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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE naturally find nothing to cavil at either in the immediate dissolution resolved upon by Mr. Asquith with the consent of the King or in the terms in which the object of the election was defined by the Premier at the National Liberal Club on Saturday. Both decisions, indeed, follow so closely on the lines we indicated last week as desirable, that to agree with them is merely to repeat ourselves. On the other hand, as appears from the stirring speeches of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Martin in the House of Commons on Friday and from some indications of bewilderment in the country at large, the explanations and justifications of the election are still so generally obscure that a fresh review of the situation will do no harm.

* * *

It must be premised that as suspected by Mr. Belloc and many others, the late Conference had more significance than yet appears. What precisely that significance will prove to be we shall venture to guess in a moment or two. But meanwhile it must be obvious to anybody who does not start on a wrong assumption that with the nominal failure of the Conference (for the failure was, in fact, only nominal), the parties would be driven to resume, at least in appearance, their posture of last April. The erroneous assumption to which we refer which has, we believe, led astray not only Mr. Belloc but also, as we have frequently observed, the "Nation," and most of the Liberal Press, is this: they imagined that the conglomerate majority of 124 by which the Government was returned in

January was sufficient to justify the Cabinet in proceeding directly in their frontal attack on the Lords. We, on the other hand, though regarding the result of the election as far from a Liberal defeat, were equally far from regarding it as a decisive victory. Neither in composition nor in popular weight did the Government's majority appear to us to justify the policy advocated by Mr. Belloc of "instantly closing with the Lords and crushing them." Our fear was then that such action though seemingly bold and straightforward, would inevitably be followed by a reaction which would undo all and perhaps more than the forced revolution had accomplished. And this, we now know, was the view that ultimately prevailed. Under these circumstances the only course for the Government to pursue was to re-define the issues of the election, to disentangle them from the Budget and other considerations, and after a period of discussion in Parliament and elsewhere, to go to the country again on the text of its proposals for the limitation of the Lords' veto. This course, we understand, would certainly have been taken if the death of King Edward had not necessitated the temporary suspension of politics and led, afterwards, to the Conference from which another solution might conceivably have been obtained. When the Conference, however, ostensibly proved fruitless, the return to the method of attempted settlement by another general election proved inevitable.

* * *

Having decided on a new reference to public opinion it remains to be discussed what verdict the country will take as final. Here, in advance, we find ourselves unable to name with any exactitude the arithmetical majority necessary to close the question for sensible people. Numbers, in fact, are of rather less importance than weight; and weight is the one thing that cannot be calculated in advance. Mr. Belloc, we observe, is of opinion that the election cannot conceivably be decisive since in all probability the change in the constituencies will be represented by a very few seats at most. But this is to ignore completely the certain moral and psychological effect of the mere return of the same numerical majority, let alone its increase by even a few. The drop from 350 in the Parliament of 1906 to 124 in the Parliament of 1910 was, indeed, a serious blow to the prestige of the Liberal Party; but it is quite conceivable that the substitution after the present election of 150 or 170 for 124 will be generally regarded by the moderate section of the country as virtually a Liberal triumph. It would mean, in fact, that the country, though still not unanimous, was nevertheless resolved sooner or later to be; and sensible people, accustomed to the Bergsonian process of weighing

things, in preference to the strictly logical process of merely counting them, would probably conclude that the so-called revolution was over, save for the details.

* * *

We say "so-called" revolution for the simple reason that while from one point of view the proposed change in the powers of the House of Lords is a momentous event, from another point of view, the present and immediate discussion is of far less importance, and will only become of great visible importance when the late Conference begins to yield up its secrets. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour are well aware that the actual difference between them is comparatively slight, as it is also, indeed, between the sober minds of both parties and almost of all parties. Everybody, it is clear, whose opinion is worth considering, is agreed by this time that not only must the composition of the House of Lords be changed if that Chamber is to fulfil the functions of a Second Chamber; but also the constitutional powers of the Second Chamber must be considerably less than those of the First Chamber. We are, it seems, to create a "revolution" by general consent to this extent: that what has previously been a House of Hereditary Peers, that is, an Estate, is to be transformed into a genuine Second Chamber having specific and defined functions of revision, delay and so forth. What, however, is at this moment in dispute is whether in pursuance of this common and agreed object, the definition of powers of the Second Chamber shall precede or succeed the definition of its composition. It was on this rock that the Conference, otherwise agreed, really split; but not before a good many contiguous propositions relative to the future were laid down and mutually agreed upon.

* * *

Whoever will take the trouble to examine the matter as if it were an episode of past and not merely of present history, will see that the above is in reality the sole bone of contention. It is surprising, indeed, when we have in view the exaggerations of the unreflecting extremists on both sides, how minute is the subject of actual difference, being confined, as it is, to the mere priority of one necessary process over another necessary process. In regard to the composition, for instance, of the inevitable Second Chamber there is, we may say, if no clear agreement, no irreconcilable disagreement. Nobody, it is true, has the least notion of what the Second Chamber, when it is finally formed, will actually consist, whether of partly hereditary, partly nominated, and partly elected members, or whether of elected, hereditary or nominated members only. On the other hand, nobody, as far as we can learn, is prejudiced very violently in favour of one particular recipe over another. Mr. Masterman, we gather, has expressed himself as all for an all-elective Second Chamber; and Lord Lansdowne in the Lords on Thursday seemed to favour an all-hereditary Chamber on the ground that heredity and election make bad bedfellows. But neither Mr. Masterman nor Lord Lansdowne appears what we may call indissolubly wedded to his particular fancy; and, in fact, it is as clear as possible that when the composition of the Second Chamber comes to be devised, all parties will enter the discussion almost virginally without prejudice.

* * *

The question of powers, however, is, we admit, rather less easy, though even here, when the party megaphones have died down, the voice of a common reasonableness may be heard. We certainly ourselves consider the limitation of the veto of a Second Chamber strictly indispensable, both to the efficiency and responsibility of the First Chamber, and, strange as it may appear, to the efficiency and dignity of the Second Chamber itself. It is certain that a newly constituted Second Chamber, however formed and particularly if composed of weighty persons, would, if the Chamber possessed an absolute veto over the doings of the First Chamber, inevitably crush all the initiative, responsibility and self-respect of the Commons. That would be inevitable, and we challenge anybody to deny it. On the other

hand, it is equally certain that the possession of the absolute veto by the Second Chamber would induce in its members the habit of relying less for their influence on their weight and on their reason and on their ability to impress public opinion than on the gross weapon of simple negation. And this, as we again challenge anybody to deny, would impair the efficiency to the extent of ruining it, of the Second Chamber itself. Thus to our minds the proposition that the veto of the Second Chamber should be limited is not merely a proposition, it is an assumption if not an axiom. The question is whether the subject is as clear to others as it is to us.

* * *

Unfortunately we cannot put our hands on any published statement on the part of the Unionists to prove that this is the case. Nevertheless, we are almost sure it is; and we would hazard the prediction that if the present election should result in anything fairly interpretable as a Liberal victory, the opposition to the limitation of the Lords' veto as a preliminary to the creation of a Second Chamber, will prove to be much weaker than political novices anticipate, and, before very long, non-existent. Faint grounds for this view may even now be discovered in the extraordinarily subtle speech of Lord Lansdowne as well as in the choice of subjects adopted by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Nottingham. No party leader faced with a real crisis on a single issue regarded by himself as vital would have squandered his attention, as Mr. Balfour did on this occasion, over a dozen subsidiary topics; and no Opposition leader in the Lords, charged with maintaining the threatened powers of his House, would have been disposed, as Lord Lansdowne was on Thursday, to abandon all his guns to the enemy. The conclusion is insistent: that on the two propositions, namely, the need to limit the veto of a Second Chamber and the desirability of transforming the House of Lords into a genuine Second Chamber, the leading minds of both parties are agreed. Again, therefore, we arrive at the only matter really in dispute: the priority of one of these operations over the other; and this must be settled by the coming election.

* * *

On the face of it, the procedure adopted by Mr. Asquith appears to us to be so reasonable as scarcely to fail to impress itself as such. Mr. Balfour urged at Nottingham on Thursday that the consideration of powers first would involve the indefinite postponement of the question of composition; and he pleaded for a large and comprehensive scheme that should include the definitions of powers and composition in a single act. That also is a point of view and worth attention; but we must never forget that the reaction of an agreed composition might seriously militate against a genuine restriction of powers. If, for example, it should be agreed in such an inclusive scheme that the composition of the Second Chamber should include persons elected and selected from the very ripest minds of the nation, the tendency of public opinion would be immediately to equip that body with the very fullest powers; they would, in fact, be liable in the first sentimental rush of enthusiasm to endow such an attractive Chamber with an absolute veto and every other weapon of control over the Commons; to their own later undoing, as we have pointed out, but nevertheless in a real feeling of confidence. Nobody who has had experience of the appointment of special committees but has realised the wisdom of the general rule that gives precedence to the limitation of its powers and scope over the appointment of its actual members. In this way persons are elected very properly to discharge functions; not functions determined according to persons. And the same consideration applies, we think, to the constitutional dispute now in question. Let us define the powers to be exercised by a Second Chamber, and then proceed to compose the Second Chamber to exercise them.

* * *

It will now begin to be seen, we hope, what were the real significance and scope of the recent Confer-

ence. Mr. Belloc has maintained that the Conference had it in its power to put an end to the party system of politics by frankly uniting both benches in the joint work of re-shaping the Constitution. So indeed it apparently had; and if, as we expected, the party system was not so easily abolished, the blame must not be laid, as Mr. Belloc appears to lay it, at the doors of the Conference itself. We would go even rather further and make the suggestion that in sober fact the Conference will prove sooner or later to have actually ended the party system; or, at least, to have set in motion the forces and ideas that will destroy it. Why do we say this? In the first place it must never be forgotten that the Conference met for discussion no less than on twenty-one occasions, occupying altogether some fifty or so hours. It is scarcely conceivable out of Bedlam that the meeting of the Eight (including one Premier, one ex-Premier, and two prospective Premiers) attained its legal majority without disposing political events for a long time to come if not visibly for the immediate present. Secondly, it is plain, as we have shown above, that the final subject of division was, from the point of view of the Conference itself, a trifle; only as it happened, a trifle which the partisans outside the Conference chose for the moment to make decisive. Thirdly, it is to be remarked that by no single member of the Conference nor even by any important politician likely to be in its confidence has either the present Conference itself been written down a complete failure and discredited or the re-formation of a Conference, perhaps on a larger scale, dismissed as impracticable, undesirable, or improbable. Lastly, it cannot fail to have been realised by the members of the Conference that if, as was actually the case, their agreement on all points was rendered nugatory by the remnants of pugnacious partisanship outside, the only course open was to give partisanship free rein for this election, in the certainty that it would finally discredit itself (with Mr. Garvin as its fitting leader), and, moreover, leave the situation, after the General Election, in such a configuration that nothing short of a General Conference or Settlement by Agreement could possibly be dictated. In this event, discredited partisans could safely be thrust aside and the Conference could resume in one form or another with the practical certainty of this time coming to a fruitful conclusion.

* * *

These are only some of the considerations which lead us to conclude that the doom of the party system, as we know it, was actually decided at the recent Conference. Our readers will, if they examine the evidence with care, discover more, and perhaps even more unmistakable indications, of which, we may suggest, the agreement to institute Payment of Members and thereby to encourage the return of independent members, is not least. Still another is, however, rather too remote a consideration to be taken into practical account, yet we will mention it: it is the probability, if not the certainty, that on the establishment of a Second Chamber, especially of a popular character, the First Chamber would need all its cohesion and confederate intelligence to cope with it on an intellectual plane. This would, if we mistake not, facilitate still further the decline of party. On all grounds, in fact, that we can discern, the roots of party in the current sense are being or are about to be loosened. There will still remain the need as well as the rule of combinations of men joined together by a common point of view and for particular purposes and dissolving when these are accomplished; but the present demarcations, so irrational, so nebulous in theory, so gross in fact, will happily pass away. Not until they do, in fact, will be possible to do what all sensible people desire, namely, place not only the Army, Navy, and Foreign Affairs above party, but every other subject of legislation as well.

* * *

We have certainly not written electioneering notes, nor shall we attempt to do so during the campaign.

For all that, the balance of hope appears to us to lie in the return of the Liberals. It is, as Lord Crewe justly observed, the duty of the Liberal Party to initiate in regard to the coming changes, if not to determine in detail; and while the disparity of brains between the two parties is what it is, we have no doubt whatever that the country would be wise in trusting itself to the Liberal Party rather than to the disunited Unionists. Moreover, it will be of the first importance that in the constitution of the Conference or rather Convention or perhaps simply Committee of the whole House, the leadership in the matter of the Agenda as well as in the resolutions to be carried, should remain Liberal. We could, if it were worth while at this moment, indicate pretty accurately the subjects which must be discussed in public as well as in the Convention or Committee when it meets. They have already been adumbrated and hinted at in the recent penumbra of discussion which the late Conference cast: Federalism, Imperialism, Colonial representation, Devolution, and so on and so on. All these, it is certain, will be revived within a few months of the return of the present Government. But the fiercest discussions will turn not, as we think, on these, still less on the mere question of the veto of the House of Lords, but on the more difficult question of the composition of the Second Chamber. We invite our readers in the intervals of electioneering to reflect on the problem.

R*** B*** ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Let them all go! You saw the other day
Walking along Whitehall just such an one:
Tall hat—black coat—gloves—gold-topped cane and all.
You said at once, "There goes a man of parts,
Fit to rule men—to give the aye and no
To popular demands." You thought perhaps
He hid the statesman in him well, behind
The full complacent lips, the chin's incline
—He'd better grow a beard.

Well, yes, I grant
He *ought* to know the interests of the land,
Owning more of it than most men can do;
But what of that? Why, when all's said and done
We're made of flesh and blood, not coal or clay
Whatever priests may teach. The *man's* the thing—

He represents some thousand roods of land,
And I, you take me, just so many men,
Who, owning not a hand's breadth of the soil,
May yet desire to have their children taught
This way or that—or neither way perchance.
Well, who's the fitter man to make the law?
He, with his acres and his pedigree
(Adam or monkeys—I can claim as much)
Or I, the delegate of common men
Who have to keep the laws their rulers make?
He's more removed perhaps from party strife,
Can give his judgment calmly, unassailed
By popular caprice. Why, so he may;
But show me first his judgment's worth more heed
Than yours or mine, or this man's, passing us—
Did he inherit wisdom from his sire?
I had a father, too—as shrewd a man
As you would find on this side of the Tweed,
And yet I hope you would not give *me* power
To negative the popular demand;
I'd use it!

But we'll grant the father's wit
Lives in the son—heir both to brains and land—
"I hereby, in the sight of such an one,
Give and bequeath my foresight, judgment, brains
Unto my son . . ." and so on to the end.
Under which guarantee we set him up,
Not to *make* laws alone, but to forbid
Our legislation an he like it not,
Assuming that his father's legacy
Gave him not only brains—a meagre gift—
But ripe experience both of men and things:
Made him a statesman by inheritance.
Well! I'll believe it when he acts like one!

Meantime I'd have them learn their trade like men.
So many years apprenticed, if you will,
Master of some one detail of their craft
—Or leave their work to better men than they.
Let's have our work done well, not tinkered at;
Expert—but here's my train.

Good-night to you!

G. D. S.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

IRONY has recently been brought into some little prominence in this review, and, although the experiment of my esteemed colleague, Jacob Tonson, was misinterpreted, I beg to submit another sample which I take from a wholly unexpected source. I have never given Messrs. Cadbury much credit for witty sarcasm, but I suppose I must now revise my opinion. Writing to the Portuguese Minister of Marine and Colonies on October 13 regarding the slave trade, Cadbury Bros. conclude thus: "The Portuguese Republic has adopted the noble idea of justice and freedom to all its subjects at home and abroad, and we sincerely desire that you may have God's help in carrying out the work to which you have set your hands."

* * *

The sentence may be a bit shaky, and I am not at all sure that an idea can be adopted; but that may pass. It may be recalled that if there is one characteristic which distinguishes the members of the present Portuguese Cabinet, individually or collectively, more than another, it is their indifference towards the Deity. Braga himself represented his followers in a thoroughly typical fashion when he attended the meeting of Free-thinkers held at Lisbon on October 13, the anniversary of Ferrer's execution. For Messrs. Cadbury to encourage the Portuguese Cabinet by expressing the hope that their labours may be aided from a Divine source is, therefore, a particularly subtle stroke of irony, and one that should not be spoiled by any further comment of mine. We may perhaps be stretching the meaning of the word "irony" a little; but this thing is too good to be overlooked.

* * *

A striking incident in last week's foreign events was the appearance of one of the Brothers Mannesmann at Madrid, and his interview there with the Spanish company which is interested in the Riff mines. The Mannesmanns, whose name was on the lips of every foreign editor in London some months ago, had almost been forgotten. Some time about 1908 they asserted that they had some claims upon a few mines in the Riff, and, when their claims were repudiated by the Moroccan and Spanish Governments, they pestered the German Foreign Office and the German newspapers with pamphlets about the ill-treatment which, as they alleged, had been meted out to them. Bülow was undecided about the matter; but Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the present Chancellor, thought that it would be better for international harmony if Messrs. Mannesmann were sat upon, so he arranged for this process to be carried out with due delicacy—a fact which was regarded at the time as a score against Germany by a combination of Powers which I need not specify.

* * *

However, the German Foreign Office did not give up hope, and an Imperial visit to Madrid was suggested to see how the land lay. In fact, it was semi-officially announced in the Berlin Press a few days ago that arrangements for it had been made; but Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, had "no knowledge" of it when questioned. I have been particularly interested, however, in one or two quotations from the Spanish papers which have been wired me. They think it highly desirable that Spain should cultivate good relations with an "expanding nation" like the German Empire. France, it is true, is a good friend, but . . . Great Britain is very sympathetic, but . . . In short, Spain wants to be backed up in Morocco by a country with a good land force, in case Spanish and French policy in the land of the Moors should not exactly coincide; and the patient Teuton now sees an opportunity of securing a foothold on the Mediterranean coast. Alas, España, my almost

adopted country! Germany is willing to assist you, but contemno Germanos et dona ferentes.

* * *

Apropos of the expanding tendency of the United States, which I alluded to some weeks ago, I would direct the attention of the curious to the news to hand regarding the discovery of the plans for a Mexican revolution. Recollect, firstly, that Porfirio Diaz has held the country together in an almost miraculous fashion for years, and, secondly, that he is an octogenarian. More than once diplomatists have asked themselves the question: What is going to happen in Mexico after the death of its President? The Mexicans are naturally of a somewhat turbulent disposition, and they detest their neighbours on the north. On the other hand, Mexico would be a very useful slice of territory for certain American business men to exploit, and advantage will be taken of a period of unrest to do a little more annexing.

* * *

It is rather noteworthy that, in European diplomatic circles at the present time, it is taken for granted that American money is at the bottom of the mad organising of a small body of Mexicans to "invade" Texas. It is a matter of common knowledge now that pushing Americans stirred up unrest in Cuba, and that, although the island is now under nominal self-government, the authorities at Washington have many important "claims" if certain "events" should "arise." United States money stirred up trouble in Columbia and Panama, and a consequent feeling of distrust has been excited in South America against the great "Democratic" (in theory) Republic of the north. The wise-ones say that Mexico will be annexed by the United States within a quarter of a century. I am inclined to think that the United States will find an excuse for quarrelling with the country, will conquer it, and grant it nominal self-government within an even shorter period—say a decade.

* * *

On Thursday last the Persian Foreign Minister sent a Note to the Russian representative at Teheran, and incidentally protested against the continued presence of Cossacks in the north of Persia. The Note was returned by the Russian Minister with the curt intimation that no further protests against the Russian troops in Persia would be considered. As no clear explanation of this haughty attitude has yet been given in the Press, I may as well mention why it has been adopted. It simply means that M. Sasonoff, the new Russian Foreign Secretary, came to an arrangement regarding Persia with the German authorities when he visited the Kaiser in company with the Tsar not long ago. German intervention in Persia, particularly the north of Persia, is suspended for the present, and the Russians are actual masters in their own sphere of influence. I feel sure that even the political crisis at home has not prevented Sir E. Grey from devoting a certain amount of attention to the British sphere in the South.

* * *

At this interview between M. Sasonoff and the Kaiser, however, Austrian matters came in for some discussion. It should be stated that, at this interview, Germany was about as anxious to come to terms with Russia, for the purpose of having a friendly Power on her flank, as Russia was desirous of coming to terms with Germany for the same reason. Neither the Tsar nor M. Sasonoff, however, would hear of any arrangement until it was made clear that Count von Aehrenthal should resign the Austrian Foreign Secretaryship as soon as this could be conveniently arranged. At the time of the Balkan crisis, it may be remembered, the Count endeavoured to the utmost of his power to humiliate Russia and to lower her prestige in the Near East, a fact which the retentive Slav memory will not forget in a hurry. A glance at the papers last week showed me that the Austrian Foreign Minister, owing to his long spell of hard work, was not feeling well, and that he wanted a rest. No doubt he will soon have an opportunity of recuperating at leisure.

Bankrupt Turkey.

By Allen Upward

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

III.—Constitutional Turkey.

At the present moment the Turkish empire is being ruled by martial law under the direction of a secret society of young officers, which reveals itself in public in the guise of a political club, the Committee of Union and Progress. Who is the Robespierre of this all-powerful conclave has not yet been made apparent. It is really an anonymous despotism, and in dealing with this extraordinary government one looks in vain for the responsible head.

"Where is the centre of authority? Is it in Saloniki? We do not know." Such was the confession made to the writer by one of the most experienced diplomatists in Constantinople.

The Grand Vizier is changed every few months, the other Ministers every few weeks, the Prefect of Constantinople every few days; the Sultan, perhaps, will be changed next year. In the meanwhile none of these functionaries seems to possess any real power. It is a procession of shadows—the Hamidian régime without Abdul Hamid.

What, then, has become of the constitution so triumphantly extorted from the ex-Sultan? It has been trampled under foot by the very men who pretended to desire it so much.

The moment the first elections to the Parliament were held, it became evident that their result would be to give the Christians a powerful, if not a predominant, voice in the government of the "Ottoman nation." Either the Christians were more numerous than the Muslims, or their superior intelligence and education enabled them to take better advantage of the franchise. As soon as this was perceived, the elections were everywhere quashed. The legally chosen deputies were set aside, the Young Turks appointed a majority of their own followers, and the Christians were insolently ordered to content themselves with nominating a small number of representatives, approved of by their tyrants. It was liberty à la Turque.

By way of excuse for these proceedings, it is pretended that the Young Turks were obliged to consider the prejudices of the old Turks. A Parliament containing too many Christians, so it is said, would have provoked a counter-revolution. So, therefore, in order to prevent the old Turks from disobeying the Constitution, the Young Turks were obliged to destroy it themselves.

All that would sound more plausible if the Parliament, when it met, had been allowed to exercise any real authority. But that has not been the case. This Parliament is merely a toy to amuse Europe, and gain for the Turks the goodwill of the Liberals of France and England. It sits and talks, and in the end registers the decrees of the anonymous Robespierres. Under its shield the European Powers are defied, and the provinces are oppressed with greater impunity than ever. If the Embassies complain, they are told: "You have no longer any right to interfere with us. We are a constitutional country."

In this constitutional country, the very capital is permanently in a state of siege, newspapers are continually suspended, Liberal editors are murdered in the streets by order of the Committee, and outrages are permitted all over that region which was being with-

drawn from the control of Abdul Hamid by the European Powers.

The Constitution is a hypocrisy. Its effect has been, not to bestow liberty on the Christians, but to deprive them of the protection formerly afforded by the action of the Christian Powers.

Under its ægis such liberties as the Christians always enjoyed are being threatened and attacked. Already the Patriarchate has been called upon to give up its privileges, and the Greek communities to close the schools which they maintain out of their own funds.

The name of Patmos should possess interest for Christian ears outside the Ottoman borders. The group of rocky islets of which it forms one is the seat of a tiny population which gains its subsistence by fishing for sponges off the coast of Africa. When the Turks were engaged in the siege of Rhodes, these islanders were promised immunities in exchange for their neutrality; and during the centuries that have followed, that promise has been respected by the most despotic of the Sultans. The islanders have been as free as any population in the world, enjoying their own laws and their own elected magistrates, their only tax an annual tribute of sponges. To-day, those immemorial privileges have been harshly revoked. The Ottoman tax-gatherer and the Ottoman governor have descended on Patmos, and the miserable inhabitants are preparing to forsake their homes and flee from the blessings of "Constitutional" government.

What is happening on Patmos is a sample of what is happening all over the empire. In all Turkey to-day it would be difficult to find a Christian who does not regret the days of Abdul Hamid.

The comedy of Constitutional Turkey being played out, it is not difficult to see what must follow.

For the last hundred years the break-up of the Turkish empire has been arrested, like that of M. Valdemar in Poe's tale, by an artificial force, that of the European Concert. The revolt of the Young Turks, being a revolt against the European protectorate, is therefore the beginning of the end.

From the first moment this has been perceived by the statesmen of Germany, who are not in the habit of letting themselves be hoodwinked by false and foolish cant. They have taken their measures accordingly. The European protectorate is to be replaced by a German protectorate, at the outset disguised as an alliance. Already the German Ambassador at Constantinople enjoys an authority which daily approximates more closely to that of the British Consul-General at Cairo. Government contracts are given or withdrawn at his pleasure. While I was in Constantinople a railway concession granted to an American syndicate was annulled at the bidding of Germany. An order for warships to an English group was cancelled, and two obsolete German vessels purchased instead. The arguments employed by Berlin are not entirely sentimental. Practically every Turkish newspaper of any influence enjoys a German subsidy. The Kaiser has long enjoyed the reputation among the Muslim populace of being a follower of Mohammed. Everything points to the early admission of Turkey into the Triple Alliance, and she can only enter it as a vassal.

In this diplomatic strategy Germany seems to use Austria as a pawn, pushing her on when it is necessary to intimidate the Turks, and holding her back when it is desired to propitiate them. But Turkey is falling downstairs too fast for the process to be prolonged. The new wine has been put into the old bottles, with the result pointed out in scripture. The revolution of 1908 was one shock to the rotten fabric, and the counter-revolution which is preparing for 1911 will be another.

The political bankruptcy of Turkey will be precipitated by her financial bankruptcy.

The Counsel of a Mugwump.

By Cecil Chesterton.

It seems a General Election is once more upon us. The issues at this election in some respects are doubtless more than usually confused. The proceedings of the secret Conference of the eight professional politicians to whom the Government saw fit to refer the re-drafting of the British Constitution have been carefully concealed from the public, and we do not even know upon what question these gentlemen failed to agree. The Ministerial Bill dealing with the subject is apparently not to be submitted to either Lords or Commons, so that no one who votes at the coming election on the House of Lords issue will have the faintest idea of what he is voting for or against. The electioneering speeches of Ministers are not likely to help matters, for if "We will not take office, neither will we retain office unless we have guarantees" can mean: "We will take office and we will retain office for a year without having a shadow of a guarantee," it is not easy to see what pledge Mr. Asquith can now give more specific than that which he has already so freely interpreted. The Irish Question is in a state of almost equal confusion. The Conservatives, after flirting with Home Rule for months, are now busily attempting a belated Irish scare, while the Liberals do not seem to know whether their slate has or has not been cleaned since 1892. No promise can be extracted from the Ministers as to the reversal of the Osborne judgment, while the Opposition are all at sixes and sevens on the subject of Payment of Members. There is, however, one great vital issue before the country, and wise, level-headed, patriotic British electors will see that no side issue (such as Socialism, Unemployment, or the Defence of the Empire) is allowed to obscure it.

The question upon which the Voice of the People has to speak in decisive tones is this: Shall the £140,000 odd divided annually among our professional politicians continue to be shared between Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Crewe, Mr. Burns, and their relatives, private secretaries, and dependents, or is it time that Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cawdor, and their relatives, private secretaries, and dependents had their turn of office and its emoluments? That is the question to be decided, and its decision will doubtless create a popular excitement surpassing that produced by the Boat Race and only comparable to that which rages round a really exciting Derby.

Nevertheless, there are some people so hard of heart (or of head) that they fail to see the portentous national importance of the question. It is with the attitude of these towards the approaching General Election that I wish to deal. To the politicians themselves I will only remark that they are quite wise to make their money while they can, before the "rotativist" system becomes as generally odious in England as it became in Portugal. To the dupes of the politicians who do not know that they are dupes, I can only commend my previous articles in *THE NEW AGE*, or, still better, the incisive satires and exposures of Mr. Belloc. To the dupes who know that they are dupes and rather enjoy it (a not inconsiderable class), I have nothing to say except that they could get as much excitement with much less injury to their country out of horse-racing or auction bridge, or even limerick competitions.

But the few who know or guess the truth about British politics, who perceive the foul corruption which is soaking and rotting it, who know that nothing can be done to make England a happy and decently governed country until the Augean Stables of Westminster are cleansed—how should they act when confronted with a Parliamentary Election?

Of course, the problem is much simplified if there is in the field a candidate who is himself an enemy of

the Party System. Every independent Socialist is necessarily such (though I fear one cannot confidently say that every Labourite is), and if we have the good fortune to have such a candidate the right course is obviously to vote for him and work for him to the very utmost of our ability. For myself, Socialist as I am, I would not confine my support to Socialists. If I had a vote for South Salford I should certainly give it to Mr. Belloc, and I should do my best to persuade my neighbours to do the same. I would even vote for men in whom I have much less confidence than I have in Mr. Belloc if they were likely to be a nuisance to the party managers. Another case in which I think a vote may legitimately be given for a party candidate is where his opponent has been guilty of some more than usually flagrant act of political treachery. For instance, I do not know who is Mr. Masterman's opponent at North West Ham, but, whoever he is, I should vote for him, because I think that such gross betrayal of the workers as Mr. Masterman's should be punished, and punished in the way in which Mr. Masterman would feel it most, by electoral defeat and the consequent loss of his chances of further promotion and profit.

But in most constituencies we shall find ourselves confronted with two candidates between whom there is not a pin to choose save that they wear different liveries. In such a case what should we do? First of all, we should, of course, vote for neither. "By no act or furtherance of mine," as Carlyle said, "shall either Rigmarole or Dolittle go and make laws for England." To abstain is at least to keep our own hands clean and our consciences clear. To vote, on the other hand, and still more to work or speak for a party hack is to encourage our fellow-citizens in the delusion which bids fair to be their ruin. It is no good preaching Temperance day after day if when the man is drunk you bring him fresh supplies of gin. And it is no good telling the dupes of the politicians month after month that the Party System is hollow and rotten, if at the very moment when they most need to be reminded of its hollowness and rottenness you act and advise them to act as if it were a reality. Even if there were the slight difference between one party and the other which some Socialists profess to perceive, the victory of the slightly less objectionable gang would be dearly purchased at the cost of confirming waverers, who are beginning to suspect the politicians, in their old allegiance. Therefore, as far as voting is concerned, the policy indicated in such cases is one of abstention.

But abstention, it will be said, is not a policy, but the absence of a policy. Is there no positive way in which Democrats can make use of the opportunities which a General Election affords?

I think it must be admitted that election time is a bad time for public meetings and street-corner speaking unless you have a candidate to support. When there is such a candidate in the field, of course, it is the best opportunity for propaganda that we ever get. I can only hope that in such propaganda Socialist candidates will give much greater prominence to the hypocrisy and corruption of "rotativist" politics than they have done in the past. I am quite confident that a thorough ventilation of this subject would attract many who are not yet prepared to listen to Socialism. But, at the moment, I am speaking of constituencies where no Socialist candidate is available.

One weapon which the voter can use at election times with great effect is the right of heckling. He can attend public meetings and ask any question he likes of either candidates. In this way scandals can be exposed to view which can hardly be ventilated in any other way. Such matters, for instance, as the political scandals connected with the Guest family, the East Dorset election petition, the peerage bestowed on Lord Ashby St. Leger (Lord Wimborne's eldest son), and other details, could be made the subject of an excellent series of nicely irritating questions for Liberal candidates. Whether such questions are

answered or not matters very little. The seed has been sown and here and there an enthusiastic elector will go out of the room a shade less enthusiastic than he came in.

Again, every candidate should be asked whether he has received or is receiving anything from the secret party funds and whether he is willing to disclose the source of all the money he is spending at the election. Also, he should be asked if he will vote for making all political payments public. It is astonishing how many people are ignorant of the very existence of these secret funds and secret payments and with how considerable a shock many people learn that such things really exist.

But I am not at all sure that conversation is not the best method of propaganda at election times. At those times everybody is talking about politics. In every drawing room or smoking room, in every tea-shop or public house that you enter you will find men discussing the merits of rival candidates and rival parties. Clerks are doing the same in their offices and workmen in their factories. A single person setting himself to work on all such occasions to damp the heated excitement of his fellows by recalling past scandals and disappointments can, as I can personally testify, produce a very marked effect. His remarks may at the moment evoke nothing but virtuous indignation from the partisans. But they often sink into the mind and bear fruit. Thus, for instance, when a man is first told that peerages are bought and sold like butter, he will often indignantly deny it (at any rate as far as his own party is concerned), but he remembers it. And when the next Honours List comes out, he looks—and wonders!

Of course, all this is a secondary policy. Our first duty is to get three or four thoroughly independent men in the House.

Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

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IX.—Alfred Capus.

CAPUS is, perhaps, the most representative of the Parisian dramatists of to-day. The first impression which his art gives is one of weary superficiality. Later, one perceives that the superficiality goes into the depths of his temperament; that it is the deliberate expression of a personal conviction. The weariness remains; but his characters cease to be merely puppets manipulated upon the surface of life for the sake of effect, and become the emblems of a philosophy. Capus seeks truth, and he finds a civilisation of lies. An enervated, decadent civilisation, moreover, peopled with tired metropolitans. He does not attack it. Violence is not in his line. Instead, he smiles with ironical good nature, and sits down to portray it to the life. His plays are the last word in sophistication. They are the work of an agreeable weakling. They symbolise the Gallic hands outstretched in a deprecatory gesture, the Gallic eyebrows raised. In the grim wrestle of the *Lebenskampf*, the battle of existence, Capus has no part. Why should one perspire in the effort to attain the unattainable? That may be left to the Germans. Capus provides a little curtailed side-show of his own; an exhibition of graceful sword-play worthy of the traditions of his country. The rapiers are buttoned. If by chance a button should slip, and one of the combatants be wounded, he smiles again with a shrug of the shoulders, as who should say "A pity, but it cannot be helped. These little accidents will happen occasionally. Kindly keep your seats. I detest scenes."

He ignores politics, class differences and sociology, except as subjects for good-humoured ridicule. He is never "sociale." Why should he be? His types belong to a society where all institutions are in the melting-pot, all moralities exploded, all religions ignored. They are amiable egoists. At the end of

an age of notes of interrogation, they have come to a full stop. Henceforth they will do as they please. They look about them, and discover nothing but a chaos of fatalism, broken idols, discredited codes of honour, new hypocrisies for old. They are bored. They stretch themselves and yawn. Life remains, but where is drama to be found? They look a little more closely. Sex still exists. A dangerous theme, this, to be treated politely and dispassionately; for no other treatment can be adapted to the drama of the fencing-match. Perhaps, after all, the aphorists of the past three centuries have not said the last word upon the subject of women? A phrase is added here and there; a latter-day epigram of this latter-day philosopher (the word comes stammeringly). Then the most piquant find of all; the re-discovery of the old views of life, the worn-out moralities, the long since abandoned faiths. Here is the field where Capus is most subtly effective. If vice bores you, he suggests, try virtue. You will find it quite fresh and charming, like an ice after too much wine at dinner. If mistresses bore you, there is nothing simpler than marriage and respectability. If you have had enough of free thought, try a dose of religion. If you are tired of lying, why not begin telling the truth? It will be a new sensation, and new sensations are always worth a slight effort. Not a great effort, of course; nothing in the world is worth that. But just the exertion of will, say, that is necessary in order to rise at ten o'clock of a summer morning; the effort needed to turn over a leaf of a book that lies well within your reach.

Not that Capus definitely urges this or any other rule of life. He never preaches; he is much too politely tolerant. (Or too tired?) But his characters make such experiments—and there lies his comedy. His is an inexhaustible well of shallowness. He has emptiness enough to blow a thousand brilliant bubbles. Or again, strength enough to pull the trigger of a pop-gun. He regards life with the heavy eyes of a sophisticated child allowed to sit up too late. If they ever open wide, it is with a twinkle of mischief at the great joke of universal insincerity. There is no fear that France will put him to bed; his comments on the passing show are so amusing. He will no doubt continue to entertain the boulevards (and Mr. Walkley) for many years to come. Prince of the later Latins, builder of toy castles, master of the ceremonies at a lazy dance of the disillusioned. And yet, a seeker after truth in a world of shams. He has the will to power and the temperament of inertia.

Observe, in a dramatist-phenomenon such as this, the natural offspring of an unnatural age. Science, joined perforce to the Chaotic State of rich and poor, civilised and decivilised, free men and slaves, brings forth from time to time such bastard children. The nineteenth century compelled the union. Truth was wedded to a compromise. The old faiths and the old moralities crumbled, but their pretence remained. Property and marriage continued to do service for the children of the apes. Hence the Chaotic State made more chaotic; the pinnacled civilisation of the few sustained by a conspiracy.

Capus and his like are the result. He is entertained by the spectacle, and yet himself an entertainer. Truth, for him, no longer bears a flaming sword, but goes in motley with cap and bells to provide a new amusement for bored liars. Capus enters into the joke delightedly. Impotent before the drama of the passions or the realities of social war, he has within him the spirit of the eternal jester-ape. In the primeval forest he would be the first to mock at one of our mystical forbears who turned his face to the sun and worshipped; the first to tie a knot in the tails of a pair of monkey-lovers who had found romance. In a word, the first sceptic. He still mocks at the worshipper; he still ties the playful knot. This age, above all others, is suited to his humour. There is so much false obeisance; there are so many ill-assorted tails. The jester-ape fulfils his mission, and the boulevardians laugh.

I find that I have not discussed any of M. Capus' plays. It is unnecessary.

The "Kreutzer Sonata."*

By Alfred E. Randall.

IF, as the Preacher declared, "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh," the way of the reviewer must be both long and hard. It is. We transport our bodies from place to place with incredible speed; but our souls move slowly, and "Lives" are written in pedestrian prose. Here, for instance, is the second volume of Mr. Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy," a monumental book of 688 pages, with illustrations. By the courtesy of the publisher, I have the first volume; and when I glance at the 1152 pages of the two volumes, including appendices and indices, I groan, like Polonius, "This is too long." If I could imagine Mr. Maude playing Hamlet to my Polonius, I should hear the retort: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:" without offence. I certainly prefer Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata to that of Leo Tolstoy, and, in a cadence of choice, the novel to Mr. Maude's chapter on "The Sex Question."

Mr. Maude has packed a lot into the second volume that might well be published separately with the title: "What I Believe," by Aylmer Maude. He actually differs from the teaching of his hero, says that it is impracticable, and I know not what. Like Paul writing to the Galatians, he tells us that when he met Tchertkof (who was, so to speak, an apostle of the circumcision) he withstood him to the face; in fact, they don't speak to one another now. The chapter on "The Doukhobors" seems unnecessary, as they were followers of Peter Verigin, not of Tolstoy; moreover, Mr. Maude has already written a book about them. I find Mr. Maude's constant reference to his own translations and other works offensive; it may be business-like to decry the work of other writers, but it is not biography. But I must not multiply my objections, or I shall forget the "Kreutzer Sonata."

Mr. Maude says: "On this sex question, if you are going to give quite clear-cut advice, you can only say 'do' or 'don't.'" There is always the third course, not to offer advice that is not requested. "Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints," said St. Paul of this very question. The sex relation is so intimate, its emotional associations are so delicate and private, that only an impersonal discussion of it can be allowed. We cannot tolerate salacity, even in a saint; and if the man is not detached from his passions, if he cannot ignore sex and speak to the mind, he had better be silent on this subject. Tolstoy will not stand the test.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" was introduced to the world twenty-one years ago; appropriately enough, in the bed-chamber of Countess Tolstoy. I quote A. V. Singer's account from Mr. Maude's book:

M. A. Stahóvitch settles at a small table with two candles, and with an animated expression reads the introductory chapter; but when he reaches the plot he is taken aback, in the presence of young ladies, by the realism of the language. He stops.

"Countess, I cannot read it without omissions," says he. "I expected that," replies she. "The girls have no business to be here."

"Read on, read on," says Leo Nikoláyevitch, who is listening attentively, "but it will really be better to let the girls go away."

The young ladies depart, and the reading continues. The whole of this incident is interesting, not only for the admission by Tolstoy of the impropriety of his novel, but because my principal objection to it was made after the first reading. Somebody asked:

"Could you not have given us something positive?"

"Really?" said Leo Nikoláyevitch. "Tell you how well they lived, how they had children and grand-children, and how they died in the arms of their great-grandchildren? And produce a German fairy-tale, such as the thousands that have been written without teaching anybody anything?"

"In a work of art," added Leo Nikoláyevitch, "it is indispensable that the artist should give something new, and of his own. It is not how it is written that really

matters. People will read the Kreutzer Sonata and say, 'Ah! that is the way to write. . . . "They were travelling by train, and conversed. . . ."' The indispensable thing is to go beyond what others have done, to pick off even a very small fresh bit. But it won't do to be like my friend Fet, who at sixteen wrote, 'The spring bubbles, the moon shines, and she loves me'; and who went on writing and writing, and at sixty wrote, 'She loves me, and the spring bubbles, and the moon shines.'

There is a curious flaw in logic here. The "something new, and of his own" that Tolstoy gave us in the "Kreutzer Sonata" was simply the need of moral discipline, of sexual chastity, and that he got from the Sermon on the Mount. The young ladies, who were presumably chaste, should have been the best audience for his teaching; since he had only to confirm them in their habit to exemplify his ideal. But he was only preaching, not portraying, chastity in the "Kreutzer Sonata;" he could not give us that "something positive" that we wanted, for he knew nothing of his subject. In his treatment of erotomania and jealousy, he is "little better than one of the wicked." Shakespeare, himself, might have written everything but the ethics of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

The value of testimony is always determined by the knowledge of the witness, and moral teaching is properly judged by the character of the teacher. On the lips of Christ, who, although He kept bad company, preserved His purity, the teaching of chastity would have been peculiarly significant. His miraculous powers, and the *epiikeia* of which Matthew Arnold was so fond, would have been proof enough of its efficacy as discipline, and a demonstration of its positive advantages. But He never enjoined it on His followers, and His only dictum on the subject (Matt. 19, 12) ends with the words: "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." St. Paul, too, contemptuously tells those who cannot contain themselves, to marry; for, he says, "it is better to marry than to burn." But Tolstoy allows no such latitude. He cannot boast with St. Paul: "I would that all men were even as myself." He can only howl with Hamlet, "We will have no more marriages." Why? What are Tolstoy's qualifications, that he should presume to teach us morals? Of his early life, I say nothing; he has repented. Nor are his thirteen or fifteen children (Sergyeenko and his translator differ, and I cannot readily find the number in Mr. Maude's book) proof of anything but the fertility of his wife. But when he was nearly seventy, he said to Mr. Maude: "I was myself a husband last night, but that is no reason for abandoning the struggle; God may grant me not to be so again." Mr. Maude says that in 1882, seven years before the "Kreutzer Sonata" was written, and fourteen years before this admission was made, "Tolstoy was rapidly becoming a saint!" The spectacle of this saint struggling with the sex passion at the age of seventy is enough to make the angels weep; unless they remember Isaiah's "he that believeth shall not make haste," and smile. If we ask him what he knows of chastity, he can only answer "Nothing." He cannot even tell us, as Nietzsche did, of its value to the artist as an economy of vital power, and an aid to concentration. From this point of view his own work is against him. Everybody remembers how Tourgénéf praised his work up to "Anna Karenina," and Matthew Arnold gave this book his dignified approval. But his essay concludes, after noticing "Ma Confession," "Ma Religion," and "Que Faire," with the judgment, "So I arrive at the conclusion that Count Tolstoy has, perhaps, not done well in abandoning the work of the poet and artist, and that he might with advantage return to it." I regret that neither of these critics lived to see the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the rest of the pious rubbish that Tolstoy has produced whilst "struggling" towards chastity. I can only offer Mr. Maude's opinion against my own. Tourgénéf's last adjuration to Tolstoy was, "My friend, return to literary activity!" Mr. Maude makes a curious reply to this. "If it were possible, to-day, to destroy and wipe out from memory the series of Tolstoy's works from 'Confession,' (1879) to 'I Cannot be Silent,' (1908) it is safe to say that the interest the

* "The Life of Tolstoy." Vol. II. By Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

world feels in him would be but a fraction of what it is. The problems of life he has faced, the guidance for life he has offered, the fact that—artist to his finger-tips—there yet were things for which he was ready to forego his art, are what has most profoundly stirred the interest, and secured the love, of multitudes of men and women. Tourgénéf neither foresaw the great literary achievements of Tolstoy's later years, nor realised that until Tolstoy had made up his mind about religion, it was impossible for him to return to art." I can agree with Tourgénéf that "The Cossacks" and "War and Peace" are the work of a master; I can agree with Matthew Arnold that "Anna Karenina" is more interesting than Tolstoy's writings on religion and the Christian life that were then published. But I cannot agree with Mr. Maude that Tolstoy's work since then is a great literary achievement. First, Mr. Maude's style does not impress me with any reverence for his judgment of literature, and I cannot accept his ruling as I could that of Matthew Arnold. Further, Mr. Maude's reasons are those of a preacher, not of a literary critic. He does not judge the later work as art, but as dogma, much of which he rejects. So we may say that Tolstoy's best work was done while he was untroubled about chastity, and that he became beloved of the multitude when he exchanged confidences on the sex question. Tolstoy can only offer us precept, not example, on the subject of chastity; and how does he recommend it to us? By showing us the beauty of innocence, the power of purity, and the serenity of soul that, in the person of the mystics, make virtue alluring? He offers us a pathological study of an erotomaniac, and, with voluptuous disgust, details the symptoms of the disease. He tries to shock us into virtue with an aphrodisiac; with a book that was rejected by the United States as "indecent literature," and which he tacitly admitted, at the first reading, would defile an innocent mind. It was not a passion for purity that inspired the "Kreutzer Sonata"; it was a prurient curiosity, a curiosity that manifested itself in his conversion. Raévsky, an old friend, returned home after an interview with Tolstoy, and exclaimed, "What questions that scoundrel puts! He asks about one's relations with one's own wife." Mr. Maude says that "Tolstoy, especially while he was working at the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' was always ready to question every one about their personal experiences in these matters." I must quote one more instance, because it shows that Tolstoy was certainly not sane on this subject. "On one occasion, having heard that a young man was engaged to be married, Tolstoy called to him in an agitated voice from the other side of the partition. In reply, the young man wished to come to Tolstoy, but the latter stopped him, saying: 'Remain there, and tell me, if you can, have you ever known a woman?' 'Not yet,' replied the young man simply, and heard sobs from behind the partition."

I am not concerned here to discuss the ethics of the sex question, because I do not regard it as an ethical but a moral question. Morality is a mode of personal discipline, and the value of a particular moral restraint can only be demonstrated by the man who has imposed it on himself. Tolstoy is peculiarly fitted to write of immorality, of the evils of immorality, if one likes; but he has neither the personal experience, the clean mind, or the purpose that demands purity as a condition of its fulfilling, to qualify him as a teacher of morals. The best that Mr. Maude can say is, "Assuming his extreme view to be correct, his position would be parallel to that of the drunkard who had won his way to a state of semi-self-control alternating with periods of inebriety. Would not such a man be justified in testifying to his belief that the use of intoxicants is harmful? And might he not, without being considered a hypocrite, declare that the police ought not to allow whisky to be seen in public places?" The parallel is peculiarly apt, and I answer that Tolstoy can say that the sex instinct is harmful, if he likes, but he cannot testify to the value of chastity. To the second question I answer that he can declare what he pleases, but we cannot accept as dogmas necessary to our salvation the ravings of an erotomaniac. The "saints shall judge

the world," said St. Paul; but if they can judge no better than Count Tolstoy, I doubt if their judgments will be executed.

I hope, in later articles, to deal with Tolstoy's dicta on art and religion. I should have had nothing to say if Tolstoy were treated as an artist, admired or detested according to taste. But he has inspired a cult: he has constructed a creed; and like a God, he dispenses judgments on the world. That the world may know the value of the judgments, it is necessary that it should know something of the man. Mr. Maude's biography is extremely valuable for this purpose.

[This series of articles was written before Tolstoy's last and fatal illness.—Ed. N.A.]

A Symposium on Crime and Insanity.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

IN view of the growing opinion that the criminal is mentally diseased, and there are occasions when the scientist ought to be substituted for the judge, lawyer, tradesman, and other unscientific penal administrators, in the trial and treatment of criminals, the following questions have been put to eminent medical experts in lunacy:—

1. *Is crime in your opinion a manifestation of a pathological mental condition, due either to physical lesion, degeneration, lack of development, or to some other pre- or post-natal cause? And, if so, would you say that the criminal ought to be tried and treated strictly as a mental case?*
2. *Do you think that penal administrators—judges, magistrates, and members of the Bar—are fully competent to deal with the prisoner as "patient"? Ought they not to receive a special training in this direction, so as fully to understand and appreciate insanity in its relation to crime and the criminal?*
3. *Are you in favour of the employment of pathologists and medical experts in lunacy on all criminal cases, particularly murder cases?*
4. *Do you agree that juries should be constituted on more scientific lines than at present?*
5. *Would you suggest in view of the tendency of newspapers to influence and form public opinion with regard to criminal cases, and the harmful effect upon weak minds of the publication of highly sensational and unauthenticated details, the Press should be restricted in any way in reporting such cases?*
6. *Have you any criticisms or further suggestions?*

DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER, Consulting Physician British Hospital for Mental Disorders, President of the Ethnological Society, author of "Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease," etc.

Criminals may be divided into three classes:—(1) The typical professional criminal, (2) the accidental criminal, and (3) the criminal by mental disease. There certainly are criminals who are defective in structure and conformation of body and mind, those who, if not protected against themselves, must go wrong. There are criminals again who are more or less insane in the statutory sense, and are explained or excused by their insanities; but there are criminals also who, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been as great saints, as in the changes and chances of things they became great sinners. For assuredly the external factors and circumstances count for much in the causation of crime; time and chance happen to all men, and no criminal is really explicable except by a full and exact appreciation of his circumstances as well as his nature, and of their mutual interaction. There are criminals who could, if they liked, check their evil impulses, and there are others who cannot bridle them, though they have a desire to do so. Offspring of neurotics, epileptics, drunkards or thieves, who live in ignorance of good and amid the contagion of evil, have not the same choice of an honest life as the children of normal persons have. The reports of the Commissioners of Prisons bear out our view that a deplorable number of criminals are intellectually imbecile or weak-minded. Of course there are criminals with great intellectual powers, but these are the clever rogues, who know how to escape the law; in prison are only the failures.

The present legal procedure should be amended in the

direction of increased thoroughness of examination and inquiry into the antecedents of accused persons, prior to conviction, by impartial expert alienists. The purely medical aspect should be primarily ascertained, and the elaborate method supposing the prisoner to be sane should be done away with in a manner which deprives neither the judge nor the jury of their legitimate functions. It seems an injustice to the accused that the determination of his sanity and guilt should depend on such varying circumstances as the eloquence and other intellectual gifts of the prosecuting and defending counsels, and on the verdict of twelve jurymen profoundly ignorant of human nature in a state of disease, under which verdict all those concerned in the trial can take shelter.

Persons afflicted with epilepsy are particularly liable to criminal action, and irresponsibility or a diminished responsibility should in their case be admitted. The law should be so amended as to permit in all such cases of uncontrollable impulses, falling short of legal insanity, confinement in suitable asylums, subject, where expedient, to release on probation, with final discharge on cure. These reception houses should be for the observation and treatment of all doubtful cases, and the physician in charge should have to report to the judge the nature of the disease, and his opinion as to the full, or diminished, responsibility or complete irresponsibility of the accused. To each of our prisons and gaols an expert lunacy physician should be attached; thus it might be prevented that criminals from brain defects and diseases at the expiration of their sentences are discharged to mingle in the community and to reappear as criminals, having meanwhile perpetuated their kind and formed new foci of insanity and feeble-mindedness.

HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

I do not consider crime to be always evidence of a pathological condition, and I believe Lombroso to have rendered criminology ridiculous by his utterly anti-scientific methods of inquiry and popularisation.

I have always held and expressed the opinion that other Courts might properly follow the habitual practice of the Probate Court in Admiralty cases and call in the assistance of properly skilled assessors to instruct and advise in cases where special scientific and technical knowledge was required.

CHARLES MERCIER, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

1. In many cases crime is a manifestation of insanity or of weakness of mind; in many more cases it is not. If by a "mental case" is meant a case of mental disorder, I do not think a criminal ought to be treated by routine as a mental case. I consider the opinion that crime is always due to insanity is erroneous, and that if the treatment of criminals were based on it, the result would be disastrous.

2. I do not think lawyers are competent to treat prisoners as patients, and I think they would take a very wrong view of their functions if they attempted to do so. I see no more reason why lawyers should be alienists because they occasionally have to try insane criminals, than why they should be engineers because they sometimes have to try the validity of an engineering patent; or costermongers because they sometimes have to try whether a costermonger's barrow causes obstruction.

3. Decidedly not. The counsel engaged in the case are the best judges of the advisability of calling expert evidence; and when they want it they have no difficulty in obtaining it.

4. I do not know what is meant by composing juries on scientific lines. I do not know what a scientific line is, nor how a jury can be composed on a line, scientific or other. The jury usually sits in three lines of four jurors in each; but whether the lines are unscientific, or what benefit would result from making them scientific, I am not competent to decide.

5. I think newspapers know their own business; and decent newspapers do not publish unauthenticated details. The publication of reports of trials is on the whole very beneficial. The Press exercises a discretion, and trials that ought not to be reported are not reported. It is to be remembered that publicity of the trial is part of the punishment of the crime, and not the least deterrent part.

6. I am of opinion that the manner in which trials are conducted in this country is on the whole, excellent. Under any human institution mistakes will be made; the criminal law and procedure of this country are so framed that when a mistake is made it is almost always made in favour of the prisoner.

After a prisoner is sentenced his mental soundness is always a matter of solicitude to the prison officials; and if he is found to be mentally defective, he receives special treatment.

I regard it as a pernicious and dangerous mistake to suppose that insane and weak-minded criminals ought never to be punished.

T. CLAYE SHAW, B.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.

1. In the majority of cases the commission of crime is due to a pathological condition chiefly of hereditary nature, but sometimes acquired. There are, however, persons who become criminals in whom no mental affection can be detected; they are persons of acute intellect, but who, finding themselves embarrassed by circumstances which threaten their social or personal status, fall from the strict line of duty in the hope of recuperating their losses or of recovering their position; then, failing in their efforts, they come under cognisance of the law. But these may be called "accidental criminals," and they are not very common. In the preponderating number of criminals some physical deterioration is at the root of the proceeding; either they are of the class termed "imbecile," which connotes incomplete or irregular mental disease and bodily development, or they suffer from diseases such as epilepsy or early stages of general paralysis, rickets, hysteria, syphilis, etc., or they have impaired the harmonic action of their faculties by alcohol, narcotics or other drugs, or they may have sustained an injury at some previous date.

To people experienced in the treatment of neuroses there is no doubt of the real existence of a "moral, or affective," insanity, in which form, though it may be difficult to detect any such alteration as would be indicated by delusions or hallucinations or incoherence, there is yet an inability by the criminal to recognise such principles as truth and honesty, the necessity for work, the duty of maintaining proper relations with the environment. These defects in the "moral nature" are really defects of intellect, for they are chiefly exhibited on the emotional side (such as cruelty, lying, selfishness) and psychologists rightly estimate the importance of "feeling" in all mental processes. Without "feeling" no act of will is possible, and the occurrence of alteration in the emotional state must profoundly affect the nature of the act willed, or in other words the power of inhibition, self-restraint, is materially affected.

Morality is a complex process; it represents the aggregate of complete functioning by healthy structure, and where it is found to be defective in quality or quantity there is strong ground for the suspicion of imperfection in some of the structures which subserve the perfection of this "complex."

It is at once apparent that the trial and the subsequent treatment of a criminal should be conducted with a due regard to these fundamental conditions above enunciated.

2. The penal administrators—judges, magistrates, and others, are there to administer the Law on the evidence before them. The existence of mental defect is a fact which ought to be set forth by medical evidence, and as the Law with regard to insanity is well known it seems that it is not necessary for the judge to be specially instructed in this vast subject, but that he should merely use his judicial function to see how far the medical evidence corresponds with the Law in the case under investigation.

Without doubt the present state of the Law on the criminal relations of responsibility is incomplete, and in many points unfair; but that does not affect the judge, who has to administer the Law as it is. It is the Law itself which requires emendation.

The little knowledge which lawyers now have in lunacy matters appears to me to lead frequently to irrelevant questions, and it is scarcely possible that their training in this particular can be made so complete as to entitle their opinion on the sanity of an individual to any particular value.

3. Some time ago I read a paper at the Medico-Legal Society (which was printed in the Transactions) on the necessity of expert evidence as to the state of mind of the prisoner in all murder trials. I proposed that in all murder trials there should be a medical expert in lunacy to sit as assessor with the judge, and that in every instance the state of mind of the accused should be examined before the trial, so as to avoid the incongruity of trying a man who was insane, of perhaps condemning him, and of then relieving him afterwards on the ground of insanity! It was objected by the late Mr. Justice Walton (who was president) that this plan would leave undetermined the question of the prisoner's guilt, but I contended that the question of sanity should be first settled, and that the ordinary proceeding should go on—thus doing away with any doubt as to the integrity of the mental state of the prisoner, and preventing the question being raised (as has happened) after the death-sentence has been passed. The judges being unacquainted with the intricacies of mental disease, the appointment of an assessor seems only right, and is akin to the practice of having nautical assessors in the Admiralty Court.

4. Juries cannot be expert in all things, and in murder (as in other) cases medical men do not serve on juries. Juries have to use ordinary intelligence on the evidence placed before them, and if they are rightly directed they ought not to fail in coming to a right conclusion on ques-

tions of established fact. It would be very satisfactory to a jury to have—in murder cases—the question of sanity settled by the assessor, who would be able to appraise the sometimes contradictory medical evidence brought forward by counsel.

5. In my opinion the reports of proceedings in murder and divorce cases should be "edited," and the present plan of presenting all lurid criminal evidence should be curtailed. It may not be considered advisable to prevent women attending murder trials, but they should be strongly urged not to go into the Court. The strong impression made on the female mind by the publication of reports of sensational murder cases is well known to men who have to deal with the insane. It usually takes from two to three months to show how deeply these harrowing details enter into the subconscious self of individuals. I now often see cases of insanity where elements of feeling and excitement enter, caused by the late sensational murder case, and where the delusions and hallucinations present are coloured and suggested by the reports given in the newspapers. To anyone who has studied the recent enunciation by Prof. Freud of "complexes" it is evident that these latent ideas and suggestions enter very intensively into the mental life of individuals, to an extent scarcely even appreciated by themselves, so that in conditions of mental excitement they force the subjects of these ingrained dispositions to a prominence of expression and action little contemplated or desired.

There are too many idle minds about—too many people who do little reading beyond the facile study of novels and daily newspapers. The interest they take in the sensational feeds their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless existence comes in the fact that the revenants of the loathsome experiences which are used to fill up the leisure of these unprofitable lives assert themselves afterwards when weakness and illness overtake them—too late, alas, to be overcome by a will which has become paralysed and degenerate by the cultivation of low-classed emotion.

6. Censorship of the Press would perhaps not be tolerated in this country as a general thing—in many interests the freedom of the Press has been, and is, fraught with great benefits, but an exception should be made in the publication of police court disclosures, and in the trials of causes already indicated. Much, of course, lies with the editors themselves; they are sorely tempted to publish exciting news which will "sell the paper," but the real remedy rests with the public itself, and until people realise the harm they do themselves by their indiscreet perusals there seems little hope of improvement.

DR. W. C. SULLIVAN (Medical Officer of Holloway Prison).

What do we mean when we talk of "criminals"? It is impossible to frame a definition of the word in purely biological terms. Try as we may, we must bring in the notion of legality; this is indeed the really essential element in the definition, for the one and only characteristic which is common to all the individuals which form the motley "criminal" group is precisely the illegality of their conduct. Now it is obviously somewhat difficult to give a biological rendering of illegality. How, for instance, are we to conceive of the criminal disposition that underlies thieving? For our present purpose a thief may perhaps be defined in general terms as an individual who satisfies his acquisitive instincts in ways not sanctioned by the community. The instinct therefore is normal in itself; whilst its expression, as violating the ethical code of the community, is criminal. But it is self-evident that behind this seeming unity of conduct the psychological mechanism may differ enormously in different thieves and in the same thief at different times.

It follows that before discussing criminals from the eugenic standpoint it is necessary to classify them psychologically, to split them up into groups defined by biological and not by sociological criteria. Until this has been done—and work on these lines has, unfortunately, hardly commenced—the inferences from such data of criminology as are really to our hand must be very vague and insecure.

Taking the available evidence then, for what it is worth, what does it tell us of the relative importance of nature and nurture in the evolution of the criminal? In considering this matter it is important to remember that when we talk of crime, and still more when we talk of professional crime, what we mean, though we do not always realise the fact, is ordinarily crime of acquisitiveness, which in this country accounts for some 90 per cent. of serious delinquency. So far, therefore, as the fundamental impulse is concerned, it is in nine criminal cases out of ten an impulse of normal character, an expression of active vitality. That, with a similar strength of this impulse one man should become a successful business man and another a successful burglar need not, it is obvious, depend on any innate difference of character and organisation; it may

quite as well be due to the action of the environment, it may be a result of the special social and economic conditions in the two cases; and in the absence of any proof that the burglar shows a relatively greater weakness of ethical feeling in other directions, this will appear to be much the more probable explanation. It is the view to which, I think, we are likely to incline when we take due account of the extreme complexity of the relation of environment to organisation in regard to facts of social conduct. The view which I wish to put forward is that, at all events in this country, criminal conduct is usually the outcome of the action of the environment on an organisation of normal aptitudes.

To put the argument in another form, I would say that crime is one of a group of bio-social phenomena which, as Dr. Mercier has aptly put it when speaking of insanity, are in mathematical terms functions of two variables—structure and stress. These two factors enter into the causation of every one of these phenomena, but in degrees which may differ very widely. In some of them we can recognise in a general way that structure is much the more important factor, and then we observe that the statistical movement of the phenomenon in question is relatively independent of those influences which I have called social and economic. In other phenomena of this group, on the contrary, stress appears to be the more important element, and then we find that the effect of these social and economic influences is very marked.

There is undoubtedly a section of delinquents, and very dangerous delinquents, too, who are congenitally defective, and who, by reason of their mental inferiority, are incapable of forming the higher and more complex associations which are involved in social conduct. This incapacity obviously implies a certain predisposition to crime, though not, of course, of the specific kind which is commonly understood when people talk of congenital criminality and of criminal heredity. In these delinquents, as has been pointed out by Dr. H. B. Donkin, who speaks on the question with exceptional authority, the relation of heredity is simply through mental defect: what may be inherited is not criminality but the incapacity to acquire the elements of good or social conduct, and this incapacity does not exist as an isolated condition but is merely one side of a general debility of mind. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to recognise that amongst the feeble-minded criminals there are many whose mental deficiency is expressed so predominantly in the sphere of impulse and feeling, and so slightly in that of thought, that they form a class of somewhat special character.

Parental intoxications are peculiarly apt to give rise in the offspring to conditions of arrested nervous development which are associated with a morbid instability appearing sometimes as epilepsy, sometimes as an impulsiveness similar in character to that of the epileptic. The adolescents who commit cold-blooded and brutal murders, the people who run amok after taking small doses of alcohol, the women who under the influence of the ordinary strains of life become so neurasthenic and thrown off their mental balance as to destroy their young children—all these, when not of insane or epileptic stock, will generally, I believe, be found to be the offspring of alcoholic parents.

To sum up, then, my view on this head: it is that we cannot speak of a special innate predisposition to crime except in connection with a small minority of offenders, and then only in a very loose sense as meaning that in certain cases of mental debility, impulsiveness and affective insensibility are so predominant, and the power of inhibition is so weak, that the individuals are more prone to criminal conduct than are other weak-minded persons. But, it will be observed, this is a mere phase of mental debility, it is a result of the interaction of the various faultily working processes in the defective brain, and not a simple elementary function having its definite cerebral organ and heritable in the same way as a character of pigmentation.

In substance my opinions amount to this. Criminals, looked at from the eugenic standpoint, cannot be put into any single category; some of them, probably most of them, are of average stock, and become criminal under the influence of their *milieu*; they do not directly interest the eugenicist. Some, again, are of bad, of degenerate stock; they form an artificial group inside the great pathological class of the feeble-minded, and will be reached by the same preventive measures. And, lastly, some are of good stock: and are endowed with native aptitudes which may be of high value to the community; these it behoves the eugenicist to rescue from the sterile career of crime, so that the energy and capacity which they apply to anti-social ends may be made both immediately and remotely profitable to the race.

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Unedited Opinions.

I.—On Progress.

You were saying the other day that aviation had no attraction for the race; what did you mean?

I meant that there is nothing original or romantic in it, nothing mysterious and attractively promising.

But how can you say that since it is plain that all the world has gone mad about it?

Oh, not so mad; and in any case it is merely a new sensation. There is no fluttering of the heart in it, and not a whisper to the soul. At bottom, we are all bored by it. Aviation turns out to be as vulgar and empty as railway travelling. Like the Emperor of Japan and his new religion we merely add aviation to our list of methods of locomotion; but in essence it is only a variation of an old method; it is not a new method.

But is there anything new in that sense to be discovered?

Perhaps; perhaps not. All I know is that until something new in that sense promises to be discovered nobody of any importance will grow excited.

Have you any idea of what such a new thing might be?

Certainly, or I should have died of ennui or become a picturesque decadent long ago.

What is it, may I ask?

Oh, I hate the names by which it has been called; but if you take the directions indicated by clairvoyance, clairaudience and travelling in the astral body, you will see where my vision is turned.

You mean spiritualistic phenomena?

No. I mean new powers of the soul. After all, to invent a new method of carting the body about is no more than to invent a new food; it alters nothing, it merely equips us with a new piece of machinery. But if by simple will alone one could begin now to do some thing that could not be done before or could only be done partially and clumsily by machinery, oneself would be progressing and not merely one's mechanical equipment. I take all the modern development, dating back to the creation of reason in man, to be mechanical material progress if you like; but it is not progress in the personal sense. We individually are not a whit more powerful in mind than our ancestors of thousands of years ago. Not one of us has a faculty that Noah had not. On the contrary, we may conceivably have lost one or two.

But how are we to develop these new powers or to recover them if they have been lost?

Ah, there's the rub. Unfortunately we have almost lost not only the hope of developing them, but even the belief in their existence. Consequently we take no pains to discover the way.

And if belief and hope existed, would the way be discovered?

Undoubtedly; or the race would cease.

Why should the race cease, however, even if new faculties are not discovered?

For the simple reason that but for something new, and promising, and attractive, the very will to live must decline. People talk of the will to live as if it were an impersonal and mechanical force; but in fact the will to live is identical with what we call interest. Rob life of its interest and the will to live no longer exists.

But you see no sign that life is being robbed of its interest?

On the contrary, I see signs of it everywhere. Not, let me admit, for the raw and the racially young, to

whom the outworn delights of their elders are still seductive curiosities; but for the cultured, that is for the humanly experienced, life, as I say, is losing its last attraction, namely, interest. What do you suppose life has still to offer to the intellectually disillusioned? They have tried everything that life yields, and they do not desire to repeat it. Where is their new interest, without which they must necessarily fade away?

Surely they are exceptional persons to be found in every age? They are not numerous enough to matter to the race.

Once, perhaps, they were exceptional, but even then, remember, they were still the most significant. The race could always, if it reflected, point to them and say: "See where our highest culture is bound to lead us; the best of our kind are doomed to ennui!" And, apart from that, I should say that they are more numerous to-day than ever they were.

Why do you say that?

For one thing, we actually meet more of them, and not only in the cultured countries of Europe, but everywhere. This kind of pessimism, if you use the word, is becoming universally understood. And in the second place, the external reasons for it are more numerous than they were a hundred years ago.

What reasons, for example?

Well, a hundred years ago the individuals who had exhausted their own country and age might cherish the hope that in other undiscovered countries and in future ages there might be new experiences impossible to themselves but at least possible to man. Now no such hopes can be entertained. We can name a dozen regions of romance which our forefathers had which we have lost. Tibet was once the possible home of the Mahatmas whom one could believe, or at least hope, might one day be visible. A British expedition has trampled on that romance. A hundred years ago Africa was still the continent of surprises; Utopias of superior races might any day be found there. Now it is merely the continent of all the human blunders. The North Pole, too, was reported in myth to be the land of the Hyperboreans, a people fabled to be as the gods. Small thanks to Peary and Cook it is now only a wilderness of ice and scandal. With the last corner of the discoverable world yielding up its disappointing secret, and the last element, that of air, its method of locomotion, everything that our fathers could still wonder in is gone; and thus more and more of us are driven to the extreme of despair.

But has Science nothing new to offer?

Science? Don't speak of Science. It is Science with its insatiable curiosity that has gourmandised the last fragments of romance. It is Science that has, with accelerated speed, brought the van of the race to nihilism. But for Science, the Hyperboreans and the Chams of Tartary, African Utopias and journeys to the Moon would still as good as exist.

Do you then deplore the progress of Science?

No, since it has brought us the sooner to the confines of our mind; but Science will never give us a new romance; it cannot give us anything as good as it has taken away.

You say "the confines of our mind"; are you as complete a pessimist as that?

Certainly. To be quite explicit, I do not see that with our present faculties anything possible is left for us to do; I mean anything new. With the instrument we have, we have done all that can be done. Unless, therefore, we acquire a new instrument or discover new powers in the old instrument, we are literally at our wits' end. In other words, progress is no longer possible, and we no longer know how to desire it. I should say that my final reflection is this: we know nothing of a certainty; but that would be tolerable. What is, however, intolerable, is to know that with our mind such as it is, we can know nothing for certain. Consequently, either new faculties must be created or we decline to continue.

The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherein one character is left in a delicate situation, another loses her way, and a third is brought to a pretty pass.

DOROTHEA was leading along the bridle track. And as she rode upon her black horse, her blue dress glistened like the ring around the moon when the night is cloudy; but her head under her purple cap shone like the sunlight upon the rim of a cloud. And her eyes, that were always changing, were now like the blue star when it watches low above the horizon. She cried out presently that there was a Fortress in sight. If everything were to be told, the only sign of any armed battlement was a Vrie Staat flag which flew above a house close ahead. But Dota Filjee, observing the flag, was blankly for turning back. "'Tis a dragon's den, mistress!" she declared. "That is an affair for knights in armour and much to be avoided by poor damsels." "Sooth!" returned Lady, "wherever dragons be, there, too, are the redressors of wrong. We will advance very slowly and keep a look-out all round, and so soon as you see a three-headed dog, or hear the grass talking, or come upon any other infallible sign of a dragon being near, Dota, I give you leave to fly." With this ineffable comfort, poor Dota Filjee strove to feel quite at ease. Yet, since the occupation of keeping guard against a three-headed dog is in itself far from composing to the spirits, it is small wonder that the red-cheeked damsel, who was scarcely recovered from her vision of the snake with the woman's head, went along in great trepidation. And at every sound in the bush she gripped her pony's rein so hard that Witvoet presently threw up his head and bolted along the path, and never drew up until he came in sight of a very old man, when he stopped dead and jerked his screaming rider right out of the saddle and plump on to a huge bundle of mealies which the man had just been gathering to boil for supper.

The silly old fellow was convulsed with laughter to behold a damsel shot down at his feet in such a manner. And his nature was frivolous, too, as witness the first words he uttered: "Allamachtig! It's the Resurrection, and the dear Father is giving me my rewards." So saying, he hustled across to Witvoet, who was now standing still except for his indignant quivering, and caught the rein. "Eh—you, *schelm!*" he addressed the pony. "What for you bump her down like that already, eh? Ek sal u slaan in a minute also! Eh—you sinful son of a father with five legs!" At all this noise a Kafir boy came running to take the horse, and he and the old farmer grinned and chuckled together until they could scarcely keep upright, to behold Dota Filjee sitting rubbing her bruises in the middle of the mealies. "Shut up your beloved noise, *vet-kops!*" she screamed at them. "Just wait already until I choose to get up, and I will show you sons of Baal how I can run." "Toch, then, Missus," said the farmer soothingly. "I wasn't laughing at you. I know you can run fast, yes, whenever you like, and your beauty is too good to be thrown off a verdommed paard indeed!" And as he came near and looked at her out of his little blue eyes and held out his hand to help her up, Dota Filjee said to herself: "I think me can manage this dragon all right!" So she began sweetly, "Dag Oom!—Good day, Uncle!"—as if she had just that moment set eyes on him. "But, my gracious, if you had not been there to stop the horse I should now be lying dashed to pieces—*dood!*" Old Boongaier, for this was the name of the farmer, was taken by surprise for the moment. He made no reply, except to nod and chuckle into his grey beard. "How you caught the beast," went on Dota, "in full gallop

and risked your own life, and whatever would my heart have said if you had been killed, my brave man?"

"Ach! that's nothing to what I have already done," now replied Boongaier. "Why, everyone knows that I am always saving people's lives! It was only like catching mosquitoes just to place myself before your paard, galloping at full speed as you say, and swing you off—so!—on to the soft mealies. But, I say, what is a fine young lady like you doing without a man to flick the flies off her horse?" "I'm not married—yet," returned Dota, and she cast down her eyes. "Allamachtig!" squeaked Boongaier. "Look here, is that true? You're not making a —" (and here, in case the gentler reader may object to hearing what Boongaier did say, it would be as well for such to skip this chapter, since deletion of the simple truth is not to my mind; and since, besides, the expression which impends is so common up-country as to have lost all evil significance; and since, besides that, among a certain class of Boers alone, of all the world, has this word—often their only English—retained its native pronunciation: and so)—

"You're not making a bylady fool of me?" asked Boongaier, solemnly. "Toch Oom!" returned Dota Filjee, "I swear on the Bible." And hearing this conclusive oath, the farmer squeezed the damsel's hand very hard. "Good gracious!" she then exclaimed. "Mind your manners, you old fool, and do you mean to keep me standing all day in this beloved sun? I am fit to fall asleep on my feet." "But who is that sitting her horse there also?" inquired Boongaier, peering into the sunbeams. "Is not she a married lady not, eh? Do you know, I would believe you if you said no she was not! Depend upon it," he exclaimed anxiously, while he sheltered himself behind Dota; "Depend upon it, things never come in ones but always in twos, and whatever shall I say if she wants me also?" Whereat Dota Filjee retorted: "The wrath fall on you for a schelm!" meaning that she was astonished at the impudence of a rusty old mealie-farmer; but Boongaier replied humbly, "Ni, ni! I promise not to give in to anyone but you. I will not wait even to see anyone else, but will go already and get the coffee." With this he hobbled off towards the house, and Dota Filjee, first waving her hand towards Lady, who was apparently surveying the Fortress, followed the old farmer; for what with fatigue and her fall and the wine she had drunk at luncheon, she felt ready, as she had declared, to fall asleep standing.

Boongaier's house had only three rooms in it, and they all led from one to another; his bedroom, and then the room, very dark and cool, where he sat and smoked all day when work in the lañds was slack, and lastly the kitchen, where coffee boiled from morn to night. Dota Filjee went in at the door of the sitting-room. There was a sofa, and she sat down. "Toch Oom!" she called, very politely, through to the kitchen. "But what a sweet house you have!" "Ja, indeed," returned Boongaier. "It's plenty big for me and one wife but no more." He brought in a bottle of Pontac, that saccharine wine, reader, to which I trust your palate may never take more than a moderate liking, since the beverage demands that one spend forty years in the wilderness to find it tolerable. "There, that will cheer up your stomach!" said Boongaier. "Have as much as you like." He poured out a tumblerful, and Dota Filjee, luckless, began sipping, and then she drank all up as Boongaier returned with the coffee. "Ja!" he said, as if resuming some conversation, "you need not be afraid that there will be no company here. All the people come here when I ask them, and we play the fiddle and dance and sing. I used to dance with all the young girls, but now I will only dance with you alone. That's my solemn oath! One Saturday we danced till half-past twelve, and never remembered that it was by then the Sabbath Day, and the Lord sent a great storm, and if it was not for that the minister came and held a service of atonement, we might everyone have been struck dead. Oh, I shall never dance on a Saturday any more, for then the Devil is *sterk!* But every other day, from Monday to

Friday, the neighbours come here and stop all night if they like, ja!" "Not Uitspan—coffee drenk, inspan—trek, eh!" said Dota Filjee, sleepily. "But, I say, Oom, how is it that there is nobody here to-night?" "Oh, they never come on Tuesdays," returned Boongaier. "But never mind that now, you tell me when you will be ready to get married, don't hurry, next Monday will do quite well—and that very day you shall see such a feast!—as big as when Sanna Potgieter was married, and that lasted from a Monday to a Friday—we ate till the dust rose up!"

"Allamachtig!" Dota Filjee managed to say, she was so sleepy. "Ja! indeed! And then you see there's this advantage about marrying an old man like me?—there won't be any family, though I know, of course, that it will be my fault, because neither my first wife, nor my second, nor my third ever had any children, and they could not all be to blame. You see, I'm quite reasonable on that subject, though I did give my second wife a fine slaaning once when she said I disgraced her name among the women, but now you see I'm so old that nobody will blame you, and so you will be able to get all the credit and pay nothing. Now what do you say—Monday?" He waited—and waited. Then he arose and touched the damsel. She never stirred. "Monday?" he whispered. Dota Filjee then snored. "Toch, de mooi scharlaaper—the pretty butterfly is asleep," said Boongaier; and he sighed so hard as might have become him fifty years earlier. He closed every window and locked the door for the night, and fixed on a red night-cap, which was all the toilet he intended to make, for he never took his clothes off to go to bed. Then he remembered the Other Lady! "Allamachtig!" he shrieked. He threw off the cap in a terrible hurry, and began undoing the door. "Where is she, my goodness gracious, all these ages? Be sure," he said, as he fumbled with the bolts, "be sure that young Missus is waiting still already for someone to take her horse. And this at my house, also, where all the world is welcome! That schelm, Piet, shall be put to death in the morning." Then the bolt came undone; and he hurried out. No lady or horse was anywhere in sight. The last rays of the sun were vanishing, and a young moon glimmered low down in the dark blue sky. On all sides the veld ran wide and flat, except to the right, where the Stormberg towered above the plain. Boongaier presently gave up searching about. "Depend upon it," he said to himself, "depend upon it, she saw I did not want her! Ja! I would sooner have the one I've got. She is as much better asleep than the other one awake than my new veld schoen are better than the old ones I gave to Piet." And with this comfortable observation Boongaier shuffled into the house and locked the door all over again. Then he fixed on his night-cap and composed himself on the sofa beside Dota Filjee. . . .

Now, as we understand, the Lady, Dorothea de Villiers, had been reared to respect her first impressions. The result of such excellent training was that this damsel rarely discovered herself in any disagreeable situation, and never in one of her own making. As she sat her pony she instinctively weighed up the scene before her, and, misliking something about the house and its aged inhabitant, she made up her mind to ride on further. She saw Dota Filjee wave and go inside, and finding, after a long wait, that the maid came out no more, Dorothea concluded that she was not dissatisfied, and might, therefore, be left for a while to her own amusement. Lady decided to explore the neighbourhood and to return for Dota Filjee when she should have discovered some fairer lodging. Dorothea never thought of danger any more than of sin; and as to the discomfort, that was of all things the right and natural portion of a damsel in distress! And although you and I, reader, may anxiously foresee that our Lady may very well be left to spend the night out of doors, it is certain that the probability would not have influenced her to shelter in any place she liked so little as Boongaier's.

So she set off, and rode across the veld towards the mountains. The sun sank very suddenly, and then nearly all the land was dark, for the young moon, low down, gave only a faint shining over a little circle of the sky. And soon the moon sank away, too, and there was no light at all. "Go, my good Aster!" then said Dorothea; and she laid the reins loosely upon his neck. "You must carry me where you will, for I cannot see the way. And when you are weary, stop, and we will sleep wherever you like, so you lend me your neck for a pillow." Astor began to pace steadily, though nothing might have been seen of him, not even the white star between his eyes; and of his rider nothing but the pale shade of her dress moving as if a phantom were passing along thus high above the ground. Aster went forward, however, with ever-increasing zeal, for he was choosing his way, like any other true animal, straight back to his stable. Dorothea knew not whither she was being carried, but at length, when Aster had ascended far up the narrow precipice road, she grew so sleepy that she stopped him. "Enough, good beast! We will stay here and sleep until morning." She dismounted then, and, having induced the horse to lie down, which he was loth to do since he could almost sniff the forage in his manger, Dorothea settled herself close to his warm neck and went off to sleep.

At first beam of sunshine she awakened. Instantly she recognised the mountains, and up the Pass there stood the Inn, and in front of the Inn she saw a gallant Stranger. He, espying her, cried out in a voice which echoed around the heights: "I am come, Lady!" It was the Knight of the Tassel. Dorothea rode Aster fast and merrily. "Thou art a faithful Knight and a loyal Knight to thy promise!" she exclaimed. "But whatever has been done to the Inn?" Truly, a great deal! First, there was a high palisade of barrels all around; they could not see the windows of the house but only the roof and a bit of the wall beneath. The spaces between the casks were crammed with bottles, some full, some empty, and the spaces between the bottles were stuffed with straw and paper. The whole paraphernalia formed a tolerably stout barricade. Dorothea threw up her head with a defiant gesture. "Ah, Monster!" She apparently addressed the wall of barrels. "Not all these engines and inventions shall ward off the blows of the avenger! Father! come forth! I have here a knight who wears my favour." There was a noise above as of a window being opened, then two or three of the bottles were withdrawn, and through the aperture appeared the front part of the head of the innkeeper. He was very pale, and his eyes seemed quite glassy as with sleeplessness. "Back, wench!" he snarled. "Why comest thou from the world to trouble me? Get thee gone where mischief belongs!" He then drew back, but instantly thrust his head forth again. "Hast thou indeed found a knight?" he inquired, for he could not see the youth who was standing upon the road, but only Lady upon Aster. "Truly so!" returned Dorothea. "Come forth and do battle with him, and if thou vanquish him, then will I seek another, but if he vanquish thee, thou must restore to me my fortune and the rights of my birth!" The innkeeper could now not hide or restrain his delight. "Upon these terms, he shouted. "I would engage Don Quixote himself!" And he disappeared.

Now the Knight of the Tassel was beyond all words, courageous. Yet, with such a spectacle before his eyes as that ferocious barricade and with such words and threats in his ears as those just flung between Dorothea and her grim parent, it is little wonder that he grew exceedingly uneasy. "Is he not mad?" he asked Dorothea. The Lady had no time to reply. There came a noise from the back of the house as of iron being broken down. Then with a terrific clatter and a tremendous shout, the innkeeper rode out of the courtyard and into the middle of the road. The Knight of the Tassel stood petrified. His adversary was clad in mail from head to foot!

(To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

OLIVE SCHREINER has refrained for so long from publishing anything whatever that the announcement of a new book by her is rather startling. Mrs. Schreiner is an artist. No woman in my time has written better prose, and I doubt if any other has written as well. In spite of its enormous vogue, "The Story of an African Farm" was a book of real value. It was one of two books that have kept me up literally all night. The other was "Evan Harrington." That was twenty years ago. No book could work the same spell on me now. "Dreams" was original both in form and in substance. And "Trooper Peter Halkett," a short work and utterly misunderstood and even flouted in this country, remains in my memory as a masterpiece. (But I have never re-read it.) The new book (to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin) is entitled "Women and Labour." In the preface Mrs. Schreiner describes, with an astonishing calm, how during the Boer War her house was occupied by the military, and how the said military, in the true witty military spirit, piled the furniture of her study in the centre of the room and set fire to it. Among the valuables thus destroyed was the manuscript of a large work on the same subject as this new book. Mrs. Schreiner began again.

* * *

I suppose that there are few writers less "literary" than Mr. W. H. Hudson, and few among the living more likely to be regarded, a hundred years hence, as having produced "literature." He is so unassuming, so mild, so intensely and unconsciously original in the expression of his naive emotions before the spectacle of life, that a hasty inquirer into his idiosyncrasy might be excused for entirely missing the point of him. His new book (which helps to redeem the enormous vulgarity of a booming season), "A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs" (Methuen's), is soberly of a piece with his long and deliberate career. A large volume, yet one arrives at the end of it with surprising quickness, because the pages seem to slip over of themselves. Everything connected with the Wiltshire downs is in it, together with a good deal not immediately therewith connected. For example, Mr. Hudson's views on primary education, which are not as mature as his views about shepherds and wild beasts of the downs. He seldom omits to describe the individualities of the wild beasts of his acquaintance. For him a mole is not any mole, but a particular mole. He will tell you about a mole that did not dig like other moles but had a method of its own, and he will give you the reason why this singular mole lived to a great age. As a rule, he remarks with a certain sadness, wild animals die prematurely, their existence being exciting and dangerous. How many men know England—I mean the actual earth and flesh that make England—as Mr. Hudson knows it? This is his twelfth book, and four or five of the dozen are already classics. Probably no literary dining club or association of authors or journalists male or female will ever give a banquet in Mr. Hudson's honour. It would not occur to the busy organisers of these affairs to do so. And yet— But, after all, it is well that he should be spared such an ordeal.

* * *

On the other hand, a very "literary" book is the Reverend R. L. Gales's "Studies in Arcady and Other Essays from a Country Parsonage" (Herbert and Daniel, 5s. net). It is the production of a reader, but also of a first-hand observer, and indeed it displays a much wider and freer mind than the last word of the title would promise. Mr. Gales's mind arouses both sympathy and respect, and the book is unquestionably superior to the run of such books. It has been in part rescued and collected from such wild and unlikely regions as the columns of the "National Review" and the "Observer." The author's attitude towards

the working-man in Arcady is commendable, and he is at his best when sitting at the labourer's table. Occasionally he achieves a picturesque phrase. As this: "The place of the wayside crucifix in the English language is taken by the board with the legend 'Beecham's Pills—the World's Remedy.'" Here the epigrammatic quality is gentle but profound. Mr. Gales is fond of proverbs. He actually says that "nothing in the world gives him greater pleasure than to come across some quite new proverb in a foreign book"! A disconcerting statement! He is rather learned in proverbs, and yet he positively asserts that he "has never heard or read anything in England like 'Au pays des aveugles le borgne est roi.'" How exceedingly odd! Surely he must at any rate have heard or read the title of one of H. G. Wells's finest short stories, which title is taken from the quite current English equivalent of the French proverb!

* * *

Some recent reprints deserve attention. The Rationalist Press Association, Limited, has republished Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," in two sixpenny volumes, with a portrait and an index. These volumes can be obtained bound together in cloth, and they make a book which is slim enough not to be clumsy. I do not consider the work to be an absolutely great work, but there is a lot of suggestive reading in it. Messrs. Duckworth, in their commendable "Readers' Library," have issued, in one half-crown net volume, the first and second series of Mr. Augustine Birrell's "Obiter Dicta," with, of course, the essay on Falstaff by Mr. G. H. Radford. I have just read a number of these essays again. Mr. Birrell's style curiously recalls the eighteenth century—not the prim, balanced eighteenth century, but the eighteenth century in the freedom of its shirtsleeves—as it may be seen in the admirable travels of Smollett and the equally admirable travels of Fielding. In the same "Readers' Library" has also appeared Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Avril, being essays on the poetry of the French Renaissance." Affected, but distinguished in its affectation, and studded with sound truths, such as "It is difficult or impossible to compare the masterpieces of the world." I wish all critics would remember this truth, which ought to be a platitude but is not. "Avril," by the way, is incidentally an anthology of the poets of which it treats.

* * *

Another Belloc reprint is "The Old Road" (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), with Mr. William Hyde's original illustrations, which are sentimental and inferior to the letterpress. The book is one of the best of Mr. Belloc's topographical excursions. It is not only a valuable addition to topography, but it is continually a most inspiring provocative essay on the philosophy of roads. Mr. Belloc understands roads ten thousand times better than Stevenson ever did; and his passion for them is a more nourished and a less sentimental passion. It is characteristic that he set out on the task of piecing together this old pilgrims' road "late in December." With the fundamentals of Mr. Belloc's general philosophy of life I should perhaps disagree violently. For example, he says—and I agree: "Nor of all the vulgar follies about us is any more despicable than that which regards the future with complacency and finds nothing but imperfection in that innocent, creative, and wondering past which the antiquaries and geologists have revealed to us." But a few lines further on he proceeds: ". . . I should forget the vileness of my own time, and renew for some few days the better freedom of that vigorous morning when men were already erect, articulate, and worshipping God, but not yet broken by complexity and the long accumulation of evil." Strange, that an imagination so powerful and beautiful in some directions, should in another be so crippled as not to be able to envisage the extraordinary and rousing beauty of the spectacle of life as it is feverishly and angrily lived at just this precise moment! "Vileness of my own time!" I have never seen that my own time is viler than any other time, but I have seen that it is incomparably less vile than some

other times. "Broken by complexity and the long accumulation of evil!" I do not feel in the least "broken" by anything whatever, and I am acquainted with quite a number of other spirits who do not feel broken either. There is an enormous difference between feeling broken and regarding the future without complacency. It is undoubtedly Mr. Belloc's attitude towards his own time which is responsible for the relative extreme inferiority of his novels. I have already in this column referred to Mr. Belloc's peculiar grammar—rather alarming in an author with so fine a sense of style. A piece of bad grammar occurs on page 16.

After the triumphant first performance of one of Oscar Wilde's comedies, I remember that the author strolled before the footlights and remarked to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, this evening you have succeeded." I wish I could say, apropos of my recent article in Mrs. Elinor Glyn's latest novel: "Readers of THE NEW AGE, you have succeeded." But I cannot. However, I propose to maintain an august silence, since there is no folly so foolish as explaining a joke that has missed fire.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

AN English visitor to these shores, if a close observer, cannot help being struck with the large number of foreign names to be seen everywhere. Twenty years ago American writers with German, Scandinavian, or Russian names were rare. At present the German, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Russian, the Pole, the Italian are frequently met as writers, artists, physicians, lawyers, politicians and reformers. In New York there are little worlds within big worlds, and the little worlds are as busy as bees in a hive of drones. The underworld is moving the overworld. And nowhere on earth are there so many reformers bent on reforming everyone but themselves. New York at present is a huge American Tower of Babel, in which a confusion of thoughts rivals the confusion of tongues. There are societies for every system, sects for every imagination, parties for every doctrine, clubs for all cranks, shillalahs for every Irishman, social groups that grasp at social phantoms with the grip of men about to fall into the abyss, individuals who dance through the glittering hells and stumble into utopian heavens.

New York has been called the Paris of America, but the difference between the two cities is very great. Paris is governed by the French, and strangers are obliged to conform; New York is governed by the Irish, and the Anglo-Saxon Americans are obliged to conform. Frankly, I prefer New York under Tammany to New York under Puritanism. Here at least, there is a certain liberty. There are restaurants for every taste, newspapers in every tongue, drinks to quench every thirst. I drank tea in a Russian shop, and an hour later was served with Chinese tea in a Chinese shop, and I have had coffee made and served by a Turk in a little room which made me think of Constantinople. When I say that New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, I say so not because I have heard it said, but because I know all the great cosmopolitan centres of the globe.

Just now New Yorkers are having a political spasm aggravated by Rooseveltian colic, with a suggestion of socialistic nightmare. Precisely what the flamboyant ex-President is thinking or feeling at this moment the reporters have not been able to discover. Evidently he has been hit hard, wounded, in fact, and this may give him occasion to ponder over the suffering he has caused the many unfortunate African beasts which he wounded but did not kill. The democratic wave is turning attention to the Socialist side of politics. The election of Mr. Henry George is one of the most significant events of the past decade, and he will now be in a position to carry on the work his celebrated father

left unfinished. Of course Roosevelt is not dead yet. The imperialistic snake has only been scotched. Without doubt there will be another fight; a new combination will be formed out of the divers elements. If the Republican insurgents get scared by the Democratic and Socialistic tidal-wave they may veer round and stand pat for Roosevelt at the critical hour in 1912.

* * *

While talking with one of the leading politicians at one of the big New York clubs I asked his opinion on the rising in Mexico City. "It is only a question of time," he said, "when we shall annex Mexico; all good Christians expect it, and all Pagans long for it. If we were like the Spaniards of the time of Cortez we could raise an army of a million adventurers within three days' time who would ask nothing better than to throw themselves into Mexico post haste. I regard Mexico and Central America as the true paradise of North America."

"And what about Canada?"

"Canada," he said, "will come to us through the blunders of your home Government. You people in London talk about Imperialism without knowing what the word means. When we Americans want to find out the truth we start travelling; we stay in a country till we learn what we want to know; the English sit at home and read books." While he was talking I thought he looked more like a bank president than a politician. It is not my intention to discuss and dispute; I am here to see, listen, and learn. I ask questions and record the answers.

* * *

One important fact I have learned since coming here—America is becoming Europeanised. Americans in the Eastern States are not only imitating much that is English, but they are also borrowing much from Germany and France. But, in spite of everything, England holds her own. For instance, Americans of all beliefs and parties are at one with the English in "dearly loving a lord." From the Atlantic to the Pacific a real, live lord, who can talk without using the finger signs of the deaf and dumb, is received with open arms, and the farther he goes West the tighter the embrace becomes. This is but natural. If we English, who see or meet lords every day when in London, continue to love them, how much more ought Americans to love them who rarely see a decent specimen of the noble genus? I say it is no more than natural. In spite of all this, when I saw Lord X making for the Knickerbocker Club the other day I changed my mind, and instead of going in there as I had intended, I went to another club, but I went from the frying pan to the coke and scuttles, for there my eyes met the figure of one of the most unlikely young scions in all England. Fortunately he did not see me. He would have clung to me like a bad attack of Turkish influenza, or lumbago caught after sitting in one of the rooms heated to 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

* * *

As in England the Church used to be the last chance for the fool of the family, America is the forlorn hope of our impecunious nobility. But as a Chinaman said to me the other day: "No easy catchee, no easy keepee." Rich American women are hard to catch now, and still harder to keep when caught. They only nibble at a hook that is baited with a baronet. But even then it is the minnows that do the nibbling. What the full grown trout and salmon of these sparkling waters demand are hooks baited with ducal strawberry leaves. Then bait, hook, line, and rod all disappear at once, and the ducal angler is lucky if he is not jerked off the bank and drowned.

* * *

In New York the knights and baronets are not taken seriously unless they be connected with the Diplomatic Service, or with great fortunes, or with genius. Yet a baronet has his place at a fashionable dinner-table like potted flowers or Russian caviare. An earl is the beginning of distinction, and a marquis is a *pièce de résistance*. As for a duke, he is the Clicquot cham-

pagne, vintage 1892, the thing that makes all heads giddy, swamps all hearts and opens all pocket-books.

* * *

New York is, like London, a great musical centre—for foreigners. I have been to a classical concert and studied the audience. Here, as in London, it is the foreigner who pays the fiddler. There would be no grand opera in New York without European patrons. At the concert, as at the opera, you meet the German, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Swede, the Dane, the Italian, the Russian, with a sprinkling of British and Americans. Jonathan and John Bull have little use for operatic and classical music.

* * *

In literary circles here much is being said about the passing of the old-fashioned American humour and the old-time critic. The death of Mark Twain has made a big gap in their ranks. It struck terror into the hearts of the few survivors who for so many decades had things all their own way. A well-known critic of New York said to me lately: "Mark Twain's influence accounts for much of the superficial writing and superficial criticism of the present. We have begun to realise to the full what his influence has been in America. His books on the Far West and the Mississippi were sound and wholesome enough, but as soon as he left those regions, in which he was in his natural element, he was like a traveller lost in the wilderness. European culture was to him like a sealed book. He never understood European literature. The mischief he did by his persiflage and his bluff remains incalculable. For years writers of talent who were not gifted with the art of humoristic bluff could not get a hearing. But I could name you twenty young men in New York to-day who know more than Mark Twain and W. D. Howells put together ever knew."

* * *

For years Twain and Howells and their little set in New York ruled the literary roost. They formed a sort of close corporation with "Harper's Magazine" at their back. In New York nothing succeeds like money. If Mark Twain had been a poor man, Howells would not have touched him with a forty-yard pole. It is hard to believe that New York, with its cosmopolitan European element, is still, in some respects, one of the most provincial cities in the world. Twain was as provincial as a Texas cow-boy; Howells is provincial to an astounding degree. All the old-timers are provincial. They managed to throw a veil of obloquy over the names of Poe and Whitman for something like forty years. In the whole history of literature and genius nothing can be found to match it. However, Poe and Whitman have now come by their own. It has even become fashionable to admire them.

The Post-Impressionists.

By George Calderon.

"WHEN we discuss varieties of roses," says a French critic, "we do not wax indignant over some of them, or wish to set upon them and destroy them. Why, then, should we grow abusive and violent over new varieties of the human spirit?" Yet everyone that writes of the French artists whose work is now on show at the Grafton Gallery waxes angry and indignant. Philip Burne Jones' letter to the "Times" is like beating walls, breaking windows and throwing down tufts of hair on the passers-by. At the Gallery itself it is all titter and cackle; well-dressed women go about saying "How awful! A perfect nightmare, my dear!" "Did you ever? Too killing! How they can!" They are like dogs to music; it makes them howl, but they can't keep away. Men in tall hats are funny over the exhibits, saying: "This is a horse; this is a man." All through the galleries I am pursued by the ceaseless hee-haw of a stage duke in an eye glass. It is not a matter of artistic taste; all

that is wanted is a little politeness, a little reflection that the brain that pondered between the palette and the canvas was probably as huge a one as that in your small silk hat. It is almost too obvious to need saying, that we must go to a work of art for what is good in it, not for what is bad; that we must seek the artist's meaning, and not be set laughing, like a set of factory girls, at the least unexpectedness.

That they are grotesque, many of them, is obvious; often badly, stupidly grotesque, conveying no emotion of a thing seen or imagined to my mind. I give those up; I am not eager to search out their intention; I pass on (without cackling) to the others, not five just pictures, but about a hundred and more that save the city. I am a plain man from the country; I am not concerned, any more than the artists were when they painted the pictures, with the relations of Impressionism, Symbolism, Synthetism, and a lot of other things. It is all very interesting, and capital fun over a pipe at the end of the day's work; but it is not the pictures, and I doubt if it is criticism. The expert critics are misled by searching for the sequence of tradition; they are set going by the preface, a very modest, well-meaning preface, which some anonymous apostle has put to the catalogue. Not being experts, let us go with a plain large barbaric eye and consider the pictures.

With regard to grotesqueness in the first place, it has its uses. When a man of Gauguin's intelligence and accomplishment paints Christ in the Garden looking ridiculous with his great patch of red hair, one must consider whether it was not perhaps done with a good intention (which fails, however, a little with myself). Pathetic things in real life have a way of mixing themselves up with grotesque things. Realists have seized on this confusion to convey the pathos of life with its natural rough flavour about it. Characters in Tchekhov's plays will suddenly pull out a cucumber and begin to eat it, or ejaculate, *à propos de bottes*, "My little dog eats nuts," or the like, and the reality of their inconsequences raises the value of the adjacent pathos. That may have been Gauguin's intention with the Christ. But in his Tahitian pictures what grotesqueness there is arises from his pervading intention of showing Tahiti always through the medium of its legends and tradition, through the collective mind, the race-mind, of its inhabitants. It is never Tahiti as it is, in material trees and mountains and men and women. His "Spirit of Evil" is not a woman or even a spirit, but something compounded from them with the outward form of a Ti'i or old carved image. His "Women Beneath the Palm Trees" do not sit among hibiscus and purao bushes like real Tahitian women, but, under that exquisite sky and mountain, in a plain where great vegetable things, sometimes like celery and heraldic mantlings, sometimes like fungoid bundles of airballs, creep and clutch, and these are not any things that grow in the Tahiti of geography and fact, but things that grew in Gauguin's mind from the aspect of nature that he conceived the primitive Maoris to have had when they first sang their Hesiodic songs of the Creation. His women are often short and stumpy, not because Tahitian women are really short and stumpy, but because, admiring the robust graceful breadth of the modern Tahitian women, he felt sturdy squatness to be the essential and primitive thing from which that graceful robustness had emerged. See how he rejoices in this large robustness in his big, massive "Bathers," in the rich volumes of life, in their brilliant skin and black, softly coiling hair, with the dim blue reflections. See how he contrasts the little smug white didactic nun with these great primeval women, standing aloof, half amused, or squatting and suckling big Rabelaisian babies. You can get the prettiness of Tahitian life from a thousand records; only Gauguin has so rendered its grim savage dignity. There is something Egyptian in most of his Tahitian pictures, a kind of restful, permanent look in the steady balance of the figures, in the steadiness of the temperament portrayed, something that says, like the cat-gods and

sculptured bigwigs of Egypt, sitting so patiently with their hands on their knees, outside the refreshment room at the British Museum, "We are for all time."

One is disposed to admit a considerable dose of perversity in some of these artists, or else a genuine loss of certain perceptions, swallowed up in others that have become more important to them. One is alarmed at first by the prancing ladies of Flandrin's "Vintage Dance," long-nosed early Victorians in a flesh-coloured landscape, wreathing an elegant pastorage. One augurs little good of him; it is not until one has seen his "Scène Champêtre" in the next room that one learns to forgive everything for the gesture, the movement, the rhythm. This "Scène Champêtre" is a delicious masterpiece, perfect in its kind, fit for any National Gallery. A slim, barefooted boy, stripped to the sunburnt waist, is feeding a horse from a shallow basket in a meadow; beside him, half hidden, with eyes averted from the shyly joyful expression which we divine in his hat-shaded face, a girl leans forward, dangling her broad straw hat at her knee, and strokes the horse's shoulder; you can see them all moving in a delicious rhythm, the girl's hand sliding downward and forward, the horse's head sweeping sideways to where the corn lies thickest, the boy's lithe unconscious body leaning back and his basket-supporting leg cocked on its toes to meet the horse's greedy shoves. It is all so innocent, so idyllic, so early Victorian, Paul and Virginia; so perfectly set in a paddock-corner under a perched white house, that give the sense of intimacy and unfledged youth.

Denis and Matisse have more perversity and less offering for redemption. Denis' chocolate box "Calypso" and clumsy "Nausicaa" betray his want of humour. But he half redeems himself with his baby-faced "Madonna in the Flowered Garden," rapt in a baby ecstasy over the child in her arms, with baby angels standing and looking on among the flowers, and one laughing and playing to make the little Jesus crow; it is all like a child's dream of paradise.

If there is still time, fly to the Grafton. To judge by clothes, there were no readers of THE NEW AGE in the gallery when I was there. See Laprade's delicate drawings; a scabble of charcoal and two thumb-smudges suffice him to create noble and delicate women. See the dramatic landscapes, landscapes giving the emotional quality of things out of doors; a road, a house in a hollow, things seen through trees, by Cézanne, always with the sense that something has happened there, or is happening there; something better than common life, something almost literary. See Sérusier's "Vallons," poplars in the hollow, and a rich hedge-squared arable hill beyond, meeting the eye undimmed by distance. See Marquet's admirable "Sands at Havre," with all the racket and bunting of a real holiday at the seaside, and his grim grey "Notre Dame," a tragic rendering of the rocky loneliness of a great cathedral in a city, the two mouse-coloured towers with their crumbling outline, and the big empty square made alive by the two yellow tramcars that stand, little patches down there in the distance, waiting for passengers. Then go forth and pass along the streets about and note how flat, stale and unprofitable have become all those engravings, pictures and statues in the art dealers' windows, that represent the bare photographic semblance of reality, with dramatic meanings laid on it, not drawn out from it.

REVIEWS.

By Charles Granville.

Lady John Russell. A Memoir. By Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

There are necessarily difficulties which beset the way of a reviewer in dealing with the type of book to which this memoir belongs. Political prejudices have to be cast aside; disdain (a common enough trait among intellectuals) for the ease-loving and destitution-tolerat-

ing governing class has to be eliminated, for the nonce, from the mind. Having got rid of these two factors in mental attitude towards a book, we may calmly contemplate this memoir and its subject for the purpose firstly, of criticising the manner of treatment, and secondly, of studying the psychology of the person portrayed in its relation to the psychology of the environment in which she lived and moved, and to that of the period in which her life was passed.

With regard to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's and Lady Agatha Russell's work it seems to leave little to be desired from the point of view of biography. They have selected for quotation such portions of Lady Russell's diary as both give the facets of her character and its development, and throw light upon political, religious and literary movements of that most fascinating period covered by her life. With this selection the authors supply a running commentary, as mortar to the bricks of their selection. This mortar is often of a delightful quality. I select a good example from the early part of the book. The authors are describing the home life at Minto, where Lady Fanny, afterwards Countess Russell, was born. Lady Fanny, and her sister Charlotte, had gone to "meet the boys" after a day's shooting in September. Lady Fanny duly chronicles both the "mad spirits" of Charlotte, and the wind, the clouds, the heather, and the beautiful outline of the country in the gloaming time. The authors comment:—

Such tired, happy home comings stay in the memory: drives back at the end of long days, when scraps of talk and laughter and the pleasure of being together mingle so kindly with the solemnity of the darkening country; drives which end in a sudden blaze of welcome, in fire-light and candles, tea and a hubbub of talk, when everything though familiar, seems to confess to a new happiness.

This kind of comment illuminates the book throughout.

With regard to the subject of the memoir, she is presented as she was, not only as a charming personality, but as a woman keenly responsive to all the intellectual movements of her time. Even the death of Lord John Russell, causing a break in her diary, and overwhelming sorrow, did not have the effect of fossilising her character and her intellect. So many illustrious persons become ill at ease in the generation that is not their own, and persistently refuse to grow out of old habits of thought or to change their earlier "Welt-anschauung." With Lady Russell it was the opposite. This is well illustrated in her religious changes. Dominated as she was by religion, in the broadest connotation of the word, she travelled from Presbyterian Church dogma, in which she was brought up, to Unitarianism, and even to a great desire for the establishment of a "Free Church."

Her marriage with Lord John Russell of course associated her with the stirring political events of the time; and the memoir on this account is likely to be indispensable to the historian, and of living interest to the general reader.

The Romance of Princess Amelia. By W. S. Childe-Pemberton. (Eveleigh Nash. 16s.)

The author's purpose is avowedly to establish the moral innocence of the Princess. To this end he employs extracts from the letters of her intimate friend, the Hon. Mrs. George Villiers, the letters of the Princess herself to her beloved General Fitz-Roy, and certain of her papers containing her dying wishes. To those who are curious—and we know their name is still legion—on the subject of how royal personages live their little lives, the book will be found of interest; while to those—and their name, too, is still legion—who find more flavour in royal love than in common loves of everyday existence, the book will serve, for a brief time, instead of the ordinary novel. George III. being politically uninteresting except for his ignorant obstinacy in certain crises and often insane to boot, little interest of a national character attaches to the book. For the rest the piecing together of the romance has been dispassionately and honestly carried out, the portraits well reproduced, and the royal purple

of the binding, with its inset royal coat of arms, is an appropriate get-up for a book of this type.

* * *

By Huntly Carter.

Sex and Society. By Havelock Ellis. (Philadelphia: F. A. Davis and Co. 12s.)

With this volume Dr. Havelock Ellis brings to a conclusion his diagnosis of the morbid manifestation of the sex-instinct. The inquiry has occupied many years, and its history shows it has been made under the utmost difficulties. It will be recollected that "The Psychology of Sex" was one of the works seized by those shining guardians of public morality, the police, when they raided Mr. Bessborough's premises about twelve years ago, and arrested that gentleman on a charge of publishing and selling certain books with intent to corrupt the morals of Her Majesty's subjects. Among the books seized were J. M. Robertson's "The Saxon and the Celt" and "Montaigne and Shakespeare" and M. W. Wiseman's "The Dynamics of Religion." I am not sure what happened to these works, perhaps the busy hangman was called upon to burn them, but I believe "The Psychology of Sex" was condemned as immoral, and ordered to be destroyed. In any case, it has been published ever since in America, where the present volume comes from.

In the previous volumes the author has dealt "mainly with the sexual impulse in relation to its object." He acknowledges the difficulty of the undertaking, "having entered a neglected field where it was necessary to expend an analytical care and precision which at many points had never been expended before on these questions." In fact he entered upon a medical examination of a subject which refused to be examined except indirectly through a crowd of witnesses both human and documentary, providing for the most part hearsay evidence of a proverbially unreliable character, together with the evidence drawn from the research work of a large number of European and American specialists.

In the present volume Dr. Ellis appears as sociologist, his aim being to approach the sociology of the subject. Here he is on firmer ground. "When we reach the relationship of sex to society we have for the most part no such neglect to encounter. The subject of every chapter in the present volume could easily form, and often has formed, the topic of a volume, and the literature of many of these subjects is already extremely voluminous."

What then are the relations of sex to society? Dr. Ellis's order of inquiry is systematic and logical. Assuming that everything starts with the ovule, that the germ is the casket of heredity so to speak, wherein is contained the elements of the new life, and of the individual destiny, which manifest themselves in a more or less modified form as they meet with new combinations, as the germ develops and reaches the maturity of the motives and modulations of the adult organism, he begins with the problems of maternity. Setting aside for the moment the questions of ancestry, Dr. Ellis starts by accepting the individual as he is, as "he lies in his mother's womb," that is, he begins with the potential citizen. Thereafter the author's idealism commences to peep out. He is in revolt against the present social conception of motherhood, and suggests a return to an ideal according to which child-bearing was regarded as the holiest thing in a woman's nature. But he is dealing solely with the child-bearing woman and has nothing to say regarding the childless woman, the woman who would pursue the intellectual life, or she whom abnormality or operation has rendered childless. He is conscious that maternity has fallen from its high pedestal into unnecessary neglect, and doubtless he would say that to-day it has become regarded as an accident which some women are too lazy to avoid. Accordingly the child-bearing woman is scorned by the childless woman and vice versa. In pursuit of his ideal, he points to the evils of certain lines of conduct during gestation and weaning, and argues strongly in favour of the protection and endowment of motherhood. Mothers should be enabled to mould the early life of the child as a sculptor moulds his clay. This moulding process should

begin with conception or even earlier, and the prospective mother should be free to construct an ideal of the child she would like to have long before she meets the man of her choice. Of course this implies that having constructed her ideal, she will need to be put in the way of meeting and marrying a suitable partner. And here's the rub, as Hamlet would say.

But though Dr. Ellis favours State aided maternity, he does not believe in State nurseries, rightly perceiving that the bond of sympathy between mother and child which is so necessary to call forth the latter's potentialities, can never be supplied by a foster-mother. In urging this there is one objection which Dr. Ellis overlooks, namely that whereas the good mother will bring forth the good traits, the bad mother will bring forth the bad ones, and we are faced with the question, ought not bad and utterly incompetent mothers to be deprived of their children? Dr. Ellis's answer is that the latter class of women ought to be prevented from breeding. He believes it would be better if the women the State proposes to train for the position of mothering other women's children were to have, instead, children of their own, and the women who are incapable of mothering their own children were to be trained to refrain from bearing them. This is an ingenious suggestion, but scarcely practical. As Dr. Ellis doubtless knows, before such a scheme could be put into working order, women must both be permitted to have children without legal restraint, and be trained to eliminate their natural instincts.

Thus Dr. Ellis opens with the most important question of the day. In the next chapter he proceeds to clear the ground for the realisation of his ideal, dealing in sexual education with a mass of relevant matter which serves to throw considerable light on the preparation for motherhood from the beginning of the sexual education of the child in early years, proceeding thence to the examination of the varied influences which shape sexual and maternal ideas and ideals. The remainder of the book is taken up with a detailed examination of the many problems which have arisen and still arise from our false notions and systems of sexual education; and accordingly touches closely upon the many urgent questions that press for solution, especially questions of biology, such as eugenics, heredity, physiology, marriage and the fight against venereal disease.

As a whole the book reveals that Dr. Ellis has conceived a really fine ideal. He seeks a saner view of sexual life, a more intelligent basis of relations between the sexes. In pursuit of this ideal he has become deeply preoccupied with sex matters. He has specialised on and become so intimate with the subject that he discusses its details with a freedom and frankness which must appear alarming, not to say unhealthy, to a clean-minded class of persons. Such persons are naturally opposed not so much to the investigation of "nasty" secrets as to their publication in ordinary terms. They will maintain that the subject with which Dr. Ellis deals should be dealt with in a strictly scientific manner, and no good can result from the study by unscientific laymen of the many frank details with which the book is charged. They know that the savage covers his wall with filth, and do not take much notice of the mention of it, but they do not know of the many horrible things (that is horrible to unscientific persons with normal sexual appetites) practised by sexual maniacs disclosed throughout Dr. Ellis's book, and therefore the attention is unduly rivetted on them. For instance, they will maintain that though prostitution, which Dr. Ellis has dealt with at some length, is a legitimate subject for general notice, many of the recorded facts which have been gathered from prostitutes themselves and are the result of the facilities which these women have for studying the abnormalities of men, are fit subjects only for medical treatment. Such objections are not without reason. The perverted preoccupation with sex matters is doing an infinite deal of harm. It is creating an unhealthy curiosity in the average man and woman concerning functions which are best left alone by such persons—and vigilant committees. In this way it tends to increase the disease

while defeating the end which Dr. Ellis has in view, namely, to promote the remedy. If we must have a frank discussion of sex matters let us have it conducted in such a fashion that no objection on the score of indelicacy may be raised as further and legitimate obstacles to the complete investigation of a subject that is clamouring for investigation.

That there is need of a full and organised scientific research into the subject is fully borne out by Dr. Ellis's labours. This is indeed the great value of his eminently important research work, which throughout displays a first-hand acquaintance with the literature of the subject from classical times onward, and which calls for the application of history, biology, psychology, etc., to the solution of the problem of the sexual foundation of society. It emphasises the need of immediate legislation to enable these inquiries to be carried out adequately. Unless we are put in possession of a body of reliable knowledge whereby we may understand and direct and control the sexual instinct how can we possibly reconstruct society on a possible basis? For, as an eminent Spanish neurologist says, "even on the fascinating hypothesis that peace and order may be established and the world converted into a vast workshop controlled by love and moderation, how shall we prevent the sexual instinct, acting without foresight or restraint, from flooding the world with millions of hungry mouths as a terrible charge upon society and a constant danger to the general peace? And if, after all, Malthus's theory prove true? What will our future statesmen do with the excess of population when, with America and Africa glutted with European emigrants, there remain no virgin soils to plough, no mines to be exploited?" Truly society starts with the ovule.

* * *

The Wild Beasts of the World. By Frank Finn, F.Z.S. With 100 plates in colour by Louis Sargent, Cuthbert E. Swan, and Winifred Austin. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

This lordly work was originally published in two volumes at a guinea; but we like it better at seven-and-six. The illustrations are for the most part not only excellent representations of their subjects, but striking and memorable for young students to whom, no doubt, the book is addressed. We object on several grounds both to the illustration and the text bearing on the mandrill. To describe this exquisitely ugly brute as having beautifully coloured hindquarters is bad enough; but to represent its olive-coloured coat as a plebeian brown is to add insult to injury. But the text generally leaves us sometimes wondering whether Mr. Finn is quite serious. Of his knowledge there is, of course, no doubt; but of his grammar we could collect some shocking examples. These, however, will doubtless be overlooked in the eagerness with which the fascinating stories will be pursued.

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The Open Window. November. (Locke Ellis. 1s. net.)

The first issue of this journal was none too full of promise; the second foreshadows despair. It appears that the function of the newly-opened window is not to let in new light and air upon English letters, but to afford a view of a boy and girl playground already familiar enough in our Christmas plays and illustrated editions de luxe. A pleasance, in fact, full of romance. A garden of preciosity. Mr. James Stephens ("Little Lady") and a poet unnamed ("Holiday") strike the keynote, and the other contributors sing more or less in tune. An essay on "Hydrolutry" (the art of bathing) ambles archaically through some thirty of the sixty pages. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's short story, "A Palimpsest," has the air of a first attempt. We can imagine no other excuse for the construction of such a sentence as "And having known and loved her, she went away"; or for the passage: "A woman all flame and fire had come to him. A woman raised high above all the meannesses of womanhood. Purer and more bright than the angels of heaven. A flower. A fairy. A lover's dream."

These are the imitation lace curtains of the window.

It should be opened wider. The atmosphere within is stuffy.

* * *

Better Times: Speeches by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.)

It has been said by his enemies that Mr. Lloyd George's Budget of 1909 was inspired by the electioneering needs of his party. This charge is partly but not wholly disposed of by the publication of the first of the speeches in this book, a speech delivered in Newcastle as long ago as in 1903. There, in summary form (for Mr. Lloyd George was not then a Minister and consequently had time to prepare his speeches), his well-known views of to-day are clearly expressed. They are not Socialism, nor do they derive their validity from any theory of Socialism known to us. As far as can be discerned, the background of Mr. George's views is formed by the theory that monopolies, whether of land, mines, education or government, must be controlled by the State but not, even where possible, owned by the State. That has now become the Liberal view. From another aspect, however, it may be noted that Mr. George's Budget though not directly electioneering, nevertheless commended itself both to him and to his party on electioneering grounds. As may be seen in his speech on "Liberalism and the Labour Party," delivered in Cardiff in 1906, Mr. George was well aware that in consequence of the failure of Liberalism to keep pace with popular politics, the I.L.P. was making headway at his party's expense. He even went so far as to say that if the Liberal Government did not soon "tackle the landlords and the brewers and the peers," not only would a new party be necessary, but he would join it. This threat was undoubtedly sincere, and had the effect, when it was seen to be popular also, of forcing the Liberal leaders to throw open their doors to Mr. Lloyd George and his programme. In the leaders, therefore, his subsequent Budget may fairly be regarded as opportunist; though we are disposed to acquit Mr. Lloyd George himself of the not over-serious charge.

We seek with interest in these collected speeches for some clue to the position in the popular mind which Mr. Lloyd George has won. Undoubtedly his personal attacks on notabilities like Lords Rothschild and Milner, the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Strachey, make good reading for the man in the street. They are, in fact, if we remember the stuffy atmosphere of our domestic politics, in what we once described as "excellent bad taste"; but they do not account for Mr. Lloyd George's hold on the masses. What in the end we come to regard as his secret is his capacity not only for hope, but for inspiring hope. To a blasé age, doubtful of itself and the future, Mr. Lloyd George comes with a positively rubicund faith from those Welsh mountains of his, where we half believe liberty still resides. He may fail because he has no philosophy, but for the moment he is clearly the new political impulse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MAN AND THE MACHINE.

Sir, — The very interesting article, in a recent issue, on "The Recovery of the Arts and Crafts," is an amplification of the idea expressed in my contribution to the symposium on Town planning. The subject appears to me of such vital importance that one hopes it may be further discussed in your columns. "H.C." says that "Art demands a revolution." Now, both art and revolution are words not to be conjured with in England. There is a certain puritanical chasteness about the average citizen, and to talk to him of art and beauty is to run the chance of awakening his suspicion that at the back of the gospel you are preaching lurks something indecent; something perchance of the human form unclothed, which, though it may make the air sing through his nostril in chilly fashion, must be guarded against.

The writer has had many an experience. Talk of art to directors at a board meeting, members of a church building committee, almost anybody, and you prejudice your chances of success. Art, for want of a better term, must be presented to them as a pill, and there must be jam to conceal it—jam of profit or expediency before they will swallow it. One must remember racial type and that we are not Latins. As

well, we ourselves have got into a somewhat slipshod way of bandying the terms "art" and "beauty," and it is in a measure responsible for the general idea that things artistic are necessarily trifles for the plutocrat; this is so far removed from the truth that a new term is needed, something that will indicate that the quality one is striving for, is that the artistic thing should be the best and fittest of its class; that will bring home to the labourer the fact that his rush-bottomed ash-framed chair may be made a really beautiful thing, with the supreme quality of honesty.

Turning, then, from the abstract side of the question to the more practical details—its economic and sociological bearings, we are on safe ground, and have a cause more readily understood by the citizen. The writer is wholly in agreement with "H. C.'s" deductions so far as the influence of machinery on the quality of work is concerned, and is, as well, prepared to go many steps further, and allege that its influence has been extremely harmful to man himself. But if the citizen understands this side of the question it will be because of his innate sympathy, and not by reason that the gospel has been preached. One's experience is that the editorial blue pencil goes through paragraphs hinting ever so slightly at causes for discontent. "Laissez-faire" appears to be the creed, and perhaps it is as well, unless we are to believe that "work is worship." Will it ever be possible again?

The history of the last 120 years is one of a constant endeavour to replace manual by mechanical work. The first half of the nineteenth century saw riots and discontent general. Green says, "In the winter of 1811 the terrible pressure of this transition from handicraft to machinery was seen in the Luddite, or machine-breaking, riots," and these were renewed from time to time, and were, of course, as well aggravated by the return to ordinary life of large bodies of men disbanded from the army after the fall of Napoleon. By the Great Exhibition of 1851 the tide was in full flood, and machinery was beginning to come into its own. The public mind was enamoured of the machine, and nothing was too absurd to attempt by its aid—what was not mechanical was absolutely idiotic; while galleries were given up to such trifles as engraved egg shells and wax fruit. There were, of course, many notable scientific exhibits, but, so far as the artistic side of the exhibition was concerned, it was a lamentable proof that in the 50 years that had elapsed since the beginning of the century, all hold on tradition had been lost. When one thinks of the applied art of the eighteenth century—the furniture of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton; the Sheffield plate and silver, and all the things we so industriously collect nowadays, a short fifty years had been sufficient to wreck the whole business. We must judge a century by what it leaves behind, and so far as the nineteenth was concerned it left nothing of any artistic merit.

From the point of view of the worker himself, what has machinery done for him? In an enlightening letter contributed to the Press the other day, Mr. H. G. Wells contended that the cause of the present unrest, the strikes and so on, the want of confidence between workers and their leaders, was caused by the former's utter dislike and loathing for their work; that this being the case, anything is hailed that will cause a diversion. Their work calls for no pugnacity; there is no fight to be fought; there are no problems of construction to be conquered. Each year they become more and more mere machine tenders, maintained in their wage-earning capacity, by their political ability to enforce their claims to so much an hour.

Another recent article by Sir Frederick Treves in the "Nineteenth Century," put forward the view that we are as a race "Losing the use of our hands." This, if one remembers rightly, was the title, and the argument followed was on Darwinian lines, that as we use our hands much less than we used to do, we are becoming less dexterous with them. One would like to see this side of the question treated by some great brain specialist as well. At the moment the very wonderful relation of the brain and hand is not much understood, or the intimate working of the two halves of the brain; but another recent Press communication stated that the canny Teuton is experimenting with ambi-dexterity as a cure for backward children. He argues if the right hand be ordered by the left side of the brain, and in the case of an abnormal child such connection is missing or faulty, then it is worth the endeavour to see, if by the use of the left hand the right lobe can be stimulated. It is an uncanny idea, and one calculated to make all our chances of survival even of less value than the "Daily Mail" would lead us to believe.

So far, then, it must be admitted that machinery has not resulted in much good artistic work being done, and there exists the probability that its continued use or abuse will in time lower the whole tone of the working population.

In Henry George's eloquent introduction to his "Progress and Poverty," he sketches, first, what the earliest economists

thought would be the result of increased ease of production by machinery; that there would be enough to go round, and that want, misery, and vice, would cease to flourish; then he has to admit that the simpler the state the less appalling the contrasts of wealth and poverty; the more civilised the state the more evident these contrasts become. "Upon streets lighted with gas and patrolled by uniformed policemen, beggars wait for the passer-by, and in the shadow of college and library and museum are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied."

However, civilisation, and ease of production in a mechanical way are with us and are very likely to remain, but, as "H. C." contends, the abuse of machinery can be reckoned with. The writer recently in Germany met a maker of automatic tools whose ambition seemed to be to replace all craftsmen by machines. He appeared as a simple enthusiast, a mixture of poet and dreamer, only his energy was misapplied in this direction. His machines to him were almost human, and as such, apart from their products extremely wonderful; it was only when they commenced to vomit out shoddy replicas of good work that their apparent virtue faded into vice. But the man was so interesting: driven along in the narrow groove of his mechanical genius: his one end and aim was to invent automatic tools. Mac as a March hatter, little can be done with him; but if mankind generally can be brought to see that the hand-made thing, as, for instance, a good pair of boots, is better and more lasting, and in the long run a cheaper thing than those which are machine made; or if they can be made to appreciate the fact that cheapness, though sometimes desirable and necessary, is not of any value at all unless coupled with some worth; and if, furthermore, they can be made to realise that definite service to their fellows may be bound up in the purchase of, say, soundly made plain furniture, instead of gaudy imitations of Louis this or Louis that—then there is hope.

Assuming that you pay twice as much for a pair of good boots as one generally does for a pair of bad ones, and they last three times as long, the maker gets as his consideration a fair price for a fair thing, and the consumer may be in pocket at the end of the transaction; yet even if his boots only last twice as long, he is really better off, because he himself has done a fair thing. There is a definite moral obligation on us all, and anyone who buys cheap, sweated, machine-made products is not fulfilling his duty to his fellow citizens. This must apply not only to matters artistic, but to all things.

There is much uncommon honesty about. It has become the fashion, after a career that should have terminated in gaol, to give to your fellow-citizens all the things they least require; the common honesty of paying a fair price for fair work is becoming much rarer, perhaps because less kudos attaches to it. Here in England, where hundreds and thousands are condemned by economic necessity to labour as machine tenders, and have consequently little joy in life, there are enough charitable institutions to pauperize the inhabitants of the whole globe.

And the remedy is at everyone's hand; to have no dealings or anything to do with things obviously produced under unfair conditions. One often hears the remark, "I can't imagine how they can afford to sell it so very cheaply." Such lack of imagination may save a bad attack of the shudders, but whenever it is experienced, and we are not a race of fools, it is a safe course to buy a better thing, that will render you more service, and so pass on to those other workers the chance of escape from mere servitude.

It may be said that such arguments apply only to the more artistic crafts, and that in many others where the machine is omnipotent it is on the whole for the benefit of humanity; printing, for instance, has brought within the means of many what hitherto was enjoyed by the few. The common-sense solution would appear to be that whenever the individual gave service to the State at the expense of his comfort, he should do so—not as now, either do it or starve—but, instead, have some higher reward. Assuming that the machine has its proper sphere there need be no necessity to attempt to do carving by its aid. But it is a devouring monster, always attempting the destruction of handicraft.

Co-operation, so distasteful to any Englishman, may yet be found another solution. The operatives (sorry substitute for the older word) are held to be in a state of discontent, and a discontented man makes a bad workman; is it not possible that what co-operation is doing for Denmark may be varied here in making the interest of master and man more identical? And if the principle be extended, and some scheme of banking arranged with it, then indeed would there be cause for rejoicing. It is quite useless talking about small holdings, or small anything else, when to borrow money costs as much as it does at present; one wants some great extension of the pawnshop idea, so that a builder, farmer, cabinet-maker, anyone having some security, can obtain loans readily and cheaply.

The small private bank used to do this, but the huge amalgamations of capital that go by the name to-day, are of little use to the small man. The alternative of the ordinary mortgage is absolutely hopeless by reason of the lack of security of tenure of the loan, and the fact that it may at any time be foreclosed; added to this, the fees to obtain it and discharge it raise the price to an average rate so largely in excess of the full value of its interest that it becomes little better than legalised money-lending of a usurious type.

So the fight goes on. But art cannot and must not demand a revolution. Rather must we appeal to those ideals of fair-play which are the basis of our national character. It is not fair that a very large proportion of the community should be condemned to labour as machine tenders to serve only the fetish of cheapness. The craftsman and the peasant are two types of citizens absolutely necessary to our existence as a nation. The cunning man of head and hand so nearly approximates to the ideal state of things that he is a factor of value, and a sturdy peasantry is a necessity if we are to repair the ravages caused by town life. At the moment we degrade the former into a mere machine-tender, and we pitchfork the latter out of the country to make room for the alien "greener."

C. H. B. QUENNELL.

* * *

MR. DONISTHORPE AND "MAN'S" EQUAL.

Sir,—In enquiring whether women are willing to renounce their privileges if they are given their rights, your correspondent, Mr. Donisthorpe, asks a perfectly legitimate and pertinent question. But there are privileges and privileges. There are (1) privileges based on indulgence and sexual sentiment, and (2) privileges based on reason and justice. These, of course, have only the appearance of privileges, and are in reality rights. To this latter category belongs the single instance cited by your correspondent, i.e. breach of promise. I am not quite clear whether Mr. Donisthorpe objects to women receiving damages in these cases under any circumstances, or whether he merely holds that there should be no damages unless a formal contract has been signed.

If he takes the latter position, I can only ask him to consider the utter unreasonableness of expecting anyone—man or woman—to insist on the protection of a formal contract during so emotional an incident in their lives. But I suspect that he goes further than this, for he speaks of "A dozen buttermen who value the heart-wound in £.s.d." I put it to him that they do no such thing. It is not the heart-wound that they value, but the financial loss.

Women do all the work involved in wifehood and motherhood without direct payment, but they are paid indirectly by being supported, either entirely or in part, by their husbands.

Looking, then, at a promise to marry from the purely practical, as distinct from the romantic, point of view, we see that its breach involves a financial loss to the woman but not to the man; and I submit to your correspondent that, however distasteful it may be to him (as it is to me) that a woman should sue for damages in these cases, she is certainly entitled in justice to do so, if she pleases.

Further, I would point out that, even under the present circumstances, the majority of women do not take advantage of this privilege. And I would also ask whether, as a matter of fact, there is anything to prevent a man from claiming damages for breach of promise.

Mr. Donisthorpe may, of course, maintain, and I think with justice, that a period of time (say a year's engagement) should elapse before the man is held to have bound himself, but this is merely to criticise the application of the principle, and not the principle itself.

Mr. Donisthorpe cites no other instances of privilege, but no doubt there are others in his mind; and perhaps I may say a few words on the point.

With regard to the privileges that women are reputed to possess under the law, these seem to me for the most part to exist for the reason given above, namely, that women are not as a rule paid directly for their services. If privileges exist, where neither this nor a similar reason applies, I think I may safely say that every woman, who has the spirit of the Suffrage movement in her, would willingly renounce them.

With regard to privileges, based on sexual sentiment, such as having doors opened, etc., these may surely be left to the personal preferences of individual men and women.

For my part, I feel that in the ordinary affairs of life the highest compliment I can pay a woman is to ignore her sex, and that the highest she can pay me is to ignore mine.

More than that, it is my personal conviction (and I give it to Mr. Donisthorpe for what it is worth) that there is no sincere Suffragist in the world who (romantic episodes apart) would not be grateful to a man for treating her in all matters simply and plainly as a human being.

J. R. W. TANNER.

Sir,—The challenge in Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe's two letters is a challenge mainly to middle-class women. The vice of clutching both at rights and privileges is the vice of the idle wife rather than of the working housekeeper, and the disabilities of the latter are such that her sentimental pull in the Courts becomes negligible. Observation shows me that the vast majority of women don't want equality. Most working-class women are drudges who rarely consider the matter at all. Most middle-class women want all the legal privileges and all the coddling they can get, and the genuinely independent woman is still too rare to count in an immediate issue. One cannot well design the edifice of sex equality until the foundations are built. Then we shall see what to do next. The one basic need is economic independence of women—by their own exertions and by the endowment of motherhood. Until it becomes a matter of course that every woman shall earn her own living we cannot talk of equality. I want to see: (1) economic independence, (2) endowment of motherhood, (3) business contracts for the maintenance of children, (4) abolition of legal bias in favour of either sex.

But only when the first two, and especially the first, are established will women be fit and willing to make such contracts as your correspondent advocates, and only then will the present law, now frustrating, now coddling, become intolerable to them. As to the vote, I do not think Mr. Donisthorpe need fear it. Women will not unite to provide "more fetters" for him. Many of us believe that the emancipation of women can be achieved without the vote, but we all know that it cannot come without the controversy raging round that symbol.

In the first thrill of conscious power we believed in existing equality; now we begin to recognise a far higher proportion of able and well-balanced men than of women. A higher proportion than mere opportunity will account for. This is stimulus for women, not treachery or pessimism. To recognise defects and potentialities together, and to demand much, is the best promise for the future.

GWENDOLINE LEWIS.

* * *

RATIONALISM AND PARADOX.

Sir,—Really Mr. Sowden overwhelms me with polite insults and studied misunderstandings and the piling up of yet more paradoxes and his superhumanity, and—words. He says (Nov. 10) that I persist in standing on my head, and the hard endeavour to occupy his point of view (on the charitable assumption that he has one) does give me a slight sensation of that sort; but I do not feel to have been metaphorically murdered. However, perhaps I have been, without knowing it.

Mr. Sowden asks, "How can I be more paradoxical than humorous, when all paradox is humorous, and all humour is paradoxical?" Well, it may be admitted that all humour contains an element of paradox; but the converse position is far from the truth. Some paradox is humorous, but some other paradox is not. Paradox involves some startling statement of dissent from what passes as common knowledge, but it may or may not startle us into laughter, and it may or may not convince us of previous error. Usually it fails to convince us, whoever we may be. Grave philosophic systems are honeycombed with more or less unconscious paradox, which is more or less stimulating, not to mirth, but to inquiry and analysis; and when paradox becomes fully conscious, and aims to instruct and amuse us at the same time, it does not always follow that the fault lies with ourselves if we fail to see the joke—there may be none worth speaking of to see. For instance, it is not humorous to say that a thing does not exist when you merely mean that you wish it didn't.

Rationalism is at bottom an attitude of mind rather than a set of principles, or a method, or a natural religion or a substitute for religion. This mental attitude is not opposed to the deep human emotions, or to the pregnant utterances of literature and poetic aspiration any more than it is opposed to music, painting, athletics, commerce or politics. A Rationalist can appreciate all these things in turn as well as another. But the attitude of true Rationalism is opposed to all rhetorical attempts to produce belief by figures of speech or appeals to sentiment. Sound convictions are based on statements as literal and definite, and arguments as logical and adequate as we can make them. They are scientific, though not necessarily so in the physical-scientific sense. Such convictions may not be absolutely true, but they are at least honest approximations to truth. They do not cover all that the Rationalist would like to know, but what he cannot learn in like manner he refuses to regard as knowledge. Faith he may have in reason and humanity, in a coming age of peace and justice; perhaps, even in the underlying, though slowly emerging, goodness of Nature; but, if so, he knows that this faith is not knowledge, and that it waits on the steady growth of genuine knowledge for its possible fulfilment.

CHARLES G. HOOPER.

HOME RULE OR DEVOLUTION.

Sir,—Your personal notes are illuminating at all times, but occasionally fail to satisfy my best judgment; as for instance your statement in the fifth note in the issue of October 27:—“The same multitude of opinion among them prevails in regard to Home Rule or Devolution.”

Now if you will analyse this statement you will find that it closely approximates to the Roman Catholic attitude of supreme inertia, with the Church as guide and interpreter in all things, temporal and religious. And by inference you assume that the crude physical manifestations, the bludgeons of past causes acting on chronic ignorance take precedence, and are superior to the discerning intelligence evolved by and through those ponderable expressions of power that vainly disguises the Supreme Intelligence in its centuries' effort to knock a little sense into our addled brains.

Civilisation has at last evolved the Christian family for the advance, and the sustenance of that advance, of the individual; and I think it is evident that national autonomy of similar ethnic groups is absolutely necessary to safeguard the family in its important social function, through the efflorescence of racial sympathy, and this I think represents the true evolution of humanity, as distinct from the spurious, the indiscriminate mixing of the races; that spell degeneration for all and sundry in the fierce antagonisms excited by the pressure of greed, avarice, and the struggle for existence. At least that is our experience in America.

In our opinion, the union of England and Scotland was a step in evolution; yet under that union Scotland has dissipated her incomparable wealth of religious fervour, and only the embers survive. She stands to-day bankrupt in national ideals, her country-side depleted, and from a religious inspiration to the world at large, she has sunk to the bare title. These facts strike me as Devolution.

In this day our most important possessions, morals and religion, are secondary forces, subordinate to the material interests that question all values but those of pounds and dollars; and in America the national ideal is about submerged by an influx of indifferentism caused by the authoritative evolution quoted by inference in yours.

To-day there is no such thing as unalloyed friendship, there is reciprocity I admit, and grudging charity that satisfies a stunted conscience and is practically a cheap bid for heaven; but as for any sincere friendly sentiment that wishes merely the good of its object without thought of return, it no longer exists. And this fact is due to the decline of the national spirit.

AN AMERICAN.

* * *

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE.

Sir,—In your issue for November 3 is an article on the matter at the head of this letter, signed “J. Z.” With much of his idea most moderate men will agree, but after, for some time, “holding the scales,” he finally allows some bias to creep in at the close concerning the Peers and their rejection of the Budget. And, surely, he suffers from some confusion of ideas in connecting the Peers and the wild men. “The bidding of the wild men” was a very wild journalistic phrase of twelve months ago, and “J. Z.’s” memory has recorded it treacherously for him. This by the way.

“J. Z.’s” statement of facts is a little too cocksure—“the Education Bill of the Unionists helped to kill their party in 1906”—“the Licensing Bill of the Radicals had an effect only averted by Mr. Lloyd George’s Budget.” Well, well! But if “J.Z.” can commit himself to such statements can we accept him as a reliable guide holding moderate views?

“J.Z.’s” residuum of a two-thirds majority does not look at all workable. There would be the dead-lock he partially foresees, and Englishmen apparently are getting less practical and less high-minded—they are certainly are not as “J. Z.” says, too practical and too high-minded. This may be noted by a means at which the shallow may scoff, but here it is: There has been a great increase in the drawing power of melodrama the last few years. I invite anyone capable of sitting out a play of this kind to turn away from the stage and watch the audience. He will find rapt attention and thunders of applause for any quantity of false sentiment; and for an even greater amount of rudeness on the part of the comic man towards his best young lady. Now, “to get to the osses” quickly, most of the audience are voters, and what we see them admit to be good shows us how

they will be swayed by clap-trap, and how much more they will value it spiced with vulgarity. The majority does not think—it merely feels. What can moderation do against numbers at present? There is an example now before our eyes. In appeals to those of their own party, who has the greater effect, the present Prime Minister or his Chancellor of the Exchequer?

No, while parties remain as they are, while education remains without any inculcation of manners (the finest aid possible to quiet thought) “J. Z.’s” scheme is not likely to develop. What is more than probable is a great sundering in the parties, with consequent fusions, as was the case after Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule Bills—and may the sound moderate men win.

W. F. D.

* * *

A TRUST IN CRIME.

Sir,—I read Mrs. Hastings’ letter on “The Trust in Crime,” to a company of persons, and it was effective enough to turn the heart of one who had been hostile to your paper and its work. The letter is, in a phrase of Milton, “a vehement vein pouring out indignation and scorn upon an object that merits it.” It harrows the heart, and sows it with sincere seed to think, and will, and do everything that in one lies against that diabolical system which Englishmen call Justice, the system of these formal and cold-blooded murders of the law, the system that congregates high-spirited with low-minded and diseased boys in brutal reformatories. To recall the recent Osborne naval cadet case, who can doubt, that, had that boy been the son of a poor father, he would be in a reformatory now, at this present moment.

E. H. VISIAK.

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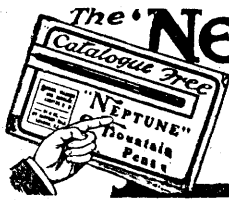
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