You owe it to yourself. You ought to know how great is the intellect of the man I prefer to you, for when you recognize the superiority of his mind your pride will no longer suffer."

Poor Yanko! He was wise enough to die five months after his marriage with Helene, and so save himself the perusal of Serge Schewitsch's articles. Perhaps the history of Helene in later years, did not have prevented him from answering Byron's question:—

"Oh, ye lords of ladies intellectual, inform us truly, have they not heaped you all?" in addition to reading Lassalle's works, Helene heard of him continually, nearly always in superlative terms of praise and admiration. Boeckh, the historian, called him "the most eminent and witty man I know. . . . spoke of his eminence in philology, philosophy, statesmanship, and hand pressure in the cloak-room we had no conversing, but our glances conveyed to each other."

"But wish you to know how great is the intellect of the man I prefer to you, for when you recognize the superiority of his mind your pride will no longer suffer."

"What do you mean?"

"I received him with almost the same words that you uttered just now. Don't you know Fraulein Dönniges?" and when I said, "Yes; do you?" he replied, 'No, no'—just as you did. What does it all matter?"

"Nothing; we met once, and then no more.""How can you wish, eh?"

"Very well. That's not difficult. Both of you are like our own children to us."

How happy I felt that evening, for our hasty greeting and hand pressure in the cloak-room had conveyed to us both the unsaid words, "Nothing has changed. We belong to each other."

The next occasion on which we met was at a festival in honour of Uhland, the poet. I was surrounded by my family, and he wanted me to accompany Holtoff. We had no opportunity of conversing, but our glances conveyed to each other the sympathy of our thoughts. Laggard in love as Lassalle was, this double disappointment spurred him to action. He was bursting with ideas at this time; he wanted a more sympathetic audience than the Berlin Philosophical Society, and Bismarck, who protested that he could hardly get a word in when Lassalle began talking, was not always to be seen. Helene was the ideal listener, and she was denied him! Soon after this a dreadful thing happened.

Papa Holtoff, without consulting me, asked my grandmother how my family would receive an offer from Lassalle to marry me. Grandmamma was too old to pain me to my father about it. He was then acting as Bavarian Minister in Berlin, and answered by a most indignant refusal. When told of this by Grandfather, I replied, "How can you have done such a thing without Lassalle's or my permission? I shall take no notice of it whatever." We never mentioned the subject again.

Whether Holtoff approached Helene's family at Lassalle's suggestion, or prompted merely by friendly officiousness, is not certain; but the result was uncompromising enough to convince anyone that now, if ever, was the ideal time for a decision. Helene seemed to be convinced of this for the next time they met, after the customary chatter about Lassalle's greatness, he said:—

"Time presses, and I must begin my plan of campaign. Tell me, what are your father and mother like? How can
I win their good graces? I will make Boeckh give me a letter of introduction to them, and will go and see them."

I felt terrified. He saw it, and said, "You see how necessary my energy is, for in spite of being a woman of the world you are still a weak little child, with no will at all. Never mind! I will manage everything without your help."

I then described my parents and their tastes, and my home. He said, "This is delightful. They will receive a scholar and a poet with open arms."

Lassalle saw Yanko at this ball, and acknowledged him as a rival.

"So that is the Moorish prince I am to take you away from?"

I answered, "Oh, that is a matter of no importance."

"With those eyes? Never mind! I will give you up to no one. I would carry you off from the world itself before you could say 'yes'—for mark you, we are each other's Fates."

Thus ended our happy evening. We met no more that winter.

Lassalle's first move in the campaign was to send Helene a poem on her birthday: his second was to meet her the day after at the Holtoffs' house, and submit her to the inspection of his sister.

What a happy afternoon it was. I found in Frau von Friedland at once a warm supporter who said to me, "Yes! You are the wife I always wished for Ferdinand."

"And how? This was the first occasion on which we met more intimately. Papa Holoff left us a short while alone in his study and joined the ladies in the drawing-room opposite. Then Ferdinand knelt beside the armchair in which I was seated, kissed me passionately and said, gently, "Will you be mine, rise with me to all heights, and go with me through all dangers?"

I answered, again under the influence of that peculiar feeling of blissful fear which I always experienced when near him, "As if it could be otherwise?"

When Holoff returned he heard Lassalle saying, "Oh! if this child hadn't such a weak will." Then he said, smiling, "Lassalle, you call this woman of the world always 'child.' Don't you know...

"To me she will always be a child."

Holoff held up the handle of a dagger before us in the form of a cross, and made us swear upon the holy token that we would never tell anyone what had taken place in his house that afternoon. I took the oath, but Lassalle said, "No! I do not believe in this token, but I will swear by the most sacred thing there is for me—the hand of this child."

This happy meeting ended, and we saw each other no more in Berlins.

After this sentimental encounter, what happened? Helene's grandmother died, but "a few days before her death she called Yanko to her bedside, and told him she knew how little my mother understood me; how uncongenial my life would be under my parents' roof, in spite of its brilliant social advantages, and she made him swear never to forsake me; to protect me from misfortune even at the risk of his own happiness. The good fellow promised, and told me of it."

Helene went to live with her parents at Geneva, and when Yanko came on a visit he was regarded by everybody as her fiancé.

I think my parents spread this report in order to quench within me every hope of marriage with Lassalle. I contradicted nothing, because I was then a very weak creature, with no will at all. In fact, as I had had no direct news from Lassalle for months, and Papa Holoff had informed me of his great political difficulties, I decided that marriage proved impossible with Lassalle—to accept Yanko. Anything rather than live in my parents' home with my cold-hearted mother. No doubt this sentiment was far from noble, and would have been impossible to me later, but as I was a true child of the world then, it seemed natural enough.

And Lassalle? This man of the irresistible will, who opened his campaign with a poem, continued it with a caress, and closed it with an oath of secrecy, turned aside to found the General German Working Men's Association. As he had accepted Helene as his "destiny," Baron Kortoff, so he accepted the Presidency of this propagandist society to please Countess Hatzfeld. When the grandmother died, and Helene's fear of him was at least balanced by her dread of returning to her parents, he made no move towards her. He let her go to Geneva as the betrothed of Yanko; he made no attempt to be introduced to her people, or to work his wonders upon them. He did not even correspond with Helene, and thus keep himself acquainted with the trend of events.

(Let me to Continued.)

LITANY TO PAN.

By the abortions of the teeming Spring,
By Summer's starved and withered offering,
By Autumn's stricken hope and Winter's sting,
O hear!

By the ichneumon on the withering worm,
By the swift, far flung poison of the germ,
By soft and foul brought out of hard and firm,
O hear!

By the fierce battle under every blade,
By the extermination of the shade,
By drouch and thirst and things undone half made,
O hear!

By all the horrors of re-quickened dust,
By the eternal waste of baffled lust,
By mildews and by cankers and by rust,
O hear!

By the fierce scythe of Spring upon the wold,
By the dead eaning mothers in the fold,
By stillborn, stricken young and tortured old,
O hear!

By fading eyes pecked from a dying head,
By the hot mouthful of a thing not dead,
By all thy bleeding, struggling, shrieking red,
O hear!

By madness caged and madness running free,
Through this our conscious race that heeds not thee,
In its concept insane of Liberty,
O hear!

By all the agonies of all the past,
By earth's cold dust and ashes at the last,
By her return to the unconscious vast,
O hear!

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson

A MONTH ago, à propos of the difficulties of running a high-class literary periodical, I wrote the following words: "Idle to argue that genuine artists ought to be indifferent to money! They are not. And what is still more curious, they will seldom do their best work unless they really do want money." This pronounce-

ment came at an unfortunate moment, which was the very moment when Mr. Sampson happened to be denying, with a certain fine heat, the thesis of Lord Rosebery that poverty is good for poets. Somebody even quoted me against Mr. Sampson in favour of Lord Rosebery. This I much regret, and it has been on my mind ever since. I do not wish to be impolite on the subject of Lord Rosebery. He is an ageing man, probably exasperated by the consciousness of failure. At one time—many years ago—he had his hours of righteous enthusiasm. And he has always upheld the banner of letters in a social sphere whose notorious stupid pride had been immemorially blind to the true function of art in life. So much to his credit. But to his debit it has to be said that the importance of his dilettante pen has been enormously exaggerated, that failing to stand against the vicious influences of his environment, he has contemptibly ratted from every ideal of his youth, and that of late years his rhetorical, facile, and base insincerities have developed into a public danger—for he has somehow acquired the title of the "mouthpiece of the nation." If any remark of
Lord Rosebery's at a public banquet could fairly be adduced in real support of an argument of mine I should be disturbed. And, in fact, I heartily agreed with Mr. Sampson's denunciation of Lord Rosebery's speech about genius and poverty. Lord Rosebery was talking nonsense with all his best tricks, for he cannot help being charged with the stupidity of his class, he must have known that he was talking nonsense. The truth is that as the official mouthpiece of the nation he was merely trying to excuse, in an official perfunctory way, the inexcusable behaviour of the nation towards its artists.

As regards my own assertion that genuine artists will succeed in their work and achieve their best achievements, really only if they want money, I fail to see how it conspires with Lord Rosebery's assertion. Moreover, I must explain that I was not thinking of poets. I was thinking of prose-writers, who do have a chance of making a bit of money. Money has scarcely any influence on the activity of poets, because they are aware that, no matter how well they succeed, the chances are a million to one against any appreciable monetary reward. An extreme lack of money, of course, hampers them, and money, of course, do harm to the artist in them. An assured plenty of money may conceivably induce lethargy. But the hope of making money by their art will not spur them on, for there is no forecast the joy I ought to have said explicitly at the time that I had in mind, not poets, who by the indifference of the public are set apart from money, but of those artists who have a reasonable opportunity of becoming public darlings and of earning a living now and then incomes which a grocer would not despise. That these latter are constantly influenced by money, and spurred to their finest efforts by the need of the money necessary for the satisfaction of their tastes, is a fact amply proved by the experience of everybody who is on intimate terms with them in real life. It almost amounts to common knowledge. It applies equally to the mediocre and to the distinguished artist. Those persons who have not participated in the pleasures and the pains of intimacy with distinguished writers depending for a livelihood on their pens, can learn the truth about them by reading the correspondence of such authors as Scott, Balzac, Dickens, de Maupassant, and Stevenson. It is an absolute certainty that we owe about half the "Comédie Humaine" to Balzac's extravagant imprudence. It is equally sure that Scott's mania for landed estate was responsible for a very considerable part of his artistic output. And so on. Vion has "established the money-art, the desire thus set up will keep his genius hard at work better than any other incentive. It occasionally happens that an artist financially prudent, after doing a few spontaneous things he either makes a fortune out of money that he is wealthy for the rest of his life. Such a condition induces idleness, induces a disinclination to fight against artistic difficulties. Naturally! I could give living instances in England to-day. But my discretion sends me to France for an instance. Take François de Curel. François de Curel was writing, twenty years ago, dramatic works of the very best kind. Their value was acknowledged by the few, and it remains permanent. The author is definitely classed as a genius in the history of the French theatre. But the verdict has not yet been endorsed by the public. For quite a number of years M. de Curel has produced practically nothing on the stage. He has preferred to withdraw from the battle against the indifference of the public. Had he needed money, the hope of money would have forced him to continue the battle, and we should have had perhaps half-a-dozen really fine plays by François de Curel that do not at present exist. But he did not need money. He is in receipt of a large income from iron foundries.

While I am on my defence I may as well refer to Mr. Kennedy's reproof for the style of this column. I did not gather from his letter whether he objected to the general colloquialism of the style, or to my description of works of art as mercantile commodities. If the latter, I must assert my opinion that an artist, when he has finished a work, should become the salesman of that work; that it is his duty to regard it adequately as a mercantile commodity and to sell it as advantageously as possible, and that the mercantile test, not the literary test, is the test of the value of art. And I may add that the greatest artists of the Italian Renaissance conducted themselves very astutely as salesmen of their works, as extant legal contracts prove. If the charge against me is one of general colloquialism, I must point out that one preoccupation of the vigilant artist is to keep his medium elastic and receptive, that the practice of literature is and ought to be one long, ceaseless and unceasing effort. It is as though the pomp of his utterance had excited the dimness of his inspiration, something difficult to set out, but which he has achieved, and in the paucity of that achievement. It is an absolute certainty that his work brings with it, both in the artistic sense, and in the student, it catches admiration at the very brink of love, to its own soul to expect a rare repast of grandeur, which, nevertheless, was not forthcoming. And that this perplexity is in Mr. Watson himself rather than in his reader is a conviction that his work brings with it, both in what he has achieved, and in the naughtiness of that achievement.

It stretches throughout all his work. When first he came to song romantic glamour was in the sky though the morning of materialism was before him; and true to this romantic glamour he sang of it, his most noble achievement in it being "The Prince's Quest," which, indeed, in point of length, is the most considerable of all his work. It is throughout reminiscent of Morris; reminiscent, too, of Keats, showing Morris' indebtedness there no less than his more lineal ancestry from Chaucer. In it he tells us of lands the most romantic and mystical: which is absolutely the very fact; he tells us; yet, however convincingly he tells us, he fails to bring them about us as Keats does in "St. Agnes' Eve." It lacks magic; it is all spelt out on the page. And romanticism without occult suggestion and mystical colour is foredoomed to failure: it is not romanticism, in fact, however much it boasts the name. Yet "The Prince's Quest" has in it that peculiar distinction of Mr. Watson's work from romantic poetry, and then after four years' silence giving to the world a volume of over a hundred epigrams in verse, crystallised and polished with manifest effort after refinement, the situation is sufficiently illuminating. It is Mr. Watson's own criticism of his early work. It is also his decision as to what he proposes to make his later work. He turns from his unriper effort, feeling it as unexpressive of himself as it is obviously unexpressive...
of the soul of romanticism, and seeks to concentrate, and yet again to dilate, filling his lines with meaning and making his manner more and more marmoreal. In other words, the William Watson of "Wordsworth's Grave" and "Apologia" begins to emerge. Yet it is possible so to refine, that poetry itself, by a sort of self-satiation, seeks to extend itself. Thus twenty-five years later Mr. Watson seeks to recapture the more aerial and elusive muse, with what of success will later be seen.

But to achieve this compression two things are necessary: a fit vocabulary and a stern regard for form. And that such composition should live, it must step with the metrical mastery of verbal pomp. All these things we see Mr. Watson striving after in these epigrams, and possessing in full flower of achievement in his next volume containing "Wordsworth's Grave." There are not many poets that possess a vocabulary as wide as Watson's; yet it is not so much distinguished for its width as for the compactness and compression of the words he chooses. They are not wild with beauty so much as concentrated with meaning. He has foreseen great work in great space; he will try and bring great work into small space. His lines come to wear the value of stanzas, and his stanzas of cantos. Simple structures and short poems, therefore, mark his work; and hauteur of spirit and pomp of utterance its manner of delivery. But thereby it becomes more and more self-conscious; it tends rather to the deliberation of a craft-master than to the fury and fire of inspiration in agreeable extravagance. The subtility that raises Coleridge to the supernatural, the intensity awakening the imagery of Wordsworth, the fire of Shelley, all these things must needs be forgone. And the renunciation is the echoing line or passage. Such as this epithet for Vergil:—

Lord of the communicable charm.

How beautifully it ripples! Or such a passage as this out of "Estrangement"—

Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn
That Jane on her triumphal progress goes
Thro' arched and banded woodland; while for him
She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumour of the rose.

Yet in their reserve there is something chill and forbidding, remote and apart from the spirit, whether we will or no, when all their magnificence of speech has died through the air.

Though it lack the divine fervour and riot, his verse at its best has the "large utterance of the early gods"; if inspiration fails at all, that the ode is too remotely near being rhetorical; and, naturally, when inspiration fails he relies purely on its pomp to see him through, and his hauteur of delivery. Therefore, while his finest passages never precisely fire the reader, his passages of lower order never weary. He leans too securely on his prop of words and their mastery.

His most noteworthy achievement is of course "Wordsworth's Grave," I say of course; despite the fact that by placing "Lacrimae Musarum" in the forefront of his Collected Poems he seems to elect it for his preference. Fine passages apart, however, as a whole "Lacrimae Musarum" fails. There is a distinct gap between effort and achievement in it. This is largely owing to the fact that the ode is falteringly near being rhetorical; and, naturally, when inspiration fails he relies purely on its pomp to see him through, and his hauteur of delivery. Therefore, while his finest passages never precisely fire the reader, his passages of lower order never weary. He leans too securely on his prop of words and their mastery.

But in "Wordsworth's Grave" we have him at his best. Its quatrains suit him well, giving him something to refine and polish. And further, the theme is one to his own heart. Here he can play the literary critic, and he does it admirably. Whether verse is a fit place for literary criticism is a debatable matter; and again whether Mr. Watson's is a true summing up of Wordsworth is another very debatable matter. It cannot be too clearly remembered that Wordsworth, particularly the earlier Wordsworth, was an essential Dionysian both in burthen of utterance and in personal habits, and no mere contemplative pastor who had for weary feet a gift of rest. Still, all this apart, the poem is packed with the true substance of poetic thought. It is not surcharged with poetic emotion so hot as to be above all thought, like "Tintern Abbey"; we always know what Mr. Watson is saying and seeing; it is brain work with poetic colour as accessory, rather than pressure of poetry working this fundamental brainwork; nevertheless, vision is alive in it. As for instance:—

Not Milton's keen translucent music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudy, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

This is excellent criticism; it is also poetry, wraithal we feel that it is supreme in all Mr. Watson speaks of poetry, rather than poetry speaking through Mr. Watson. Sometimes we feel it is Mr. Watson speaking in iambic verse, but this is not often.

And, indeed, to have spoken in praise of him as a literary critic it is no easy thing to have spoken in praise of a fair bulk of his work. It is certain that no poet having something to say, being burthened with the plenitude of a large inspiration, would be, or could be, content with such a state of affairs. The technique that is made to that fundamental difficulty in which I have spoken. For Mr. Watson's poetry causes one to make a very keen analysis, both subjectively and objectively, as to what after all poetry really is. Is it possible for a man to have him out a most distinguished utterance, compact and resonant, without the flashing eye of impelling inspiration, and yet be a high poet? When such a charge is brought against him, he complains in noble language that he is found fault with because I bring nought new, Save as each noonside and each spring is new, Into an old and iterative world, And can but proffer unto whom will A cool and nowise turbid cup, from wells Our fathers digged; and have not thought it shame To tread a floorless temple, with his own, And travel by the light of purer eyes.

This is certainly a modest aim, and earnestly delivered. But is it Poetry? Poetry, the seer of visions, the teller of secrets, and the prophet of Beauty? He says again in the same poem, "Apologia," in what is probably the supreme passage in all his work:—

Be it enough to say, that in Man's life Is room for great emotions unbegot Of dalliance and embrace, unbegot Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul; And one not pale of blood, to human touch Not tardily responsive, yet may know Deeper transport and a mightier thrill Than comes of commerce with mortality, Than comes of all the flat and kind, Temporal and immediate circumstance, In silence, in the visionary mood That, flaring light on dark and deep, perceives Order beyond this coil and errancy, Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone And hears the surge of all that holds Above him and around and at his feet, In million-billow'd conscientiousness, The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world. Supreme, magnificent! But when the glamour fades from off us we make bold to ask, where other than here do we find delivery of these great things? A whole division of his work is given up to criticism of other poets, and in this certainly he defines his own attitude to them. Burns, Wordsworth, Arnold and Shelley pass in de-
tailed review before him. Burns' withering insight he is in total praise of. Shelley he is perplexed at. He finds him
Nourished on air and sun and dew.
No mild praise, as it happens; and again:—
All color and all cloud and bloom
Stepped in the moonlight, Griffithed with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth.
Of Arnold he complains that the "deep authentic mountain-thirds of his page," but yet is sympathetic and appreciative.
Of his attitude towards Wordsworth I have spoken already. Save for one suggestion, he seems entirely to miss the mighty mystic and prophet poet in him, but the merely intellectual in him denies the inspired spirit of the two most inspired poets of the intellectual in him denies the interposition and hand of God in things mortal

but its song is hedged and cramped. He even in verse

with himself; and his work therefore embodies an in-ternecine conflict. It is manifest everywhere; he is the Poet in him flies in insurgent poetic flights to call

ing a new and terrible hell in which to put "Abdul the

huge, anterior to matter, and eternal as matter is not,

of the kind in verse, to construct poetry out of the very

or, to

Vexed with phantoms old,

And on our Pisgah can but write, "Tis cold,

The eternal landscape of the Real and True

And clouds shut out the view.'

Of Arnold this he says:—

Ah, doom of mortals! —

And drive them flying before me to their hold.

Acceptable to one golden end—

Beauty: the vision whereunto,

In joy, with pantings, from afar,

Through sound and odour, form and hue,

And mind and clay, and worn and star—

Now touching goal, now backward hurled—

Toils in the habitable world.

The Intellectual interposes, however:—

Nay, on this earth, are we

So sure 'tis real ascent,

And very gain we see? (Hope of World.)

Shadowed with this, the Poet wails:—

Ah, doom of mortals! Vexed with phantoms old,

Old phantoms that waylay us and pursue,—

Weary of dreams;—we think to see unfold

The eternal landscape of the Real and True;

And on our Pisgah can but write, 'Tis cold,

And clouds shut out the vision.

(The Blind Summit.)

Or, to come right to the red-ripe of the matter, he says:—

God on his throne is

Elded of poets;

Unto His measures

Moveth the whole.

In earthly poets, then, one might imagine that some-thing of H's spirit ran. But not so. They construct

Shackles him. Bondage is through all his work; and, flowing from this, sadness. For "A Vision's Shadow" falls over all things, till "the universal chime falls out of tune and time," and in order to break away resolutely from this, he bursts into the curious and magnificent phantasy The Dream of Man. He imagines man having conceived two things (these reasoning presumably), and reducing natural laws to his supreme command. He weds the whole wide universe into one splendid scheme, making his habitation in planets and stars. He even and eventually conquers The Lord of Dunsinane, the undying, ev'n Asraël the King. Having achieved so far, futility overcomes him again; and to give existence piquancy Asraël has to be resurrected to life and power.

But not only does materialism hedge his soul and cramp his anxiety, but (in the sense of words in their half of the nineteenth century) that worst form of all materialism, polemical materialism. How deadly to poetry this is let "The Unknown God " prove. The sounding burthen of a star-lit night moves him into the soulless; in its own graces and charms; but having delivered so much he expounds his theme in argumentative polemic of trivial and transient interest.

Herein lies the perplexity of his work. The soul of man feels that poetry is something first-hand and vital; but mere literary criticism and polemic are neither first-hand nor vital. He feels this himself; therefore his utterances are sporadic and his periods of silence lengthy. He has attempted to chase these hours of silence away by a pursuing, inarticulate, evasive, a more elusive and daintier muse. But it is somewhat too late in his poetic day, and the effort being scarcely successful, he returns in a slender volume this year to his more marmoreal manner, to find that, though something of magic has fled from his verse, his skill is yet all his own, and masterly.

In fact, Mr. Watson's main strength is that of a supreme craftsman. A careful student of Milton, metrical step and balance have received his most careful attention, with accompanying skill in the choice of words in their music and colour. In this craftsmanship there is only one fault to find; and that is, it is not sufficiently disguised. It is not craftsmanship lying complete and handy for inspiration to use. It is rather craftsmanship proceeding in its own graces and charms.
Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

III.—Wedekind.

In his "Playboy of the Western World" Mr. J. M. Sygne satirised bitterly the effect of even a self-styled giant upon a race of pigmies. His Christopher comes to a remote village in the West of Ireland with the news that he has killed his father, and the decedent peasants, drained of their best blood by emigration and reduced to a group of women, old men and weaklings, make a hero of him. The story of his sensitive idealism might have been aptly adapted to the stage; but so far as he has at least done something notable, something powerful, something that stands for will and firm resolve in this land of dreams and despair. The women worship him and bring him presents; the loafers of the village regard him with awe. Christy finds himself famous.

Even so Frank Wedekind came, a few years ago, to the German Theatre, with the reputation of having slain, not his father, but morality. His plays were so scandalous, so daring. Where other dramatists touched delicately, for fear of over-boldness, upon the woman with a past or the life of the demi-monde, he dragged pathology, sex perversion and insanity relentlessly upon the stage. He thrived upon prohibitions, prosecutions, newspaper outcry and notoriety in general. He proclaimed openly his contempt for the public, and no critical attacks could penetrate his monstrous egoism. Beside the other playwrights of the period—Sudermann the trimmer and Gerhart Hauptmann the sensitive idealist—he seemed a giant individuality, like a Bismarck or a Nietzsche. A self-styled giant, perhaps; but that only made him the more attractive to the weaklings. He insulted them, and they rushed to see his plays. His vogue increased when he appeared himself as actor, and swarmed like the Playboy in a leading part. This was, indeed, a phenomenon. The German playgoers gaped. They had heard of dramatists who ventured to despise the public—indeed, the attitude was considered highly creditable, as indicating lofty ideals and intellectual refinement; but of an actor audacious enough to claim the same superiority, never. That Wedekind should dare to defy the critics and exhibit himself night after night in this indifferent display of acting—this was inexplicable. So bold a spirit, they reflected, must at least have the attributes of Superman.

Mr. Sygne's Christy, of course, had not really killed his father, and neither had Wedekind really killed morality. Like all self-styled giants, he had a pamphlet gospel of his own to preach. Behind the brutality of his plays there is the force of conviction that no mere sensationalist or commercial playwright can ever show. Wedekind's contempt for "das Publikum" is real. He despises the theatre-going mob so sincerely that he resists even to make use of it as a speculative investment.

He may be a fanatic, but he is never a charlatan. An ingenuous aphorist has named him "Frau Nietzsche"; and as far as popularity-hunting is concerned, Nietzsche's wife should be above suspicion.

Wedekind as dramatist is something more than an eccentric, but something less than a creative genius. Flashes of genius he has, emerging fitfully from clouds of eccentricity. He is an author who cannot readily be played, to the critic bent upon classification, who would label him as naturalist or symbolist, realist or idealist or mystic, he must remain an enigma. He belongs to no school, and hitherto he has had no followers. His plays are the most aggressively individual of our time, and as a matter of fact, he has taken up the title "Hidalgo," are not only frankly autobiographical, but appear to exploit a personal grievance. The individuality behind them is crude and obtrusive. It is almost devoid of taste or sense of form. But it is valuable. It offers us a rare criticism of modern life by presenting it from a new angle. Wedekind is no hawker of a cheap optimistic philosophy like Sudermann. He has none of Hauptmann's sympathy with the common man. For him the common man is merely a member of the public which he despises; an animated doll built of cowardly prejudices; one of the mob that howls the artist down. Wedekind in the theatre is like Zarathustra in the market place.

His practice of the playwright's craft is just as individual. In the construction of his plays he obeys no law but his own conviction. He is always and everywhere interested in the new thing. He has at least done something notable, something powerful, something that stands for will and firm resolve in this land of dreams and despair. The women worship him and bring him presents; the loafers of the village regard him with awe. Christy finds himself famous.

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now with sudden bursts of confidence. All is speculation; they have found a new mystery.

Several girls pass by; among them Wendla, lately promoted to long frocks because short ones at her age are "not proper." The girls, too, hover about the mysterious subject in their own fashion. "What does it mean to be married?" "Are boy babies nicer than girls?" They pass on.

Melchior and Wendla meet by chance in the woods. Wendla leads him on to romp with her, and then, at first half in play, to strike her. He does so, and then rushes shamefully away.

Wendla's married sister has a new baby. Wendla implores her mother to tell her how it came, but she is put off with empty phrases.

Melchior and Wendla meet again. This time they have taken refuge in a hayloft from a thunderstorm. The great, unknown instinct drives them to one another.

The following day Wendla has no feeling of shame. She is triumphantly happy; she longs to tell someone all about it. Now, at last, she knows.

Moritz, the dullest of the two boys, sits alone in the forest, brooding. He cannot take this new mystery of life lightly and so ugly. No one has made it clear to him; no one has cared. Ilsa, an artist's model, comes by. She speaks to him, tells him of her-life. She is ready to make love to him. He could have her for the asking. But he flings her aside, sends her away, and shoots himself.

The schoolmasters sit in judgment. Among the dead Moritz's papers his father has found a drawing made by Melchior, representing the physiological facts of sex. This drawing is held to be the cause of suicide.

Melchior is sent to a reformatory. There he finds no peace, for the other boys are unashamedly corrupt. The schoolmasters sit in judgment. Among the dead Moritz urges Melchior to kill himself. "Hold out your hand to me. The dead are rising to life. The spirit of Life replies, 'Then it is that Moritz appears, carrying his brother's tombstone.'

As other boys are exalted above all. But the Man with the Mask—the spirit of Life—waits. He curses Moritz as a lying phantom, a stinking breath of the grave. "Who are you?" asks Melchior, and the spirit of Life replies: "You cannot learn to know me until you trust yourself to me." Melchior follows him back to life, and Moritz returns to his grave with a smile.

These disconnected scenes, as I have set them down, bear little enough resemblance to the framework of a play. "Frühlings Erwachen," indeed, is only a group of such scenes of life and death. But one can forgive Wedekind much for having written it. He has realised the child mind, and made clear the gulf between parents and children where ignorance of sex is left to grope unaided.

As a result, he has produced such a drama of new emerging force as can only be written once in a lifetime.

I shall deal in my next article with his "Hiddala." [ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE QUESTION.

Sir,—Mrs. Nesbit has so cleverly impaled Mr. Haldane Macfall on the horns of a dilemma that I have no wish to add to his embarrassment, and should not trouble to reply if he had not suggested something untrue in every reference he makes to me. He speaks of me as being of the "Academic type"; he knows that in all my writings I appeal to the

safety of to-morrow against the aberrations of to-day; and that I am as "conservative" as most of the other readers of THE NEW AGE. He speaks of my view of the purpose, or the signification, of Art as being that of Ruskin; he knows that my view of the purpose of Art is expounded in the "Contemporary Review," and hinted in "Anarchism in Art," is the first chapter in a new and much-needed Philosophy of Art; which bases Art more broadly, and more humanly, gives it a greater and more secure place among the higher utilities than any other writer has yet done. Then he coolly asks me—a Turner-worshipper from boyhood who has won from his spurs both as a colourist and a draughtsman—whether I can "sense" the difference between a Turner and a Corot! This is too bad; Turner was one of the greatest of all-poor, worthless, blackened prematurely by time. As for sensing the difference between musicians, Mrs. Nesbit has admirably replied to that question.

The principle Mr. Macfall lays down is that art is not an intellectual activity, but wholly an affair of the senses. It is just this belittlement of art, this limiting of art to the senses, which I have protested so vigorously. Art is the expression of the whole man, senses, instincts, intellect, intuitions, and of those opening Blake-like soul-senses that imagination gives us. Of all the arts, the least intellectual of the arts, as a matter solely of the senses is to belittle it. The finding excited by music is all worthier of this dignity of emotion; it suggests thought and a panorama of dreamlike picurings, or the thought-feelings cluster round some beloved being real or ideal. So to say that even music, the vogue of the arts, is simply an affair of the senses is to sadly belittle it. To say this of Shakespeare's works, which range through the whole realm of knowledge, the whole gamut of the emotions, is to put the critic out of court. It is to be hoped that Mr. Macfall has not committed himself to any such mannikin-like views in his book; if he has he will bitterly repent it when he cuts his artistic wisdom-teeth.

It is a common argument with the Stratfordians that if Bacon had written the plays he has written, no anachronisms. This is another of the assumptions which do duty for facts with them. Bacon wrote as one artist, not as an archaeologist. Then it stands to reason that a man who had taken all knowledge for his province would surely be lacking in thoroughness in the less essential fields. Then again, Bacon was as wise as an archaeologist, and as beneficent as a god without losing his serpent, no anarchisms. This is another of the assumptions which do duty for facts with them. Bacon wrote as one artist, not as an archaeologist. Then it stands to reason that a man who had taken all knowledge for his province would surely be lacking in thoroughness in the less essential fields. Then again, Bacon was as wise as an archaeologist, and as beneficent as a god without losing his serpent, no anarchisms. This is another of the assumptions which do duty for facts with them. Bacon wrote as one artist, not as an archaeologist. Then it stands to reason that a man who had taken all knowledge for his province would surely be lacking in thoroughness in the less essential fields. Then again, Bacon was as wise as an archaeologist, and as beneficent as a god without losing his serpent, no anarchisms.

This brings me to a new and most interesting question which would appeal to lovers of literature. Prof. Edwin Bormann, a writer of profound scholarship, with a wonderful eye for occult rhymes, and who has written quite a some fascinating fields of thought. He shows by hundreds of examples from Bacon's writings that though written as prose they are full of obscure rhymes; proving, as his Secretary, Rawley, said of him, that whatever he touched turned into verse! He seldom made correct quotations from the Bible or the Classics; he nearly always altered them so that they fell into rhyme; showing that his mind was so saturated by poetry from writing plays that his pen ran into rhyme even when writing his weightiest prose, as in the Essays. Some of these rhymes are so fantastic that it seems impossible to suppose them intentional. They were emergings from the sub-conscious. As other writers have the feeling of the sound waves, he has been able to go further and his ear demanded rhymes. Here are two curious examples in the Essays. quoting from Montaigne Bacon actually writes it "Mountaigny" that it may rhyme thus:

"And therefore Mountaigny saith prettily, when he enquired the reason, why the word of the Lit, should be such a Dryasence, and such an Oidous Charge? Satth... [1625 edition] he... ."

Here is one from Scripture, Kings ix. 18, "And Jehu said, What hast thou to do with peace? turne thy behead me." Bacon turned it into:—

"Is it peace, John?—What hast thou to do with peace? turne me behinde me written as prose. Amongst the writings of Bacon's mentioned in his Will are "my book of orisons and psalms
curiously rhymed. These have been lost; but Bormann's discoveries show that most of his "prose" works are "curiously minded littérateurs with whom I must leave this suggestive theme."

Sir,—Mrs. Nesbit's personal attack on me leaves me defenceless. To attack a friend; surely that is my business! To attack a woman, still more impossible. And when, as here, both are one, I am disarmed. Before her contempt I must therefore bow; her belittling of my powers I must live down—had I not suspected my so utter unworthiness. Indeed, if Bacon must screen his claim to Shakespeare's plays behind her pretty petticoats, rather than enter the lists with her, I am sure I should have confided that Shakespeare's plays were written by another fellow—of the same name. Therefore, I retract. Let Mrs. Nesbit empanel her jury of方向盘-shaferers and let Shakespeare stand as juror! God knows. Who will accept the finding? God alone knows.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Sir,—I expect the majority of your readers are, as I sit taming on the fence in this matter; but whether we stay there or finally drop down either side will not matter a scrap, as it will not affect our real enjoyment or appreciation of either the "Sonnets and Plays" or the "Essays," "Atlantic," etc. Whatever the final suspicion may be, it is of no account; it is a curbstone, "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet."

Mrs. E. Nesbit's parallel of "Fiona Macleod" is a 'cute one, as I am sure the most critical and sensitive of us would have scouted the idea of the real authorship. May I suggest a further parallel? I think my friend Haldane Macfall's knowledge of FitzGerald's writings is complete and adequate; but let us suppose that FitzGerald's "Letters" had no reference to Persian studies, as the late Mr. John Stuart gives it. Then I can assure Mr. Fisher that I will "show up" the Russian authorities to an extent which they will not like. But I am sure Syria, as yet a part of the "Omar" project, can afford to lose, as its authorship means nothing; but he nevertheless summed up an important truth when he wrote Noscentem qui defendit sibi crimina parit. But more can be said.

Will you kindly allow me to correct a slip of the pen which I made last week? I find that I referred to Djavid, the Turkish Finance Minister, as a Pasha, whereas he is not yet but a Bey, although the Pashalim depending on his handling of the loan

I think that, in my letter last week about America, I annulled Mr. Shufly's objection absolutely. If I regard the Germans as the most stupid people in Europe, generally speaking, and, in proportion to their numbers, they have produced but few great men. It is a remarkable fact, too, that German culture has not yet been able to stand on its feet. What I mean is that, while there is a definite French culture, a definite English culture, or a definite Italian culture, the Germans have as yet no real cultural history. Schopenhauer, Goethe, and Nietzsche, to take only three names which occur to me off-hand, owe their culture to foreign sources, and I admit that it is painful enough to read through the works of men like Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling. But a coarse, rough-hewn reward on the part of the ten per cent loan was a more finished idea when completed and developed by a conscience."

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, Mr. Rowan Hamilton, I quote (with permission) from letters Mrs. Dick- ney's has written to me:-

"Aug. 30.—I have a hideous ordeal facing me. At the time of my husband's arrest, more than seventeen years, reception bills, letters and other papers were taken. I have applied both to the Home Office and to police to have them returned, because among the papers are letters proving how much money (nearly £300, I believe), W. Dickman owes to my husband. I must go to the Moot Hall, the place of the trial, and apply to the magistrates, and they will decide whether I get them. Sept. 7th.—I will think trouble is my constant attendant. It is not trouble, but injustice. I appeared before the magistrates to-day. All the horrors of the past months came back to my mind. I had to watch one of the worst—two cases—the well-fed prosecutor calmly telling his version of the story while the poor wretch in the dock, unbelieved, doubtless too hungry to think clearly, appeared powerless. My turn came. The magistrates, good county gentlemen, believing in the police as in their God, heard me in a private room. Tolerant, polite, they listened. I fed prosecutor calmly telling his story while the poor wretch in the dock, unbelieved, doubtless too hungry to think clearly, appeared powerless. My turn came. The magistrates, good county gentlemen, believing in the police as in their God, heard me in a private room. Tolerant, polite, they listened. I

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have these letters and left me the charge of getting them and righting matters. Weddel told me to-day that he thought I, of all persons, ought not to complain of any thing that had been treated so shrewdly. I am thankful to have been left alive. I have written the Home Secretary—but of what avail when the police are absolutely autocratic and the law crass. I have cried so much that my head is raging."

"Sept. 29.—After a great deal of trouble I have got back a promissory note and some letters written by W. Dickman. There are still some letters written by another man to my husband and relating to money. This man has a high social position here (but not too high to borrow) and I'm afraid the police against my husband, while the facts of the debt were suppressed, and my affairs, which were ordinary domestic matters, were illegally used to get a conviction."

"I will give you extracts from the papers I now have:"

1. A promissory note for £40.
2. Letter, dated June 5th, 1904. He says, "I will come and see you about ten o'clock to ask for your cheque for £30, and I think by Saturday I can repay you £60, which will leave the bill for forty-five for four months.
3. June 19, 1904. "I would like you to let me have £25 until the week-end."
4. July 14, 1904. "I am sorry I have no money to send as I anticipated. If I can spare anything I will send on Saturday."
5. July 19, 1904. "I am charged with obstruction."
6. August 7, 1904. "My husband never pressed for payment; he was always a very generous man and people imposed on him more than I know. I could only recover the bank books from the Treasury, I could set many things right! Why should they be kept from me? When I think of the horrible treachery and injustice of this case, I feel that time will never be long enough for me to unnerve and expose all."

The above extracts will surely convince people that this case ought not to be dropped. For my part, I believe John Dickman was innocent. The authorities, up to the very last, held a star-chamber inquiry about him; and now we are beginning to see how corrupt the private information of wiping out the stain of crime. Nowadays we punish, possible for individual members, there was permitted a chance of outsiders and the reading public generally. It was a matter for congratulation however to all who appreciated the excellent manner in which the Supplement of the Ninth Edition was brought out, to find that the editorship remained in the hands of Mr. Hugh Chisholm, whom by the way, is an old lord, as the most predominant influence of Cambridge. There are of course many and serious objections to a single university possessing the monopoly in such a publication."

Cambridge fads, which are innumerable, will no doubt prevail, as in so many publications of the "University Press." In the Roman Catholic "Times" of the thirteenth, it would be going one better. So we would advise those with a mission and enough money to keep up the thirteenth. To be logical, indeed, we see no reason why there should not be such trusts for propaganda in all schools of thought, if only to prove their absurdity. It seems a pity that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" should be dominated by any particular school of thought. Mr. Chisholm will, we trust, see that it is free from this objection that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is so mediaeval and is the "Electrician" many times), directed at-teaching to this effect, and something should be done to ele- vate the tone of English morals in science; if nothing else. Mr. Chisholm will no doubt see that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is free from blemishes in this respect. For science is not religion, nor Cambridge an Insurance Company for professors' "policies."

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CHESTERTONISM.

Sir,—May I ask, in a spirit of love (as Mr. Chesterton would say) what on earth was the object of "Mysopseudes" classical outburst in your issue of September 23?* * * THE NEW AGE."

Your esteemed contemporary the "Outlook," from which you differ widely in politics, has in its issue of February 5th (and the "Electrician" many times), directed at-teaching to this effect, and something should be done to ele- vate the tone of English morals in science; if nothing else. Mr. Chisholm will no doubt see that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is free from blemishes in this respect. For science is not religion, nor Cambridge an Insurance Company for professors' "policies."

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SENSE AND SENTIMENTALITY.

Sir,—In THE NEW Age of September 22nd "Jacob Ton- son"—to whom my humble respects—says: The first business of a work of art is to be beautiful, and its second, not to be sentimental."

Now, is this true? Jacob Tonson's view would, I know, be endorsed by many critics, and, unfortunately, by many artists, because it affirms a true view of the nature of art? Should not the second stated of those duties— not to be sentimental—be placed first, emphatically first? Or, better, let us make your desirable view the second rule, that art must be sincere, by which you exclude not only sentimentality— but oh so many other tiresome things. You might also make that the second rule—"Let the work be beautiful," and As for the business of the making the work "beautiful," is that necessarily the artist's business? Indeed! wouldn't such an aim making often enough be entirely incompatible with sincerity?
For instance, a portrait of Mr. Asquith might be a sincere work of art, but in that case it could not conceivably be beautiful. On the other hand, the least touch of sentimentality may kill the pourtrayal of beauty. Let Mr. Lavery (say) make his model's name as with any other portrait. Well and work of art, but in that case it could not conceivably be handkerchief, and calling the whole production kill the pourtrayal of beauty. Let Mr. Lavery (say) make

Turning from that picture, we might at once find immense satisfaction in a faithful sketch of London street arabs grubbing in a dust-heap.

Is the grief of an affectionate woman at the faithlessness of her lover peculiarly unfitted for artistic presentation? Broken Tryst. Although the beauty of the woman remained, the sweet milk of our appreciation would be quite curdled if she were to prattle to: and I know that she would kill the baby or be bored to death by it. I assume that the woman wants a stone or a brick is more finished, more highly differentiated as to its organs than a mere half-developed egg. The little child has not yet been cut out and be done away with. I assume the woman would undertake the sole responsibility of the child.

I give him a stone. When a moth-eaten medico begs for an egg, I hand him a scorpion. When a little girl asks for liberty, they should ask the State to enforce the fulfilment of an honourable contract by which both parties agree to keep house together, one to attend to the child: And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out. Is there a clause to that effect in your deed? If not, the partnership is dissolved. Are women prepared to enter into partnership with men on even terms without State interference? If two humans of the same sex agree to keep house together, the State should not interfere with the domestic comforts, and the other to manage the shop, or the church, or the warehouse, dividing the profits in some pre-arranged proportion, I can see no injustice. If one of the parties is a actress earning £1,000 a year, and the other a schoolmistress earning £40, why should not the latter, for her services to the partnership accept, if willing, say, £40 a year? And if one of the parties is an actress earning £1,000 a year, and the other a subaltern earning a minus income, why should not the latter agree to accept £200 a year as his share of the partnership, without feeling any degradation?

If, now, in addition to this division of duties, the further one of bearing and nursing children is imposed on one of the partners, why should not the contract (commonly called the marriage contract) contain additional clauses: one of them being a settlement on every child born during the partnership and within three-quarters of a year of the dissolution? Such settlement might take the form of a lump sum vested in trustees for the adoption of a child and the allowance recoverable in a police court, according to the means or wishes of the contracting parties. But, you say, the State will not recognise such a contract. True; and why not? Because women do not really desire the equality of the sexes. The State treats the woman as the woman treats the child. And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out. — Are women prepared to make their own contracts, and to stand by them? At present the woman calls to the State, "Take hold of my hand; I am not fit to manage my own concerns; I am but a poor, weak creature." And the State demands of her: "If you desire freedom, liberty, they should ask the State to enforce the fulfilment of an honourable contract by which both parties agree to keep house together, one to attend to the child: And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out. Is there a clause to that effect in your deed? If not, the partnership is dissolved. Are women prepared to enter into partnership with men on even terms without State interference? If two humans of the same sex agree to keep house together, the State should not interfere with the domestic comforts, and the other to manage the shop, or the church, or the warehouse, dividing the profits in some pre-arranged proportion, I can see no injustice. If one of the parties is an actress earning £1,000 a year, and the other a subaltern earning a minus income, why should not the latter agree to accept £200 a year as his share of the partnership, without feeling any degradation? True; and why not? Because women do not really desire the equality of the sexes. The State treats the woman as the woman treats the child. And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out. — Are women prepared to make their own contracts, and to stand by them? At present the woman calls to the State, "Take hold of my hand; I am not fit to manage my own concerns; I am but a poor, weak creature." And the State demands of her: "If you desire freedom, liberty, they should ask the State to enforce the fulfilment of an honourable contract by which both parties agree to keep house together, one to attend to the child: And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out. Is there a clause to that effect in your deed? 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itself undertake the support of all children whose parents are unable, or even unwilling, to maintain them. Others have no difficulty in depositing her child with the officers who would be provided for. She might incur the contempt of her relatives, as most fools would, but she would keep her situation and overcome her shame. One lesson would suffice, and she would treat the male blackguard with less trustfulness. But our all wise State cannot tolerate the forgiveness of sin. That function is invariably left to private surprise.

Under our present Christian system, what is the poor thing to do? She has the choice of several courses. The less fortunate amongst the unwelcome visitor and take her chance of discovery; the third and worst course is to take the child to the workhouse, and even a marriage will only incur the eternal scorn, implacable hatred and brutal persecution of the pure spirit.

Maternity without contract is of course deplorable; and the State must presume that the mother's willingness to accept undivided responsibility. Child-bearing is a serious matter, and should not be lightly undertaken. No wise girl would undertake it alone. Parents or guardians should be consulted who should insist on a proper contract. The contract should provide for the support of the children. Before the State has no concern. But other covenants may be added, according to the wishes of the relatives. If women are not willing to manage their own agreements on equal terms with men, even in matters which concern them more vitally than anything else, it is folly to talk about the equality of the sexes before the law. They are not equal, and the State-coddled sex will take good care that they never shall.

Of course if the village leech wishes to enter into partnership with Dr. Croesus he will have to bring something to the joint estate. Dr. Croesus, however, is preserved his gold: such as knowledge or skill. So if the beggar has some of a very wonderful faith left yet. What Hyndman has some of a very wonderful faith left yet. What Hyndman

"A Correspondent" writes on "The Spinster Influence in Education"; and appears to protest against the spinster as teacher. "I remove the uncommon nonsense to many who remember their calmly competent spinster guides and friends, to read of the "nervous tension" here alleged to have "reacted" upon their innocent youth. Personal experience makes me suspect that women who have to teach children of their own along with other pupils, attempt an impartiality which ends in all-round harshness. It is rather unnatural not to favour one's own and the effort is petrifying. Perhaps the best assumption would be that nice women are born with that nature, and do not change for better or worse. The common prejudice is that women refrain from marriage. Pupils have to take their chance.

A sentimental set of verses by Mary F. Robinson describes the terrors of the River Wye and the tide and its trembling joy when it finds a comrade in the Severn!

"Oh fortunate and favoured stream, though loud the sea-birds 'sail' I will not pass the unpitying bar in terror and alone! The salt is dreadful to thy springs as death to flesh and bone.

But give me such a friend as thine, and I'll afront the unknown.

The two remaining articles (one cannot count menus-for-country-house-breakfasts, sportswomen's clothes, or coming-fashions as articles), one on the "Cottage Woman," by a man, is amusing, though very slight; but "Bringing out a Daughter," presumably by a woman, is filled with half even for a masculine pen on a feminine subject. The final paragraph comes nearest to the point, in advising the girls be sent abroad at the age of sixteen. But then the young ladies who take what the writer calls "the great plunge," perhaps meaning that they make the ordinary debut, usually go abroad as a matter of fact.

It won't do! There is scarcely sufficient food in this supplement for an intelligent fly; yet far too much for the intelligent female. Someone says "the Platonic theory of the physiological specialisation of women." The reply would be that the suggestion is false. No Platonic ever denied the physiological specialisation of the female.

I hear of a circle where the recent discussion of this distinction between women and females ended on the highest note of the Platonic theory. The idea is abroad again, after the long eclipse.

"The Weaker Sex" is undoubtedly intended to stimulate as well as to comfort. Ladies who trade in marriage may receive both impressions; they will be sure to take at least one of them. Professor Murray considers that the Platonic view of women and that of the philosophers who are identical with men's, is exploded.

"Woman's constitution is conditioned by the disposition for the prospect of wifehood and motherhood." For those of us who believe in a distinct and independent sex, the article is something of a challenge, since Platonicists are begged "no longer to deny or evade the physiological specialisation of women." The reply would be that the suggestion is false. No Platonic ever denied the physiological specialisation of the female.

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is a justification for the continued political activity of Trade Unions.

We do not agree that politics will look after themselves as we look after economics. The proverb is not analogous. We cannot stand and hope, and believe in something intu- ilent enough to manage both.

W. B. AUCHAMP.

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Mr. Cecil Chesterton and "The People."

Sir,—Mr. Chesterton prefaces his reply to Mr. Fletcher by the solemn assurance that "such matters as he refers to... will be settled by the people of Great Britain... and never accepted by any of us..."
The latter part of this deliverance shows real discernment, and for a Socialist, candour as well; but the former part bears a strange blindness. It is the old golden calf which the Socialists have set up from the beginning, and which accredited leaders of the movement worship with the same simple faith and as more ignorant rank and file. What I take to be Mr. Chesterton’s belief is that in the settlement of religious and other problems under Socialism, the initiative, or the organizing, shaping, and directing power will spring from the people. O sancta simplicitas! Why does not Mr. Chesterton hammer out his theories on the anvil of facts rather than construct them from the vagaries of a speculative fancy? He has read some history: then let him appeal to the last sentence of his letter (not in very good English) for a challenge to the C.S.L. (Chairman C.S.L.)

** A CHALLENGE TO THE C.S.L. **

Sir,—In reply to Mr. John Fletcher’s letter in your issue of September 22nd, it should first be observed that under Socialism religion and its practice would necessarily be left wholly to the individual, and would not be an affair of the State: except in so far as the State would secure to any and every religion freedom from molesta-
tion in its exercises. I will repeat each of Mr. Fletcher’s questions for the sake of clearness together with the answer to it. It should be understood that I can only speak for the Church, and not for any other body of Christians.

1. (a) Under Socialism will a priest draw a salary from the State simply for conducting divine service? (b) Or will he be required to do other work, and if so, what?
2. (a) Or in the Church, because the laws of that body do not allow of it: and each congregation (of the Church) is bound to keep the horsepond in reserve for those bad employers who are not awed by the dignity of expression upon our countenances.
3. (a) Under Socialism will a priest draw a salary from the House of Commons? (b) Or if he did his work thoroughly there would be no time for him to do other work.
4. Will the blasphemy laws be allowed to stand?
5. Will Socialist Agnostics be tolerated or ostracized?
6. Will there be a demand for his work, it is quite just that socialists should be taught and ballot-boxes, but by the invisible nominators who appoint the leaders and in turn rule the ballot-boxes and votes. Napoleon—probably the master among men of affairs—instinctively knew this. Hence as we see in his celebrated Constitution everything else might perish, but his control over nominators must be supreme.

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WHAT TO READ.

SIR,—May I call the attention of "A Student" and all other persons who are interested in the teachings of modern Socialism to the fact that the Fabian Nursery are arranging a course of twelve evening lectures on the growth and meaning of the Socialist movement, to be delivered during the ensuing winter.

The lectures will be free to anyone who wishes to attend, and will be given at the Fabian Office at eight o'clock on alternate Wednesdays, beginning on October 26th, when Sidonius addressed his Hymn on 'Pleasant Thoughts,' which is being arranged solely for educational purposes.

The syllabus may be obtained from Mr. Jack Gibson, 9, Aberdeen Court, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N., or from the Fabian Office, 3, Clement's Inn, Strand. All persons are in any way committed to Socialism by attending the lectures, which are being arranged solely for educational purposes.

HENRY H. SCHLOSSEER.

(Chairman Fabian Nursery Education Sub-committee.)

NEW MAGAZINES.

SIR,—Upon opening my copy of THE NEW AGE I was greeted by the advertisement of a magazine which promised to keep me in touch with Life. It further exhorted me to "Give House-room to the Best." Moreover, printed large, I saw the name of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Now, I desire to keep in touch with Life (till Death do us part), and, as far as a garret will permit, to "give house-room to the best," but it was the name of Maurice Maeterlinck that did the trick—and bang went sixpence.

The first paragraph of "The Two Kinds of Courage" sounded reasonable, and I turned up page 148 of "Wisdom and Destiny" to discover that the whole essay had been lifted from the light of print over twelve years ago.

Feeling done, and wondering what possible reason Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., could have for omitting the slightest indication that it was all hash, I turned for solace to the Nineteenth Century, October. Well, I have found suitable house-room for my one P.'s. Magazine. "The obvious reflection is that the regular magazine public is undoubtedly a peculiar one. The other day Mr. Rob. Toneson heralded the advent of "The Open Window." Will any of the more sporting and optimistic of your readers accept odds on the comparative longevity of two magazines?

PAY PAY.

Articles of the Week.


ARCHE, WM., "The Theatrical Situation," Fortnightly, October.


BRIDGES, the late Dr., "Aids to Mental Health," Positivist Review, October.


COLLINS, the late Prof. CHURTON, "Browning and Butler," Contemporary, October.

COX, HAROLD, "The Story of the Osborne Case," Nineteenth Century, October.

CRACKANTHORPE, MONTAGUE, "Marriage, Divorce, and Eugenics," Nineteenth Century, October.


GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Can Socialists Unite?" Clarion, Sept. 30.

HARCOURT, ROBERT, M.P., "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," Times, Sept. 29 (letter to the Editor).


J. HOLLAND, "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," Times, Sept. 29 (letter to the Editor).

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX, "William Holman Hunt, O.M.," Fortnightly, October.

IRWIN, MARGARET, "The Better Cry of the Irish Home Worker," Nineteenth Century, October.

JONES, HY. ARTHUR, M.P., "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," Times, Oct. 1 (letter to the Editor).


MURRAY, Prof. GILBERT, "The Weaker Sex," Times, Oct. 1 (Woman's Supplement).


SINCLAIR, WM., "Socialism according to William Morris," Fortnightly, October.


TODD, E. NEVER, "Wages and Prices since 1895," Westminster Gazette, Sept. 27.

MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON.
FRIDAY, 7th OCTOBER.
G. BERNARD SHAW AND G. LANSBURY, L.C.C., WILL SPEAK ON "The Abolition of Destitution & Unemployment."
Chair to be taken at 8 p.m. prompt by WM. C. ANDERSON (Chairman I.L.P.)
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This work will be read and re-read by all who recognise acuteness of intellectual faculty; culture which has gained much from human intercourse; deep thinking, and a gift of literary expression which at times is quite Gallic in its epigrammatic force.

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