NOTES OF THE WEEK.

People who urged that the debates on the Address lacked reality only because the proceedings were of the nature of a curtain-raiser, must be disappointed to find that the main piece of the Parliament Bill is proving no less stagey and unreal. Less interest has been taken in the grand scenes of its introduction and first reading than in the interludes provided by the discussions on Mr. Ginnell’s suspension, Mr. Churchill’s action at Peetemond and Mr. M. MacDonagh’s report on the Hesswell Nautical School. This should not be the case if even we admit with Mr. Philip Snowden that members of Parliament are very human and prefer a personal squabble to a conflict of principle. Still less should it be the case when the presumed upshot of the main proceedings is no less than a constitutional revolution.

We do not pretend to explain the inner reasons for the apathy which is so apparent, but that it has its roots in the pervasive consciousness of powerlessness we have no doubt. The unreality of Parliamentary debates is due to the fact that there is nothing to debate for. If prizes were offered for the best speeches or the most repetitions, or for the speech which did not consist wholly of platitude, the level of debating might easily become higher. But as it is, there are no prizes to be competed for and no votes to be gained. The Cabinet’s majority is now a hundred or so, and though a Daniel Blunt could be blown away by the same breath. But none of these objections were no less fallacious. It is quite true that the other House of Commons man or a House of Lords man than a Cabinet man. The prospect of strengthening Cabinet government, whether by the suppression of independence in the Lower Chamber, or of the absolute veto of the Upper Chamber, has naturally no terrors for him. All is fish that comes eventually to the Cabinet’s net. And it may even be (though we would not stake our lives on the guess) that the main subject of agreement at the famous Conference was the necessity of consolidating the power and concentrating the control of “that small oligarchy,” self-elected and almost omnipotent, called the Cabinet.

Whatever may be the force of Mr. F. E. Smith’s criticism, however, it is perfectly certain that Mr. Winston Churchill’s reply was ineffective. On the supposition that the Parliament Bill establishes Cabinet autonomy, it is no defence to urge, as Mr. Churchill urged, that Cabinet autonomy is a mere creature of the Cabinet has its mind set on a second Conference, not fifty acceptable to the rank and file. There are no prizes to be competed for and no votes to be gained. The Cabinet’s majority at the close of the debates will be the same hundred or so. Members know this very well. Hence they agree not to try to convince anybody, but to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the Whips or their constituencies or their servants or themselves. The game is as innocuous as bridge for love, at which all that can be lost is honour or temper—things that do not matter. It is not war and it is not discussion. It is Parliamentary Debate. The reports should be published, not by Hansard, but by de la Rue.

We said just now that we would refrain from enquiring into the inner causes of the failure of the Opposition to oppose, but the question may fairly be asked why it was left to Mr. F. E. Smith, who has never been a member of any Cabinet, to state the most considerable argument against the Parliament Bill. It is, of course, that the Parliament Bill will fortify the Cabinet caucus on the one side at the very same moment that the House of Commons, by the final suppression of its last independent member, has fortified it on the other. The Parliament Bill, so runs this most powerful criticism, will put the coping stone on the structure of Cabinet autocracy which has been jointly erected by the folly and subservience of the House of Parliament. This argument, if it were true, we should be disposed to regard as final: but before examining it closely, we may reply to the question above raised. The failure of Mr. Balfour to oppose the Parliament Bill with any seriousness is due to the simple fact that he is less of a House of Commons man or a House of Lords man than a Cabinet man. The prospect of strengthening Cabinet government, whether by the suppression of independence in the Lower Chamber, or of the absolute veto of the Upper Chamber, has naturally no terrors for him. All is fish that comes eventually to the Cabinet’s net. And it may even be (though we would not stake our lives on the guess) that the main subject of agreement at the famous Conference was the necessity of consolidating the power and concentrating the control of “that small oligarchy,” self-elected and almost omnipotent, called the Cabinet.

Cabinet.

The Times, March 2, 1911

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Spectators to a conflict of principle. Still less should it be the case when the presumed upshot of the main proceedings is no less than a constitutional revolution. We do not pretend to explain the inner reasons for the apathy which is so apparent, but that it has its roots in the pervasive consciousness of powerlessness we have no doubt. The unreality of Parliamentary debates is due to the fact that there is nothing to debate for. If prizes were offered for the best speeches or the most repetitions, or for the speech which did not consist wholly of platitude, the level of debating might easily become higher. But as it is, there are no prizes to be competed for and no votes to be gained. The Cabinet’s majority is now a hundred or so, and though a Daniel Blunt could be blown away by the same breath. But none of these objections were no less fallacious. It is quite true that the other House of Commons man or a House of Lords man than a Cabinet man. The prospect of strengthening Cabinet government, whether by the suppression of independence in the Lower Chamber, or of the absolute veto of the Upper Chamber, has naturally no terrors for him. All is fish that comes eventually to the Cabinet’s net. And it may even be (though we would not stake our lives on the guess) that the main subject of agreement at the famous Conference was the necessity of consolidating the power and concentrating the control of “that small oligarchy,” self-elected and almost omnipotent, called the Cabinet.

Whatever may be the force of Mr. F. E. Smith’s criticism, however, it is perfectly certain that Mr. Winston Churchill’s reply was ineffective. On the supposition that the Parliament Bill establishes Cabinet autonomy, it is no defence to urge, as Mr. Churchill urged, that Cabinet autonomy is a mere creature of the House of Commons. His words were to the effect that the Cabinet, being made by the breath of the Commons, could be blown away by the same breath. But none of his illustrations really bore on the point. For instance, he cited the hypothesis that if the Cabinet were at that moment to declare for a second Conference, not fifty Liberal members would be found to support them. Very likely not. But nobody supposes that because a Cabinet can do what it likes, the manner of doing it is of no importance. Everything, in fact, depends on the manner in which it is done. Unless a Cabinet deliberately contemplated suicide, it would not, of course, risk alienating its followers by a maladroit choice of time and manner. On the other hand, we are pretty sure that if the Cabinet has its mind set on a second Conference, means will be found of making a second Conference acceptable to the rank and file. There are a dozen ways of killing a cat besides choking it with butter. We should think very little indeed of a Cabinet that could not, with such powers as a Cabinet possesses, do anything it pleased. Mr. Churchill’s historical illustrations were no less fallacious. It is quite true that the House of Commons in 1886 blew away the Cabinet of
Mr. Gladstone, and it is also true that in 1903 Mr. Balfour's Cabinet was blown away. But in both instances the Cabinet had been dissolved by internal divisions into dust before the blow began. A divided Cabinet, we admit, is weak enough to be at the mercy of the very weakest House of Commons; but a united Cabinet can resist the very strongest House of Commons that our party system can return.

The real reply to Mr. Smith is not, therefore, that the threat of Cabinet absolutism is meaningless; nor is it that the Parliament Bill does not contribute towards it. The real reply is that none of Mr. Smith's proposed remedies would mitigate in the slightest degree the absolutism he professes to fear. We are to suppose in the first place that the existing House of Lords with its present Veto has hitherto been some kind of check upon what is. But nothing is further from the truth. As a defence against the Cabinet we should as soon think of relying upon the existing House of Lords (which, however, does not consist of precisely 666 members as Mr. Pease stated, perhaps maliciously) as depending upon Beelzebub to defend us against Satan. What there is already of Cabinet dictatorship has actually grown up under the Lords' nose, if not under its smile. The House of Lords may not be under the same necessity of submission to the caucus of the Party whose adherents have been the worst of all slaves to it, namely, voluntary slaves. On no occasion within living memory have the Lords opposed a Tory Bill, be the grounds of public offence what they may have been. If Rule bill, the rejection of which has been regarded as the Lords' trump claim to popular representation, was only thrown out when the Cabinet was known to be divided. If it be said that the Lords have at least been a check upon such poor revolutionary changes as Liberal Governments have from time to time proposed, the reply is again that their action from the first has been calculable and calculated. What we mean is that on occasion Liberal Governments, as well as Tory Governments, have known how to throw the sword of the Lords into the scale against their own followers. As a vast mass of consolidated prejudice, the Lords have, in fact, been as much at the disposal of Liberal Cabinets as at the disposal of Tory Cabinets. True, that in their case the Cabinet is nothing as an apparent addition, and in the former case as an apparent subtraction from Cabinet power; but nobody who remembers Lord Rosebery's deliberate reliance on the Lords to defeat clauses in his Bills which were in the very sense of the word 'whipped', can fail to realise the assistance the Lords have given to Liberal as well as Tory reactionaries.

But if the Lords, as they at present exist, afford us no safeguard against Cabinet absolutism, it is equally certain that a Second Chamber, whether composed of hereditary, nominated or elected members, will be no check either. From an elected Second Chamber we can expect no more independence than from an elected House of Commons. Moreover, the independence of the House of Commons shall expect no more independence than from an elected Second Chamber. Mr. P. E. Smith professes to desiderate, namely, "a strong and independent Second Chamber." A strong and independent Second Chamber is an impossible outcome of our present electoral system. If a House of hereditary peers, owing their allegiance to no group, but to the country at large, has, as we know it has, succumbed to the caucus and voluntarily stripped itself of the last rags of independence, what possible hope is there of creating a Chamber of superior independence out of inferior electoral means? The prospect is empty. Neither the Lords as they exist nor any Second Chamber that can be created offers the smallest real safeguard against the absolutism of the Cabinet government.

But it may be asked what, if this is the case, is the remedy. We reply that the remedy is one thing and one thing only: an independent House of Commons. Given an independent House of Commons, nay, given a group of a dozen independent and able members, and we would cheerfully undertake to defy the dictatorship of the strongest Cabinet ever created. A dozen or even fifty independent members of a Second Chamber would be powerless, but a dozen in the Commons could smash the machine. Unhappily, however, it appears to be the case that the independence of the House of Commons is fading like a dream. Even the reek of liberty are shaken in the wind and may at any moment be broken. What are we to say of Mr. Wedgwood, for example, whose ignominious politeness has ruined for ever his chances of continued independence? That he was rigidly annoyed at the unauthorised publication of his private letter to Mr. Ginnell we grudgingly admit; but that he should repudiate the sentiments expressed in it is puerile treachery. After all, they were his habitual sentiments, if, that is, he is capable of forming and retaining definite convictions on anything. Why should he deny them merely because they were published without his consent? It is of the very essence of slavery that its private opinions should be the contrary of its public expressions, and we regret extremely that Mr. Wedgwood has now ranged himself with the slaves of the machine.

Mr. Ginnell, on the other hand, made not only a good defence of himself, but an admirable and weighty attack on the Whipsrism under which the House of Commons abjectly lies. The House, he said, had two tasks, one to preserve its impartiality. Given the expressions of members themselves who in the lobbies and smoke-rooms habitually complained of the "organised partiality" of debate in terms much more extreme than he had employed. The Speaker's reply to this attack was without his usual tact, for he allowed himself to be heated into a declaration that the system of which Mr. Ginnell complained should continue come what might. "Notwithstanding what has been said, I shall certainly continue to ask for and to receive lists from all parties in this House." But this declaration was followed by unexpected results. Several members, to our relief but astonishment, rose and protested. Finally, Mr. Asquith was compelled to reduce his proposals of punishment of Mr. Ginnell from four weeks to one week's suspension, and this only after 86 members had voted against it.

If there is some little encouragement in this, we are bound to say that there is less in the comments that have subsequently been made. It must be remembered
that there is no longer any doubt in most men's minds that the independence of the private member, so called, is in urgent need of resurrection. Everybody, in fact, pays homage to the sentiment with his lips. But when it comes to acting on the policy, it is a different matter. The "Times," for example, only recently deplored the complete subservience of the private member to the machine. Yet it referred to the debate in the House on ventilation in the Pentonville prisons and the charges made and proved. We cannot truthfully say that Mr. Churchill, in visiting Pentonville and reprieving certain juvenile prisoners, we have at the outset this to say: that if there is any criticism of Mr. Churchill to make, these semi-noblemen are not the persons to make it. Not one of them has in anybody's opinion but their own the smallest title to an opinion on the subject of penal administration. Precisely the same kind of impulsiveness as sent Mr. Churchill to the clock tower. How touching! Burning tears course down our hardened cheeks as we view the popular Mr. Wedgwood convoyed to that desolate cell by a crowd of sorrowing friends. It is only when we recover the thought occurs to us that if Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, Freedom would have laughed if Churchill were to do anything so dastardly. His personal popularity was the means by which he fell. It might have been the means by which the House might rise. As a safeguard against the " Horridest barbarity," not of single Chamber of government (of which, indeed, we have no fear), but of Cabinet absolutism we conclude that an independent House of Commons is our only hope. Failing that, democracy may put up the shutters. 

Of the attack by Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Lyttelton and Lord Winterton on the administrative conduct of Mr. Churchill in visiting Pentonville and reprieving certain juvenile prisoners, we have at the outset this to say: that if there is any criticism of Mr. Churchill to make, these semi-noblemen are not the persons to make it. Not one of them has in anybody's opinion but their own the smallest title to an opinion on the subject of penal administration. Precisely the same kind of impulsiveness as sent Mr. Churchill to the clock tower. How touching! Burning tears course down our hardened cheeks as we view the popular Mr. Wedgwood convoyed to that desolate cell by a crowd of sorrowing friends. It is only when we recover the thought occurs to us that if Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, Freedom would have laughed if Churchill were to do anything so dastardly. His personal popularity was the means by which he fell. It might have been the means by which the House might rise. As a safeguard against the "Horridest barbarity," not of single Chamber of government (of which, indeed, we have no fear), but of Cabinet absolutism we conclude that an independent House of Commons is our only hope. Failing that, democracy may put up the shutters.

Examples of the chaos prevailing in penal administration occur in numbers every day of the week. They will continue until a Home Secretary is appointed who at least has made up his mind to sail in one direction or another. A trivial incident arose at the Lincoln Assizes last week which drew from Mr. Justice Channell a significant word. He observed that thirteen prisoners charged with small offences that they had obviously committed the offence with a view of getting into prison and of avoiding the workhouse. That, he said, was not a satisfactory state of things. Either the prisons were being made too comfortable or the workhouses were being made too uncomfortable. Quite inconsequently he concluded that the remedy was to bring the level of prisons down to that of workhouses by making them more uncomfortable. We should have thought that another way out might have been discovered even by Mr. Justice Channell. The remark, however, illustrates our contention that nobody in authority really has any clear idea of what should be aimed at. If anything went wrong with the whole system, the obvious failure of the Caucus system to govern the country, he need only turn to the penal administration of recent years. 

For once, however, not only has Mr. Churchill's humanity failed him, but his political instinct as well. We do not know how many of our readers have examined the Report of the Inquiry by Mr. Masterman into the charges made in "John Bull" concerning the management of the Heswall Nautical School, or have even read the Parliament debate on the subject which took place on Thursday. But we believe that in proportion to their knowledge of the facts will be their indignation at the official glossing over and minimising of the charges made and proved. We cannot truthfully declare, however, that either of these palliating devices was deliberate or malicious. On the contrary, we believe that Mr. Masterman and Mr. Churchill are both convinced that this Report is as far from whitewashing as it is from "John Bull's" blackwashing. In short, it is what they would regard as eminently judicial. All the more inexcusable, however, does this convey of their personal incompetence of either man to so much as realise the gravity of the charges brought, still less to act on it with ordinary humanity. Let us note, in the first instance, that it is odd, to say the least, that he should be allowed by his superior, Mr. Churchill, both to report on the evidence and to determine the action of the Home Secretary. He specifically embodies in his Report to Mr. Churchill a recommendation that the Superintendent of the school in question should not be dismissed. As his function was merely to investigate...
the charges and to report. we can only regard his way, whether Mr. Masterman would have been so bold some months? Superintendent. Would not such a recommendation as a usurpation of authority

But we are further suspicious, and not merely suspicious, but down-right incredulous of Mr. Masterman's competence to hold the inquiry at all. Apart altogether from the correct recording and valuation of the evidence he did hear, there is in the minds of practical people the question of the evidence he did not hear and could not see and did not know how to ask for. We know nothing beyond the statements of this Report about the Heswall Reformatory School in particular, but we may give it as the almost universal experience of teachers that in only rare instances is the Corporal Punishment Record book kept with anything approaching fullness. After all, who is to keep it but the presumed culprit? A schoolmaster who is callous enough to inflict punishments and who does not try to keep such record when he can safely do so. If in a school of 200 roughish boys, in training for the even rougher work of the Navy, only 72 cases of corporal punishment occurred during the whole year, we can only say that with this institution is a model to some of the "best-conducted" elementary Council Schools. In these latter, the number of 72 cases is often exceeded in a single week. What, however, strikes us as even more extraordinary is the failure of Mr. Masterman to conclude from the infliction of one peculiarly callous means of discipline the scale on which the penal code was constructed. The infliction of one peculiarly callous means of discipline is often exceeded in a single week. What, however, strikes us as even more extraordinary is the failure of Mr. Masterman to conclude from the infliction of one peculiarly callous means of discipline the scale on which the penal code was constructed. The infliction of one peculiarly callous means of discipline...
in the body politic; and, secondly, that the problem of women's labour—the women's movement, in fact—is quite distinct and separate from the problem of Socialism or the distribution of wealth among men. Both of these emerge even from Olive Schreiner's phraseology with unmistakable clearness, and we can safely commend this section of the book to students who are not already familiar with the writings of the best feminists.

When, however, we turn to the author's remedy for the great evils she describes as looming, we find it condemned to our mind at the outset. We are to suppose that the problem before women is to find a use for themselves in society, apart from return to the primitive conditions of manual labour, and outside the diminishing sphere of child-bearing. Neither of these, in fact, nor both together, offer a field of employment sufficient to engage more than a small percentage of the total female population. If our Western women (and, hence, the race they bear) are not to degenerate as a result of enforced idleness into female parasites after the manner of the tick and the termite, new forms of labour must be opened for them, and, higher forms and professions. In other words, the choice before the majority of women is to enter the professions, arts and crafts by force and in force or to degenerate. Olive Schreiner, however, is not content to give this plain and sensible piece of advice, but she must bedaub it entirely by an unnecessary, a reactionary, and, indeed, an inconsistent addition. It is a great truth, she declares, "and one on which I should not fear to challenge future generations," that the endeavour of women should be "toward a higher appreciation of the sacredness of all sex relations." If that is to be the case, then farewell to any hope of women taking ill labour for their province and competition with men in professions, arts and crafts. For the truth must be told that it is precisely by lowering his appreciation of the sacredness of sex relations that intellectual man at any rate has won his position. Nor should we fear to challenge the veracity of long future generations that the same deflation of the importance of sex will prove necessary to women if they are to enter the intellectual spheres where men now labour.

But the sentence we have quoted is by no means the only indication that the author, like most women and few men, exaggerates the importance of sex and parentage, thereby obscuring the true solution of the women's problem. Over and over again, we are reminded of the obsolete or, rather, the obsolescent, view that woman's highest position is to be a mother and a beatitude and a what not. "Parenthood, the divine gift of imparting human life." ("Two ameboid globules coalesce.") "The joy of giving life, the glory and beatitude of a virile womanhood." But if women who by hypothesis are now shut out from the task of child-bearing are to enter the professions with which mother-hunger still in their hearts, what value will they have work for, or how can it compete on equal terms with men's work in these fields? Men, as we say, are weakened in their fierce professional ambitions by no such division of spirit. To experience such division is amongst men an honour. Perhaps, in youth, but to succumb to it is either a comedy or a tragedy, and that way lies the obstinate or, rather, the obsolescent view of education. But if education is to have any value, it must be an integrated one. It was once possible to say to a teacher, "Mr. McKenna, in the House of Commons, in which he endeavoured to justify his "scare" figures.

I am not taking sides in this complicated question, or saying whether Mr. McKenna was right or wrong. On the evidence which I have accumulated I should say that he was right rather than wrong; for if figures and estimates can be juggled with in London, they can be equally well juggled with in Berlin. That the incident is not yet at an end is seen from the fact that the German authorities conveyed to Reuter's Agency even after Mr. McKenna had made his recent explanatory declaration in the House. And as for the feeling of exaggerated bitterness left behind at both Foreign Offices, my word! To whisper "Englische Flotte" at Nos. 75-6 Wilhelmstrasse is equivalent, I understand, to shouting "Rats!" to an Irish terrier, or to asking President Taft what he thinks of Mr. Champ Clark's speech on the annexation of Canada. And the symptoms exhibited in Downing Street are just the same when the subject is broached. More could be said on this point; but I refrain from saying it at the moment. A vague glimmering of the points I have mentioned leaked out in one of the Paris newspapers, and vehement hints have been made by Bulgarian papers in Berlin. The sequel was seen, too, in the recent statement made by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons, in which he endeavoured to justify his "scare" figures.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

For the last six months naval bickerings of a distinctly acrimonious character have been proceeding between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse. The trouble began when Mr. McKenna made the scurrilous statement in the House of Commons about the acceleration of the German programme of submarine warfare. Afterwards demands were made for a full report of the recent explanatory speeches made in the Reichstag in regard to the matter, one of them by no less a person than Admiral von Tirpitz himself. The sequel was seen in the recent request made by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons, in which he endeavoured to justify his "scare" figures.

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absolutely fatal to the cause of peace; for, if the will of the Bulgarian people were carried out now, every available soldier would set out for Constantinople at the earliest possible moment.

Having annexed Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria now wants the Turkish province of Macedonia. This would give a large part of the Balkan Ex-Deputies who can comply with certain conditions (e.g., men who have been deputies for six consecutive years) to be chosen from among the nobles and certain high officials, and one hundred or so nominated by the King from among the intellectuals (When I say Intellectuals I mean men who, from a cultural standpoint, are fully developed—Goethe or Leonardo da Vinci, for instance; not the narrow-minded cranks one meets with among the Fabians and the other so-called "advanced" people here.) I am aware that Intellectuals are difficult to discover; but the task need not be approached with utter despair in mind is to allow the King to nominate only forty senators to be elected by university professors, scientists, and men of letters; 120 to be chosen from among ex-Deputies who can comply with certain conditions (e.g., men who have been deputies for six consecutive years). The remaining 80 senators are to be elected by the universities and other bodies of a like nature. The change that Señor Canalejas has in mind is to allow the King to nominate only forty senators instead of one hundred, and to have the remaining sixty elected by the universities. By the way, doesn't it seem strange that when an English Liberal Premier talks of depriving the universities of their electoral rights, one hundred or so nominated by the King from among the intellectuals, and one hundred and eighty elected by the so-called Corporations of State, etc., one hundred or so nominated by the King from among the nobles and certain high officials, and one hundred and eighty elected by the universities, a wise and tolerant concession to the dominant religion and with infinite modifications, the composition of the proposed modifications, however, it must be mentioned, do not hand over the power of governing to blatant and uneducated demagogues, but bestow it instead upon Senators appointed to a high level of intellect by the electorate itself. (In Future it is proposed that the number of senators shall be limited to 350: 120 nominated exclusively by the King (his Majesty's Ministers may "advise"), 75 of these, 120 to be chosen from among the high State officials; members to be elected by university professors, scientists, and men of letters; 120 to be chosen from among ex-Deputies who can comply with certain conditions (e.g., men who have been deputies for six consecutive years). The remaining 80 senators are to be elected by what would approximately correspond to the Spanish Corporations of State, i.e., the universities and other bodies of an equally high standing. With a few modifications of detail this proposal looks like getting through. All senators are to be nominated or elected for life, as hitherto.

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He ought to find some room in his thoughts for what will suit us." So, according to unimpeachable authority, said Queen Victoria, concerning the representatives of the people, from whom she would have welcomed a more undoubted display of zeal for the personal interests of the reigning house. These words contain the fundamental notions of self-preservation, and therefore of State policy, that must not only be maintained, but actually are the animating principle of royalty at all times and in all possible conjunctures. It would be a work of immense labour, but would not, with unflagging observation, be absolutely impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign. The history of the House of Orange, says one school of interpreters, has no repetitions. As a matter of fact, declares another order of historians, history has nothing else. That to some extent, and with infinite modifications, may be loosely described as the view which finds favour at present. Whether it was the thing of much the same kind happened to Queen Victoria after the disintegration of Melbourne whiggism, completed during the earlier years of her reign. How, from her high eminence, she judged better than her counsellors as to the men who could most smoothly carry on her government; that need not now be recalled. The political creed which she had learned had two chief articles that were illustrated equally in everything she subsequently did or refrained from doing. These articles were respectively, compromise and opportunism. In 1845 the Maynooth Grant was held by the stern unbending Tories, whom Gladstone had represented when, seven years earlier, he put forth his book on "Church and State," to involve an abandonment of principle that, though he personally approved the grant, perhaps be impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign. The political creed which she had learned had two chief articles that were illustrated equally in everything she subsequently did or refrained from doing. These articles were respectively, compromise and opportunism. In 1845 the Maynooth Grant was held by the stern unbending Tories, whom Gladstone had represented when, seven years earlier, he put forth his book on "Church and State," to involve an abandonment of principle that, though he personally approved the grant, perhaps be impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign. The political creed which she had learned had two chief articles that were illustrated equally in everything she subsequently did or refrained from doing. These articles were respectively, compromise and opportunism. In 1845 the Maynooth Grant was held by the stern unbending Tories, whom Gladstone had represented when, seven years earlier, he put forth his book on "Church and State," to involve an abandonment of principle that, though he personally approved the grant, perhaps be impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign. The political creed which she had learned had two chief articles that were illustrated equally in everything she subsequently did or refrained from doing. These articles were respectively, compromise and opportunism. In 1845 the Maynooth Grant was held by the stern unbending Tories, whom Gladstone had represented when, seven years earlier, he put forth his book on "Church and State," to involve an abandonment of principle that, though he personally approved the grant, perhaps be impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign. The political creed which she had learned had two chief articles that were illustrated equally in everything she subsequently did or refrained from doing. These articles were respectively, compromise and opportunism. In 1845 the Maynooth Grant was held by the stern unbending Tories, whom Gladstone had represented when, seven years earlier, he put forth his book on "Church and State," to involve an abandonment of principle that, though he personally approved the grant, perhaps be impossible to deduce, from the volumes containing Queen Victoria's letters, examples of monarchical method and conduct, relevant to most experiences likely to befal a modern sovereign.
speech of the measure that will absorb all the legislative time for many weeks, perhaps months, yet to come. The words on which stress has now been laid should serve to remind us that these controversies are really regarded in the highest quarters. There they are seen simply as mere incidents of administrative detail. Nor at this moment can there be associated with the Crown and the Conservative line of policy something; but some times seem to help, as in the relations between Queen Victoria and Lord Beaconsfield, the sovereign, but generally are the cause of royal perplexity. Even in itself, it does not attract many minds; but if a party system is accepted by King George as that which suits our political and national conditions the best. To him personally it is a matter of indifference what labels may be worn by the men who sit respectively on the right and on the left of the Speaker's Chair. The constitution is as much, or as little, safe with one set as with the other. Admonished from boyhood to have no political favours, he lost no time in beginning, under his father and the shrewd level-headed men of the world who were his father's advisers, to watch every move in the game played by the "outs" against the "ins," or among the members of one political connection against another. During the years 1868 and 1874, as he since then has heard and read, Disraeli succeeded in re-organising the Tory party on a popular basis. With the victory of 1874 that movement ended. The aristocrats seized the spoils; the Whigs were restored; and thus, to this present moment, been one of reaction against Tory democracy. The Fourth Party was a fleeting episode; it ended with Salisbury's purchase of Randolph Churchill at the prize of a Secretariery of State. Mr. Balfour, however, contrived to make his political fortune out of it, simply by adroitly manipulating it to Salisbury's glorification and to Northcote's depression and extinction. Then came the series of Balfourian operations which led to the present opposition, to Opposition chiefs, two earlier colleagues below the gangway, the late Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe and the surviving Sir John Gorst. Clearly, therefore, such knowledge that, by study or observation, he may have acquired of Conservatism in its modern makings will not have presented the monarch with any addition to his store of political ideals. On the other hand he sees signs of a rising tide of democracy which may run strongly against Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour alike. He is therefore at the present moment left entirely to his own judgment. Of such signs of the times as there may be, he is absolutely his own interpreter. The Constitution in its present state is a thing to put the Opposition house in order, perpetuates and reflects all the aristocratic influences already mentioned as ruinous to Conservatism. As for the Ministerialists, the sovereign can only be inferred, as with unmistakeable clearness, that I belong to the land and that its mischievous influences upon the material well-being of the Constitution;" from any other lips such words out crisis coeval with his own reign has not exhausted any nowadays.

I cannot but applaud your exquisite sense of the fitness of things," I remarked gravely; and having given the necessary directions about my luggage, we walked off, arm-in-arm, towards my colleague's habitation.

"I hold that in fairy-land we must try to look as much as possible like fairies," he said, obviously pleased at my appreciation.

"Fairies!" I laughed. "I didn't know there were any nowadays . . ."

"That proves how wonderfully your education has been neglected. Fairies, my dear fellow, are not of one age but of all ages. They belong to that endless, immense domain of everything which no one can ever define, but which we must discover in our own subconscious selves, if we would really understand the Essence from which we spring."

"How is the last mysterious domain to be discovered?"

I asked, considering it but proper to humour my host at this, my first meeting.

"If you have a fairy-like soul, all you have to do is to shut your eyes and imagine that you will see Asian shepherds wandering over vast plains in the golden morning of a pre-memorial past. You will see Celtic hunters groping their way with awe across dim, primeval woods. You will see Norse sailors on the
boundless ocean seeking for guidance from the stars. All these and many other forgotten wonders beholds the man who has, latent at the bottom of his soul, the poetical vision."

I saw none of these wonders as we walked through the village. What I did see was a number of rugged, sunburnt farmers, and a few drowsy, fly-blown moth-eaten trout that lounged at the doors of their shops, apparently caring for nothing less than trade. Fine rustic characters," commented my colleague in an aside, "all quite unpolished by friction with the material world and unhackneyed by it. They are particles of Arcadia—as changeless as the country's landmarks."

"They look rather poor," I observed, not knowing what else to say.

"They are not much, in that they covet but little. They are a happy people that live according to Nature." At that moment a group of Arcadians reeled out of a public house, bringing after them a draught of air heavy with fumes of strong tobacco and stale beer.

My colleague prudently made way for the merry particles, and then, as soon as they were out of earshot, he continued:

"They live in the most intimate communion with cows, hens, and fairies, and—"

"Other spirits," I supplemented with a smile the significance of which, I am afraid, was lost upon my companion, for he went on in a crescendo of corybantic marks.

"They all feel the inner truth of the natural things around them. They are all impregnated with the mystery of the Unseen. You ought to listen to some of their legends to understand the secrets of which city-dwellers have lost the key."

"Legendary lore is an intensely interesting subject," said I, "if studied with a becoming measure of doubt." Chestnuton snorted.

"Perceiving the Something More is, of course, rare. But perception towards the supernatural is not one of doubt, but of wonder and hope. Legends certainly are not incredible—I mean to those who approach them with their minds duly prepared to believe."

"Quite so," I agreed.

"You look sceptical," he rejoined.

"I feel sceptical," I confessed.

"Scepticism, my dear fellow, is quite irrelevant when you probe the Something More that lies behind sensation and place and time."

"What, then, is the use of the experience which comes with age? Of the knowledge we gather from the study of books? Of the lessons of philosophy?"

"You speak of experience, I reply, of experience in experiences. And all experiences where the terrestrial opens on the supernal are to be tested, not by the rules of books, and the lessons of philosophy, but by the fancies, notions, dreams, and impulsive beliefs that lurk in the mystical chambers of a child's heart. Children believe in fairies; therefore fairies exist."

"I have never met any, nor anyone who has," said I, trying hard to preserve my gravity.

"Have you never heard of Queen Mab who ate the junket and tangled slatterns' hair at night? Of Morgan-Le-Fay, the lady born of the sea, of Vivien, the Lady of the Lake, and of her three birds who sang the dead to life and the living to sleep?"

Precisely what has not been expected from birds of that class; and, if you don't mind, I think I will retire to bed," I said, beginning to feel very drowsy under the combined effects of my journey and my host's conversation.

"No, don't go just yet. Have another glass of nectar," he said, pushing the beer towards me.

I politely yielded, and sipped the loathsome liquid dissimulating my reluctance, while Chestnuton went on discussing—whether to me or to himself I know not—on Vivien's three birds which warbled in no forest boughs or wayside bushes, as, I believe, most respectable birds do, but floating wildly in mid-air above the sea.

I said not a word, and my host, mistaking my idleness of the least mad men; but a real world to which he hopes in earnest to find his way some day.

I listened to this weird chronicle, I grew more and more sceptical of the truth of the story. I have never met any, nor anyone who has," said I, trying hard to preserve my gravity.

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"Somebody was singing out of the dark dingles. You must lose yourself in the dark dingles. You must lie down on the soft, flower-carpeted banks—with the blue sea twinkling far away under your eyes, the blue heavens smiling over your head, sheep bells tinkling dreamily in your ears, and—and all that sort of thing. All this you must do, or suffer, before you can truly believe that you have been in the heart of Arcadia. All this I have done for many a day past, and I will teach you to do also." I murmured my thanks.

After dinner, as we lingered over our beer, Chestnuton drifted once more into the subject that seems to obsess him.

"Oh that we could retrace our steps and get back to the twilit dawn of things," he said, with a sigh.

"Then we should see the fairies as they appeared first to our forefathers in wreaths of mist rising out of the enchanted springs, the sacred lakes, and the holy wells of Wisdom."

"My dear Chestnuton," I said, "you don't seriously believe that such beings have ever existed in reality? It is too childish."

He shook his head, and a sad, pitying smile overspread his lips as he answered:

"You mean child-like. Ah, it is from such child-like fountains that springs the power over the Unseen, the faculty which, in some of us, grows into poetical vision."

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"These are delightful stories, Chestnuton; and, besides being delightful, they are also instructive. But...

"I am glad to hear you say so. Who has better cause to know that? Have I not extracted from them moral and spiritual food wherewith I have nourished and augmented my inner self? Have I not...

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "That is not at all what I mean. I am instructive to the anthropologist, the scientific student of the history of the human race. They show how man has, as I told you once before, created his gods for his own purposes and in his own image. If you will reflect for a minute, you will see that there is nothing supernatural about your fairies. From all the stories you have narrated this evening it is obvious that in everything—in character, conduct, and modes of life—they are typical counterparts of their creators. They live in families and societies as human beings do, some of their communities being very rich and having magnificent dwellings, while others are poor and obliged to beg or borrow their sustenance. They have relations to correspond to hate, love, bake and brew, sing, dance, and steal—exactly as human beings do; and they acknowledge their kinship to human beings by contracting marriages with them. In fact, they are less than human, for they are the empty phantoms of man's imagination; they have the semblance of humanity without the substance."

To my utter astonishment Chestnuton burst into tears—and, staggering to his feet, left me without saying "good-night."

Poor Chestnuton! I felt very sorry for him and a little ashamed of myself. Why should I try to deprive him of his illusions? After all, they seem to do him good, and they certainly do me no harm. Better, far better, to let him entertain me with these superstitions than undertake the thankless labour of demonstrating their absurdity. For, say what I may, I shall never persuade him that he is the dupe of a hallucination. Even if I compel him to keep silence for fear of ridicule, he will be none the less ready to attribute, in secret, the natural and the material to supernatural and spiritual causes. He is not a scholar.

In future I will endeavour to bear with him patiently, even in his most hysterical and histrionic moods. I will stoically suppress all inclination to corrective reasoning. I will let him sentimentalise and soliloquise to his heart's content—whatever he says."

The Passion of Mary Magdalene.

AWEARY am I! My foot has crushed all to sand in the circle of desire. I have made a desert of life. I seek none of all my friends. For what is it worth if I invite a friend to sit with me? I must question him if I would know his thought. I must inform him ere he may know my wish. He has his form and I mine. He is not one with me, nor I with him. We are two, and the sun finds space between us. Although we should say otherwise, yet it were not so. And, at last, Death would flout us when one was taken and the other left.

"Now will I rejoice, and lay down my love at thy feet."

Thou hast gone from me! Let me, as the dead leaf blown by the wind, find shelter beneath some stone. While thou wilt yet with me, I was shaken. I saw the beginning of the path appointed me. I craved thy strength to enfold me, but thou wouldst not and I was shamed, and hid within my house.

Now I may go as the leaf fluttering upon every wind. For I have trodden men as leaves and no foot will spare me in my turn.

"O that thou wouldst absorb me, my Lord! Thou hast cast down that which employed me. Thy hand has broken my images and untwisted my garlands. Thy speech has trained my ears to high music. I am made foolish now and dumb among my courtiers: their wit is already strange to me, and I go among them no longer as a queen, but as one unfamiliar. I stammer to them thy teachings, for all else I have forgotten."

Am I thy fool?

Hast thou built for my feet a puppet's path? Have I danced for thee, and am I shaken loose already? Thy Voice is silent. Thy Light fades from around me. I am aware of space in the darkness. The ground beneath my feet seems no more solid. I am afraid. I doubt Thee.

I reflect, and am contemptuous of my understanding. Who am I that I should aspire to know Truth? My faults outweigh all my reason. I will string them upon a firm thread and twine them in a spiral around thee. So shall I attract the Angels! Then may I lay down my love from the way!

How imperfect am I who importune thus! Let me rather go out into the desert and write my complainings upon the sands, for the wind will be merciful and blot out the record. Let the winds drive me, let thirst parch me, let the musicians steal from me as from a tomb. Thy hands shall grope for pillars and close upon emptiness. For the end is near, and though the dark night shall be given light, it shall not be made one foot-length less, but the Light demands that thou stumble not. Though thy body be vanquished, the murmuring of the conquered is not yet stilled. Beware of thine own finger, lest it point thee from the way!

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Now will I rejoice, and lay down my love at thy feet. I will weave for thee garlands of love, of buds, leaves, and perfect flowers. I will string them upon a firm thread and twine them in a spiral around thee. So shall I attract the Angels! Then may I lay down the bar from my gate. Though anyone enter, he shall not break my peace, for all who approach me shall be of those who obey thy commandments.
An Englishman in America.
By Juvenal.

I have a bone to pick with Americans generally from New York to San Francisco, and from Chicago to New Orleans—they do not, as a nation, appreciate their writers of genius. Americans are prouder of their hideous skyscrapers and their notorious smart sets, of their crazy freak banquets, and their illiterate millionaires than they are of their great writers.

How comes it that a people who brag of everything that has size, everything that has cost vast sums of money, everything physically imposing, like their great rivers, lakes, mountains, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, to mention but a few things in the long list—how comes it that the people who are bragging about such things never wind up with the most important fact of all, the power and the originality of their most gifted writers?

I have been trying to solve the riddle. I believe the secret lies in sectional jealousy. I believe the literary North is jealous of the literary South; I believe the literary East is jealous of the literary West. Perhaps another reason is that the academical critics, who are always wrong because always more or less incompetent, especially in America, are afraid of praising any writer who is living and writing. With these wonderful critics the correct thing is to be dead. With them a dead mongrel is better than a live lion.

The academical critic in America is always harping on two strings: Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, two strings which have fallen below concert pitch and need a long rest. Our ears are attuned to new melodies, our senses to new and more powerful harmonies. But the American critic, if he is attached to some educational institution, is, as a rule, afraid of European criticism. He is afraid of being contradicted by some old fogey on the other side of the water. Some of these American critics dare not say they possess an original idea, a personal opinion about anything, living or dead. For the most part their strictures and censures are signs, not of ability, but of senile decay. They do not know that what they accept, as English authority is not authority in England.

But he is amusing, the old-time critic of America, with his pretended knowledge of London culture and his half-tinted mental chromos representing French literature. That he, and others like him, have not succeeded in killing literary originality in America is proved by the facts which are patent to all who have eyes to see, read, and judge.

What is it that causes this eternal toadying to European criticism and opinion? How comes it that a people so bold and independent in every other walk of life should praise English authors to the exclusion of their own who, in their way, are just as great? One thing, in the New England States, the people, as well as some of the critics, are still under the influence of that curious mixture—Boston Unitarianism and Puritanism. There is nothing like it anywhere in Europe. And yet, in spite of all the drawbacks, not to say all the superstition, a few New England writers have risen above the quackeries of their time and created a following of their own.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward may be counted among the number. Before theology and Boston Unitarianism ruled in New England like two cold-blooded monsters, without sentiment or feeling. The publication of "The Gates Ajar" was a rude blow to Andover theology, and did more to thaw out the Puritanical Yankee spirit than a hundred dovish books ever written. I have not read this book, but I believe its influence was much more general and more profound than that exerted by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I have never read a short story by Mrs. Phelps Ward that did not hold my attention from the first page to the last. Two short stories: "The Madonna of the Tubs," and "The Story of Avis," are among the greatest short stories ever written. This writer knew the thin line that separates sentiment from sentiment. She also knew how far her tremendous realism could go without becoming offensive.

Chinatown in New York is in high festival. We dined at a Chinese restaurant, and when we were seated a Chinese waiter approached us, and, bowing, suggested by his bland smile and his suave manner that we partake of the bounty, not only of his restaurant, but of the fatness and the joy of the whole Celestial Empire. We smiled back, not to have our politeness curtailed by a Chinese pigtail. My two friends declared they would have shark's fins and bird's-nest soup, or die. The waiter knew well what was wanted. He had received many orders of a like nature, and his smile expanded till it spread to the lobe of each ear. He would have grinned, but a Chinese face permits of no grins. A Chinese smile is warranted to stay as it is put.

First, we asked for bird's-nest soup, which was set on the table without much delay, at a cost of nearly two dollars a plate, feathers and egg-shells included. At these Chinese restaurants you are supposed to drink real China tea, and tea was served at thirty cents a cup. We ordered chop suey, a famous Chinese dish composed of beans, celery, chicken giblets, and duck. movie, and the time came to "talk" shark with the waiter, who looked as if ice-cream wouldn't melt in his mouth. After much chin music the waiter disappeared behind a curtain, and we heard more chin music, this time Chinese music, which sounded like "Chee chhum sin foo faw fum failee sham bang yah," or words to "that effect," which I took to mean: Three Yankee devils want the usual; got plenty open sesame.

Then from behind the curtains a head appeared, large, bland, and fat. It was the colour of moulded wax, and it looked as if it was powdered with the finest pollen from the flowery kingdom. The head bobbed back again. I imagine it belonged to the proprietor or the chef, also that it issued the following order: Go tell the Yankee devils we are going to kill a fresh shark, and it will take half an hour to prepare the fins. Out comes the waiter, and blandly announces: "Him kilee fish, him cookee fin, he takee half-hour." No sooner had he told us this than a deafening crash seemed to send all the pots and pans in the kitchen flying about the place. No doubt the shark objected and let them have one with his tail, at least so the bland waiter tried to make it appear. He stuck his head out and simply remarked: "Fish he no likee cutee fin." There was more clatter in the kitchen. Someone at our table said: "You don't mean to say they are murdering that shark by cutting off the fins just for our pleasure." But the other remarked: "You don't reckon there's a game shark in there, do you? What they are doing in that kitchen is cutting off the fins, or something of the sort, and when they are cooked and served you will think you are eating the tips of angels' wings stewed in sauce of the Celestial Empire."
The prediction I made about Champ Clark making "Washington howl" has come true; he has not only made the politicians of Washington howl; he went a step further and made Canadian patriots groan, to say nothing of other things. All New York is excited over the question of the annexation of Canada, and now that the matter has been frankly set before the people, it will not down. Not only do Americans want Canada, but they want Mexico as well, and many are now looking forward to the union of the two Americas. The liveliest time since the great War of Secession is coming. The man who acts as President of the United States in March, 1913, will not inspire much envy in the minds of people who love a quiet life.

Rural Notes.

The Government scheme for the encouragement of rural co-operation by making grants to county councils for the appointment of academic travelling instructors, at a cost of some £50,000, a plan that was criticised in our last notes, is unlikely to go through without drastic alterations. This is due to the severe and intelligent criticism to which it has fortunately been subjected. This question is really a branch of rural education on one side, and of agricultural organisation on the other. The county is very often too small to form an efficient unit by itself. The observations of the Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse are as true in November last as they were to the point: "We consider it may be laid down as a general principle that every county either should be associated in combination with other counties with an efficient centre, or, if not in combination, should have a minimum efficient staff of its own. We think it desirable, especially in view of the difficulty of obtaining qualified teachers and organisers, to concentrate higher agricultural education as far as possible in a few really efficient centres." The Board of Agriculture is too unitarian. "Three counties and one centre" is a far better creed than its previous policy, now falling into disrepute, of making separate grants to individual counties—the most expensive and wasteful method.

Under the Development Act the rural education and scientific research will probably be subsidised in a fairly useful and efficient way. The co-operators, especially those on the one side, and of agricultural organisation on the other. The weakness of the Board of Agriculture is reflected in the proceedings of the Development Commissioners. The educational and veterinary sides of the Board are fair, while the rest are beneath contempt. Thus we see the educational projects and horsebreeding schemes passed by the Commissioners, while some are strong and others are muddled and delayed. The Development Commissioners profess to have no initiative and to be only able to sit in judgment on schemes put before them. So that apart from rural education which has been dealt with before, a bad Board means bad development schemes. At the same time the failure of the Forestry Commissioners is striking. His one merit should be, that having been in charge of the Indian Forest Department, which expanded greatly during his terms of office, he ought to be a capable organiser of far-reaching schemes on a national basis, and avoid the provinciality and contracted outlook of the ordinary country gentleman. Yet so far as one can judge he has inspired no one to initiate anything, and his policy is confined to encouraging education (which is being adequately dealt with) and saying ditto to a few Scotch country gentlemen. Some of them have spent large sums in afforestation and would like to forestal part of the benefits in their lifetime by obtaining large loans at low rates of interest from Development funds. Now these cases are quite exceptional, and it shows a great lack of statesmanship and ignorance of British conditions to imagine that they can be a success, and we are likely to see Mr. Monro Ferguson's pioneer work substantially recognised. If there is one subject that must be dealt with by a central government department, and that on its own land, it is afforestation.

On the other hand, the shepherding of the Small Holdings movement is likely to be successfully extended through the National Cider Institute supported by three or four counties in the form of a model of what such an Institute should not be. But for small holdings the county is and must remain for some time to come the administrative unit. The policy in each county varies with the nature of the husbandry, the influence of the county's agricultural and its own political and industrial bias. The counties should therefore group themselves, as far as possible, for the maintenance of demonstration farms and centres of research, as has been done, for example, in the case of the National Small Holdings Institute supported by four or five counties. This would enable them to spend more money on small holdings. I quote from a Western County draft scheme under the Development Fund:—"The institution (quite apart from the farm institute) of one or more particularly successful small holdings as a subsidised illustration of what can be effected by the use of good methods." Far better than this would be the establishment of a colony of small holders, the subsidy being devoted to the introduction of co-operative methods and to the publication of the methods on which the work is founded, also the accounts both of the colony and of individual holdings.

Northampton, where there are no fewer than twenty-one co-operative small holdings societies, of which ten have obtained land, would seem to be in a fair way to pass the test to schemes of this kind. The authorities of the Land Club League—a noisy and rather futile society—would do well to eschew politics more, and take a leaf out of the books of organisations founded on business lines. Such bodies often find it inadvisable to publish much of their doings since if public attention were drawn to them, their enemies, who are intelligent, would be warned, while their nominal friends are too stupid and apathetic to use them in a sensitive way.

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Unfortunately it is such a special subject that the other Commissioners, who collectively are a weak body, are unlikely to be able to influence the afforestation policy of the Commission for good.

By Jacob Tonson.

Among the astonishing phenomena of a spring season which promises to be quite as successful, in its way, as the very glorious autumn season (publishers must have spent a happy Christmas!) is the success of a really distinguished book. I mean "Marie Claire." Frankly, I did not anticipate this triumph. For, of course, it is very difficult for an author of experience to believe that a good book will be well received. However, "Marie Claire" has been helped by a series of extraordinary reviews. No novel of recent years has had such favourable reviews, or so many of them, or such long ones. I have seen all of them—all except one have been very laudatory—and I am in a position to state that if placed end to end they would stretch from Miss Corelli's house in Stratford-on-Avon across the main to Mr. Hall Caine's castle in the Isle of Man. This may be called praise. One of the best, if not the best, was signed "J. L. G." in the "Observer." It is indeed a solemn and terrifying thought that Mr. Garvin, personally, should be so excellent a judge of literature. Mr. Garvin made his début in the London Press, I think, as a literary critic; and it is a pity (from the Tory point of view) that he did not remain a literary critic. I am convinced that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne would have helped to create and form more than one woman-novelist. Peculiar circumstances of its composition, had unusually impressed me and stirred my imagination. It was not the woman-novelist who was coming to see me, but Marie Claire herself, shepherdess, farm-servant, and sempstress; it was a mysterious creature who had known how to excite enthusiasm in a whole regiment of literary young men. And literary young men as a rule are extremely harsh, even offensive, in their attitude towards women-writers. I stood at the top of the toy-stairs of the pavilion which I was then occupying in Paris, and Madame Marguerite Audoux came up the stairs towards me, preceded by one of her young spon- sors, and followed by another. A rather short, plump little lady, very simply dressed, and with the simplest possible manner, and just such a comfortable human being as in my part of the world is called a "body." She had, however, eyes of a softness and depth such as are not seen in my part of the world. With that, a very quiet, timid, and sweet voice. She was a sempstress; she looked like a sempstress; and she was well content to look like a sempstress. Nobody would have guessed in ten thousand guesses that here was the author of the European book of the year. But when she talked the resemblance to the sempstress soon vanished. Sempstresses—of whom I have also known many—do not talk as she talked. Not that she said much! Not that she began to talk at once! Far from it. When I had referred to the goodness of her visit and she had referred to the goodness of my invitation, and she was ensconced in an arm-chair near the fire, she quite simply left the pioneer work of conversation to her bodyguard. Her bodyguard was very proud, and very nervous, as befitted its age.

It was my reference to Dostoievsky that first started her talking. In all literary conversations Dostoievsky is my King Charles's head. She had previously stated that she had read very little indeed. But at any rate she had read Dostoievsky, and it was not due to artistic causes. Indeed, Dostoievsky drew her out of her arm-chair and right across the room. We were soon discussing methods of work, and I learnt that she worked very slowly indeed, destroying much, and feeling her way inch by inch rather than seeing it clear ahead. She said that her second book, dealing with her life in Paris, might not be ready for years. It was evident that she profoundly understood the nature of work—all sorts of work. Work had, indeed, left its monumental and powerful mark upon her. She made some very subtle observations about the psychology of it, but unfortunately I cannot adequately report them here.

From work to prices, naturally! It was pleasing to find that she had a very sane and proper curiosity as to prices and conditions in England. After I had somewhat satisfied this curiosity she showed an equally sane and proper annoyance at the fact that the English and American rights of "Marie Claire" had been sold outright for a ridiculous sum. She told me the exact sum. It was either £16 or £20—I forget which. If the success of the book in America equals its success in England (and it will probably surpass it), the author's profits under a proper agreement should be upwards of £800. Who is getting these profits I cannot say, but the author is not getting them. Which state of affairs, though lamentable, offers no novelty to the student of literary history, ancient or modern.

When Madame Audoux had gone I reviewed my notions of her visit, and I came to the conclusion that she was very like her book. She had said little, and nothing that was striking, but she had mysteriously emanated an atmosphere of artistic distinction. She was a true sensitive—she had had immense and deep experience of life, but her adventures, often difficult, had not disturbed the nice balance of her judgment, nor impaired the delicacy of her impressions. She was an amateur of life. She was awake to all aspects of it. And a calm common-sense, presided over her magnificent verdicts. She was far too wary, sagacious, and well acquainted with real values to allow herself to be spoiled, even the least bit, by a perilous success, however brilliant. Such were my notions. But it is not in a single interview that one can arrive at a true estimate of a mind so reserved, dreamy, and complex as hers. The next day she left Paris, and I have not seen her since.
Theology. V
By M. B. Oxon.

The body of the Heavenly Man remains outstretched and crucified in the egg of space until the whole universe is accomplished, while Swara the great Breath swirls through the egg vivifying now one part of the body and now another, and each part as the swirl passes on drops back again into non-manifestation, non-existence—but not into non-being until the heavens are rolled up as a scroll, or, with another metaphor, until the Great Name is hallowed—until its Notes have revolved in the Great Fundamental, which is perhaps, for all we can say, the resonance note of the Great Sphere.

The best conception which we can make of all this seems to me to be one based on our own observation of the happenings in our own mind. For “Lower Mind” and “Earth” are both the “same” as the field of cosmos in chaos. We know how an idea or a thought comes to life, evolves, and dies away, but yet still remains in our mind to be awakened again when next the wave of our attention passes over it. And awakened, not exactly as we left it, but with some change due, as it were, to the momentum of evolution which yet remained in it when our attention left it to pass on to other matters.

So all is bound together; Deus non factit saltus, as the Roman Church says. A rapid change due to what one might perhaps call a state of “harmonic instability” may produce a catastrophe though it is really not a ‘jump’ but only a ‘slur.’

Let us see if we can straighten things out a little and refer them to their proper octave.

As I said before, there is Pan who makes the music which with his breath makes the sound which makes the pattern in the air.

On the Great Scale, Pan is It; his breath and the air are the Spirit and the Waters, the music is the Word, the link of interaction between the two. The pattern is cosmos.

Looked at from the “other side,” Spirit and the Waters are the canning and kenning aspects of the Word. Of course we have really no right to put such materialist designations to such entirely unmaterial ideas, but I am deliberately erring on that side in these papers.

In the inorganic octave It is represented by Energy; we do not now recognise the music in this octave unless it be what we call Natural Laws; canning and kenning are “forces in the ether”; and the pattern is “matter.”

In the “organic” octave we do not now recognise It; the music becomes “Life”; there are canning and kenning, expatability and response; and there is the body or shell.

Speaking metaphysically or religiously—in the psychological octave—we have no exact words now. The names once applied were Spiritus, Animus, Anima, Terra; perhaps we may call them Spirit, mind, living body, and earthly body. Mind and living body together make up what we call “soul.” The living body we hardly recognise now. It is the “framework” of force in the “ether” about which the cells of our bodies cluster and which holds them together while we are alive, only to fall apart again as soon as we “die.” We used to call it the ghost, to give up the ghost meaning to die. It bears the same relation to the complete man as the Holy Ghost does to the Universe as a whole.

Mind, as used here, is rather a vague word. The “mixture” differs for each person. In a general way it represents the lower self, that by which we know one man from another (though this more nearly represents Soul), as contrasted with the higher Self or true Ego (Spirit) which for most people is an unknown quantity, merely the Onlooker.

This “anthropocentric psychology.” In “cosmo-centric psychology” words have a different meaning, just as the notes in tonic sol fa. In this case the four are It, Deus, Mens, Spiritus. Spiritus which before was the underlying reality of all is now only the shell or “matter” of cosmos; the egg in which it places the canning kenning Word.

But all of these are only on one side of things on the Great Scale. Outside the Egg there are still the Waters. Here things get very difficult, for we are talking about what we cannot possibly understand, except in a vague way by analogy. These Waters are the only not matter, though the suggestion seems to be that the “structure” developed in “cosmic matter”—which is the universe for us, not only what we see, but also what we think and feel and are. In this case Her is the Great “Devil.” For there are many devils too, just as with all the other things of which we have been speaking.

It seems possible that all manifestation is in part limited or modified by Her, although since we—is, being, kenning, and canning of the sphere of Breath and not at all on that of the Waters, we are of course quite unable to ken Her. In this case the structure of the “Elements,” in the Alchemical sense, is partly due to Her—somewhat as when heat melts a block of ice the surface is not even, but pitted by reason of the crystalline structure of the ice. What we should in this analogy be able to ken would be the hollowness in the ice. The ice we can never reach; it is the other side of what we now call Absolute Zero, which is as it were, the boundary stone of the universe.

So the “whole world” as we know it is the shape of cosmos.

This shape, like all others, differs from different points of view; but in this case it is not only a question of whether we are in England or New Zealand, the Earth or Sirius. That is only movement in one “dimension.” It will also differ with our different “position” of mind, emotion, or what not, and these are as real differences as are differences in space. From the position of “Earth mind” on the earth we see the Sun with his planets round him, marching yearly and cyclically round the Zodiac, which is an “imaginary” belt only.

From the anthropocentric point of view it is much like the dial of the clock on which the cosmic hours are marked off for our use. But from the cosmocentric point of view the zodiac is the backbone of the Great Man, who has, if we draw Him anthropomorphically, His feet touching the top of His head, as the Egyptians drew Him. The only diagram which is likely to convey any idea of the Sun’s movement to most readers—and that not clearly—is the cyclical change in the distribution of blood in the body, connected with the activity or quiescence of the different parts. It no one seems to us a very irregular cycle to compare with that of the sun, but this may in part be due to the fact that we do not use the right perspective—or projection—and in part, so the anthropocentric theory says, man is as yet distorted into his present shape instead of being a perfect sphere. The perfect form in this Cosmos is a Sphere, or, at least, what looks like a sphere to us. The visible sun is only, as it were, the nucleus of the “solar system cell,” in the “ether-protoplasm” of which move the “chromatophore-planets.” And as “behind” the “material” nucleus of the cell we must recognise an “etheric counterpart” by which the nucleus contains, e.g., etheric light waves, and the visible sun is what the Scriptures call the Hidden or Spiritual Sun. On the physical side there is no resemblance between the solar system and a man. On the vital side they are said to be an exact parallel. Our modern conception of an atom, which is really a vital one, though we at once translate it into a spatial one, leads us to compare an atom to a solar system. One reason for this distortion of man is that he is distracted by canning-kenning, and so as the nucleus contacts, e.g., etheric light waves, in great part the result of “reflex action,” even those which we consider he initiates; he is the slave of “association.” Were his acts entirely reflex it would be all right, they would no longer distract him. He would return to his true shape and the Silent Onlooker might have a chance of getting his will done on earth. His “will” is the same as the “being” of the universe.
And thus is at once explained the difficulty which has caused so much quarrelling, I mean the difficulty of differentiating the "historical" from the "mythic" in the lives of Great Ones. When a man has become again a sphere, all his acts are true acts and, as such, are those of the Being of the Universe and indistinguishable from the other happenings which we are accustomed to look on as "acts of God."

The Solar System is just as good a kenning-canning diagram as any other, if we avoid being hampered by its shape. And it was as such that the ancients used it. No doubt all the points made for Sun-myths are perfectly true, and no doubt there were at all times a majority of people who understood the symbol this way and who are interested to see what they can dig out of them. They are a mixed collection, but I feel that they suggest the true idea though they do not pretend to be quite correct from the scientific and exact point of view. Cosmos is the fruit, Man's own cosmos is the cocoon in which hangs the inverted pupa containing the potentiality of the future "image. In spheres and waves he is the blurred focus of the reflected, but disordered, rays; the centre of the egg—one might almost say the caustic, which contains the true focus,* through which all the rays must eventually pass in order to cast on the future a true image of all that has been.

He is the only entity who potentially contains all the Vowels. Other entities may be "bigger," more nearly related to, and sharing more fully the power of, any Vowel, but man is the only one through whom they can all be united, unified, or made whole, through whom the "Name" can be "hallowed" as we say in the Lord's Prayer. But though this power is potential in man its actuality awaits the birth of the Christ which is within him. His act must be through him, and the "act" which he must do is his kenning of the "image," which is moving.

Finally, when man himself has achieved his kenning, he has become the "Life" which is "between the canning and the kenning," which is "the same" as the being, which is the onlooker, and remains unchanged by this change of attitude. As a diagram of the happening we may remember how easy it is for a moment to imagine that the train which we are in is moving out of a station when really it is the other train which is moving.

On his way out man weaves his cocoon, the network of past acts which limits his present freedom; this is exemplified in Sanskrit by Karma. On the way home he eats it all up again as a spider does, both the part which was due to his own kenning and also that due to the countercanning. When it is all gone he is free of his chains.

REVIEWS.

By Stanley Morland.

The Fortunate Isles. By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a pleasantly written account of a six months' holiday in the Balearic Isles. It is more valuable for its information than for its literary quality.

Mrs. Boyd can write, for example, of the diligence "stuffed within with country folks and top-heavy without with their bundles," without much. But she describes very pleasantly the various places of interest in Majorca, Minorca, and Ibiza; and the climate, the costumes of the people, and the cost of living and travel are not forgotten. This account of a holiday made by three people will serve admirably as a guide-book to those who wish to spend the winter abroad in a good climate, among an unsophisticated people, and at a moderate cost.

The language may be a difficulty, for Mrs. Boyd says that only the educated people speak Spanish, the rest of the population using a native dialect. But as Mr. Boyd, who took Berlitz lessons in Spanish, managed to make himself understood, the difficulty is obviously not prohibitive. The book is very well illustrated by eight reproductions in colour, and about 50 pen drawings of scenes and incidents.

A Lady of the Garter. By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Mr. Hamel has written a naïve romance of the time of Edward III. It is the story of a damsel who, being present at the inauguration of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, wished to be honoured by membership. There is a journey to France, a betrothal, marriage, a separation, and an abduction, a pilgrimage to the wars in France to discover the absent husband, with the villain appearing ineffectually; capture by the Dauphin, and a sudden friendship with his wife which leads to an escape. But it seems that the Lady Katherine of Merivale, shall meet with the English king to conclude a peace; a discovery that the husband has been captured by the French; posting all over France to find the English king, to secure peace and the release of the husband, and so on. Success is achieved at last: the husband released, the villain foiled, and the lady enrolled as a Dame de la Fraternité de Sainte Georgette. It is a narrative not unpleasantly told, which bothers not at all about psychology or the development of events. The characters are the conventionally ideal types, and the events occur in obedience to the will of the author. The simplicity of it all is amusing to a somewhat sophisticated reviewer.

By P. E. Richards.

The After Life: A Help to a Reasonable Belief in the Probation Life to Come. By Henry Buckle. (Elliot Stock. 3s. net.)

The author, who is living retired from the Burma Commission in Ceylon, and who has been for three years' service, has employed his leisure in searching the New Testament, the Early Fathers, and the teachings of the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, for ground and support to his belief that "at death each soul. .. will go to its own place, or sphere, in Hades ... or the Intermediate State, to which it is destined by its life on earth," there,
not without purgatorial chastisements and ministrations from higher spirits, to await in hope its admission on the Last Day to Paradise. The inspiration of this syllogism resides in the author's humane abhorrence of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. To deliver as devout and—can it be said without ascription of malice—old-fashioned readers of the Scriptures as himself from the weight of so crushing a premonition, he has spared no labour, shirked no problem, shun to such no hardship in speculation. What daring flight of fancy in The New Age, for instance, can ever have rivalled the author's suggestion that Satan set up his throne upon earth among "evolved men," before created men appeared in Adam and Eve? Or that "By his fall, Adam struck a severe blow to the design of his creation," so that along with the rebellion in later times of the "chosen people." "God's fair scheme came to nought?"

By J. R. Chappell.

The Spirit of Indian Nationalism. By Bipin Chandra Pal. With an Introduction by W. T. Stead. (Henderson. 2s. 6d. net.)

There are a dozen or more such books as Mr. Tipper's "English Public Men," which are not on shelf among "evolved men," but are with us here now on earth. "By his fall, Adam struck a severe blow to the design of his creation," so that along with the rebellion in later times of the "chosen people." "God's fair scheme came to nought?"

By Ernest Radford.

The Cathedrals of Northern France. By T. Francis Bumpus. (London: T. Werner Laurie.)

In appearance and general style this volume of Mr. Laurie's "Cathedral Series" is much more pleasing than the previous attempts on the "English Cathedrals," with which we were favoured first, and would be a more satisfactory work altogether if, instead of the usual no-account photographs, there were choice illustrations of details and if, instead of half-a-dozen ground plans used as an add-paper, there were one in its proper place of each of the churches described by the author, who, with something like lightening speed, has produced no less than eight of these books already. The omission of this otherwise excellent guide of such important churches as Laon and others is accounted for by the fact that they ceased to be bishoprics at the time of the Revolution, and that the present-day archiepiscopal provinces are not the same as the older ones; but there are easily obtainable books on the churches that are not here, and the reader who has learnt most from Mr. Bumpus will be the least dependent on those handy or "two-handly" guides of which there are a very many, for instance, for a geographical order, he probably would not have noticed such very late Gothic churches as Orleans (1532-1642), or Cambrai or Arras, both in the Flamboyant style, which we owe to our ignorance not architectural only, and a comparatively modern church may have as interesting a history as any other. "To have paced in a reverential and catholic spirit the aisles of such churches as Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, Bourges, Tours and Chartres, six of the noblest in France, is a matter of gratulation and contentment." And happily the ways and means of so doing are not nowadays confined to the few as they were when Ruskin and the devil smote him. Fortunately, architecture is not for students of a building's anatomy only, and what past-masters of stone-craft and artists in glass have done towards "perfecting praise," as the hymnist says. "* By A. P. Grenfell.

England's Foundation: Agriculture and the State. By J. Saxon Mills. (P. S. King and Son. Is. net.)

The thesis of this booklet is that the agriculture of England is in a parlous state. We may accept this and yet disagree with the author's remedy, Protection. The big estate system of England, most apt for corn growing and grazing, resisting modern methods in husbandry, based on scientific research, will do far more to restore the prosperity of the British Islands are not on the whole a corn-growing country. They are admirably adapted for cattle breeding, grazing, dairying, many kinds of fruit and for forestry. This is partially admitted by our author when he says that "Small culture, even with all co-operative helps, is not economically adapted to the great agricultural staples, though it may do well enough for market gardening, fruit, poultry and other small operations." The big estate and the large farm will probably remain as the economic unit for cattle-breeding, ordinary arable crops and forestry, yet for all other purposes a system of small holdings linked by co-operative modern methods in husbandry, based on scientific research, will do far more to restore the prosperity of the countryside than the large estate system bolstered by protection. Where arable farms, cultivated in the usual way, are declining in value or yielding a very small economic rent, afforestation and the cultivation of fodder crops on a rotation is probably indicated. State money is better spent in this way than in encouraging the growth of sugar beet. This is a bulky
crop, and difficulties of transport and lack of skilled labour will for the most part render its cultivation a risky and unprofitable speculation. As a political plea for Tariff Reform, both the preface by Lord Denbigh and the book itself are very thin, and though the arguments are strong, yet we do not believe they be go-

able for the clearness of their exposition, which renders them much easier to controvert than most Tariff Reform literature. 

Revolution and War. By the late M. F. Cusack. (Swan Sonnenschein, 15. 6d.)

M. F. Cusack is described on the title-page as "the escaped beyond Kenneth," and the sub-title of her work is "The Secret Conspiracy of the Jesuits in Great Britain." Possibly we may be excessively confident and brave; but the awful warnings held out in the book do not really alarm us. There are Jesuits in the midst of us, it seems. Some of them are allied with the Nonconformists, while others masquerade as Wesleyan parsons and Church of England clergymen. With the assistance of Catholic Ireland they hope, one day, to break up the Protestant British Empire, and so on. We seem to have read most of this before in some of the Kensit tracts. It is a pity, however, that Miss Cusack wrote in this extremist way; for a real account of what the Jesuits are doing, and what their influence actually is, would be highly interesting and valuable. In spite of some obscure exaggeration a good deal of historical information is scattered through the book, and for those who want to while away an hour or so, it will be a welcome change from a novel.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

Equestrian Portrait.

I.

Critics, like the rest of the world, often allow themselves to be saddled with virtues they do not possess. One of these is altruism. The most worn of first-night conversational tags, for example, is the remark that the critic's task is a thankless one. It is assumed that his work is written with conscious self-sacrifice, for authors in need of correction or a public in need of guidance; and that for such guidance and correction the critic has a broad perspective, and ability to draw. The method carries with it by implication every sort of mistrust, partly of sentimental condolence. The mistrust is easily understood. Excess of virtue always inspires it; and virtue together with the modern spirit of despotism. As for the condole...

The immediate text for this counsel of perfection is Mr. C. E. Montague's book of "Dramatic Values" (Methuen, 5s.). For Mr. Montague, instead of being the exception who proves the rule of altruistic criticism, is the exception who proves the contrary. He clearly writes of the theatre to please himself; and he succeeds in pleasing other people. Not everybody, of course, cannot be very large. But his essays are for the most part delectably written, and they will survive not only the daily leading article, but the weekly touring play. The complacent orbit of this latter star remains undisturbed, but its brilliance is marred immeasurably in reading Mr. Montague's brief annihilation. The impression remains. Criticism is not a science, but an art.

If only for the sake of such passages as this, "Dramatic Values" is well worth reading. But Mr. Montague is not concerned solely with correcting in Manchester the mistakes of London. He is one of the few critics who are happier in praising good work well than in damning bad work ill. In choice of subject, he truly prefers saints to sinners, as his notes on the acting of Coquelin, playing at Stratford-on-Avon, and the art of Mr. Poel will show. Sometimes, as in the case of Synge, "The Secret Conspiracy of the Jesuits in Great Britain," where most of these notices first appeared. The number of persons who buy the "Manchester Guardian" especially to read Mr. Montague, although constant, cannot be very large. But his essays are for the most part delectably written, and they will survive not only the daily leading article, but the weekly touring play. The complacent orbit of this latter star remains undisturbed, but its brilliance is marred immeasurably in reading Mr. Montague's brief annihilation. The process is superbly carried out. No violent frontal assault is attempted. The plot in narrative is not even peppered with vindictive comment, but rather diagnosed urbane in the manner of a specialist familiar with cases past mending. The survey over, Mr. Montague merely stands at the door of his lethal chamber, ushering the author with a benediction into the company of the learned divines and large audiences who find his play "a pleasure to sit under." The door shuts with a click of finality. Mr. Jerome is no longer with us.

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and by creating destroys the sense of opposition between dramatist and critic, commonly figured as the struggle of an imaginative giant with a ring of tormenting pygmies. The proportionate statutes, in his estimate, tend to be reversed.

III.

The fate of all values, however, is revaluation. And although Mr. Montague is himself no propagandist towncrier to any particular movement or school of dramatists, he sometimes uses the catchwords of a "modernity" which will shortly be out of date. Sudermann and Brieux, for him, are good enough sticks with which to beat the authors of fashionable comedy. This disinterestedness is welcome. His essay on Ibsen is spoiled by the final note on "When We Dead Awaken," which he hesitates to run down because it is "safer, perhaps, to assume that an art so potent as Ibsen's has got hold of something, even here." Safer, yes. "Likely enough, when we stupid awaken, we shall find the queer, tough play a big thing, and even a clear one." But one does not read Mr. Montague's book to hear him talking in his sleep—or to any party system, for he has made this "hys of the lantern and a can of caustic solution, sousing in the half-empty boilers saying it is not the real thing, and all the news-reporters to half the nation alive and well, and caring not one straw for any of the high horse not of tradition or morality, but of a peculiarly fine individual taste. Once he is duly mounted, it is conceivable that pedants will fall in and follow him to the assault. And it remains only, with this stirrup-cup, to salute his journey.

Letters to the Editor. The Party System.

Sir,—The two letters which have appeared upon the book by Mr. Cecil Chesterton, "The Party System," in your issue of last week, call, I think, for a brief reply. The first letter, that of Mr. Kennedy, is based upon an idea which he has himself developed: that a fiercely inter-related, and in his eyes, the safeguard of criticism. Those who defend democracy defend it upon the dual conception that the community alone has a moral right to control its members, and that it can do this, and can do this, because it is done, it may be, in such and such a form of government. The mass of the people cannot be worse off, and the propertied classes have no right to control its members, and they appear in two papers which live by bad work, was so well organised and so vociferous. Under the party system to-day, whether in public meetings or in the Press. For instance, of the reviews of our little book, only two were distinctly hostile, and they appeared in two papers which live by bad work.

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tible with Parliamentary government? No question has been more discussed during the last few months. Many American Democrats would answer in the negative and thank Heaven for the elective monarchy which is the real government of England, and for the local autonomy which is another mark of that republic. Many French Democrats and many Irish would reply to the question in the negative, but they would never appeal to New York and New England. If I were first; most, I fancy, of the Sinn Feiners in the second; (but here I have less experience). On the whole, perhaps, the weight of modern democratic opinion is in favor of parliamen-
tary institutions. They are certainly working very dirily even in democratic countries at the present moment. They inherit the traditions of aristocracy and are responsible in England when England was awesomely aristocratic polity. Merely as a personal opinion and as a purely personal critic's verdict on "The Great Illusion," which he evidently seems to be both ignorant and shallow. But when he

They were heard in later Greece and Rome. It may there-
fore be inferred that the freedom of divorce is a "simply silly." But the case assumes a very different aspect when we bear in mind that the divorce is not a question of principle. This man says that one of the divorced persons becomes indigent or ill the other partner must support him or her. This, in other words, means that the marriage contract does not cease with the divorce. I, therefore, leave Mr. Belfort Bax to draw the right conclusion.

Mr. Belfort Bax admits, with engaging candour, the in-
consistencies of Professor Braga, who, I said, had once por-
trayed in eloquent and impassioned words the sanctity of marriage, and that it was recorded in the remarkable telegrams of the recog-

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE of February 23 Mr. Belfort Bax questions whether the Portuguese people "are eager, like the dog of Holy Writ, to return to their Catholic vomit.

Those who write for THE NEW AGE should remember that its readers have nothing in common with Protestant controv-
ersialists. It is not the province of those whose avowed aim is to procure it elsewhere at a much cheaper rate. A larger
amount can be obtained for the ridiculous sum of one penny.

Mr. Belfort Bax may hold correct or incorrect views, but his method of expressing them is deplorable. One wonders if he is incapable of being anything but an uncharitable and Catholic, without venom. In this country a crown awaits the man who can make an intelligent or even intelligible attack on the Catholic Church. Mr. Belfort Bax, I fear, is not in the running. Less religion and more wives is a nostrum that has been tried before in an earlier stage of develop-

ment; it is merely a reversion to a primitive type. Origin-
ality is an essential of progress. We can only hope that Mr.

Belfort Bax is unjust to the Portuguese in his estimate of their state of affairs in Portugal.

The idea that the Portuguese Republic, or the "enlight-
ened democratic régime," as Mr. Belfort Bax chooses to call it, is endangered by the ambitions of the "hierarchies of wealth and power," is entirely erroneous. Those belong-
ing to "reactionary classes," not only does not correspond with the actual state of things, but is in complete contradic-
tion with the actual facts. What more melancholy evidence can there be than the speeches and writings of the Republic-
ins themselves? Not very long ago, Senhor Cunha e Costa, a Republican leader, delivered in conversation with the press an unfair speech as well as the rulings of the Lisbon Municipality, after denouncing the whole impos-
sure surrounding the Republic, spoke wise and true words concerning the real perils which threatened Portuguese republicanism, and arrived at the conclusion that the masses were not prepared for a Republican régime. The important Republican daily, "A Patria," of Porto, a paper which has supported the Provisional Government, and which they were always careful to flatter, at length has become restive. "Enough of Dictatorship," cries the leader-writer of that

document. the last number of your review, the more must I stand amazed at the hasty and ill-considered judgment he passes on Portu-
guese affairs.

I have no objection to Mr. Belfort Bax laying stress on the governmental corruption under the Portuguese Mon-
archy and the hold of Catholicism as an inalienable principle in the country, but I deny he has any right to think that those who have carried any campaign against the present régime in Por-
tugal are "interested persons" who, to borrow a journalistic classic from him, "are endeavouring to bring into bad odour the present state of affairs in Portugal."

"The Great Illusion." Sir,—An author is perhaps the last person who is entitled with propriety to challenge the opinion of a critic con-
cerning his work. Thus I have nothing to say as to your critic's verdict on "The Great Illusion," which he evidently seems to be both ignorant and shallow. But when he supports this verdict by an appeal to facts, which are most obviously mistrusted, there does exist perhaps on the part of the author some right of reply.

In reply to my contention that the tendency of things in the modern world is in the direction of what Mr. Baty calls "stratification," your critic says:—

"If he will kindly study modern French political condi-
tions he will find that the workers in his country are forming themselves in syndicates, and that Señor Ferrero's expression, 'anti-parliamentary,' i.e., they are forming themselves in syndicates, and they prosper and exhibit as much hostility to Socialism as to Militarism or Conservatism. This tendency is spreading to Germany, and I think also to America, and when the effects of syndi-
calism are really marked they will prove to be a decided slump in Socialism from the point of view of the international solidarity of the workers. I advise English Socialists to study syndicalism in France and to face the facts before it is too late to do so."

Well, it so happens that I have lived twenty years of my life on the Continent, the last twelve years in France, in close touch with advanced political development in the country, and I challenge absolutely the implication that the anti-parliamentary tendency of French trade unionism is dictated in a mere "revolutionary" and syndicalist spirit. Does such an abandonment of the idea of the "international solidarity of the workers." Such a suggestion is in direct contradiction

...
to facts; it would be truer to say that the anti-parliamentary revolt in France was dictated by no small part by the lukewarmness of the more classical Socialists on the question of the necessity for international organisation. A short reflection on the strength of twelve years' personal contact with Socialists in France, and I challenge Mr. Verdad to give chapter and verse for his suggestion as to Potipher's wife, I may say that one need not go to South Africa to note that "black men are pears in the tree," for if you are ignorant of theUARTrous women particularly colour, be the wages test. For true progress I suppose we instruction in the elements of science and thought; yet, in not wise, to say the least, to assert that the native fails to Mr. Verdad would welcome another good row" in South thus against reason is revolutionary of the bad kind. I fear large increase of Dutch policemen, and Mr. Verdad offers ten, it is said, we have outrun the English so far as to pocket-money. 

Mr. Verdad states that the police force is rapidly turning Englishmen from some town family who wanted educated young person from some town family who wanted small terrors for any one who was obtained. The back-veld Boer of the last generation was trained Dutch teachers the ignorant, and often vicious, in the interests of peace, since it is now altogether too late to destroy us (if, indeed, that was possible ten years ago!), and we must try to get on happily with things as they are. He should remember, when asserting that English teachers have been removed to make room for Dutch ones, that the Dutch man or woman must have acquired both languages. In the country districts the farmers are replacing with trained Dutch teachers the ignorant, and often vicious, English individual, who formerly was all that could be obtained. The back-veld Boer of the last generation was lucky if his school-time was not passed under a succession of landslides. To follow his views is a little too fascinating a reading and writing; at best he could only hope for a half-educated young person from some town family who wanted pocket-money. 

Mr. Verdad states that the police force is rapidly turning Dutch. From the humane point of view, this fact, even if true, can have small terrors for any one who was acquainted with South Africa for the number of average honest men whom it "trapped" into ilicit diamond buying. Very often the only evidence against the victim was that of two C.I.D. detectives—scarce strong enough, most of us beg to think! I know no evidence, however, as to the large increase of Dutch policemen, and Mr. Verdad owns none. It is naturally alarming to one who desires harmony to note in one and the same article Mr. Verdad's panic-stricken contradictions. The Dutch are hopelessly backward, it seems; we shall need at least forty years' instruction in the English science and they are not yet ten, it is said, we have outrun the English so far as to capture the administration! The state of mind that rages thus against the English must be considered as untrustworthy. I do not know whether the larger series of facts on which Mr. Verdad's lament that we were not utterly destroyed other incident of that war. Time alone can help. 

Sir,—I think that Mr. Verdad might have elaborated a little his reason for refusing to consider the case of Dr. Mr. Kotoku among "Foreign Affairs." He is quite right, but to some of your readers he must appear altogether wrong. May I recall Milton's lines describing how the angels ranged through Paradise seeking in vain for the foul fiend until they came to the sleeping Eve:—

Sir,—I congratulate my friend Mrs. Braby on having elicited from "Eugenia" so clear, so frank, and so conclusi- vative a justification of the motif of her admirable story "Downward." Until you, greatly daring, published that plea for the perpetration of the crime of abortion, many good people were unaware that the practice had advocates, who, although they were ashamed to sign their names, were not ashamed to defend the criminal practice in the public prints. Her novel has been as the touch of Ithuriel's spear. May I recall Milton's lines describing how the angels ranged through Paradise seeking in vain for the foul fiend until they came to the sleeping Eve:—

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve; Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach The organs of her fancy, and with them forge Illusions as the air. I can well understand Mr. Verdad would welcome "another good row" in South Africa and "damn the consequences." He is presumpitious in the subject of the natives. It is not wise, to say the least, to assert that the native fails to be "even moderately progressive." He is rather more than that. He is, I believe, the most scientific of all. The Pupil Teachers of the province have over nine hundred native names. The Coloured Labour Committee at Johannesburg is now demanding that skill, not colour, be the true progress in his eyes. Those who must go to Natal, where our friends are hunting three convicts with bloodhounds. So far, the only protest against this cultured development has come from the Dutch newspapers. 

May I differ, with respect, from Mr. Duse Mohamed's express statement that the Boer women particularly "shrieked" for the death of the Umali native. The white woman in this particular case was Scotch. With a certain amount of time and trouble I could satisfy Mr. Mohamed that the majority of cases of this sort concern Scotch or Welsh women entirely overawed by her suggestion as to Potipher's wife, I may say that one need not go to South Africa to note that "black men are pears in the tree," for if you are ignorant of the UARTrous women particularly colour, be the wages test. For true progress I suppose we instruction in the elements of science and thought; yet, in not wise, to say the least, to assert that the native fails to 

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signature which suggests that Eugenists are in favour of committing what is a crime at common law?

W. T. STRAD.

Sir,—I read with mingled feelings of horror and pity "Eugenist's" letter of the 19th. Surely this non-de-plume should have been "Eugenist"—a substance distilled from cloves slightly hot. It is not surprising that the identity of the writer is veiled under a pseudonym. Such a vitriolic effusion of indecency can only have been seemliness to advocate the abominable crime of abortion. Amongst men and women. One hesitates to believe that a magazine should know better than to hold the Editor of "Eugenist"'s letter not primarily as a protest against the practice of abortion; but primarily as a protest against the rubbish published in the "Eugenist.

THE NEW AGE has brought to light a mystery—one sexless. The atmosphere is humid and unnatural. Maybe they are excusing such a debased reasoning. Perhaps THE NEW AGE will see motion into the world knowing what they will have to face. This is not an age of molly-coddle, but a New Age; let parents be as straightforward and outspoken as the paper before us. Call a spade a spade, and not an "implement of tillage." It may be blissful to be ignorant for a time, but with the coming of the letter which produces all, namely, LOVE.

J. JOHN ELLIOTT.

THEOLOGY.

Sir,—I think that I am mistaken, as usual. I have already said that I cannot verify the quotation. That this statement does not dispute the existence of the passage must be plain to all who understand the English language, and my letter of January 19 confirms this view. As is my custom, I read all the editions not open to my scrutiny I do not know, but I have assumed the existence of the passage, and shown it to be a partisan judgment that the use of the word "cosmocentric" is intellectually impudent. If there is to be discussion of sex, let it be by those who have at least taken the pains to know what they are talking about, and particularly before addressing their sentimental views and presenting their abortive conclusions to the general reader in the form of novels. Our reviews of such novels as we and our correspondents have in mind have been severe in proportion as our estimate of the writers' equipment for the discussion of the physiological and psychological involutions of the subject has been low. This has nothing to do with the Literary Censorship, of which we need scarcely say, we are not advocates. On the contrary, we have yet to discover a trace of literature in which the spectacle of ignorance playing with indecency. But neither should criticism of these works be censored, least of all by the Managing Director of the "English Review" and the author of the "Maiden Tribute."—ED. N.A.

THE NEW AGE, March 2, 1911.
accurately to Mr. H. G. Wells. Moreover, Mr. Wells, unlike Mr. Belloc, is positively asked to do so. But it is difficult to sustain a criticism which has been created to be an enormous free criticism, without which art, literature, and research alike degenerate into tradition or imposture. But it is difficult to sustain a criticism which has been created by the Intelligence of the New Machiavellis. If Mr. Randall's criticism was insincere, ill-informed, or irrelevant I could understand Mr. Wells' dignified silence; but it is none of these things. On the contrary, the criticism is vital and damaging, if not to Mr. Wells' circulation, at least to his reputation amongst honest thinkers.

While I am about it, may I include in my regrets Mr. Bernard Shaw, who once upon a time grappled single-handed with critics both of low and high degree. Within the last twelve months, if I am not mistaken, you and I have contained criticisms of Mr. Shaw's recent works, which deserved, by their points, the courtesy of a reply. Yet no reply has been made by Mr. Wells. Mr. Shaw, Chesterton, and Belloc have sworn a solemn oath to reply in public only to each other. On no less far-fetched an hypothesis is there any obvious explanation of their silence in the presence of critics other than their own quadrant. If this bourgeois attitude is to continue and be blessed, as it assuredly will, correspondents will be an end to the "enormous free criticism" which Mr. Wells professes to desist.

BACON-SHakespeare.

Sir,—I enclose for your acceptance the "South London Press" print of my letter which appeared on Friday December 23, of which about one million have already been reprinted in various papers in this country and in Canada, while translations are being prepared of it in France and in Germany, so that a further million will be printed in these countries and in U.S.A. This exposes absolutely of the dozen, Eleventh crown of Stratford, no signature of whose has ever been discovered. Yesterday, also in the "South London Press," appeared the other letter, which I enclose. In this letter the world has been, "for the first time," informed of the real purpose and meaning of Pope's "Foundation of Belief," pp. 33, and Professor James' "Pragmatism." Nietzsche's clarion call to action becomes in Mr. Ludovici's interpretation "making the best of it." We will call the Master a "genial ameliorist!" next!

In Mr. Ludovici's "Nietzsche" in the "Philosophers, Ancient and Modern," series Nietzsche appears as a sociologist or great eugenic, as a philosopher who is preoccupied with one idea, and one only—to produce a "desirable type" of man. Fancy calling the Superman a "type" you might just as well call the angels (supposing them to exist) a type! I turn to Zarathustra and read: "Before Sunrise," "The Seven Seals," "The Drunken Song," and I am very sure that the mind of the Master was far beyond the broad-minded eugenics of many of his followers.

Mr. Ludovici is an old student of Nietzsche, and I am

ETHICAL STAGE SOCIETY.

MR. WILLIAM POEL will give Two Matinees on MONDAY, MARCH 6TH, AT 3 O'CLOCK, AND SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH, AT 4 O'CLOCK, At the LITTLE THEATRE, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, or "JACOB AND ESAU.">

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SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES

Queen's (Minor) Hall, Langham Place, London, W. (Under the auspices of the Secular Society, Ltd.) MARCH 5th, Mr. J. T. LLOYD, "THE DESIGN ARGUMENT." Music at 7 p.m.; Lecture at 7:30. Questions and Discussion in the intervals.

Reserved Seats, 1s.; Second Seats, 6d. A few free seats.
**POETRY AND AGNOSTICISM.**

Sir,—Many people think that Secularism has done its work, and that the Freethinkers of our time are only flogging a dead horse. That is nonsense, as I pointed out some weeks ago. In his review of Loisy's "Religion of Israel," Mr. J. M. Kennedy goes to the other extreme, and appears to hold that Freethinkers are making no headway at all. That also is a great mistake. There are many proofs that Secularism is advancing with immense strides, but I will mention only one. Compare the poets of to-day with those of fifty years ago. In 1860 there were three great poets in England: Tennyson, Browning, and Fitzgerald. The first two were profoundly religious. Now consider the poets of our time. In his "Religion of Woman." Mr. Joseph McCabe says:

"The four finest poets of England to-day—Meredith, Swinburne, and Hardy—have on occasions sent letters of sympathy to the Rationalist Press Association; and the work of Watson and Swinburne is well known." To these facts I would add that William Morris was a perfect Agnostic, and, judging from their writings, I should not be surprised to hear that Yeats, W. H. D.也越来越, and Rudyard Kipling, I do not know what he would call himself, but most of his poems are far from religious in spirit. It is perfectly clear that Christianity has entirely lost its hold over the highest and most cultivated minds. What the poets are saying to-day, the prosaists will say to-morrow. The habit of reading is now so general that the thoughts of great men soon filter down to the multitude. Lucretius and Catullus were never known to the working men and women in England and America are giving Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" as a Christmas present, and quoting its most sceptical verses with delight. Swinburne and Davidson will soon be as well known. In America, where there has never been any copyright on Swinburne and Davidson will soon be as well known. In America, where there has never been any copyright on Swinburne and Davidson will soon be as well known. In America, where there has never been any copyright on Swinburne and Davidson will soon be as well known.

"We thank with brief thanksgiving Whatever gods may be That we must tend to be religious; That dead men rise up never."

From all present indications it looks as if Swinburne's prophecy of "If I should pass, Galilean," were on the point of being fulfilled. But perhaps we do not need any further confession from Mr. Murphy, because I notice that he goes on to say that such "art products" were made under conditions quite impossible in this century; which I suppose means that Mr. Murphy's machinery has fixed too tightly in its maw, and no escape is possible from modern industrialism.

So the human quality goes, and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; and we get instead mechanical impartry; 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