NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Whatever the results of the Conference may be, the political atmosphere it has produced would not lead statesmen to repeat it. As a device for gaining time and softening some asperities over a period marked by a difficult conjunction of events, the Conference so far has done less harm than good; but if it were continued or became merged in a larger Conference for the discussion of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, the evil effects on public politics would be incalculable. As it is, the darkness in which both press and public walk, without a protest now and then. When, however, their let no dog bark. No dogs have barked, but the effort to keep silence has been more than they could endure well if it did not almost necessitate the shutting out of the fragments of the shattered programme which once had said why it should come out at all? It is as if the Eight books yet devised for the political education of public opinion. It must be remembered that our newspapers, Parliament has complained to us that he cannot face his lightly turns to the columns of murder, crime, and the ban in them it therefore happens that the public had no protest from public attention of any worthier subject. It was in the hush of the Conference, in fact, that the public heard drops of blood fall; exactly as imagine the worst explanations of it. Nor is this all. In the silent darkness a good many ancient landmarks have been moved. Party no longer quite recognises party, and enemy no longer recognises enemy. If the morbid and nervous people who hear a sound at night imagine the worst emanates, as most royal suggestions do, from his super-sensitive entourage. To these it may be pointed out that an Election over and done with would be a much safer companion of the Coronation than an Election still lingering and threatening. By no sort of means save an earthquake or a war can the popular will of the House of Lords be shelved or burked: the only question is whether before is not better for everybody than after the Coronation. We believe it is.

This enforced silence of the press would be all very well if it did not almost necessitate the shutting out of the people from their now habitual means of communication. It must be remembered that our newspapers, with all their faults, are practically the only school-books yet devised for the political education of public opinion. While subjects of national interest are under the ban in them it therefore happens that the public lightly turns to the columns of murder, crime, and punishment. For instance, the Crippen case, with its sickening publicity, owes nine-tenths of its prominence to the absence from public attention of any worthier subject. It was in the hush of the Conference, in fact, that the public heard drops of blood fall; exactly as morbid and nervous people who hear a sound at night imagine the worst explanations of it. Nor is this all. In the silent darkness a good many ancient landmarks have been moved. Party no longer quite recognises party, and enemy no longer recognises enemy. If the Liberal sub-leaders are at their wits' end to know what to do, the Unionist leaders divided so that none knows who is who or where is where. Over the fragments of the shattered programme which once was Unionist the Unionist principals dispute with might and main, with the effect that the members of the rank and file know whether the orthodox pronunciation of shibboleth is Home Rule or No Home Rule, Federalism or Unionism, Payment of Members, or Damn the Consequences.

In these circumstances there is only one thing to be done to rescue politics from the pit: it is to precipitate a General Election with as little delay as the register compels. There are really a score of good reasons for doing this; and we would have our readers specially note the timeliness of our advice. Chief among the reasons we would reckon the importance of ending the present Conference and of never beginning the second and longer Conference for which Mr. Garvin is bawling. Mr. Garvin's, it must be remembered, was the voice that launched a hundred or so wild peers to vote against the Budget on account of a halfpenny tax on land; and now he is only complaining of the possible burning of the topless towers of Ilum. No doubt whatever, that a prolonged Conference would satisfy Mr. Garvin very well, more especially if it met with closed doors through which a crevice was placed at his disposal, and provided always that the number of anti-Democrats equalled or exceeded the number of Democrats. Not only would a prolonged Conference suit such as he, but we can well believe that a permanent Convention would suit them still better. It is precisely to avoid any such treachery to the popular spirit of our Constitution that a General Election at once and on simple issues should be held to clear the air.

It is said, however, that the date of the Coronation would make a General Election before June an unseemly thing. We have no sort of animosity against King George, who, for all we know, is as good a king as most of our kings have been; nor do we particularly fear in the present mild epidemic of European republicanism the elevation of the English King, even by Imperialism, to the height attained by the apotheosized Emperors of Rome. On the other hand, we can have too much even of a good king; and it would be too much if politics were expected to mark time until the Coronation procession went by. King George himself, we loyally believe, is much too modest a man to expect it, and we can only suppose that the suggestion emanates, as most royal suggestions do, from his super-sensitive entourage. To these it may be pointed out that an Election over and done with would be a much safer companion of the Coronation than an Election still looming and threatening. By no sort of means save an earthquake or a war can the popular will of the House of Lords be shelved or burked: the only question is whether before is not better for everybody after than the Coronation. We believe it is.
But there is also another event in June which requires that a Government, unmistakably popular, shall be in power at that date. It is the Colonial Conference. Various absurd suggestions have been made in the intervals of insanity regarding schemes for federalising this, that, and the other, for establishing Imperial Federation. This is but an accident of an Empire. Nobody with the practical problem before him of considering how the grouping of English counties into an heptarchy will be fated to swallow a camel! There is not the smallest reason why the establishment of local Parliaments in the four kingdoms of England itself, revolting as it is to our minds, any single county in England should be buttressed and pillared by the elephantine masonry of Imperial architecture. As well say that the grouping of English counties into an heptarchy with federal councils controlling the constituent county councils would involve the creation of an Imperial Legislature to superintend it. What is plain enough to the truthful man is that the formation of local national assemblies in the four kingdoms of England is and would be expedient, even without any Empire at all. Not only the mass but the variety, and not only the variety but the peddling variety of legislative duties that is possible is desirable. County Councils have undoubtedly relieved the strain on Parliament of local government; but national councils could be entrusted with even more responsibility. We sincerely hope that when the pie of the Conference is opened and the birds begin to sing, it will be found that two problems only have been tentatively settled: the Lords and Irish, Welsh and Scotch Home Rule. Anything more than that would just have been open to the charge of exceeding its instructions.

Any argument against the extension or enlargement of the Conference is at the same time an argument for an immediate general election. There is one of considerable weight with people accustomed to divining values at a glance. What, we ask, has the Liberal Party to gain in counsel with three at any rate of the four Unionists in the present Conference? And we really do not see outside these four any brains worth speaking of on the Unionist front bench. Disraeli once referred to his opponents as "extinct volcanoes," but we are doubtful whether altogether the Liberal Party there are any volcanoes at all. Let it at once be admitted that nobody accustomed to spend his days with the great writers, thinkers and statesmen of history ever have any such reverence for a Cabinet led by Mr. Asquith; yet the fact remains that relatively and amongst the living dogs the Liberal Party has nearly all the brains in party politics. A Conference, therefore, between them and the Unionists is a Conference between them and Mr. Balfour at most. Hence we may be quite confident that no better scheme will come out of a Conference than goes in by the Liberal door. If there is to be any deviation or federalism or what not, let the Liberal Party resolve the responsibility of that good fortune and devise the schemes itself. To criticism they may listen sympathetically afterwards, but in construction theirs is to lead. [Be it remembered that a Conference would never have given South Africa its present Constitution.]

Announcement was made on Saturday in an Irish evening paper that, after all, the Conference had resulted in no agreement at all. So much for the Unionists; for both terms are as described in the same organ:—"The understanding between the British political chiefs covers the case of objection by the Irish party to this arrangement whether on the ground of delay or otherwise. Does it? And that is just what we feared; for this means no less than that the two front benches have arranged openly and explicitly to ignore the fact that one of them has actually a Parliamentary majority. We do not say much of that majority, because we do not think much of it; but it is a majority nevertheless, and it would be entirely contrary to Parliamentarism if by an understanding between the Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers that majority were to be treated as non-existent. The scandal, in fact, would soon grow to fatal dimensions, for not the most obtuse city clerk could fail at last to see that in truth the old Socialist contention is true that the front benches are like Carlyle's " gladly except in opinion, not disagreeing." The gloss which the Dublin Evening Herald puts on the reported terms of the Conference's agreement confirms our worst fear: that an agreement would include, as much of the terms the supineness of the last vestige of parliamentary government.

Subservient, however, as the Parliamentary rank and file are to their front benches, we do not think that they can permit their open suppression in this way we to avoid the ordeal and expense of another general election. On the contrary, it is well understood that the origin of the Conference being merely fortuitous and arising from the accident of insufficient numbers
aggravated by the death of King Edward VII., the only real remedy for the whole situation is the return of one or the other party by a majority large enough to carry with it the general consent of the nation. Further, there is little doubt in the minds of most Liberals that the election held in January on the decisive issues of, let us say, the House of Lords, National De-
revolution, a Sufficient Navy, Poor Law Reform, a Graduated Income Tax and Industrial Insurance, would result in a Liberal majority almost equal to that of 1906. This estimate may be sanguine, but we may recall the facts that of fifteen bye-elections since January last not one has been lost by the Government, that their Walthamstow majority was positively increased in face of the opposition of the Labour Party, as well as of the Suffragettes, and that in the recent municipal elections, not only have Liberals gained con-
siderably, but the impatience with moderate Liberalism expressed in Socialist returns has been considerable. With such indications it is certainly legitimate to antici-
bate a decisive majority for the anti-Lords Party if it should determine on an immediate election.

Lastly, we would urge that an election is not only the expedient thing, but it is the straight English game at this moment. The country realises by this time that the action of the Lords in rejecting the Budget, while it was a pucky act that commanded temporary respect, was also an extremely selfish act. We are not among those who wholeheartedly admire either Mr. Lloyd George or his Budget, but when all is said his Budget had the merit of aiming at the rich, even if some of the shot scattered and hit the poor. Indeed, the country, we can assure him, is now inclined to forgive him the latter for the sake of the former on condition that he is more careful next time. For slowly but surely the truth is dawning on the public mind that poverty cannot be assuaged or abolished without reducing the income of the rich. We would that it were not so, but that the national exchequer were like the purse of Fortunatus, from which the few might draw too much yet the poor sufficient. But this cannot be. Of the annual wealth produced in England if the few take more than they need, the many must have less than they need; and not all the skill of all the inventors will produce a total which when divided disproportionately, as it is by the "iron law of wages," will yield to the many more than the bare means of subsistence. It is to remedy that condition and finally to abolish it that national statesmanship must be directed. And we firmly believe that they who take more than the country is determined to see that it is. For this reason the straight game, as we say, is the right game. There can be no real compromise between those who were responsible for rejecting the Budget and the author of the Budget itself. If there is a compromise between them it is a lie and a mockery. And what is more, neither we nor those for whom we speak will hold the present Government as earnest unless advantage is taken of the favouring circumstances to win now a victory which shall place compromise beyond discussion.

Bankrupt Turkey.
The Revolt of Islam.

By Allen Upward
( Author of "The East End of Europe: the Report of an Unofficial Mission".)

For two years the credulity of Europe has been abused by one of the most amazing comedies ever played upon the international stage. Tolerated by the Powers, from the fumes of that Patch that indifference; so long the previous tragedy of absolutism, the comedy of "Constitutional Turkey" has long ceased to deceive those who hoped most from the prolongue. It is time to criticise the performance on its merits, as compared with the promises made at the right moment.

It is now two years since the world was informed that the Ottoman nation, following the example of the French in 1898, and of so many other peoples since, had resolved to be free. The despotic government of Abdul Hamid II. was, in fact, overthrown, and a Constitution proclaimed in the sacred names of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

In the first moments even the Christian population of the empire was persuaded to believe that it had found deliverance. Greek and Bulgarian bands threw down their arms, and fraternised with the soldiers, who had been chasing them for so long. Nothing more was needed to secure the success of the revolution. The European Powers looked on astonished, but apparently convinced. Expressions of sympathy and admiration, more or less sincere, came from every quarter. For a few, the thrill of the new dispensation would be withdrawn from Macedonia. The stricken Armenians lifted their heads. From Syria and distant Arabia came echoes of rejoicing. The brotherhood had begun. Paradise was found. All this was a pure hallucination. There is no need to suspect of deliberate hypocrisy the whole of the actors in this political juggl. Among the Young were men like Ahmed Riza, who had lived in free countries, and acquired a taste for executive actions. There was a genuine Liberal party, since silenced or driven into exile, which perceived that the redemption of Turkey depended on the ability of her rulers to combine justice with liberal ideas. The races of the empire. Such a man is needed an indispensable part in the movement by innocently throwing dust in the eyes of Europe.

In reality the so-called revolution was a military pronunciamento well planned, not against Abdul Hamid the despot of Turkey, but Abdul Hamid the vassel of the Christian Powers. The motive of the rising was not democratic, but patriotic, and even chauvinist. The pretended overthrow of absolutism was the work of a group of officers inspired by purely national motives and spectacle of the gradual dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. It is the Jingoes of Turkey who have received the applause of the Liberals of Europe. The revolt of July, 1908, was neither more nor less than the revolt of Islam against Christendom.

In the course of a prolonged journey through Macedonia, six months before the rising, I was met everywhere by the expression of the same spirit on the part of the Turkish officials, civil as well as military. They had nothing to say either for or against the Sultan. But they were bitterly incensed against the diplomatic blockade by which the Powers were reducing Turkey to the condition of a protectorate. The best of them were beginning to see that the only way to relieve their country from that blockade was to remove its pretext, by according just and liberal treat-
ment to the Christian population. The Sultan himself was making efforts in the same direction, as far as his fears would permit. At the same time the necessity was being forced upon the Turkish mind of endeavouring to unite all the races of the empire for the purpose of common defence against the northern peril, whether German or Slav.

Such were the motives, by no means unworthy in themselves, which inspired the revolt, and contributed to its extraordinary success. The Constitution was adopted, not out of devotion to abstract principles of liberty, but as a practical measure of statesmanship. It rallied the subject races to the cause, enlisted Western sympathy, and paralysed the Embassies in consequence.

The whole movement has been inspired from the beginning by the example of Japan. The educated Turks saw that their country must become either a Japan or a Morocco. The steadily increasing pressure of the European Powers left no other alternative. And the wisest of them were prepared to concede liberty to the Christians within their boundaries as a means of securing their own liberty from the Christians outside. The last was the end, the first was only the means.

While the embers of the Holy War were still smouldering, the language of Jean Jacques Rousseau, all Africa and Asia were humming with expectation of the Holy War.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdà.

Whatever may be thought of the debates in the French Chamber of Deputies, Nos. 29 and 30, one fact emerges with a clearness not to be misunderstood. We refer to the person waning influence of M. Jaurès, which has been apparent for some time. The cultured, clever, intellectual Jaurès, political director of the fortunes (recently, alas! by the convulsions) of "L'Humanité," ex-professor of philosophy, brilliant speaker, and only aetatis suae 52! Why?

Let us digress a little, and I will tell you a story of what has happened on the farther side of the Pyrenees. Months ago the gendarmes were making very little progress, despite poverty, high taxation, and the greatly disliked Rif campaign. So their leaders, seeing that something would have to be done, pondered deeply, and went to the leaders of the Socialist party saying unto them, "Lo, we are sore beset with foes, our membership is decreasing, the money isn't coming in as it ought to, and there is no health in us. Our ultimate programmes are opposed, but we can act on that point. Let us, therefore, and abolish the Monarchy. Is it a bargain?"

It was. Who can forget the furious outcry in the Cortes when, some six months ago, a Republican leader announced, in the heat of the debate, that Bailly, theJaurés, had joined his party in the country?—an outcry which burst forth after a dreadful fifteen seconds' space of astonished silence. But in the country the impression produced by no means extravag) of "L'Humanité," expressed in a clearness not to be misunderstood. I refer to the establishment of men like Jaurès and Hervé are at least useful as a spur for the governing classes. Inspire the present upper classes with fear, runs the argument, and they will bestrive themselves in the direction of improvement.

This fallacy, which is too widespread, cannot be sufficiently condemned. If the upper classes of any country meet with an argument showing that they deserve to be lowered, and if, what is of much greater importance, they see any definite plan expounded by which their humiliation can be effected, then indeed they will become alarmed, and with reason. I have good grounds for stating that the conceptions of a real Democracy, and therefore for monarchs, should be understood by the mass of the people. Hence they alarm the upper classes. But the violent invectives and ultra-utopian visions of the average Socialist do not alarm the upper classes. Take up any number of the "Guerre Sociale," of "L'Humanité," of the "Labour Leader," of "Justice," read through some of Mr. G. B. Shaw's witty writings on economics or the political pamphlets of novelists like Mr. Hewlett; ponder upon the "Clarion" pamphlets (I have actually done all), and you will see that the very essence of aristocraticism is to dig the interlopers into the ribs with a bayonet. If you answer the question honestly the answer will be No. The views enunciated in the printed matter I have named never cause fear. They may occasionally cause annoyance—to both parties; but they always cause ridicule. Just to show why they do not cause fear let one incident be mentioned. If there were one point which was urgent upon us with greater persistence than another for years past, it was that the French Army was honeymooned with Socialism in its anti-military aspect, and that in the event of war... well, the wiseacres informed us, there was no knowing what would happen. Yet consider the recent French strike. The mobilization order was issued, and, contrary to the expectations and threats of the anti-militarist party, the railwaymen went back to their work as one man. But there was yet another incident to prove the power of discipline. A suspicious looking person approached a Paris railway station as it was being guarded by troops. A soldier enquired what his business was, and the answer was an appeal to a "camarade" to let another "camarade" do something or other to the prejudice of the capitalists. The reply of the soldier, who was fondly hoped would be no more than a sneer and contempt for the bourgeoisie, was to dig the interloper in the ribs with a bayonet. I could multiply these instances by scores of others to show that the upper classes, here or on the Continent, have no present reason to be afraid of what will happen in certain quarters which are popularly supposed to be inimical to them. And this state of things has largely been brought about by the circumscribed outlook of men like Jaurès, Hervé, Keir Hardie, and scores of others to show that the upper classes, here or on the Continent, have no present reason to be afraid of what will happen in certain quarters which are popularly supposed to be inimical to them. And this state of things has largely been brought about by the circumscribed outlook of men like Jaurès, Hervé, Keir Hardie, and scores of others to show that the upper classes, here or on the Continent, have no present reason to be afraid of what will happen in certain quarters which are popularly supposed to be inimical to them.
Church and State in the Crucible.

By T. H. S. Escott.

The first instalment of the Beaconfield Biography may, it is said, be followed by the personal and political memoirs of the Foreign Minister when leaving a few years earlier to be "never go into the Lobby again with that Jew," became his most docile as well as loyal colleague, accompanied him on the one great diplomatic mission of his life, and in 1878 assisted Lobby again with that Jew," became his most docile as well as loyal colleague, accompanied him on the one must prove real convictions of the two men by the closeness of its sympathy with the opinions on the present and the future, which, if candidly given or skilfully selected, must prove the most interesting and not the least valuable part of Mr. Monypenny's work.

"The whole future is as black as Erebus." Such was nearly, if not quite the last political utterance of Disraeli to the one man now living to whom he really opened himself, Lord Abergavenny, who, as Lord Nevill, had, together with the late Markham Spofforth as their man of war, chiefly helped to bring about the first working majority in Parliament; secured by the Conservatives for forty years.

In 1876 Disraeli went to the Upper House. There during the intervals of debate, in the first conversation he held with an old friend, he deplored ascendency of the most unscrupulous and politically least capable classes. To the same effect, the most unscrupulous and politically least capable classes. To the same effect, the future more and more be, governed. In the year of the first working majority in Parliament secured by the Conservatives for forty years.

About the same time the distinguished man of letters whom Beaconfield and Salisbury agreed in placing far above all his contemporaries, put into words a thought that sounded at the time merely one of those fantastic and cynical paradoxes that are a charm to the historian Froude's conversation, and made him an society, Lord Salisbury himself, one among the most delightful of men. "You will have," said Froude to the present writer, "to be quick about your 'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,' or, instead of an history, you will have to write an epitaph. It has at different times done necessary and even good work. Whether it will do to deal with that it has been unhappily and not ignobly stimulating, seems likely to become a sort of Dutch auction in which the voices of wisdom will be drowned by the deafening shouts of the rival bidders.

Surely all this makes the connection plain enough. To the political fishermen, who do their angling in troubled waters, Convention seemed a word of revolutionary context. It was never used in the "Times" "Pacificus" episode by Lord Esher, who, as a fact, not only did not start the hare, but who does not even know who that sportsman was. He did however pick up a great deal of English history, at once novel, stimulating, and accurate, from the one who has been known both as Cory and Johnson. Hence those who affect to be behind the scenes in Printing House Square, saw some plausibility in spreading it about that the double-headed communication issued from the accomplished Tinley Street Amphiytron, who learned more about diplomacy that most of his Foreign Office friends ever knew, from his father-in-law, the wisest, kindliest representative of a foreign Court who ever charmed the English polite world, the former Belgian Minister, M. Silvain Van de Weyer.

The editor of "Queen Victoria's Letters," one may be sure, is far too ruse, political, and cautious a nobleman to mix himself with journalistic Constitution mongering of this sort. The thing is only mentioned now as illustrating the prevailing tendency, upon the slightest provocation, to plunge everything, human and divine, into the alembic. Anglicanism is at internal loggerheads. One or two of the Dissenting Churches have domestic difficulties of their own. The Westminster Parliament has more work than it knows how to get through. Here the truth of the matter lies. The Foul screech, about the Ritualistic chatter concerning reunion with Rome on the one hand, and on the other, the rational and intelligible desire on the part of Church of England Protestants to mix with Little Bethel. In secular matters the motive for encouraging this kind of talk is simple enough. The factions, sub-factions, and schisms making up what are called parties are intent upon doing the best for
themselves, and on each going further than the other at which Lord Salisbury, in the already-quoted phrase, so aptly described as a Dutch auction. Sooner than may be generally expected, the dust clouds raised to cover the pending machinations will clear off. Nothing may come of the chaffering and bartering, the buying and selling that are now in process. On the other hand, not much harm may prove to have been done, and for the present things will once more go on exactly as they were.

Why They are Disappointed.
By Cicely Marshall.

For five months they have been amongst us, and they return to Japan—disappointed! Why? To the English or American mind the answer may seem strange, for the great Exhibition has been a success from the financial point of view. The Japanese exhibits have aroused much interest, and the villages more so, but on the whole the Japanese are disappointed. No, it is not because the artists have sold all their pictures and their porcelain; it is not because they individually have not made money; but money for them has not yet become the end and aim of everything. The real answer is that we as a people have not been able to appreciate to the full the artistic wonders which have been displayed.

It is the attitude of the “man in the street,” the Tom, Dick, and Harry, towards their art, the lack of comprehension, and the evident lack of wish to comprehend which cause disappointment. They cannot understand it. A nation of artists send their best to London, a city renowned for its art treasures, to find that for the bulk of the inhabitants art is non-existent; it is an “unEnglish world;” the ordinary Londoner is shut out from it, hardly knows of its existence. Art which is for the Japanese an essential of daily life, is for the Englishman superfluous.

In Japan even your jinrikisha man can sympathise with your delight in a poem, a picture, a piece of porcelain; or if you are sketching from Nature, he is full of suggestions as to subject and composition, suggestions by no means without value. You may buy a beautiful screen to find that your servant will so appreciate it that it is not a little of yesterday—in the easily-assumed associations only with revolutionary manifestos. It is the one remaining commodity wherein each, from the lowest to highest, can possess in perpetuity his inalienable inheritance, or if that be not exactly their desire—deem the blankness of the years that lie before us by long retrospect a time of grace in which we may yet be wooed to a smile of god-like benignity. Nothing so short as these fragments, for the Japanese contain not one but many poems. (In fact, each word above that is written with a capital letter could stand alone and suffice as a poem in itself.) It is this feeling for art, which is so alive, that permeates the whole nation. They read a poem, see a deep truth, in the lines the artist draws in his pictures, in the arrangement of a branch in a vase.

Can one wonder, when they hear the remarks of the British public upon them and their works, that they are disappointed? The greatest praise the average Britisher accords them is: “Oh, they are quite up-to-date now!” I have heard this so often; sometimes it is “hup,” sometimes “up!” but never the less the Japanese are not yet up-to-date in the things that matter, that we are in fact, compared with them, children. It took the Japanese centuries to evolve their high state of civilization which reaches and embraces the most lowly in the land, and only a few years to acquire all that the average person over here calls civilisation, meaning more often than not, mere knowledge of trains, ships, modern warfare, etc.

A burly sometime sailor, a custodian at the Exhibition, expressed profound surprise at the gentleness and tact of the Japanese man. “One somehow looks for it in a woman,” he said, “but to find it in the men! and they are so sympathetic and considerate.” He is not at all a marksman with the word “civilisation.”

No doubt the Japanese came over expecting to find us, as a nation, equally sensitive to the universal in art as are some of the English they meet in Japan, who, I am told, (after the Japanese) prove to be the best customers, and to have the surest taste in things artistic. Let them give us time, and we shall attain when we are not so—busy.

Our Yesterdays.
By W. Aylott Orton.

There is a peculiar charm—a charm that savours itself not a little of yesterday—in the easily-accepted universality of that plural pronoun—a charm hither-to associated only with revolutionary manifestos and some evangelical hymns; though reading here, perhaps, more obviously than in either, since in the past is the one remaining commodity wherein each, from lowest to highest, can possess in perpetuity his inalienable inheritance. Few of us, at either end of the scale, can make good or even venture to assert any claim to a future. We barter the one in exchange for untrammelled possession of the other; and redeem the blankness of the years that lie before us by diligent plying of the spade in our valley of lost sunsets.

And there is truly much to be said for our bargain. To hands weary of hammer and chisel, or shoulders sore from the hod, there resides infinite balm in the grateful contemplation of a long retrospect: the Inheritance of this Grandeur may well be served to fresh exhortation by the spectacle of their forbears’ past achievements, or—if that be not exactly their desire—may yet be wooed to a smile of god-like benignity before arrogant sojourn so ingeniously arranged and pleasantly protracted. It is only when the noises of the streets break momentarily into the auditorium, or absorbed this life into their own. I quote from their poems:

To gather Simples on the Hillside, I took
The mountain path upon an April day,
But o'er the earth the laughing Cherries shook
Such Snow of Blossom that I lost my way.
I rested at a mountain Inn and slept
Till evening closed and the stars were set.
But the Spring Day's deep memory of delight
In deepets dreams my happy vision kept,
And Blossoms drifted past me all the Night.

And again:

O World! O Dream! As empty as the shell
That the Cicada's very form doth keep,
You pass as quickly as the Bloom that fell
Down from the Cherry as I lay asleep.
Very short as are these fragments, for the Japanese contain not one but many poems.

In deepest dreams my happy vision kept,
To gather Simples on the Hills, I took
The mountain path upon an April day,
But o'er the earth the laughing Cherries shook
Such Snow of Blossom that I lost my way.
I rested at a mountain Inn and slept
till harmony of line is attained, and plant it care-
certain elemental desires of nature become unduly insistent, that the sufficiency of the entertainment may justly call in question.

Consider well, too, the veneration in all ages so rightly accorded to that corps of majors-domo, the historians; at whose bidding cause and effect marshal the long Lord Mayor's show—orderly sequence, and pilot it in seemly battalions before our gaze. What joy to watch for a moment these venerable masters of their calling—the patching and refurbishing of faulty outfits, the careful matching of sword to scabbard, to blunderbuss, and the commission of the summate mystery of the ordered succession! And with what just abhorrence must we regard those for whom this labour is spent in vain, who refuse to acknowledge the nobility, the sacredness of it, who can see no more in it than the arrangement of an elaborate dumb charade, into which—there being no other authoritative solution—they may read with impunity what significance they will!

"Mind not seeking a genuine way to understand history"—writes one of them—"is to get behind men and grasp ideas. Ideas have a radiation and development, an ancestry and posterity of their own, in which men play the part of gods-fathers and god-mothers rather than of legitimate parents." So, sir pseudo-historian, an ancestry and posterity of their own, in which your Julian is all very well, and Dmitri's is testily denied to exist, and walked through like ghosts in distant oblivion. Lime-light reveals an empty stage—a stage, surely, that I know pretty well! Is that Pavlova that lantern-slide? I glance up at the screen:

". . . . a time when it was the custom to travel backwards, and to speak of things as they were only in comparison with what they were supposed to have been previously. There were no absolute things, nor could anything altogether surprising ever happen. All innovations had to be made by permission of the historians, and the few attempts that were made from time to time to elude the regulations died natural deaths—"Sir pseudo-historian, however, at length brought in question its position was altered, and the more daring spirits turned their backs on the past, and began, in our first metaphor, to travel facing the engine. Then unprecedented things happened—"

The writing abruptly ceases, the slide is cleaned, and the pencil is at work again. Two figures appear on the screen, whom I take at first for Adam and Eve. "You may please yourself as to that," replies their delineator, "but I merely represent two children sitting on the floor of a studio. They are arguing as to the existence or non-existence of grand passion. They have worked their way back past all historical instances to the fifth century B.C. The boy says, 'O, damn Pericles! All this proves simply that if the thing hasn't happened yet. . . .' Ye gods! The two figures spring suddenly into comely life, leap hand in hand from the screen, and race noisily down the stage and out of sight.

The quick motion has dazzled my eyes as I turn again, and I can no longer see clearly either the face of the artist or the forms on the screen. I seem to be the centre of a continually flowing crowd of figures that take shape on the screen and rush forward without ceasing: things human, animal, lovely, loathsome, great and small, are all about me, some fighting, some laughing, some, it would seem, playing with thunderbolts about my head; and above all the tumult the merry whistling continues. Is there no limit to the fertility of this flying pencil? My curiosity overcomes my fear, and I venture a request of those busy fingers: a great historian of the other age. Yes, he grows upon the screen, from the middle outwards, upwards, downwards: I recognise the corpulent figure, so prudently kept, despite all temptations of a licentious world. At last he is complete. "Voila!" exclaims the draughtsman, looking up at his picture. "The question is, will he come off the screen?" It is doubtful; for a long while the lines remain stationary. Then, slowly, bit by bit, bulk clothes the flat-tanners, they move unsteadily, hate, one foot ground, for the down-towards, tip of foot to the floor of the stage. The descent is accomplished with a thud, and the figure advances tottering across the boards, leaving an indelent trail behind it. Now it stands, the more secure before us, in a distinctly obscene attitude, rapidly decreasing in girth. The folds of the waistcoat fall inwards, the neck hangs ridiculously on one side; the creature sways . . . . lurches forward . . . collapses suddenly in a pool of —sawdust.
The French Revolution.

By E. Belfort Bax

The fascination exercised on the human mind by that great episode of universal history known as the French Revolution is beginning to die away, but not without leaving upon the minds of the thoughtful a lasting impression of its importance. Every year the publishers' lists offer their quota of works on the French Revolution, for which an adequate public is presumably found, and this not alone in France, but in other countries as well, not excepting England. Every year the movement rapidly grows, and the Robespierres, the Marats, the Dantonists, the Girondins, the Thermurbins, still haunt the imaginations of the student of history in the twentieth century. It is a feeling universally held by all who have the least knowledge of the subject, that it is the great episode of universal history known as the French Revolution, which, as translated, as a rule, however, Mr. Miall's English version is in no way inferior to the French. But it is impossible within the space of a few pages to do justice to the subject in even a cursory way. The student of the Revolution is contained in M. Aulard's works on this subject which is edited by him, and elsewhere.

In chapter 4 of vol. III., which deals with the 9th Thermidor, M. Aulard describes the events of that day and the fall of the Girondins with characteristic skill and acuteness. The episode is described as the turning point of the Revolution, the Thermurbins having deposed the Girondins and established the Committee of Public Safety. The Committee of Public Safety was the result of a series of events which began with the flight of the King to Varennes, the fall of the Girondins, and the rise of the Thermurbins. The Thermurbins were the radical wing of the Revolution, and their领袖, Robespierre, directed his weapon against his personal enemies and the Girondins. The Thermurbins were the result of a series of events which began with the flight of the King to Varennes, the fall of the Girondins, and the rise of the Thermurbins. The Thermurbins were the radical wing of the Revolution, and their领袖, Robespierre, directed his weapon against his personal enemies and the Girondins. The Thermurbins were the result of a series of events which began with the flight of the King to Varennes, the fall of the Girondins, and the rise of the Thermurbins. The Thermurbins were the radical wing of the Revolution, and their领袖, Robespierre, directed his weapon against his personal enemies and the Girondins. The Thermurbins were the result of a series of events which began with the flight of the King to Varennes, the fall of the Girondins, and the rise of the Thermurbins. The Thermurbins were the radical wing of the Revolution, and their领袖, Robespierre, directed his weapon against his personal enemies and the Girondins.
portions of the book for which he is directly responsible, however, the less said the better. Blundells strike one on almost every page. For example in his summary of events we have the 9th of Thermidor given as the 27th of June! His translator's preface consists of a rather bald statement of events preceding and leading up to the Revolution. His biographical notes are poor and in some cases worse than poor. For instance, in a note on Marat he coolly rehashes the impudent lies of the reaction about this great popular leader as though they were gospel. The statement that he, Marat, was "largely to blame for the dreadful features of the Terror," is only amusing to anyone who knows the facts, to wit, that Marat was murdered before the Terror, properly speaking, had begun, and that of the few persons (most of whom are unknown to the country) who fell by the guillotine before his death, not one had been so much as mentioned, let alone denounced, by the "People's Friend." Once more, Professor Freron, who died in 1776, and who, therefore, had nothing to do with the Revolution, is given apparently under the impression that he is identical with Freron the well-known Conventioneer. Such gross carelessness as this is inexplicable. Once again, in the notice of Thomas Paine, it is stated that he voted for the king's death. It would look as though Mr. Miall had not read very carefully the author he is translating. But let us be charitable. Perhaps these miserable "notes" were compiled, not by Mr. Miall himself, but by some literary hack, whose labours Mr. Miall placed a confidence unjustified by the result.

For the rest as regards paper, print, and general get up, the four volumes before us do credit to the publishers, albeit, here and there, the "reading" and the punctuation leave somewhat to be desired. "subject" index, it should be said, is neither complete nor indeed particularly good so far as it goes.

Of Carlyle's "French Revolution," the great prose epic, lately called a new edition of which, illustrated by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, has been lately published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, there is not much that is new to be said in this way of criticism as regards the work itself. The "great prose epic" will remain what it has been so far for many a long year, one of the classics of English literature. Its defects, as a history of the Revolution, are patent and glaring. One blunder alone, that of giving Barere instead of Buzot, as the lover of Madame Roland, would be sufficient to damn any ordinary history and an ordinary historian. But with Carlyle, this, and the number of other inaccuracies, which are all with which his fulness and richness of content abounds, makes no difference. We read Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" to-day not as a history, but as a work of literary art. And in this respect it is unsurpassed in any language in many of its great word-pictures (to employ an effective if somewhat hackneyed expression).

But Carlyle, whose prose, it is not too much to say, rises on several occasions throughout the narrative to something approaching the sublime, can be also on occasion not merely inaccurate from mere carelessness but also meanly malignant. Such is his characterisation of the devoted Simone Everard as a "washerwoman." Carlyle's method, as stated by himself, of putting his facts together, his method of understanding and interpreting events, is simply not his own. He took them, as we are informed in the preceding paragraph, is still more obscurely present in ourselves, since "such luminosity as we possess is effectually hidden in 'earthen vessels.'" Further, with regard to the alleged foretelling of Jesus' birth:--"Do you think it absurd to suppose that such an event as the Incarnation was foreseen and heralded in some fashion more or less distinct? If you think so, it is not to be wondered at, for the possibility of such foresight into the future is a strange one. But I believe you are wrong if you think so, nevertheless. Facts are beginning to be known to me, still obscure and incomplete, which tend to show that even the birth of an immortal child, of ordinary parents, a child only remarkable for the fulness and richness of its nature, and for the destiny soon to overtake it, was predicted, was shadowed forth in ways obscure but subsequently unmistakable, several years before birth."

We admire, in passing, that "only remarkable for the fulness and richness of its nature," which seems to us like saying "only everything."

For Sir Oliver Lodge the birth of Jesus is "the Incarnation," with his own emphasis upon the article. But we are all incarnations in our measure. "Incarnation is the right word for conception and birth; it is an entering into flesh, a gradual incarnation, gradual accretion of terrestrial matter, gradual entering into relation with it. The soul may be said slowly to construct the body, and continuously to leak in and take possession of the gradually improving conditions." And more to the same effect, which Sir Oliver Lodge has attempted elsewhere to convey to us, in the doctrine that will is never a cause in science. "Reason and Belief" presents us only with conclusions, not with the writer's ground for his conclusions, except the general ground of such conceptions as he advocates seem to him most compatible or consistent with the premisses of things as we know them. There is abundance of quotation, however, from Christina Rossetti, F. W. H. Myers, Tennyson, Shelley, Wordsworth, Vaughan and other poets for an article, so we should on the whole have preferred to have the work illustrated from contemporary prints.

"Reason and Belief."

By P. E. Richards.

It is a notable thing in its way to see and hear Sir Oliver Lodge address a crowded meeting in a Town Hall. His notes are pianissimo and in some cases so poor, his unusual emphasis and well-earned reputation render Sir Oliver Lodge a person of influence upon the platform. The topic of his discourse is commonly affairs of every day, and problems that come home immediately to the average man's business and bosom. Anybody can understand him, for, apart from his well-marked tendencies towards Socialism and the psychical, the views that he presents are but the views of the average man, a little refined and with more of import added to them, and kept clear in their expression from obvious philosophical pitfalls or palpable collisions with science. He returns to us many of the miracles of the Old and New Testaments, not in the guise of events the like of which science is discovering, or seems to some to be discovering, to be natural possibilities. Thus in his latest and just published book (much of which has been delivered in discourse entitled "Reason and Belief" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), we are told that the "Transfiguration," when even His peasant garments shared for a moment in the blaze of glory, was but a special manifestation to the few who were susceptible, of what was more obscurely there all the time," and what, we are informed in the succeeding paragraph, is still more obscurely present in ourselves, since "such luminosity as we possess is effectually hidden in 'earthen vessels.'"

Further, with regard to the alleged foretelling of Jesus' birth:--"Do you think it absurd to suppose that such an event as the Incarnation was foreseen and heralded in some fashion more or less distinct? If you think so, it is not to be wondered at, for the possibility of such foresight into the future is a strange one. But I believe you are wrong if you think so, nevertheless. Facts are beginning to be known to me, still obscure and incomplete, which tend to show that even the birth of an immortal child, of ordinary parents, a child only remarkable for the fulness and richness of its nature, and for the destiny soon to overtake it, was predicted, was shadowed forth in ways obscure but subsequently unmistakable, several years before birth."
Plutinus, 'Descent into generation,' \\* and immediately afterwards we have the declaration: 'My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of pre-existence—not an obvious truth, nor one easy to formulate—a truth difficult to express—not to be identified with the guesses of re-incarnation and transmigration, which was, however, not new. We may not have been the individuals before, but we are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit, and of life—drops, as it were, taken out of a germinal reservoir of life, and incubated until incarnate in a material body.'

For Sir Oliver Lodge, as we have remarked, the birth of Jesus is 'the Incarnation.' As a historian of his opinions we quote the following passages:—

'If we are all incarnations, all sons of God, in a sense, but at that epoch a Son of God in the supremest sense took pity on the race, laid aside His majesty, made Himself of no reputation,' etc., etc.

'This is said to have literally happened; and as a student of science I am bound to say that as far as we can understand such an assertion there is nothing in it contrary to accepted knowledge.

'Christ did not spring into existence as the man Jesus of Nazareth. The Christ spirit existed through all eternity. At birth He became incarnate. Then it was that He assumed His chosen title of 'Son of Man.' He called Himself the Companion, the Counsellor, the Word of God.'

'The Great Spirit took pity on the human race, which was blundering along, afflicted with a terrible burden of sins, with worn-out notions of worship—bloody sacrifices, burnt offerings, and all the machinery of priest-craft, even when it did not fall into idolatry. So a Divine Spirit—'the Lord from heaven'—became incarnate in order to reveal to us the hidden nature of God—love, the pity, the long-suffering, the kindness—all that we have missed or misconceived, or that priestly had defaced. He came to tell us what the Kingdom of Heaven was really like.'

Thus is Sir Oliver Lodge to be numbered among the Patriarchs and those whose faith seems to us symptomatic of a profound unfaith in humanity. It is not upon scientific grounds but rather upon religious grounds that we should dispute with Sir Oliver Lodge concerning the unique position which he attributes to Jesus. The Greek race brought forth blossom and fruit like a tree in an orchard; the United States produced Walt Whitman without emotion, notwithstanding the half-century of prophecy which a hundred years of prophecy would have afforded to their fondness for advertise-

The notes of conflict are quite compatible with the acknowledgment that Jesus is of use to us if we know how to use Him, and how to believe with the belief which we would only uphold as eagerly as Sir Oliver Lodge upholds it, that humanity is not destitute of what we might call heavenly assistance. But let Goethe state our faith with his vision of the golden buckets, or let Jesus state it, rather than the orthodox interpreters upon Jesus. How far Sir Oliver Lodge is completely orthodox is a nice question which we are content to leave to professional theologians. He is too orthodox for us, but for all that we esteem him and are grateful to him for declaring after his own manner for a complete and satisfactory account of all things in heaven and earth cannot be rendered in terms merely of matter (or ether) and motion.

Isabelle Duchesse de La Roche-Guyon.

By Francis Grierson.

Never in the history of France has the contrast between the old and the modern, the conservative and the democratic, been more clearly defined than during the past two decades. An abyss seems to separate the old regime and its adherents from the new regime and its adherents. Sir Oliver Lodge, who, like his countrymen, has a profound faith in human nature which emanci-

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of Louis XIV.; the descent began with the death of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld in 1680. Then came a long interval, during which society seemed to be living in the days of Vortas and Lys. Under Louis XVI., a revival occurred, and women reigned once more in the salon; but the literary salon was eclipsed by the Revolution, which was a man’s affair.

There are certain poetic natures that live more in the past than in the present. The are others who are possessed by the present, who look to the spirit of modernity, who rush along without knowing why, who find it impossible to meditate, who have agitation and movement, who have no inherited feeling for the traditions and the customs of bygone epochs. Unconsciously they bring with them unrest and disturbance, they are driven along with the popular current. Those who belong to another age while living in this are marked by their social position, but, while living in the present, they are neither influenced nor agitated by it. They seem to have whole centuries of authority to support them. They represent the last links in a long chain of refinement and intellectual culture. They are what they are without any effort.

There is among serious minds in France a love of the poetic ‘in Nature which is hidden from the traveller who studies people and institutions from the exterior. An immense gap separates the boulevardier from the country gentleman, the world of amusements from the habits and tastes of the intellectual classes. Paris, to many people, means frivolity, agitation, and fashionable displays considered, all we never know of the home life more attractive than it is in France. Whether in the country or in the city the French home has a peculiar charm; and with many families whose names are part of the history of the nation the one desire is to lead a quiet existence, at least one remove from the agitations of what is called Tout Paris.

The Duchesse Isabelle de La Roche-Guyon’s life is in keeping with her literary sentiments, and to live unaffected by the social and political changes of the past, as well as the present, has been her privilege.

Madame d’Houdetot, who lived till 1813, was called by Marmontel the Sévigné of Sannois; and Madame de La Roche-Guyon always makes me think of a Sévigné of the present time. I have never sat in her company without feeling that I was in the presence of one who belonged to the society of Bossuet, Racine, Fénélon, Lafontaine, Mesdames de La Fayette and de Sévigné. The impression she produced on me at our first meeting was at once marked and perfect. She was not an illusion, as many first impressions are. I found her the same at each subsequent visit, whether at her château or at her town house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Sincerity marked every word and look; I was struck with the contrast she presented and that of other women occupying a like social position. Her dress was of some dark material, and made in so plain a style that it attracted no attention. I saw at a glance that I was in the presence of a woman who belonged to the highest social rank without heedling its fashions. For the first time I had met a Frenchwoman with a great title who made one forget the title and think of the woman; she would have been just the same if she had no titles and had feared to be disillusioned once more by affected manners and absurd pretensions to literary tastes, but my doubts were dispelled before Madame de La Roche-Guyon had taken her seat. I was certain that the woman sitting before Louis me could not write what she did not feel; her work would be personal and sincere. When she entered the room she seemed to bring with her the social atmosphere of the classical period; there was that carriage and grace which eludes the subtlest portraiture. It is easy to describe the eccentric, but how give an adequate impression of a person whose dress is of no particular fashion, whose voice is low, whose conversation is apt, and whose countenance without weakness, and character without egotism? The brush is required where the pen fails. But even the brush cannot give the movement of the body, the walk, which, in women, often means even more than speech. There was something about the walk of Madame de La Roche-Guyon which I had only seen once or twice in other women—a step that harmonised with the quality of her thought and sentiment, in which there was no haste, and above all no assumed dignity. Her slender figure moved with unconscious freedom. This woman could assume nothing that was not natural to her, and what she did not feel she did not express. She had no child of her youngest son given an hour’s attention to the fashions and the pleasures of the world. I had expected conventional airs and formal phrases, egotism rising beyond the confines of social prerogative, something like la folie des grandeurs—the common Parisian disease of the time—and instead of these things I found in the author of ‘La Vie Sombre’ a woman with the charm of Madame de Sévigné and the moral courage of Madame Ackermann.

‘Ce qui distingue essentiellement Madame de Sévigné, says the critic, Suard, c’est la sensibilité momentanée qui s’enseult de tout, se répand sur tout, repose avec une rapidité extrême différents génres d’impressions.’ And the same may be said of Madame de La Roche-Guyon. You have in her a woman, who is also a gifted woman, I have read with common sense and delicate thought, sincerity and deep feeling. ‘Peu de gens sont dignes de comprendre ce que j’ose, ’wrote Madame de Sévigné to her daughter: ’j’ai cru que ces quiproquos, et j’ai évité les autres.’ Things change only in appearance. If, during that epoch of wit and culture, few could understand Madame de Sévigné, it is no matter for wonder that Madame de La Roche-Guyon finds herself in a world which appears paradoxical. What renders her position particularly interesting is that Madame de La Roche-Guyon belongs by birth to the best society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. From marriage with the Comte Alfred de La Rochefoucauld, afterwards Duc de La Roche-Guyon, she was placed in an awkward social position by her marriage with a son of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld; it changed nothing but her name. She knew the Faubourg as a native, others knew it as visitors; she had seen its interior, others its exterior; she knew its character, others its manners. It is one thing to sit in a salon or a dining-room, look at people dressed in the latest fashions, see them smile and listen to gossiping dialogues; but it is another thing to see the same people of whom so many fables are told, confess their disillusionments and their disappointments. A woman may appear amiable in company while her intimates may know her to be without heart. Society is a continual war between wit and manners, titles and talent, merit and fashion. It is one thing to do so at the peril of equanimity and self-respect. We go into it with illusions which we leave at the door when we depart. If we could weigh our spiritual forces before mixing with a promiscuous company we should be able to realise how much it is possible to lose at the end of a stated time. If conversation is an art, social selection is a psychological science. But poets are, in addition to the demands of an ambroseious society, and Madame de La Roche-Guyon has done her best work far from the madding crowd. There is in her poetry a quality that belongs to reflection and seclusion. She loves Nature as Lamartine and Wordsworth loved it. My first visit to her château at Rochefort was in the month of September, and on going into the romantic woods belonging to it I thought of Madame de Sévigné’s words on her return to her home, in Brittany, in September, 1675: ‘J’ai trouvé ces bois d’une beauté surprenante et d’une tranquillité prodigieuses. We were not much more than an hour from Paris, in a district containing some of the finest country seats in France; yet none were visible. Hill and forest hid the world from the heathden who dreamed of a country not far from Scotland. It seemed as if the château, the oaks, the elms, the pines, had been there from time immemorial, and that nothing had been changed—a place enchanted.
by the souvenirs of warriors of eleven centuries ago, like Guy de La Rochefoucauld, and troubadours of the twelfth century, like Bernard de Born. And, strange to say, a few days later a tall, athletic young man arrived at the château with some friends from Paris for pleasure. He was Count d'Haussonville, a descendant of Guy, the medieaval chief of the tenth century. I found it difficult to realise that we were so near Paris, and the châteaigne might well find inspiration in a place so serene and romantic. I could now fully enter into the spirit of her poetic moods, such as "Le Parc," in the volume entitled "La Vie Sombre":—

Boisquet ombreux et vous, élégante charmille,
Toutes les vues sur vous enfant, puis j'en file,
Comment m'êtes-vous donc ainsi devenus chers?
Qui'ai-je laissé de moi sous vos feuillages verts?
Dites-nous enfin où se trouve l'âme, en silence.
Je sens le souverain me hanter, plus intense;
Les fantômes aimés ici sont-ils errants?
Par quelle porte vent-ils s'entrouvrir dans la nuit?
Frais abris! seriez-vous tout imprégnée d'extase,
Ainsi que le pomm s'attache au bord du vase?

Madame de La Roche-Guyon is a born interpreter of the beauties and meanings of the Nature. In "Amour des Champs" she expresses what all lovers of trees and streams have so often felt:—

Sourde aux bruits d'ici-bas, mon seul désir serait
D'aller m'aséter au bord d'une rivière;
Entre les troncs tordus d'un vieux saule discret
On m'entraîne dans la rêverie.

The works of this poet contain a tenderness and a sadness which result from the hope and the hazard of the hour and the season. Madame de La Roche-Guyon finds a poetic affinity in Lamartine; she communes with Nature, the supreme refuge against the invading hordes of modern society. Her work is distinguished by that delicacy and personal charm which distinguish the woman. In "La Vie Sombre" and "Memoriam" the inspiration is one of heart as well as intellect. In an exquisite lyric entitled "Une Union" there is a sentiment and grace which belong to a past age:—

Si vous etiez, ami, la Tige et moi la Rose,
Vous, le Prince d'Avril, moi, la Dame de Mai.
Sur vos feuillages verts j'appuierais mon front rose
Autant que durerait le printemps parfumé.

Si vous etiez, ami, la Tige et moi la Rose.
Si j'étais la Pensée et vous, ami, le Son.
Nous communes sur nos livres chansons.
Nous passerions su l'eau, dans les vallées de la Roche.

S'il était quoi de la Béatrice, Vous, le Prince d'Avril
Vous, le Prince d'Avril, moi, la Dame de Mai.

Madame de La Roche-Guyon's mode of life when in Paris is much what it is in the country. At her town house one has the illusion of being in the châteaigne. She has always lived. She is not a dreamer who has consumed a transcendental meaning. Seated in her chair, she communes with her home, and becomes acquainted with Madame de La Roche-Guyon. One day I mounted the dark and narrow stairs which led to a Calvary on the topmost floor of an old house near the Pantheon. The winding stairs seemed to have no end, but at last I got to the top and was ushered into a small "apartment," where everything that met the eye was in keeping with the physical and mental ordeals of the wonderful woman living there. If Madame Ackermann was the "Olympian pessimist," Madame Blanchecotte was Prometheus. It was evident from her face and figure that she was undergoing great and continual physical suffering, but when she began to speak the intellectual charm shone whose verse could make that of Leopardi seem hopeful, beside whom Scoponhauer seems comforting and Nietzsche inspiring.

M. d'Haussonville has called Madame Ackermann the "Sappho of Atheism." "Not since Lucretius," she writes, "has absolute negation been rendered in lines of such beauty and grandeur."

It was Caro, of the French Academy, who "discovered" Madame Ackermann, and after his article in the "Rêve des Deux Mondes," introducing the author of "Poesies Philosophiques," the question of every one's lips were: "Have you read Madame Ackermann's verses?" and "Who is Madame Ackermann?" The new poet was depicted in imagination as young, beautiful, and romantic, not to say mysterious. It was difficult to imagine what Madame Ackermann, a woman sixty-one years of age at the time of her "discovery" by Caro, living an obscure life in the country, little dreaming or caring for publicity. If her poems display a lofty and implacable pessimism, her views of life and conduct were no less inflexible. If her lips were absolute negation, she wrote, "is not a logical result of my principles, but the immediate effect of my nature." Late in life Madame Ackermann made Paris her home, and became acquainted with Madame de La Roche-Guyon and some of her literary friends, including Monsieur and Madame Caro.

Car le Réel n'est pas quelque vague doctrine:
Toutes les passions restent les passions;
L'humanité nest qu'une: ici, là-bas, en Chine,
Enfantant un héros contre mille histrions.

The difference between one country and another lies in the outward and the apparent; ambition and vanity in France are the same as in England. The deception lies in the illusions of the outward and visible show; the heart of man is the same everywhere. The Duchesse Isabelle de La Roche-Guyon judges society, not as it seems, but as it is. She rises superior to it while living in it. This is what all gifted minds attempt, but not all succeed in doing.

Madame de La Roche-Guyon has often spoken to me of Madame Ackermann, the Olympian pessimist, whom she knew personally, and the only words assumed unlooked-for meanings. She talked of that of Leopardi seem hopeful, beside whom Schopenhauer seems comforting and Nietzsche inspiring.

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M. d'Haussonville has called Madame Ackermann the "Sappho of Atheism." "Not since Lucretius," she writes, "has absolute negation been rendered in lines of such beauty and grandeur."

It was Caro, of the French Academy, who "discovered" Madame Ackermann, and after his article in the "Rêve des Deux Mondes," introducing the author of "Poesies Philosophiques," the question of every one's lips were: "Have you read Madame Ackermann's verses?" and "Who is Madame Ackermann?" The new poet was depicted in imagination as young, beautiful, and romantic, not to say mysterious. It was difficult to imagine what Madame Ackermann, a woman sixty-one years of age at the time of her "discovery" by Caro, living an obscure life in the country, little dreaming or caring for publicity. If her poems display a lofty and implacable pessimism, her views of life and conduct were no less inflexible. If her lips were absolute negation, she wrote, "is not a logical result of my principles, but the immediate effect of my nature." Late in life Madame Ackermann made Paris her home, and became acquainted with Madame de La Roche-Guyon and some of her literary friends, including Monsieur and Madame Caro.

Madame Blanchecotte was another gifted friend of the Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon. One day I mounted the dark and narrow stairs which led to a Calvary on the topmost floor of an old house near the Pantheon. The winding stairs seemed to have no end, but at last I got to the top and was ushered into a small "apartment," where everything that met the eye was in keeping with the physical and mental ordeals of the wonderful woman living there. If Madame Ackermann was the "Olympian pessimist," Madame Blanchecotte was Prometheus. It was evident from her face and figure that she was undergoing great and continual physical suffering, but when she began to speak the intellectual charm shone whose verse could one forget for a time her sad physical condition. "You are sitting in the fauteuil where Victor Hugo and Lamar-
CHAPTER II.

Wherein we are introduced to a new Order of Chivalry, and matters for simple and wise alike may be discovered.

If, reader, times were as they used to be, and you and I had gentlemanly leisure, I should have taken a pattern from the example of the ancient chroniclers and passed an hour or two in reviewing the earlier history of damselflaw. But I had set them fairly cantering away down the valley, I should have reflected: "Now here is my opportunity to tell how the Lady, Dorothea de Villiers, was born during some tumbling tempest and how her mother was slain by the lightning, though the babe was left unharmed!" And I do not doubt that the story of Dota Filjee would prove diverting if only one had time to tell it. For out of this damsel's first appearance arose a controversy which raged for months among the neighbours, convenient to be summarised in the universal query:

"Wast Kinkje the mother or not?"

But there you see, reader, whether I should or not if I locked my pen! To explain that Tante Kinkje was De Villiers' housekeeper, who found the little black-haired baby in her kitchen on the very same morning as the lightning wrecked the roof, to repeat so much past history would be found intolerable by all but leisurely persons, of whom there be few; though thousands possess money enough to buy everything in the world, except leisure. Howbeit, far less affecting scenes have not misled their names, that might describe, when Kinkje, all a soft blubber of sobs and tears, brought in the black-haired baby, protesting that willingly she would nurse it as well as the gold-haired one, and De Villiers, the poor innkeeper, too heavy with grief, forgot to ask any questions. Kinkje, by a chance which should interest the philologers, named her foundling Dota Filjee. That she brought up the child in a very proper way, even though thousands had never read of such an occurrence coming the ways of any distressed damsel. "No, mistress!" returned Dota Filjee. "And upon my solemn oath it's a lie about Piet Van Oos, and let me say at once that it is a lie or Tant Kinkje will come and pas op vur mij! and thon when we reached the castle yonder I should find that the hege lady bakes to-morrow instead of yesterday."

Just then a troop of black monkeys who had come down to the stream, heard the horses approaching, and, finding themselves unable to be on the wrong side of the winter, leaped up and fled, uttering shrill cries. Witvoet took fright and galloped away with Dota Filjee, as, in fact, he might have done at a leaf dropping, for this horse loved rough running, and would seize any excuse to get his head. His white feet soon twinkled out of sight around a bend of the stream. Dorothea's horse, Aster, neighed loudly after Witvoet to call him back, for so he had been trained to do, as would long since have been stated in a chronicle of a greater length and exactness.

When Aster turned the bend, Dorothea espied her maid kneeling upon the ground with Witvoet's bride between her hands. Dota's hair had come unbound, and was now bespangled with Witvoet's ear. She was praying pardon of Someone, and the tears coursed down her plump cheeks. "Never again will I mention the affair," she vowed. "And thank you very much for driving Satan into the monkeys, and not doing so well for my dog, Dorothea!" And she brought up the child in a very proper way, even though thousands had never read of such an occurrence coming the ways of any distressed damsel. After all, any distressed damsel must walk a little way to see whither it led. The path went beneath willow trees, and in a shady dell Dorothea paused to drink of the running water. Kneeling, she scooped it into her palm and drank. Now, there was a youth a-down that valley. He came there, seeking, every day; for once he had seen a vision of all earth joyful, and he could not leave that place but stayed forever in search of it, trying to regain the vision that he might describe it to the whole world. And neither father, nor mother, nor any friend could persuade him away, but he made his home in a hut upon the mountain, whence he came every day to the dell. It was now his hour, for so heaven willed, when Dorothea stooped by the stream. She looked up, hearing a sound, and saw a dark-haired youth, dressed as for climbing mountains, coming towards her. He came from the sunlight at the end of the dell, and stepped forward with a glow in his eyes. Jackion he gazed at Lady in deep silence and she at him, almost breathless. "Where have you come from?" he asked, at length; but something stopped her remembrance, and she could only reply: "There!" As she said it, she caught a glimpse of herself waving like a shining bird out of the blue. "Now everything will be right," he said. "Everything!" she repeated. And then she fell to weeping as hard as might be; and after he had implored her, with a hundred different questions, to tell him why she sorrowed, she threw herself at his feet and could no way have been raised but by force, while she cried: "Oh, peerless Knight, pray thee, by thy vows of noblest chivalry, do not fur a sorely oppressed and aggrieved damsel! Protect me, O valorous and redoubted Knight! I, whom ye see now, am a poor outcast from the house of a most wicked and relentless father. Restore me to my home and remedy my misfortunes, for by the law of thy immortal profession you are bound to render a wretched wight like me!" Her address thus ended, Dorothea permitted herself to be raised from the ground. "No lady shall demand my help in vain," replied the Knight, "and I shall grant this boon to her—a child— that you brought to him and say I sent you to demand account of him for his thousand wrongs." "But had not you better come too?" asked of any distressed damsel. "No, mistress!" returned Dota Filjee. "And upon my solemn oath it's a lie about Piet Van Oos, and let me say at once that it is a lie or Tant Kinkje will come and pas op vur mij! and thon when we reached the castle yonder I should find that the hege lady bakes to-morrow instead of yesterday."
the youth. "Never, never!" cried the damsel. "He would enchant me so hard that no manner of spells could ever release me!" "It sounds like fairy-land," said the youth. "And where shall I find you again after I have slain your preposterous father?" Lady waved across the world. "Some-where!" she said. "And now go over the Questionnaire to the here thou shalt find him who is the cause of all my suffering; and for a token that thou art my chosen knight, wilt thou wear this purple thread from my cap?" There now thou art First Knight with no listener. For, "answered the swallow," sweet mystery! I returned the Knight. "Hitherto I have been named the Visionary, and I sought in solitude to regain my vision. But now I go where thou sendest me, and if thou and thy adventure be not of the vision, then must the vision be made anew!"

They turned, then, each their ways, he towards the mountains, and she upon the path; for she wished still to discover where it led. She went no further than the edge of the willow copse, for there she saw that the stream bended in between great rocks where the water was so footway for the horses. Dorothea climbed one of these rocks and viewed from thence the wide plain, with the farmhouse now not far distant, and down the valley she espied one muscular Dame, whose sight was so gaudy as to be a heaven for the night," said Dota Filjee. "The liege lord would put us up forever, he is so honourable as to say, but I thinketh one night will suffice for my Lady, who hath great business abroad!" The host mocked very puzzled at this. "Are you not a knight?" he rejoined, "But you could do to help on this business?" Dota replied: "But you are not a knight." "No, faith!" he rejoined, "Not by two heads!" "Nobody needs three heads to be a knight," said Dota Filjee. "At your service!" returned the third remove. Presently, as these two became more and more engrossed with each other, Lady found herself dreaming of the Inn up on the Pass, and gradually she lost sight of the room altogether and went fast asleep, and Dota Filjee, observing this, carried her away and laid her in a cool, dark room. Then she and the liege lord went out and wandered around the farm; yet of all that was thereon they saw scarce anything. For because the liege lord's eyes were very blue, Dota Filjee could see only things of that colour, blue flowers the sky, and the blue reflection on the waters of the pools. And Dota's eyes were shining black, and since the lord could not see the things which resembled them, not the sleek ox, nor the black hollows of the far-off Stormberg, nor even the waters where the pools were shady, he kept looking at them alone, and whenever he thought about losing them on the morrow, he grew unhappy. When they two came to the vine-avenue, all covered in with leaves and bunches of purple grapes, they remained there walking up and down close together, for the path was not very wide, and the liege lord gave grapes to Dota Filjee. The sun set, and beums of mellow orange hue streamed in between the vine leaves and fell upon Dota Filjee's black hair, and warmed her face and throat. When the sun sank right away, they pressed to the end of the avenue and stood under the purple dome of the sky. The liege lord sighed, "O-ah!" and Dota Filjee sighed, "O-ah!" Then their hands touched so suddenly that each started from the other. Then the liege lord gave a vast sigh, and Dota Filjee flung herself into his arms; and they kissed each other as if there were nothing in the world to do but only that. And amidst a thousand kisses they found their way back to the house, and could not have left one another's side even if they had wished. And she returned; and: '

Next morning, when Lady awoke, Dota was waiting beside her bed. Dota seemed bright and beaming. He wore a fine suit of white linen or duck. Dorothea said, "Good day, Sir, I hope we are welcome." "By Jove, I should say so!" returned the liege lord, with a jolly laugh. "I confess that I'm trembling to hear that you've mistaken your direction and haven't come for me at all; if that is the case, pray don't tell me the deadly truth just yet, but allow me the honour of resting your horses and of offering your gracious selves a cup of tea and a chicken sandwich. Which desperate speech was the longest this liege lord had made for many a day. By his words Dota Filjee warded close up. "Oh, yes, thank you!" she interrupted hastily. "My Lady will not refuse that excellent offer for me, though she never eats chickens herself. I'll come and cut the bread and butter!" With such hardihood she carried off the liege lord into the kitchen.

Soon returned Dota Filjee and the liege lord, bringing tea; and these two had become as friendly as worms. Their fingers got in the sugar basin all at the same time, and they quarrelled over the wish-bone of the chicken, and, suddenly, the liege lord picked Dota Filjee right off her feet and kissed her, and she dealt him such a loud resounding slap that Lady burst outright laughing, it was such a gaudy day done. "I have a head for the night," said Dora Filjee. "The liege lord would put us up forever, he is so honourable as to say, but I thinketh one night will suffice for my Lady, who hath great business abroad!" The host mocked very puzzled at this. "Are you not a knight?" he rejoined, "But you could do to help on this business?" Dota replied: "Not by two heads!" "Nobody needs three heads to be a knight," said Dota Filjee. "At your service!" returned the third remove. Presently, as these two became more and more engrossed with each other, Lady found herself dreaming of the Inn up on the Pass, and gradually she lost sight of the room altogether and went fast asleep, and Dota Filjee, observing this, carried her away and laid her in a cool, dark room. Then she and the liege lord went out and wandered around the farm; yet of all that was thereon they saw scarce anything. For because the liege lord's eyes were very blue, Dota Filjee could see only things of that colour, blue flowers the sky, and the blue reflection on the waters of the pools. And Dota's eyes were shining black, and since the lord could not see the things which resembled them, not the sleek ox, nor the black hollows of the far-off Stormberg, nor even the waters where the pools were shady, he kept looking at them alone, and whenever he thought about losing them on the morrow, he grew unhappy. When they two came to the vine-avenue, all covered in with leaves and bunches of purple grapes, they remained there walking up and down close together, for the path was not very wide, and the liege lord gave grapes to Dota Filjee. The sun set, and beums of mellow orange hue streamed in between the vine leaves and fell upon Dota Filjee's black hair, and warmed her face and throat. When the sun sank right away, they pressed to the end of the avenue and stood under the purple dome of the sky. The liege lord sighed, "O-ah!" and Dota Filjee sighed, "O-ah!" Then their hands touched so suddenly that each started from the other. Then the liege lord gave a vast sigh, and Dota Filjee flung herself into his arms; and they kissed each other as if there were nothing in the world to do but only that. And amidst a thousand kisses they found their way back to the house, and could not have left one another's side even if they had wished. And she returned; and:
kissed Dota Filjee, almost with tears in his eyes, and Dota, embracing him, promised not to be gone forever and never to forget him. So soon as they had ridden out of sight Dota Filjee showed Lady a beautiful ring and some gold pieces. "Where did you get them?" asked Lady. "The liege lord gave them to me," replied Dota Filjee. "Now let us put them safe inside my dress. Perhaps to-night, if we find a new friend, I may get another. Anyway I shall get something. Thus we shall become rich as queens, at least my Lady will, because everything I get belongs to her."

Her face lighted up at sight of the ring, and Aster, as if they understood, set off of their own accord at a gallop across the plain. (To be continued.)

Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

VII.—Tolstoy and Gorky.

One characteristic all Russian playwrights possess; a peculiar questioning of life and a criticism of fundamentals. Most of our dramatists are content to accept the facts of life without demur. Accepting it, they proceed to build their drama upon life's institutions; upon marriage and the family, for example, or upon class differences, politics and sociology. Not so the Russians. They see through it all; inter all, they go right into the heart of it, not against adultery or divorce or oppression, but against life as an existing fact. They question its meaning and seek first its place in their philosophy. This is a characteristic, of course, not only of Russian drama, but of Russian literature as a whole. In the theatre it is responsible for the appearance of incompleteness and incoherence which marks most of the plays. There is little technical accomplishment in Russian drama. But at the same time it exhibits the author's individuality most clearly, for the playwright who goes to the roots of life must himself emerge with a philosophy, even if he be one of pessimism.

Tolstoy and Gorky may be taken together by way of illustration. Here we have one subject visualised by two different men. The subject is the Russian lower class. Tolstoy holds a brief for the peasantry; his types, therefore, are peasant types. Gorky is a proletarian of the cities, and he finds drama in the life of the cheap lodging-house, and the streets. Both endeavour to express an attitude toward life through their characters.

Of all the naturalists, Tolstoy conforms most nearly to the naturalistic ideal in his plays. There can be no doubt that this ideal was connected in the minds of its earlier followers with the decivilisation of art. The revolt against pseudo-romanticism drove them to represent the actual, and the revolt against upper-class drama led them to seek inspiration among the common people. Zola headed the movement as far as Western Europe was concerned, but Zola's types, although proletarians for the most part, belonged to a civilisation. They were decivilised primarily by the incivility of their surroundings; Zola's power of observation was so keen that he is sometimes apt to be called the novelist of the slums. The play, therefore, is not a work of great power. The author is himself a mass of humanity, and is not a man. He is the type of the proletarian, of the peasant, of the workman, of the laisser faire. He tells the accepted story of the Russian peasantry, a story of human life, a story of thought, ingrained stupidity; his passions, primitive savage and crimes of violence; their round, monotonous relieved by superstition. He believed in their potentiality as a world-power, and in the end he offered them a peasant gospel. His preoccupation with them was always at bottom ethical; in other words, he cared more for them as a mass of humanity than as a group of possibly unselfish, anarchical individuals. Unfortunately, as one writer has remarked, "it is easier to found an impossible religion than to write an" Anna Karenina." And drama comes from the individual, not from the mass.

Maxim Gorky's work took, as has already been pointed out, the different direction of a different temperament. Gorky's plea for the outcasts has little in common with Tolstoy's religious belief in the destiny of the peasant and his purpose in his successful play, "A Night Shelter" (performed in England by the Stage Society in 1903, under the title of "The Lower Depths") is a work of great power. The power is personal rather than dramatic; it is the most vivid expression of Gorky, and the play is Russian through and through. I have seen it performed only in Zurich, before an audience mainly composed of Russian students. It consists simply of four scenes from the depths, loosely knit together, casual and incoherent. The curtain rises upon the night shelter. To the right lies a dying woman, moaning at intervals; near her is a man dressed only in a shirt, preparing slowly and deliberately to retire for the night. Pulpit-like partitions, odd scraps of furniture and bedsteads stake out the claim of each sleeper along the wall. Around and above the stove other figures are huddled, a thief, a degenerate aristocrat, a prostitute, an actor who has come down in the world and is in utter despair upon repeating the doctor's verdict upon him: "Your system is poisoned through and through with alcohol!" (Ihr Organismus ist mit Alkohol durch und durch verstopft.) But each, with travelling himself as it were at the fire of the past, and ignoring the others in a dream-monologue of egoism. Everyone wants to talk; no one to listen. The actor declaims his old parts, the aristocrat describes how the world has passed him by, a beggar plays popular tunes upon a harmonium—and in the midst of it all the woman dies. The drama, then, is the drama of moments.

The next figure to appear is the old white-bearded Luka, named by the others the "little father." Luka preaches a gospel of cheerfulness. "One must respect everybody," he says. There is a dignity in life, even here in the night shelter. One must never judge by appearances. For the despairing he has a jolly "Keep your cuckoo up," and for the aggressive a gentle, self-deprecatory disarmament. Luka is something of a raionnner. He believes in the magical power of faith, no matter whether the faith be true or no. A pragmatic philosopher, his is the Tolstoyan gospel of love and rejection of violence purely as a working hypothesis. But Luka helps nobody. The woman is already dead, the thief is arrested, the actor hangs himself, and all goes off as before. Rain begins to fall. Satin begins to preach another gospel. He sees life to-day, life in the night shelter, only as the soil from which the man of the future will grow. We are all
no more than the servants of this future lord. With this touch of Nietzschean morality in the last act the play closes. All that emerges is: "Here are men living like beasts. But they are men and brothers, and they have their personal dignity and their philosophy."

There speaks Gorky.

This "A Night Shelter" is strangely impressive. Even a single performance of it can never be forgotten. Its gloom never grows monotonous, and its spirit saves it from being merely an aftermath of the old naturalistic period. It dates from 1902. Since then many plays—among them Björnson's "The Children of the Sun," "Barbarians," and "The Last"—but none of them have realised the hopes for his future to which "A Night Shelter" gave rise. Gorky, like Hauptmann, seems to have made the mistake of writing before his time at the beginning of his career. He was never an accomplished craftsman. Most of his stage devices, even in "A Night Shelter," are borrowed and conventional.

As far as the modern theatre is concerned, the condition has been certain definite disease of unreality. Europe awaits a new synthesis in drama, and the many playwrights who have any meaning. The masterpieces of naturalism, were the masterpieces of revolt—correctives of a certain kind of misery. As for the theatre of today, that is a dead white. It is magnificently sexual. My quotations, of course, do less than justice to it, but I think I have made clear the simple and highly courageous plot. Gritzko desired Tamara with the extreme of amorous passion, and in order to win her entirely he allowed her to believe that he had raped her. She, being an English widow lady, moving in the most refined circles, naturally regarded the outrage.

**Books and Persons.**

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

After all, the world does move. I never thought to be able to congratulate the Circulating Libraries on their attitude towards a work of art; and here in common with so often animadverted upon their cowardice, am obliged to laud their courage. The instant cause of this is Mrs. Elinor Glyn's new novel, "His Hour" (Duckworth, 6s.). Everybody who cares for literature knows, or should know, Mrs. Glyn's fine caselessness of popular opinion (either in this or the States), and the singleness of her regard for the art which she practises and which she honours. Troubling herself about naught but splendour of subject and elevation of style, she goes on in its different alike to the praise and to the blame of the mob. (I use the word "mob" in Fielding's sense—as meaning persons, in no matter what rank of life, capable of "low feelings." Perhaps Mrs. Glyn's latest example of her minimisation of her consciousness is in essence it is a short story, handled with a fullness and a completeness which justify her in calling it a novel. There are two principal characters, a young half-Cossack Russian prince and an English widow of good family. The pet name of the former is "Gritzko." The latter is generally called Tamara. Gritzko is one of those heroic heroes who can spend their nights in the company of prostitutes, and lit a small oil lamp. There was a deadly silence. She, being an English widow lady, moving in the most refined circles, naturally regarded the outrage.
as an imperious reason for accepting his hand. That is a summary of Mrs. Glyn's novel, of which, by the way, I must quote the dedication: "With grateful homage and devotion I dedicate this book to Her Imperial Highness The Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia." In memory of the happy evenings spent in her gracious presence, when reading to her these pages, which her sympathetic aid in facilitating my opportunities for studying the Russian character enabled me to write. Her kind appreciation of the finished work is a source of the deepest gratification to me.

The source of the deepest gratification to me, Jacob Tonson, is the fact that the Censorship Committee of the United Circulating Libraries, should have allowed this noble, daring, and masterly work to pass freely over their counters. What a change from January of this year, when Mary Gaunt's "The Uncounted Cost," at Tonson, is the fact that the Censorship Committee of Library Censorship? It is true that while passing "His Hour," the same censorship puts its ban absolute upon Mr. John Trevena's new novel "Bracken." It is true that quite a number of people have read Mr. Trevena's "Bracken" to be a serious and dignified artist of rather considerable talent. It is true that "Bracken" probably contains nothing that for sheer brave sexuality can be compared to a score of passages in "His Hour." What then? The Censorship Committee must justify its existence somehow. Mr. Trevena ought to have dedicated his wretched provincial novel to the Queen of Montenegro. He painfully lacks "savoir-vivre." In the early part of this year certain mysterious meetings took place, apropos of the Censorship, between a sub-committee of the Society of Authors and a sub-committee of the Publishers' Association. But nothing was done. I am told that the Authors' Society is now about to take up the matter again. Why?

[For a piquantly contrasted view of Mrs. Glyn's work we may refer our readers to THE NEW AGE of October 27. p. 620.—ED., NEW AGE.]

The Municipal Mecca. By Holloway Horn.

The old lady was a State pensioner. She was one of those from whose lives the fear of poverty had been brought home. He then hawked the little bloody, disembowelled carcasses through the streets, and with the profit thus obtained he supported the wretched man and the babies as he is required to do by law. However, he has nothing to do with the old lady.

One day she told me one of her reminiscences. She had almost forgotten it, but in the haze of her talk I gathered that years before she had been a nurse. Once she was in charge of eleven small-pox patients—somewhere in Essex, she thought. She was quite alone with them, and the work they entailed even now is vivid to her. Nearby another nurse with five patients next three. As I said, a small-pox patient is enormous trouble to the nurse, and one of the other nurses afterwards told my old lady that if you take the pillow from underneath the patient's head when the disease reaches its height the patient dies. However, she brought all her eleven through.

And now she has nothing but a miserable five shillings from the State—nothing whatever, and she would have to pay three shillings for her room unless she minded the babies from downstairs. And they were in her room, and she is eighty-five, and is not as fond of babies as she was, and she quite dislikes the rabbits. She is certain that the man drinks, and all she's got in the world is the old lady. She has considered what his life was like before the girl, she should explain animal sex-intercourse during pregnancy, vomiting, constipation, diarrhoea, piles, etc. All so like the flowers. Mrs. Stephens has no medical qualifications, but she discourses from the common ground of wife and mother. She understands her female, apparently, and is careful not to offend. Such matters as the presence of the husband during delivery, and intercourse during pregnancy, are touched upon so as to hurt nobody's susceptibilities. If you cannot live the higher life, do as well as you can. The author quotes various points from Edward Carpenter, Bishop South, Tennyson, Henry Drummond, Milton, Swedenborg. The whole mess of sex and flowers and diseases and poetry and names have gone the sight for the old days when female ailments were bound inside medical covers, and the minds of young children were abused by nothing worse than the cabbage yarn. One was driven to enough more or less good-naturedly at the cabbage. But there is much that is merely curiously and contemptuously in the plausible half-lies now being forced upon children. The modern matron is laying up something for herself. It is a vile thing to be-sex little girls their quaint questions are no excuse. Their attention should be distracted, as from subjects such as murder, which no one would dream of discussing with a child. And the only fair way to enlighten a grown girl about maternity is to take her to see several births. Anything less is lies and chicanery. If a mother shrinks from this exhibition of the truth of what lies before the girl, she should explain animal sex-intercourse as it is and give the "Scientific Negative" as a safeguard against undesired maternity. Married women advise each other; but the great principle of femaleness is to be trap the innocent girl. "Tails off all round, first!" as it were.

Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird. And other Essays. By Henry Rose. (Fifield. 15s. net.)

It is only partly the fault of Maeterlinck that his mystical importance has been so absurdly exaggerated. As a mystic, of course, he is the pupil, and not, in our opinion, an over-apt pupil of his acknowledged masters—Ruysbroeck, Plotinus, Boehme. Since these latter, however, are rarely read in England and still more rarely understood, Maeterlinck, the pupil, has
been elevated, we hope to his disgust, to a seat above them. The author of the present brochure takes the 
own guess that it is "the symbol of celestial truth, the 
have tossed up for it, and Maeterlinck's guess has won. 
in his essay, "The Musical Mind," he disinters the 
Mr. Rose, however, has a mania for interpretation, and 
meaning of the song, "The Lost Chord." "Alas, 
The Mother of Parliaments. 
men's minds and confidence 
length beheld the Pope and heard the gossip of the 
Vatican 
and this, despite the fact 
that of their history and inner workings not more than one in a hundred of the electors has more than a smat-
tering. Whether, however, his guess is generally 
known the Houses of Parliament would retain their 
magic, we can only guess from the attitude of the 
provincial Catholic who, after worshipping afar off, at 
length beheld the Pope and heard the gossip of the 
Vatican; he was advised that he should not have 
visited the good God's kitchen! From a popular point 
of view, however, both the history and the present 
conduct of Parliament will bear a visit, and especially 
when the information is so impartial, so instructive, 
even so entertaining as Mr. Graham. We hear from 
everything we should desire to know of the various 
mutitudinous forms and ceremonies of the two Houses, 
the origins of the same, and their present uses. 
Separate chapters are devoted to full accounts of the 
chief Parliamentary offices, their functions and the 
story of their rise. And interspersed with the information 
are dozens of Parliamentary anecdotes, some well 
known, some little known, but all apt and interesting. 
Indeed, as a popular guide on the subject, it is the best 
we have seen. 

My Friend the Indian. By James McLaughlin. 
(London: Constable and Co. New York: Houghton, 
Mifflin and Co. 10s. 6d.) 
After having spent thirty-eight years in the U.S. 
service among the peoples of the Sioux nation, Mr. 
James McLaughlin has committed to paper some of 
the immense store of interesting experiences that he 
has lived through. The author glories in not being a 
sentimentalist nor a book-worm, but valuable as the 
opinions of a practical and unselfish man of the world 
must necessarily be, they must not on that account be 
accepted without due caution. The Indian, he says, 
do not make love with the poetical calm of Longfellow's 
"Hiawatha," nor do they display the stoicism so 
associated with him I never 
tried to write another book in which we will answer our adverse 
and they form 
one of the most interesting of the episodes brightly 
sketched. We do not think that either Mr. Jourdain 
or his master did the Princess full justice. She was 
extrmely clever and worth rather more consideration 
than mere exposure and abuse. But Mr. Jourdain is 
evidently "too truly" a worshipshipper of his late "too 
truly alluring and wonderful" chief to be in the mood 
the truth about him. Of his relations 
with women generally, he led an absolutely 
inocent, open and simple life." What of it, and by 
whom have the charges been made? There is too 
much protest here on Mr. Jourdain's part. Rhodes, 
whatever he did, needs at this day no defence; but we 
are concerned with the truth about him. Of his relations 
with the great man's enemies with attention, or 
even to present Rhodes himself as a "too truly" great 
man at all. Two years before his death Rhodes 
spoke very tenderly and affectionately to me, and 
there was a soft and pensive look in his eyes and he 
placed his hand upon my shoulder and said: 'My boy, 
are you keeping a note of everything that is occurring 
around you? You have great opportunities. One day 
your notes may be very valuable.' In spite of this 
advice, however, this volume of nearly 300 pages 
contains remarkably few dicta; Napoleon would have 
uttered the whole of them while picking his teeth after 
lunch. So, we imagine, might Rhodes. But then, 
what could be more expect of a Boswell who thought it 
was a pity his hero never married? Will Rhodes' 
surviving friends who talked familiarly with him kindly 
collect their notes of his sayings? Till they do we 
shall have to content ourselves with works like the 
present. 

The Repertory Theatre: A Record and a Criticism. 
By P. F. Howe. (Martin Secker. 2s-6d net.) 
There is much recording here, but little criticism. Mr. Howe's book is conceived mainly with a post-
mortem examination of the late enterprise at the 
Duke of York's Theatre, and we could wish that the causes 
of death were more clearly stated. The fact of death 
is clear enough, but the verdicts are conflicting. They 
include wilful murder by the critics (Mr. Shaw), in-
sufficiency of Aristotle (Mr. Walkley), death from 
crepuscule poisoning (Mr. Gilbert Cannan), and found 
drowned (the general public). To how many others are 
prepared to plump for suicide during temporary in-
sanity. From the beginning the Repertory Theatre 
was a house divided against itself. It had no stan-

be elevated, we hope to his disgust, to a seat above 

praising that one who belongs to the good old Irish 
clan of MacLochlainn, should fail to see the moral 
value of keeping alive the tongue of his ancestors. 
Again, is he right when he suggests as a means of 
regeneration that the Indians should own their allot-
ments outright instead of the Federal Government holding them in trust? Has he never heard of specu-

ative land-grabbers?

We hope that Mr. McLaughlin may be spared to
dards and no policy. It mingled Shaw with Pinero, Granville Barker with Anthony Hope, John Galsworthy with J. J. Martinie. It was clumsy and unduly expensive in its management, and (as has been already pointed out by several writers) the production of a balance-sheet would be its most illuminating memorial. More of some length the history of the plays produced. He appears amiably uncritical toward everything advanced, and does not seem to realise that inferior drama is just as possible in a repertory theatre as in any other. The Comédie Française, which he quotes in his support, is perhaps the most glaring instance. For this very reason the Repertory Theatre stands most in need of criticism. Nursing is fatal to it. The "repertory idea" as an example. He may be reminded that "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum" is a maxim of personal benevolence, but a negation of art.

** ***

Across the Gulf. By Newton V. Stewart. (Stanley Paul. 6s.) We are glad to find politics entering fiction again, if only to relieve the monotony of calf-love. When, moreover, the politics are serious, even a little too serious, we are more glad. Mr. Stewart has the idea, now well in the air, of a Citizens' party, and his Sir Richard Evans, ironmaster, who in due course under Lady Katherine Temple's tutition, becomes Home Secretary, is a very well drawn figure, and a significant figure to boot. All the characters, in fact, are well drawn, though we do not share the enthusiasm of the author for his heroine. Even in ladies nowadays we demand a sense of humour.

** ***

Love and Bissaker. By Wilfrid L. Randull. (Paul. 6s.) It was a pity to end this novel with pistol shots and snarls and screams and faintings; also to resort to the stale device of an Envoy for the gathering up of the threads that simply would not fit into the pattern. For a clerk Hubert Bissaker has an eventful career which, but for lapses into the improbable, in such a novel, would have been of no service to drama, and the Duke of York's Theatre should be a warning as much as an example. Mr. Howe, however, from misguided enthusiasm or from lack of perception, persists in treating it as an example. He may be reminded that "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum" is a maxim of personal benevolence, but a negation of art.

** ***

A Lucky Young Woman. By F. C. Philips. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s. net.) If Marcia Conyers, who afterwards became Lady Newnham, as she is represented on the cover of this book, she did not deserve her luck. But we cannot believe that Mr. Philips would have us believe it. Marcia mixes in the best society, with which the author is familiar, and where from his unhopeful garrulity he is very much at home. We learn innumerable things en passant, such as how to make athol-brose and the proper meals to take at a country house if you are dyspeptic. The best to be said of the book is that it provides a lot of reading for the money.

** ***

The Land of His Fathers. By A. J. Dawson. (Constable. 6s.) As becomes a Colonel, Mr. Dawson makes his hero a Britisher from Canada. But Harry Ayres has benevolent designs on the land of his fathers, and after a thoroughly practical and gentle experience of philanthropy on a private scale (he is a millionaire) he embarks on politics, founds the Citizens' party and wins 53 seats for them at a general election. We, we do not mind, even though his own defeated opponent is a socialist. Ayres would have had our vote, and Mr. Dawson has our thanks for a sincere and serious piece of work.

** ***

An Affair of Dishonour. By William de Morgan. (Heinemann. 6s.) We hope it is not our fault that we find Mr. de Morgan's latest work ingeniously tedious. There are a series of piquant situations, demanding humour and containing none. Also much of the dialogue, even allowing for the historic setting, is stilted and contrasts oddly with the Meredithian style of the modern conversation. The plot, however, is written by Mr. Braydon runs away with Lucinda and afterwards in a duel kills her father. In course of time by obvious means she discovers this, and instantly leaves Oliver. Her long lost brother turns up, and, learning the double outrage inflicted on his family by Oliver to a duel. Oliver saves him the trouble of killing him by falling in an epileptic fit on his own sword. While recovering, Lucinda falls in love with him again, and returns to his home as his wife. Mr. de Morgan has, of course, more interest for his readers than this mere story. We are to understand that the real motif of the novel is the transformation in Oliver's nature from animal passion to love. It may be so, and we do not doubt that Mr. de Morgan knows what he is talking about, but Sir Oliver does not strike us as much better after than before.

** ***

Clever Betsy. By Clara Louise Burnham. (Constable. 6s.) We do not agree with Oscar Wilde, who said that American novels were American dry goods. The best American novels are almost as good as the best European; and their average is distinctly higher than the average English novels in England. "Clever Betsy," however, is not one of the best. The story hages fire through so many pages that even the racy conversation (often a strong feature in American novels) fails to maintain our interest. Clever Betsy is, too, such a very managing person, that with the exception of Mrs. Bruce, she manages to reduce to mere spooks the rest of the characters. Even Betsy suffers from too much limelight, and as for Rosaline Vincent, we regard her as a sentimental little good-for-nothing. Yet it was for her sake that Betsy was written. Readers who are tired of middling English fiction will, however, find the style of this a pleasant change.

** ***

A Motley. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.) Mr. Galsworthy would be thoroughly English if only he had some Falstaff in him. As it is there is just a little too much in his books of Puritanism untempered by humour for our complete satisfaction. As we turn over the sketches and read them anew we yearn from time to time for a breeze from the salt sea. Mr. Galsworthy is perfectly aware of our desire, and, with the utmost pains, endeavours to satisfy us by describ-
The Recovery of Art and Craft.

By Huntly Carter.

Mr. Lethaby's optimistic explanation of the aims of the series of technical handbooks on the artistic crafts which he is editing, may be briefly summed up as follows. It promises much, and raises the best and most essential traditions of good workmanship; recovering design; and thereafter handing over to artists, craftsmen, and opponents of a highly scientific labourer by mere force of habit, the work of the wheat. All they can do is to reduce a fine work of art to pulp, either by argument or by kicking it, what the artist's intention entirely eludes them.

Before ascertaining how each volume of the series fulfils Mr. Lethaby's promise, and what the new tradition will supply, it might be as well to inquire briefly what the new age will demand. What does it demand by way of tradition, design and achievement? What in fact are the essential materials of beauty? Hasn't he said that the first essential is undoubtedly a new and vital foundation. For this men are ever turning to the past; it is the only thing for which men ought to turn back. Going back to tradition—just now our principal occupation owing to developmental and, private half of progressing backwards—should not be a mere slavish retracing of steps along well-worn paths, but a return along those paths of mystery that have been neglected, to bring back to our times the secret of foundations upon which to build, beautiful and beneficially. It should not mean effacing one's self in libraries, museums, galleries and other forms of public mortuary, but passing through some places on the way to complete self-realisation. "Qu'est-ce que l'esthétise nous laisser derrière nous? Dans quel mystère entrez-nous au bout de ce voyage d'un jour?" inquires Maeterlinck. What mystery have we moderns left behind us? What magic have we missed by means of which if regained, the race might be brought to a new and vivid life? Let Mr. Irving Babbitt answer. Mr. Babbitt is in revolt against certain tendencies in modern life and literature, and has written a book—a very readable and suggestive, if academic volume ("The New Lookoom"). Constable, (62.)—much as Lessing did, to set the boundaries to art and literature. Probably the most interesting chapters to artists are not also peripheral—philosophers, but rather, the theory of spontaneity, and the really remarkable thing about it is how little the author apparently understands a subject which he takes so much pains to examine. It may be the result of gazing upon life from a study window. The whole utility of his examination of certain questions is that it allows us to grasp the gist of the case which he has before him. The evidence is clearly presented even though we do not agree with it. And the evidence is important, highly instructive, and, at times, mildly amusing. It reveals a world of art and literature swaying between the extremes of rationalism and romanticism, Aristotelianism and Platonism. Mr. Babbitt does not like the swing of the pendulum towards rationalism or neo-classicism. To him it is the negation of spontaneity. He sees the neo-classicist of the 17-18th century making "the arts purely imitative, reducing the role of the spontaneous, the unexpected, the original, and aiming to bring everything, so far as possible, under the control of the cold and deliberate understanding, to the neglect of all that is essentially above and mystery, as well as the sense of awe and mystery, as well as the sense of wonder. He would have everything logical, conveniently correct, dryly didactic, able to give a clear account of itself when tested by the standards of common sense and our unwritten knowledge. His unconscious and the unpremeditated, he tended to identify art with the artificial, and to turn the divine illusion of poetry into a sort of elegant falsehood."

It is not difficult to agree with this "extreme statement of the neo-classic point of view." A great deal of modern effort is summed up in this. We are still in an epoch of dry rationality, convention, and imitation. We are still for confining the artistic and poetical faculties in a strait-jacket of rules. Today our energies are directed to doing everything by matter of fact. Artists in particular are taught to produce their work on mechanical lines. The first thing they are told is how to do a thing rather than to be able to do it. Critics, too, appear to be brought up on the same foot-rule diet. They confuse measuring everything by the two and two make four standard. Show them a work brought about by inspiration, instinct, spontaneity, imagination, a work of suggestion and they promptly proceed to misunderstand and murder it. Our critics are too learned, too erudite or too foolish. They are unable to separate the chaff from the wheat. All they can do is to reduce a fine work of art to pulp, either by argument or by kicking it, what the artist's intention entirely eludes them. But if Mr. Babbitt will not go to the meritorious heights of neo-classicism, neither will he venture to the giddy verge of romanticism. If the former is the negation of spontaneity, the latter is the negation of common-sense. It was Rousseau who, in his Emile, showed Rousseau overboard, believing that "as a result of Rousseau's readiness to exalt spontaneity even at the expense of rationality, his whole theory of imagination has a hectic hallucination. Mr. Babbitt insists that the romanticists imitated the imaginative and adventurous mind of the child without exactly possessing that mind, and, might be more convincing if we had produced a modern authority on the psychology of the child mind in support of it, and left Dr. Johnson to his lexicographical investigations.

From Mr. Babbitt, and from first-hand observation, one learns that the magic we have missed is that of spontaneity and inspiration. It is an immediate past, art has been unhappily wed to artificiality and the "mediating intellect." It has been tied to the apron strings of the mechanical, and dragging out a miserable existence in art schools and other government manufactories, inhibiting the poetic doctrines of machine-made minds. Now it calls for a return to the exhilarating "wild," to the field where there is room for adventure, enterprise, individuality.

Looking through Joseph Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" one finds such a period in the Middle Ages, "that social epoch when man was a free individual, with adventure, enterprise, individuality."

The Recovery of Art and Craft.
inspiration. There is far too much energy and brain power devoted to burrowing mole-like among the abstruse in unnecessary ancient history. Let some of it be directed to the useful task of history in the making, especially where the arts and crafts are concerned. It is as well to remember that inspired design is the result of accident, not design, and appropriate design springs from the need of the moment. I shall return to Mr. Wilson, whose practice is, I notice, much sounder than his theory.

OCTOBER.

Lovers! quit the woodland alleys, All the sun’s beyond the stiles. Summer’s passing down the valleys, Seaward, to the happy isles. Yesterday, the swallows flitted; Love in love-time, they’ll renew. The oak her yellow cap has fitted, And ragged ditch-webs bend i’ the dew.

The clover’s second bud is grown, And ’neath the ploughshares, yield September’s flaxen dew-locks, blown About the shaven field. But yonder seedling field is yellow, Yon silver stubble’s deep in flowers Beside the grey-polled rick’s new fellow, Where Summer waves to the flying Hours.

Leave your love behind, lover! If to dance be not her mood While the stubble’s warm with clover Out beyond the wood.

Let her strip the daisy, sigh: “Loves me—loves me not—heart bleeds!” Autumn’s rivulet runs high Among full-feathered reeds.

There’s a Lady like a poppy, Dancing ‘mid the eye-bright blue— Might be youthful Venus’ copy, Shape and voice and hue.

There’s a golden Horn that rallies Laggards to the stride: Summer’s passing down the valleys— Rides a bark on the glittering tide! None may weary Love! She doth escape like breath. She’s ta’en her ways, But yonder seedling field is yellow.

None may cry out, true lovers must with Love accord!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE USES OF OSBORNITY.

Sir,—I trust you will allow me a little space to reply to some of the criticisms that have been made upon me. First, let me endeavour to clear up a misconception of my object which seems to exist in the minds of some of my critics, including my friend Mr. Clifford Sharp. They appear to think that my aim is to prevent the reversal of the Osborne judgment. I should certainly not stir a finger to prevent his doing so. What I say is that it will be very difficult to secure it, and that the amount of energy required for that purpose would, if directed into a different channel, secure things much more valuable. As to the Osborne judgment itself, I have said more than once in these very articles that I regard it as an unjust exhibition of class tyranny because it is the application to the political organisation of the working classes of a principle which the rich would never think of applying to their own political organisation. Nevertheless, I hold that the mere reversal of the Osborne judgment is not worth fighting for. To use Parnell’s phrase, I would not “take off my coat” merely to put things back where they were in 1909. As to the best way of organising the working class for political purposes, a task which I as a Socialist regard as essential, I may in the near future have an opportunity of laying my views on that subject before the readers of The New Age.

Meanwhile, I say in reply to Mr. Osborn that, while it is doubtful whether the rank and file of workers are present as indifferent to the publication of party fund accounts as to the Osborne judgment, it is certainly a popular enthusiasm into a demand for these payments as into a demand for that reversal, such that an agitation would secure the support of many citizens (including a considerable middle-class contingent) who are quite indifferent to the Osborne controversy, and finally that, if successful, such an agitation would result in the Osborne judgment while the reversal of the Osborne judgment would leave the real power of the oligarchy unaffected.

Mr. Chappell’s annoyance with me is, I think, mainly due to my use of the word “gentleman.” This is, I fear, partly my own fault. The fact is that I have so steeped myself in democratic sentiment that I forget from time to time that to my own mind he is not an engineer—less so, indeed, for a gentleman is commonly a less useful person than an engineer. It must be clear to every observer of our social life that the rich class, and those who associate with the rich class, have created a certain tradition and tone of life and manners different from that of other citizens, though not necessarily better, and certainly not more ceremonial, and that that tradition dominates all the places which are the special preserves of the rich—the public schools, the universities, the West End clubs. It also dominates that greatest of West End clubs, the House of Commons. It should be the business of a Labour Party to get rid of this tradition as far as the House of Commons is concerned. They ought to be emphatically the ungentlemanly party. Since nine-tenths of the people of England are obviously not gentlemen, there ought not on democratic principles to be more than sixty or seventy gentlemen in Parliament. My objection to the present Labour Members is not that they are not gentlemen, but that they allow gentlemen to hypnotize them into submission to their silly rules of behaviour.

Mr. Chappell says that he distrusts me because I am a middle-class man. Well, that is a sentiment I can perfectly understand, up to a point I am not at all unhappy with. But why cannot Mr. Chappell inoculate his fellow Labourites with a little distrust of men who belong not to the middle classes, but to the little rich clique that governs England? How strange to reproach a humble journalist who is just as much a proletarian as any bricklayer, and yet to give abundant confidence to the Asquiths and Churchills and Samuels who lead the composite majority of which the Labour Party forms a part! I do not know that I need regard Mr. Bellac as one of my critics. With almost everything in his article I agree. Payment of Members alone will certainly not destroy the oligarchical character of Parliament; all I ever said was that it would do more to democratise politics than the mere reversal of the Osborne judgment. I also fully admit that the Osborne judgment is in spirit and intention an attack upon working class interests by the rich class. But it seems to me that that attack is better met by a counter attack (in the form of a demand for the publication of the accounts of the two plutocratic parties) than by a mere defence of the status quo ante. 

ANOTHER HANGING.

Sir,—As an Englishman and a citizen I recognise my responsibility with the hangman, the gaolers, chaplain, judge, and the rest who will have the job very shortly of committing this terrible act of barbarism—to wit, break the neck of William Broome—the Slough murderer. He is a man described as twenty-five years of age, one of those men whom we do our best to organise and train in the science and art of slaughter. Having no further use for
him in that capacity, we turn him adrift upon society. To make a man a good soldier you must destroy every vestige of an idea that he possesses as to life being sacred. He must not mind what he kills. He must be taught to the humanity in men which it has been the age-long purpose of evolution to develop.

We ought really to regard our killers in the same way as we do the implements and materials they use, and take good care of them when unemployed, just as we keep our experimental animals and surrounded by water out on the Plunstead marshes. Thus engaging them in a different set apart, we could inculcate quite safely, for us, the doctrine enunciated by the Kaiser, "To be prepared at a word to kill anybody, everywhere, at any moment." We would, I hope, have the honesty to consider them all as the products of our system, and it is because Broose is the product of a system that pleases me, I do not for one moment expect to be successful. Instead we shall give him a broken neck—time and a prayer.

None of us would ever think of doing this dirty work ourselves, and yet by our silence we give our consent to its being done. By the division of labour some of us are more or less harmless men and women, some are judges and some are gaolers, but the division of our labour does not do away with our responsibility for collective actions. It is, I fear, quite unknown to most of the readers of this paper that people, for humane sentiments are dead—must be dead in a nation which it has been the age-long purpose of evolution to develop.

We rewarded the victor of Omdurman with £30,000 and a peerage. At Omdurman 15,000 Dervishes were killed in six hours, and it would be useless to try and number all of them. We regard the murdered Dervishes as so many wasted lives because practical life . . . tended to absorb the energies of men . . . that the man who lived for emotional relations would tend to be thought, if not to be, a sentimentalist. And he is a sentimentalist who goes round with his abstract nouns by the adjective "certain," and the adjectival phrases "kind of" and "sort of." Thus: "a certain mundane heartlessness of a kind of rich tolerance," and "suitable manner of cordial glow." As if, forsooth, there were quite a number of recognised varieties of "cordial glow," and "rich tolerance," and "suitable manner." It is all a sort of cordial tolerance which we have been through the mental process of earmarking the particular brand that suited the particular case. (The quotations are from the beautiful essaying "Friendship," in the volume entitled "At Large." . . . No; I cannot include him with my laces and penates. I have not shelf-room for Arthur Bennett: seal me rather of the tribe of Arnold Bennett."

DRAMATIC ART AND POPULAR TASTE.

Sir,—In his highly interesting article on this subject last week Mr. Poel and Mr. Birrell both came within the same general range of criticism, but we must presume he had not the courage. He declined to look on the business side of the matter as the vital one. Well, if it is not the vital one, it is a vital one. I have never been able to see that a duty can be made out for the ordinary man to support forms of art in which he is not interested—in other words, which do not express him. We begin to be upon terms with people when we begin to discuss with them things which, with the greatest goodwill in the world, they cannot understand; when we are faced with one of the dilemmas that do not exist for them, propose a drama on those grounds, and then ask them to finance it—it is then that we propose a drama which is designed only upon their pocket finishes up in their soul.

The complaint of the public's stupidity is based on their supposed lack of interest in "art." But the thing preferably in the suburbs. So the suburban taste. This looks to the average man uncommonly like a grossly depraved literary taste. My own depravity in this quarter is forthcoming that all suburbia stays away. Again, however, has pro-

DEAD AND THE LIVING.

SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Sir,—About six years ago Mr. Arnold Bennett published three remarkable articles under the title of "My Literary Heresies," wherein he confessed, in his own delightful manner, that his heroes of literary achievement were not always those whom we should naturally choose. This discovery was not necessarily other people's classics; in short, that "A Mummer's Wife," 'Mummer's Wife,' are not three of the greatest

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"sponging."—like taking money with indifference to return—(not necessarily for publication) a list of the religious in the Superman), but will also look very blue and very green. ing anything in the same quarter—except, perhaps, insult. grasp of a mere nonconformist Catholic like myself. prepared to die—metaphorically, of course. something even higher still. It will not be denied that the phrase "British Philistine" is all those who, in the absence of other qualities, retain sin-

Any response to art is welcome, whether to the very best art or not. At every level criticism "looks down" on what is below; just as it is obviously oblivious of what is above. And higher-drama or not, airs of superiority will always be re-

cepted while a possibility remains that there could be something even higher still.

T. MARTIN WOOD

RATIONALISM AND PARADOX.

Sir,—Gods in his heaven: all's right with the world, as, I think, I observed last week.

The time has come to destroy Mr. Hooper, who is, I hope, prepared to die—metaphorically, of course.

Mr. Hooper's conventional methods are worn. They are poor things, indeed, but my own, for, as Mr. Hooper delicately reminds me, they are carefully kept. But they may be wrong. If Mr. Hooper will send (not necessarily for publication) a list of the religious (?) books he has read, together with his private opinion of my moral correction, to wit, that "dogmatic religious systems do not exist, Mr. Bax is said to have administered a friendly correction, to wit, that "dogmatic religious systems do not exist, Mr. Bax will ascertain the facts of the case he will, I think, not only withdraw his remarks (personally, I never withdraw, being the Superman), but will withdraw the very great

In the next place Mr. Hooper innocently wonders why I asked him about Mr. Shaw. I would give a great deal for Mr. Hooper's opinion of Mr. Shaw, for Mr. Hooper is a rationalist, and such things I know this to be beyond the grasp of a mere nonconformist Catholic like myself.

Then poor Mr. Hooper goes sadly astray. He says that the one thing to do is to make a satire paradox into a serviceable truth. What is wrong with Mr. Hooper is that he persists in standing on his head—an excellent thing in reason, but dangerous if practised to excess. Mr. Hooper sees everything upside down—religion, art, literature, THE NEW AGE, and, last, though not least, Mr. Chesterton and all the particularly humble self. All Mr. Hooper's negatives are positives, all his positives negatives.

All serviceable truth is paradoxical. As another (the latchet of whose shoes I am not fit to loose) has said, it is funny into a serviceable truth. What is wrong with Mr. Hooper is that he persists in standing on his head—an excellent thing in reason, but dangerous if practised to excess. Mr. Hooper sees everything upside down—religion, art, literature, THE NEW AGE, and, last, though not least, Mr. Chesterton and all the particularly humble self. All Mr. Hooper's negatives are positives, all his positives negatives.

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Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in restful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

JUST OUT.

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