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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE simultaneous attack on the General Strike by Messrs. Churchill, MacDonald, and Snowden has all the appearance of a concerted plan. Nevertheless a simpler explanation is possible. They one and all feel that the growth of the idea of industrial action is in some way a reflection upon themselves. "After all I've done for you" is the reproach on Mr. Churchill's lips. "After all we're going to do for you" is the reproach on the Labour lips. Mr. Snowden's exact words we quoted last week. Mr. MacDonald's are to be found in the "Socialist Review" of the present month. Therein he describes Syndicalism as a "viper." Much to his own satisfaction he proves that the most general of strikes can and will be defeated by society. The plan is therefore "a mere escapade of the nursery mind." Even if successfully initiated the plan would be fatal: "on the day of his first triumph, when he declares his strike, the Syndicalist signs his own death-warrant and puts the noose about his own neck." But the cat is let out of the bag in these words: Syndicalism has "declared war on *political* industrialism." Mr. Churchill, with a special eye on THE NEW AGE, invites the attention of Socialists to this dictum: "the weapon of a general strike is the most powerful in the world, but it can only be used for the purpose of suicide."

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When three such diverse minds agree in denouncing any particular movement, we may suspect that there is something in it; and when, further, they agree in misrepresenting that movement, the suspicion becomes a certainty. A whole nebula of misunderstanding does, in fact, adorn their tale to point their moral. In the first place, the doctrine of the general strike has no relation in England with the Syndicalism of the Continent. Our trade unionists have no notion whatever of capturing their respective industries by a sudden coup and of running them henceforward by themselves. The association of French Syndicalism with the English movement in favour of federated strikes is, therefore, a malicious attempt to prejudice the latter. Secondly, the doctrine of the General Strike as presented and practised in England constitutes no "attack on political industrialism." Messrs. MacDonald and Snowden, like all precariously-placed autocrats, are naturally sensitive to the merest hint of a diversion from the sources of their power; but in this case, unless they create it, there is no danger for them whatever. By thrusting on an innocent and inevitable expansion of the area of the strike the sinister character of an organised attack on political action, they can, if they choose, create by magnifying the very enemy they profess to fear. But it will be their own Frankenstein. At present it is simply academic to pretend that all those trade union leaders who are now engaged in federating and unifying the thousand and one unions for the purpose of strength are secretly plotting the supersession of political action. What, in fact, they are doing is forging a weapon of enormous potency for the use of the Labour party in the House of Commons. It will remain for Labour politicians to use it or not at their discretion. Exactly as the capitalist class in Parliament has at its disposal an organised, trained, and obedient military army with which to emphasise the weight of its opinions, and at need to enforce them, so the new federation of unions is preparing to supply the Labour party with an equally well-organised, trained, and obedient industrial army for the same purposes. That the two forms of activity—industrial and political—are not, therefore, incompatible but, on the contrary, complementary, is obvious. No Labour politician of any insight and foresight should object to the massing of battalions behind him.

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It may be that the formation of these legions under the banner of the General Strike appears at the outset to be directed against Parliamentary activity, for a criticism of Parliamentary efficiency it certainly is. Everybody knows that from the time of the formation of a Labour group of any dimensions in the House of Commons, trade unionism began to grow listless, particularly in the direction of strikes. Their militancy, they concluded, was safely delegated to their political representatives, who, being actually at the front and in the zone of power, would certainly make mere strikes superfluous. We have seen how this expectation has been disappointed. Whether from their own weakness or from the lack of a sufficient force behind them, the Labour party not only failed to make strikes superfluous, but in the end they have made them more necessary than ever. If wages could not be raised before 1906 by industrial action alone, events of the last five years have shown that wages cannot be raised by political action alone. In this sense the new trade militancy is a criticism of political action, but it is a constructive criticism. It stands as an alternative arm to that of the Parliamentary party. With its revival, labour becomes two-handed. The case for trade union action as a supplement to political action is not dissimilar from the case Mr. Snowden has recently been presenting for the existence of the Labour party as a supplement, and, at a desperate pinch, as a substitute, of the Liberal party. In view of the Government's present disposition to throw away the Labour party like an old glove, Mr. Snowden in the "Christian Commonwealth" urges the same defence of the Labour party as we are inclined to urge of industrial action. The Labour party, he says, "should keep up its

aggressiveness and militancy," but not by any means with the idea of combating the Liberal party but for the purpose of associating with it on equal and honourable terms. Liberals are to remember that they owe three successive terms of office to Labour votes, and that even if it cannot win seats by itself Labour can at any rate determine in industrial constituencies whether Liberals or Tories shall be returned. The Labour party, in short, is intent on playing the part of pace-maker to the Liberal party, on Mr. Snowden's own showing. It is as a pace-maker amongst other things to the Labour party that the movement of the General Strike is necessary.

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Incidentally we may remark that the real menace to the Labour party is its continued flunkey-like dependence upon the Liberal party. Even the Liberals, we gather, are nauseated by the officious concern of its members for Liberal welfare. Lord Morley remarked in his "Life of Gladstone" that more Cabinets are dissolved by the mutual boredom of its members than the public dreams of. Similarly, we would remark that not even political expediency can always restrain Liberals from expressing their normal opinion of the Labour party's subservience. The Chief Whip made no bones during the Kilmarnock election of openly flouting the Labour party and practically defying them to quit his party's service; and his lead has been followed or anticipated both by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. The former coolly proposes to run his brother against Mr. Keir Hardie at Merthyr, and the latter as coolly announced that the Liberal party would probably run a second candidate at Dundee and elsewhere. Finally the "Nation," to heap up the measure of offence—like the sycophant it is—pleads with the Liberals to do everything to keep the independent Labour party alive, enumerating, with this intention, several useful jobs the party can perform, as, for instance, amusing Europe by sitting on its hind legs begging for peace, barking twice at the words "General Strike," biting the legs of Cabinet duffers and removing legislative refuse. Quite a useful party, it appears, and cheap at a mock Social Reform Bill per annum.

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But the worst misunderstanding of all is one which we shall call the spiritual. It appears plainly in the published comments of all three speakers on the General Strike. Mr. Snowden deprecates the General Strike on the ground that it cannot possibly succeed. Mr. MacDonald urges identically the same objection in the offensive terms of hanging. Mr. Churchill specifically asserts that it is a weapon of suicide only. It seems never to have occurred to these materialists that possibly their objection is no objection at all, but on the contrary the spiritual merit of such as advocate the General Strike. For what in the last resort is the attitude of the wage-earner on strike who refuses at any cost to himself or others to return to an ignominious life of ill-paid slavery, if it is not the attitude of the noblest of the Greeks who avowed that life without self-respect was not to be preferred to death? At some stage or other in the life of individuals, classes, and nations a decision of this kind has to be made. There is no escape. Hitherto, as Thorold Rogers has conclusively proved, during at least three centuries the English working classes have been consenting on each successive occasion of choice to what, no doubt, their blind leaders told them was the lesser of two evils. At no period since the Peasants' War have they been spiritually strong enough to choose the risks of death to the further degradation of their class, with the result, as we all now see, that until the most recent years the English working classes have been of all classes in the world the most deferential to authority and the most inaccessible to intelligence. Just now, when by good fortune a new decisive moment is at hand, and the choice between War and Dishonour is to be made afresh, and when, to the profound satisfaction of humanists, the working classes show signs of being prepared to stake everything—happiness, life, home and England—on the determination to improve the conditions of their class, the descendants of the misleaders of the past renew their mean counsels of short-sighted prudence and urge that life on its present terms, life on any terms, is better than death. Your method, they say, is suicidal. Society will assuredly defeat you. On the day of your triumph you will be merely tightening a noose about your own neck. But it is not true! On the contrary, unless the workmen of England display a passion for better conditions such as will drive out or subordinate every other consideration, and finally prefer destruction to failure, their cause will not be advanced by themselves. Whatever freedom they attain must be, if not fought for, at least lived for in peril of death. Only by the most desperate courage will their class be lifted out of its present slough.

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But even if it were not true, as it is true, that the will to stake life is the condition of victory, the objection to suicide in the attempt is none the less ignoble. Mr. Churchill knows very well that the spirit of the British Army, for example, has not been nourished on prudential counsels. Not once or twice in our history everything has had to be staked on a forlorn hope; and on such occasions, fortunately for us, it has been the valorous, not the discreet, opinion that has prevailed. In the industrial campaign of English wage-earners for improved conditions, it may happen that whole trades will suffer defeat (as the Irish railwaymen have just suffered defeat); it may even be the case, so low have their fortunes sunk, that a whole generation must pass its life sword in hand and ready to risk starvation, imprisonment, and death at any moment, to secure better conditions for the successors of their class. We certainly prophesy no immediate victory for the policy of the General Strike, nor will it be a campaign in which nobody will suffer more than political reverses. On the other hand, men who are prepared to stake their own lives on success must not be expected to be very considerate of the life of society. Society, after all, has not been very considerate of them. In one sense it is true that society is innocent of the injustice inflicted on wage-earners by landowners and capitalists; but in another sense society is alone to blame. By a sweep of its arm our system of pauper production could be abolished. If its abolition is left to the paupers themselves, nobody need wonder if negligent society is temporarily disestablished in the process. The last argument to be effective with men who are prepared to risk suicide, is the argument that those who have driven them to it may suffer in consequence.

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As a matter of fact, the whole discussion has a prototype in a spiritual analogue once well enough known to the English people, and once at least potent, the story of Samson, blinded and set to turn the mills of the Philistines, and, when his strength was recovering, involving his masters in his own ruin. "And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. . . . And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein." But if the fate of Samson was tragic, will anybody say that he would wish it otherwise? The true comment on his death is contained in Milton's dramatisation of the same story, written, be it remembered, in a period when, allowances made for differences of setting, the same struggle we see to-day of a class against what purports to be the nation was in progress. Nothing is here for tears, said Milton.

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Hating tragedy, even the highest, we certainly do not hope that our working classes will need to inflict on themselves "a death so noble" or on society an end so shameful. But if they are to win even the smallest real victory they and we must be prepared in the last resort for sacrifice.

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The permanent betterment of a class of thirteen million persons is worth the risk of existence, but on the political reputation of Mr. Lloyd George it is sheer folly of the Government to risk its position. Nevertheless, by a fourfold voice members of the Cabinet declared last week that they were prepared to do so. It is carrying Cabinet responsibility too far to sacrifice both the nation and a government to save the face of a single member; for there is no longer any possibility of disguising the unpopularity of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. It began by being unpopular with only a handful of publicists and economists; but it is ending in the glare of the unpopularity of everybody. Six months of its actual working, we venture to say, will convert this unpopularity into active hostility to the Government; and if not now then before a year has run, Mr. Lloyd George will have brought defeat on his party. That some inkling of this is present in the minds of some of the Cabinet Ministers is evident from Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee. He admitted that the Bill was "not good electioneering," he even went so far as to imply that the Bill was distinctly unpopular to judge by all the signs, but he asserted that the Government "were not at all discouraged by the state of opinion existing in the country." Well, if the Government are prepared to defy the opinion of the country, there is not much hope of defeating the Bill in Parliament; for, with his usual gift of prophecy, Mr. Lloyd George has declared that Parliament will pass the Bill, be public opinion what it may, if only the Cabinet will insist upon it. This is to assume, of course, that the House of Commons is the expression of the opinion not of the country but of the Cabinet. But for this assumption there are already enough grounds.

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We have recorded in these pages the successive adhesions of various bodies of opinion to the opposition of the Insurance Bill. They include publicists of every shade of party, economists without distinction of school, the medical profession, the mass of the trade-unionists, practically the whole body of the friendly societies, the hospitals, all the women, all the Socialist societies, and every independent political journal in the land. To these may be added the "Spectator," the "Times," and the "Daily Mail." If the two latter have not yet declared openly against the Bill their criticisms at any rate demand that they should if the Bill shows any signs of actually going through. What support, we ask, has Mr. Lloyd George for his view that can compare in extent or in weight with the opposition? We give him a few officials of friendly societies, bribed in one way or another to support him. The same may be said of one or two of the leading members of the Medical Association. Beyond these, however, who or what is there to warrant the passage of the worst Bill of modern times in the teeth of an almost national opposition? True, there is Mr. Garvin, whose perspicacity is evidenced by the plight in which he has left the Tories who followed his advice. There is also Mr. Chiozza Bawbees. But even with these two heraldic persons rampant, Mr. Lloyd George's coat-of-arms for his Bill does not command respect. By 45 to 9 the Railwaymen's Congress last week declared that the Bill would not be acceptable without the Labour party's amendments; and these latter, we may add, are impossible. On the 19th of the month the Friendly Societies meet in the Albert Hall to press for their amendments, also impossible. In consequence of this attitude of critical opposition, it is still barely possible that, existence or extinction, the Cabinet may have to withdraw the Bill before the end of the coming half session.

We no longer, it will be observed, reason against the Bill; for rationally it is dead already. We are merely concerned how to dispose of its corpse. Let us suppose that Mr. Lloyd George discovers some method of suppressing such amendments as would prove fatal to his Bill, what then would remain but first to look to the Labour party to oppose the Bill by its votes? The Irish, we fear, have given too many hostages to Liberalism to be ready under any circumstances to vote against the Government, even on a Bill which is as unpopular in Ireland as in England. But the Labour votes, together with a few Radical votes and the support of the Conservatives, who now, if ever, have a chance of retrieving their fortunes, would dispose of the Bill for ever. Several prominent members of the Labour party are as much opposed to the Bill as we are, but whether they will have the common honesty to vote against it remains to be seen. Mr. Snowden in particular has distinguished himself among his colleagues by criticism, consistent when once formed, of the Bill in principle as well as in detail. Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Keir Hardie have been only a little short of Mr. Snowden in denunciation. But will these gentlemen again conclude at the last moment, as so often before, that the existence of the Government is more important than all its works? We fear they may, in spite of the provocation given them last week by Mr. Churchill's declaration of Liberal independence.

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Suppose, then, that the Labour party fail us and that the Insurance Bill is carried through the House of Commons by a respectable majority. (It is essential to the self-respect of the Cabinet that its majority for a Bill of this magnitude should be considerable.) Our next line of defence is the House of Lords. Under the Parliament Act, as we constantly pointed out while it was still a Bill, the House of Lords is not only authorised, but invited to delay Bills for two years that do not appear to be popular. Its decision on the Insurance Bill would, therefore, seem to be a foregone conclusion. Moreover, there are several reasons why the Lords should exercise their new powers before custom makes it impossible for them to do so. Should the Lords refrain for any reason from rejecting Liberal Bills for a couple of years, by that time the expectation that they should always pass Liberal Bills will be formed and set. It is useless saving up their power of rejection until the Home Rule Bill is before them. Unless before that Bill is rejected they have established their de facto right of rejection, their act will then appear to be dictated by landowning or Imperial considerations, certainly not by national considerations. We strongly advise the Lords to try their new powers on a Bill which in one sense does not matter much to them or to anybody else. They cannot possibly damage a living soul, save Mr. Lloyd George himself, by delaying the Insurance Bill for two years. And in that time we can undertake that it will perish, never to approach their House again.

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A second consideration that should weigh with the Lords is the necessity of re-establishing their popularity. With every step of the decline of the House of Commons into complete subjection to the Cabinet, the need for an independent House of Lords is increased. We are not at all disposed to regard the Parliament Bill as having shorn the Lords of any of their previous power. On the other hand, it has given them the opportunity in a rational age of exerting an influence all the greater for being independent of an authoritative veto. But it must be admitted that the Lords appear to have lost some of their old spirit entirely without cause. To this alone we must attribute the fact that, to judge from appearances, they are passive spectators of the progress of the Insurance Bill. Lord Rosebery alone, to our knowledge, has expressed a peer's opinion of the Bill, and it was by oblique reference. "Spoon-feeding" was his word for it. But if the Lords have the smallest desire, either individually or as a body, to re-acquire weight in the public mind, the Insurance Bill is ground

most favourable to them. A good leader would almost insist on the rejection of the Bill by the Lords from tactical considerations alone. Never again will an opportunity so timely and so perfect to the purpose be offered them of at once rehabilitating their prestige and saving the country an incalculable evil.

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It might be supposed that if, nevertheless, the Lords fail themselves as well as us, the Insurance Bill is hung round our necks for good. But the example of France, as well as the evidence of certain news that has reached us, convinces us that even though the Bill become an Act of the Statute-book, it need not and probably will not become an Act of society. In France a similar Act was made a dead-letter by the simple refusal of the men to submit to it; and in England one important union of workmen has signified its intention of declining to accept the Bill. We are far from saying that these acts of passive resistance are wise; but if they are not wise to perform, it is still less wise to provoke them. If the Insurance Bill were supported by the weight of opinion, we would be prepared to see numbers sacrificed to it without raising a protest; but in this instance numbers and weight are on the same side. No government in its heart can believe it is right to offer fifteen million poor people ninepence for fourpence. Consequently, this Government must feel itself lacking in moral authority. The reflection of this in the public mind will infallibly be to encourage resistance among the workmen to deductions from their wages; and when the costly and irritating machinery of the Bill begins to work, the friction will be increased with every turn of the weekly screw. We have been generous in giving the Bill a year's life in action. It will die of its friction in less time than that, even if amendments, the Labour party, and the Lords have successively failed to kill it.

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Mr. Churchill's second speech to his Dundee electors was important for its forecast of the recommendations of the Railway Commission. It seems clear now that this forecast might have been made with equal authority before even the Commission was appointed. The Commission was appointed, in fact, to fulfil the forecast, and this it would have done whatever the evidence offered before it. One item alone is new in Mr. Churchill's premature yet belated disclosure; it is that not only will "recognition" be accorded the unions in return for guarantees against striking from their officials, but the State will itself insist on a minimum wage being paid by the companies. Both the recognition and the permission to the companies to raise charges were thus settled long ago. The one was granted in advance in anticipation of the other. So long as the public pays, the companies naturally do not object to dispensing a minimum wage, and if the men's officials are foolish enough to sign away the right of their men to strike suddenly, the companies will have no real objection to recognition. Mr. Churchill made a feeble repetition of his former declaration in favour of Railway Nationalisation, but he knows well enough that until the public strikes for minimum railway charges, nationalisation is impossible.

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We have recorded the fact that the Irish railway strike has failed, but we must add that the bitterness created in the men's minds by the conduct of the railway directors and of the Government remains. We do not complain of the injustice of Sir William Goulding's successful decision to refuse recognition and to insist on decimating the strikers on his line; but the action is one of incomparable folly as well as meanness. The act will as certainly recoil upon the heads of the companies as those equally foolish acts of the English companies in evicting strikers from railway houses, in petting non-strikers, and in bearing malice against individuals who have been loyal to their unions. The Government's conduct has been no less unwise in Ireland than in England, and was the subject of a vigorous protest at the Railwaymen's Congress last week. Professing in the early days of the strike "to keep the ring" and nothing more, the Government allowed itself to be driven, nothing loth perhaps, into active alliance with the companies. Several trains were actually driven by soldiers of the Royal Engineers, though this fact was naturally enough not recorded and photographed by our illustrated press. In view of the possible appearance of a Labour daily paper —with small chances of success, we fear—the need for one, indeed, has been made obvious by the events of the Irish strike. Not only have true facts been distorted, but equally true facts have been suppressed altogether. The "Times" in particular has been guilty of the worst trick of suppressio veri in connection with one of the Irish strikes, that of the bakers in Dublin. With the intention of drawing public sympathy from men on strike for fifteen shillings a week, the "Times" Dublin correspondent remarked: "The hospitals are still short of bread, although since their alarming state has become known the well-to-do public has come to their support." Not a word, be it observed, of the fact which should have been well known to this correspondent, that the Irish bakers on strike offered to bake bread for the hospitals. Their offer was declined.

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Both the Church and the Baptist Unions have been holding their annual congresses, and both, we are glad to see, have devoted considerable attention to the social problem. Both, however, give the impression of having reluctantly joined in the general procession through fear of losing their remaining hold on the working classes. The Bishop of London, like Dr. Edwards of the Baptist Union, deplored the fact that workmen as a body attend neither church nor chapel; but the Bishop was inclined to attribute the fault to the clergy, while Dr. Edwards bravely shouldered it on the men. It wasn't at all grateful of them, he argued, to kick away the ladder up which they had climbed. The Baptists in particular had been instrumental (the Lord knows how) in placing the working classes in the very seat of power; and in return for this the Baptists found themselves cold-shouldered by their imperialised protégés. A committee was appointed to enquire into the causes of the labour unrest. The Bishop of London laid two faults at the door of the clergy; they were still suffering from class prejudice and their discussions of ritual were repellant to the lay mind. Of these we have no doubt that neither is the root of the evil. Class prejudice of a certain kind is honoured among the poor, who are as subject to it as anybody else. The academic discussions, likewise, are not repellant, but rather fascinating to the lay mind. Only fanatics find them dull, only materialists find them useless. The real root of the growing weakness of both Church and Chapel is their growing atheism. While they had faith they were reverenced, while they were agnostic they were respected; but now that in the sight of all men they are atheists, they are despised. Not one in ten of our clergy or ministry would stake his salary on the existence of God or the immortality of the soul.

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We asked last week down what gulfs the surplus values of our huge industries disappeared since poor Lord Furness complained that, though an employer of half a county, he got none of them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could tell if he had a mind, though the vast sums do not go into the public purse. Sometimes, however, our wonderful Press records the sums left in wills, and last week it recorded the sums left by the Willses. Since 1909 no fewer than three of this family of public benefactors have died, each leaving at least two million pounds to his heirs. The latest—but not the last —of them, who died a few months ago, left estate provisionally sworn at two millions. This amount was beaten by his predecessors, who left, one of them, three, and the other, two and a half millions. There is no doubt this time where the surplus value of revenue over cost of production has gone. Yet if we were to plead for a rise of wages in the Wills factories, the "Times" would be sure to tell us that the industry was barely paying; and the Government would add that the increased cost of production might be added to prices.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHEN I stated a few weeks ago that the first President of the Portuguese Republic might also be the last, I was not, as some of THE NEW AGE readers may have thought, expressing the opinion of a disgruntled Royalist, but rather the view of many well-informed diplomatists. For proof I refer to the recent rising of the Monarchists in the northern districts of Portugal, where the Republic was not desired, where it was received with dissent, where it has never been really popular, and where the people in general are heartily tired of the coercive methods of the new régime.

At the moment of writing the fate of the new Republic is simply hanging in the balance. The Royalist forces in the north number, according to the newspaper reports, some six thousand men; but the actual number is nearer thirty thousand. They are, however, badly armed, the task of smuggling arms through Spain having proved to be unexpectedly difficult. Captain Paiva Couceiro, again, is hardly an ideal leader, although there is no doubt that he is a clever tactician and will certainly utilise the forces at his disposal to the best advantage.

Practically every newspaper outside Portugal has found it impossible to get news by telegraph from the disaffected districts, or, indeed, from any point in Portugal. The censorship is rigorous and ruthless, and has been so for the last twelve months, ever since the Republic was proclaimed. Code messages are held up for hours while the authorities try to have them deciphered. Innocent-looking commercial messages are subjected to the same treatment. And any messages containing statements unfavourable to the Portuguese Government are hacked to pieces and reach their destination in a disgracefully mutilated form. In addition to this, it is even difficult to obtain information by letter; for the censorship, which has always been applied to foreign telegrams, has been applied during the last three weeks or so to messages from town to town in Portugal and from village to village. The writer of a letter can describe only what is happening in his own immediate neighbourhood.

The Royalist plans were, in brief, these: On a given date, October 4 (the day before the first anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic), Oporto was to be attacked by sea. The Monarchists, it is true, had no first-class warships; but they had a sufficient number of craft to do a considerable amount of damage. At the same time Oporto was to be attacked by land, the town captured, and a provisional Monarchist government proclaimed. The next move would have been to rally all the Monarchists in the north and to march on Lisbon, which would also have been attacked by land and sea.

This plan has, for the moment, failed. The Lisbon authorities heard of the plans for the sea attack, and the recent seizure of armed vessels in British waters is not without significance. The Sultan of Turkey, however, is not the only sovereign who has bought second-hand cruisers from Germany in the course of the last few months.

It must not be forgotten by the English reader that the present régime in Portugal is not in harmony with the wishes of the people, who, owing to the glaring manner in which the elections were gerrymandered, have not been able to express their views at the polls. If there is one item in particular which has disgusted the people, it is this: the attitude of the Positivist Government towards the Church. The Portuguese love their faith, though they have no liking for the priests who at present exercise spiritual authority over them. The new Government made the fatal mistake of attacking the Church itself, as well as attacking the representatives of the Church. Retribution will be slow, but certain. A dry, exotic creed like Positivism cannot be forced on people who are not adapted for it. The Monarchists are now reconsidering their position.

Some people, like Mr. Norman Angell, emphasise the power of finance. Others object to the power of financiers. A writer on foreign affairs in the "Eye-Witness" of September 28 ejaculates: "Upon Monday night there was not a newspaper office in London which knew what Italy was about in the threatened expedition to Tripoli. But does any sane man imagine that Luzzatti had not told his master, Rothschild, or that Cassel had no news?"

Well, I look upon myself as possessing at least an average amount of sanity, and I take the liberty of doubting this statement. The inference of the article referred to is that Cabinets are under the influence of financiers, which is not true in all cases. But in the present instance a mistake of some magnitude has been committed. It is true that the current books of reference state that Signor Luzzatti became Italian Premier in December, 1910. So far, so good. But they obviously could not state that he held office for only some three months, and that he was succeeded by Signor Giolitti in April last. Luzzatti went out of office because he was, on the whole, opposed to a war which the Italian people desired, and Giolitti took his place with the aim of waging this war. The reference to Luzzatti's master, Rothschild, is therefore not based on a complete knowledge of the circumstances. Besides, successive Italian Governments have had their eye on Tripoli long before Sir Ernest Cassel became prominent in international finance. His interests, indeed, lie with Turkey, rather than with Italy.

In fact, it is not too much to say that the interests of Jews in general lie in Turkey at this moment. French Jewish financiers have advanced huge sums to the Porte. Jewish influence is predominant in the Committee of Union and Progress to an infinitely greater extent than in the Giolitti Cabinet. The secret committee of the Young Turk party at Salonika is practically "run" by Jews, but the only really prominent Jew in Italy is one Nathan, the Mayor of Rome; and he differs from the average Jew in that he is muddle-headed and not a bit clever.

Still, the Young Turk party is passing through a very critical stage in its history, and it will take all the energy of its Jewish leaders to hold it together. The Turks are profoundly dissatisfied with their new régime—as dissatisfied as the Portuguese are with theirs. Italy's attack on Tripoli was not so much an attack on Tripoli as a full-dress rehearsal of quite another military drama. Italy's disputes with Austria over the boundary-line and "Italia Irredenta" have never been settled. The one country is ready to fly at the other's throat. When the almost inevitable break-up of the Ottoman Empire comes, Italy is preparing to seize Albania—the inhabitants of which detest with equal hatred the Turks and the Austrians—while Austria is making ready to rush down to Salonika. Russia is aiming at Constantinople. So it behoves Powers with interests in the Balkans to know before the impending struggle exactly how they stand in regard to rapid mobilisation, food supplies, and all the other odds and ends of a modern military and naval campaign.

As for the Tripolitan expedition, the whole thing, of course, is a farce. Turkey can do little, though if she insisted in sending Arabian reinforcements through Egypt we might be placed in a quandary.

While Germany and France have come to an agreement regarding the French Protectorate over Morocco, the negotiations regarding the "compensations" in the Congo have yet to begin. French feeling is entirely against giving too much away, and the French Cabinet is not strong. M. Messimy, the War Minister, and M. de Selves, the Foreign Minister, have been urging war. M. Delcassé, the Naval Minister, is inclined towards moderation, with a distinct tendency to come down on the war side of the fence. And Germany is in a worse position than ever so far as fighting is concerned.

Catholic v. Freemason in European Politics.

By Henri de Remeuillac.

EUROPE is passing through a period of remarkable political and economic unrest. The superficial observer will probably think that the leaders of the various agitations against the existing status quo in Spain, France, Italy, Austria, and Portugal are actuated by similar intentions. This is not quite so. A careful examination of the numerous outbreaks in different foreign countries will show that there are other agencies at work than those which have been engaged in the industrial conflicts in England and Ireland.

It has been well observed that the Roman Catholic temporal power generally becomes most active in converse ratio to the Roman Catholic spiritual influence. When the Roman Catholic religion is flourishing, there is a slackness in the political activities of the temporal arm of the Romish Church, which is the Society of Jesus. All religions at the present day are losing ground in face of the advance of materialism and rationalism. In the Latin countries the progress of Roman Catholicism has been stayed by the teaching of rationalistic principles in education and in morals. In the best days of the Roman Catholic Church the Society of Jesus was frowned upon by the Popes as a secret society. There is a nominal ban of excommunication by the Romish Church against all secret societies; but there are moments when the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome choose to take a very broad view of the word "secret." Notwithstanding every attempt to crush it by lay and ecclesiastical authorities in Europe, the Society of Jesus has by no means disappeared from the stage of European politics. This society was the temporal weapon of the Roman Catholic Church during the bitter conflicts of the Dreyfus case and the Associations legislation in France. The Jesuits were defeated in that great contest against the French Republic; but their defeat did not completely dishearten them. Still, their forces needed recuperation, and, after the Dreyfus affair was ended, there was a lull in their activity.

The Jesuits were checkmated in the Dreyfus affair by the very powerful association of Freemasons known as the Grand Orient of France. The French Freemasons are entirely different from the English Freemasons. The Grand Orient of France is a political and rationalist organisation. From its preliminaries for the initiation of candidates one learns: "Its principles are mutual tolerance, respect for others and self, absolute liberty of conscience." For many decades the Grand Orient has been a thorn in the side of the Roman Catholic Church. The reason may be gathered from the following note: "What distinguishes now the English Grand Lodges from the masonic powers which draw their inspiration from the traditions of the Grand Orient of France is that the former make an obligation to believe in a 'living God,' whilst the latter, sincerely free from all intellectual constraint, admit this same creed as optional, for the same reason as it admits all the other conceptions of the individual conscience." The Roman Catholics, upon the strength of this passage, have steadily denounced the Grand Orient as, in reality, an anti-religious society, aiming at the destruction of Christianity.

Many Roman Catholics, for instance, firmly believe that the demonstrations throughout the world, on the occasion of Señor Ferrer's execution, were mainly the work of members of the Grand Orient. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in a series of articles in "The Dublin Review," in referring to a mysterious anti-Catholic organisation which, according to him, was at the back of that outburst of popular indignation, plainly indicated the Grand Orient as being the body in question.

The failing health of the Emperor of Austria and the accession of the Archduke Ferdinand to the practical rule of Austria-Hungary gave the Jesuits a chance to return to political intrigue. The Young Turk revolution had been successfully won partly through the instrumentality of the Freemason lodges of Salonica, whose membership was to some extent Jewish. It would be absurd, however, to imagine that the Freemasons of Salonica were entirely responsible for that revolution. They had the support of many orthodox Mussulmans, who were disgusted with the misgovernment of the country under the rule of Abdul Hamid. The Archduke Ferdinand is a devout and somewhat narrow-minded Roman Catholic, and many Austrians suspect him of actual membership of the Society of Jesus. Here, at any rate, was an opportunity to injure the cause of Freemasonry in the hour of victory. Certainly it was at the instigation of the Archduke that the Emperor of Austria despatched those famous letters repudiating the Bosnian clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. It was a blow which was intended to ruin the Young Turks. It was well calculated, and nearly succeeded. England prevented a complete victory, since English diplomacy has always maintained the de facto Turkish Government against the onslaughts of the European Powers. Moreover, the Grand Orient used its power to hinder the Austrian coup de main. It should be remembered that nearly every prominent Republican politician who has attained recent Cabinet rank in France has been or is a member of the Grand Orient. It is a French imperium in imperio, as the Jesuits are in the Roman Catholic Church. The Russian ecclesiastical authorities also had no liking for this Roman Catholic countermove against the Turkish Freemasons, because there is no love lost between the Greek Church and the Roman Church. Yet the seizure of Bosnia did much damage to the prestige of the Young Turks, so that the advantage was decidedly with the Jesuits.

The next country to which the Jesuits turned their attention was Spain. Señor Ferrer's teaching had given much offence to the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities. Protestant ideas and rationalist morals were beginning to spread even in Spain. Dogmatic theology and its accompaniment of non-productive priests and nuns, who competed with the Spanish artisan, were regarded with an ill-concealed hatred by many Spaniards. It was to cater for the needs of this class that Señor Ferrer opened his "Moderna Escuela." The teaching at this school was ethical rather than dogmatically religious. The word went forth from Rome against its continuance, but the Spanish Ministry declined to close it by Governmental order. The attempt on the life of King Alfonso threw suspicion on Señor Ferrer. He was tried by a civil court and acquitted. By a combination of Roman Catholics and militarists, the "Ley de Jurisdiccione" was rushed through the Cortes. By this iniquitous law any person suspected of carrying on any propaganda harmful to the State could be tried by court-martial. Such was the device that was resorted to so as to destroy the ethical ideals of the "Moderna Escuela." A case was trumped up against Ferrer, and he was executed. The execution was hurried on by the Spanish Roman Catholics, lest Ferrer should eventually elude them as Dreyfus did. The Grand Orient would not be permitted to preserve a second innocent life! Since the death of Ferrer, a campaign against liberty has been remorselessly pursued. On the last anniversary of Ferrer's execution a Spanish artist named Firmin Sagrista published several drawings in memory and glorification of Ferrer's life and work. For this offence this young man of 24 was sentenced by a Spanish court-martial to *nine years'* imprisonment! Think of such a sentence for three drawings! Costas Espana! Against this oppression the French Freemasons have been working hard. Whether their efforts will overturn the Spanish Monarchy remains to be seen; but this rivalry will explain the pro-German agitation in Spanish Catholic and monarchist circles against the French claims in Morocco.

On the other hand, the food risings in France present some peculiar features, which suggest that the duel between these contending societies has been transferred once more to French soil. The Syndicalist movement in France, as conducted at present, has the motive of paralysing government. The one party which has any-

thing to gain from bringing the French Republican Government to a standstill is the Royalist. The riots in St. Quentin were concentrated against the Socialist Mayor and Councillors. The reactionary Councillors were left alone by the rioters. That has been the menacing symptom of the housewives' rioting throughout France. By a curious coincidence several leaders of the Syndicalist movement are ex-Jesuits, who have professed such devotion to the cause of the French working class that they have left the Order to aid in the Syndicalist propaganda. Another singular circumstance was that large supplies of money appeared from nowhere to grease the wheels of revolution. Most strikes or food riots are not blessed with any distribution of largesse on a big scale; poverty is usually their accompaniment.

The news from Vienna has been so obscure and so vague that one cannot judge whether the riots there are political or merely industrial. In Portugal the revolution was clearly manipulated by the Freemason and freethinking element against the Royalist and Catholic domination.

It is important that England, the stronghold of Protestantism and toleration in thought, should understand what is happening in Europe. Undoubtedly much of the unrest in Europe, as in England, is industrial and economic. But that is not sufficient to account for the epidemic of revolution which is sweeping across Europe. In reality all across these conflicts can be detected the trail of the Black International. The Jesuits have always been the enemy of the people. The Red International, as the combination of revolutionary Socialism and Freemasonry has sometimes been described, is in motion against its old foe.

The South of England is being rapidly populated with expelled orders from Portugal and France. Some of these are engaged in conspiring against Republicanism. Englishmen should watch the multiplication of these Orders within the British Isles with an unceasing vigilance. England is the land of toleration in religious matters, but that is a doctrine which does not commend itself to the numerous Orders now settled in many parts of Southern England.

Since the above was sketched out, the Italian raid on Tripoli has begun. It is noteworthy that the Freemasons have, broadly speaking, regretted this piece of piracy, while the Austrian "Vaterland," one of the most influential Catholic journals on the Continent, has strongly supported Italy. The Vatican is encouraging this Italian vandalism in the name of Christendom! The lay Press of Europe has condemned Italy. The clerical Press is silent, approving, or faintly condemnatory. The weakness of Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Office is largely responsible for the present European crisis. A third secretary is regarded by the Wilhelmstrasse as sufficient to deal with Sir Edward Grey and the whole Foreign Office secretariat! The outlook is most grave, for, should the Senussi rise in support of Turkey, all North and Central Africa will spring to arms against the Christian.

TO A NEWSBOY.

OH! ragged boy with little naked feet,
Whose quivering limbs are cold, whose face is fair,
Whose coral lips are press'd, whose blue eyes stare,
I saw thee nimbly running down the street,
And as I took thy thin, news-printed sheet
I wished that London could not keep thee there,
Nor dark smuts settle on thy curly hair—
Thy curly hair that breezes love to greet!
Thy like, in some far-distant time when men
No more shall live for wealth, but know the worth
Of life, and dainty forms, and boyish grace,
No more shall clamour useless news for dearth
Of lovelier things to do, but take his place
In happy land, when men are real men then.

R. B. A.

Welsh Disestablishment.

With a Suggestion for a New Policy.

By Richard David, Vicar of Treharris.

IT is impossible, at this time of day, to discuss intelligently the question of the disendowment of the parochial churches of Wales unless we first clearly perceive the cause for its demand and also realise its immediate and future effects; unless, in a word, we can correlate the disendowment of the parochial churches with the entire life of the community, past and future. I say at this time of day, for we have arrived at that psychological moment in our national life when it is impossible to subject all the parochial corporations of our land to disendowment without immediately raising the question of a general disendowment of all the denominational churches and of all capitalistic secular corporations as well. For though the liberationist Canutes think they can dam the tide of disendowment at 1662, all who have eyes to see know that our Canutes will themselves be drowned in the oncoming tide. The disendowment of the parochial churches will not, as our fat liberationists fondly imagine, settle anything. On the contrary, it will raise such pertinent questions as the right of the denominational churches to their property and the right of all private wealth as against the right of the commonwealth. For nothing is clearer than that all property is now entering upon its day of judgment, and that in this day all property will have to justify itself by more than a legal, by a strong ethical title. Judgment may begin with the parochial churches, but it will assuredly end with the denominational churches and with capitalistic corporations in general. We can, therefore, have no intelligent understanding of this question of the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches, and no intelligent policy concerning it, unless we correlate it to this deeper and dominant, even if unperceived, factor in the situation.

And in order to place this question in right relationship to the life of the community we must first clearly diagnose the cause for the demand of the disendowment of our communal churches—who is it that make this demand, and why they do so.

Now, it is a commonplace of liberationist oratory that for forty years Wales has consistently demanded the disendowment of her communal churches. And it is in this statement that we discover the cause for the demand. For it was just forty or fifty years ago that the particular type of life which obsessed Wales during the nineteenth century, and which still obsesses North Wales and perhaps the agricultural parts of the south reached by its zenith. The appearance of this type was a new thing in Welsh life. And it was of no indigenous growth, but was alien to everything that is best in the Welsh character, though consonant enough with that which is ignoble in it. It was a Manchester creation, the offspring of a hard, ugly, narrow, and huckstering gospel of competitive individualism. It taught that the whole duty of man was to get on, to elbow his way to the cheapest and again shoulder it to the dearest market to make for himself the biggest possible profits. Cheapness, ugliness, and profit were the cardinal virtues of this creed. And unfortunately, when it was first preached in Wales, there was here no aristocracy, no class imbued with a deep sense of communal and national solidarity, with a noble traditional spirit of noblesse oblige, with no realisation that wealth and station carried with them the obligation of the highest service to the community, there was no culture in Wales; so there was no power to withstand the blighting influence of the Manchester gospel of cheapness and profit. On the contrary, it found in the alien religion, individualism, that had come to Wales from England in the eighteenth century, a soil prepared for the reception of its seed. And it was when the seed of Manchester fell into the soil of Geneva that this new type of Welshman appeared. He is the shop-and-chapel man. He first appears in the shadow of the great founders of our coal and iron industries. Here he picks up his little retail business and begins to thrive exceed-

ingly upon its profits. He waxes fat; he makes money. And as the big little man of the place he enters the big pew, and reigns over his customers. But he is ambitious; he wants more. He looks to the English suburbs and sees what great possibilities they contain for himself and for his relations. He invades them, establishes his shop therein, and becomes an all-conquering plutocrat. He duly becomes great in the fashionable churches of his suburb and in the councils of pious dissenting plutocracy, while the poorer dissenters make him due obeisance. But the great one does not forget his protégés and poor relations. He annexes a number of Welsh constituencies and lucrative offices for the former, and upon the latter he bestows the opulent pulpits of suburban plutocracy. In due time a grateful country makes him a baronet or a peer, and last of all he dies in the odour of plutocratic sanctity and provides a prize subject for a Welsh bard to make half a guinea out of.

And it is this shop-and-chapel type that has been in the ascendant in Wales during the last forty years, and the demand for the disendowment of our communal churches comes from it. And it is easy to understand why the shop-and-chapel man makes this demand. He is one who is inspired by the narrowest of individualistic creeds. He has made his own property and his own denomination, thinks he: they are his, his very own. The community, local or national, has nothing to do with his property or his denomination; both exist solely for his material and religious comfort. He has a sound legal title to both, and simply cannot conceive that any property can be held upon a higher tenure. And so when he finds around him a number of communal churches existing to serve every local parish throughout the country, when he finds that these hold their property upon the high ethical tenure of rendering spiritual service to the entire community, local and national, he simply can't understand it. And this incapacity rises not so much from intellectual incapacity as from ethical density. The idea that men should throughout the ages, in forms varying with the varying ages, give of their wealth to the parochial churches of the land to enable them to serve the entire community, is beyond his power of apprehension, for he is so entirely lacking in sympathy with the community in its spiritual aspect that in this matter he is ethically blind. And because he is ethically blind he demands that the parochial churches which exist for communal spiritual service shall be disendowed. Property, sir, he argues, is for the private use of the self-made man and the self-made denomination. This cry, therefore, for the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches comes from that type of life which, to its incalculable loss, has obsessed Wales during the last century, and which reached its zenith forty years ago; it comes from an ethically inferior type of character. And it is kept alive entirely by this dense shop-and-chapel man and by his protégés from the English suburbs, the opulent pulpiteers of English plutocracy and the facile talkateers who court the votes of the Welsh democracy that they may win liberal rewards in offices and titles. This is the ignoble origin of the demand for the disendowment of the parochial churches of Wales. It comes from a commercialised conception of religion.

But what of the effects of granting this low ethical demand of dissenting and plutocratic shop-and-chapeldom?

Well, it must be first observed that it was forty years ago when the shop-and-chapel man reached his zenith; he has now, in the industrial districts of South Wales, long passed it. Here a democracy is slowly, very slowly, awakening to self-consciousness. It is rubbing the cobwebs out of its eyes, and is looking around upon its immediate environment. And already it has discovered that the shop-and-chapel man is a humbug. It perceives that he is ethically blind, unfit to be trusted with public service, and therefore it is kicking him out of the public bodies.

Only twenty years ago, whom the shop-and-chapel man would he set up upon the public Boards, and whom he would he cast down; but to-day he is expelled as one unfit for public service. He is exposed as one morally unfit to represent the democracy. And he doesn't like it. So he greedily seeks for compensation for this loss in unrepresentative honours. He craves to be allowed at least to sit upon the Bench, and gets awfully savage with the Lord Chancellor for not putting him there in quantities. He is a spent force in the local communes of South Wales, but in the Parliamentary constituencies he is making desperate efforts to retain his power by seeking to pervert them to his own ignoble ethical standard.

And if he succeeds—what then? Just this: that our land will be filled with a number of competitive churches who hold their capital upon precisely the same legal tenure as that upon which any joint stock company holds its capital. At present there is this difference in the case of the parochial churches: they hold their property, whether received before 1662 or in last Sunday's collections, upon condition of service to the community. The community is always the objective of their mission, and always will be so, whatever the State may do. But at present the State also embodies this spiritual and ethical fact in the legal tenure by which the parochial churches hold their property; it secures, under conditions, the right of every parishioner to the spiritual services of the Church. But it is otherwise with the denominational churches, who are segregations of this type or that type out of the community, and are competitive and anti-communal in their aim. They hold their property, therefore, upon precisely the same terms as does a joint stock company—the one for the benefit of its members, the other for that of its shareholders. And the shop-and-chapel man proposes that, after the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches, a new body shall be formed to hold property upon the same terms as the competitive denominational churches and the joint stock companies. But when this will have come to pass, an impassable ethical gulf will have been created between the churches and the democracy; for our churches will then be below the ethical standard even of joint stock companies, for while a company may justify its existence by ministering to the advantage of its employees and its shareholders, the church that exists for the benefit of its members is an immoral church. And it is to this state of social immorality that the shop-and-chapel man is now reducing the denominational churches, as is evidenced by the fact that the ethical sense of the community is revolting against them and leaving them in ever-increasing numbers. The democracy feels, though it has not yet explicated, the implicitly immoral position of the competitive denominational churches of modern plutocracy. And it is turning contemptuously away from them.

But this contempt cannot long remain silent; it must soon beget democratic action. For as the democracy has come to see that the typical shop-and-chapel man is unfit to render public service to the local communities, so it is coming to see that the competitive denominational churches, whose major prophets have now for years been the millionaires, whose lesser prophets are the would-be millionaires, and whose temples bear upon their fronts the confession of their mammonistic spirit (since amongst the innumerable tablets that deck these fronts you may find the names of all kinds of sinners—criminals and felons—but never the name of an unesquired poor Christian), are the chief buttresses of our competitive capitalism. This will beget action. But just because shop-and-chapeldom will have confused and obliterated the ethical nature of that tenure upon which the parochial churches hold their property, all religious property—and, indeed, all private property—will enter its day of judgment without any ethical justification. All alike will have sunk to the level of the shop-and-chapel man. And this will be a national disaster, since the democracy will urgently need in the future, in whatever manner it may propose to itself the better organisation and use of wealth, the same ethical energy for that purpose as that which has created the parochial churches. Without this it can but destroy. And lately we have had evidence of its capacity for doing so. And it may do so again on a larger scale

much sooner than we imagine, for Welsh democracy doesn't care a dime for the shop-and-chapel man's droll idea that disendowment must be kept aback of 1662.

So by correlating this question to the broad current of our national life, we see that the demand for the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches springs from the low ethical standard of shop-and-chapeldom, and that its effect will be to demoralise the churches and render them unfit for the work of social regeneration, so that the coming democracy will have of necessity to destroy their power. And this work of destruction may be ruthless unless the parochial churches can in the meantime reach the mind and heart of our Welsh democracy by bearing more clear witness to its ideal of service to the entire community. They must show that the only true principle of disendowment, justified by history, is the disendowment of those religious bodies whose objective of service is their own members. And this suggests a policy—that of an alliance between Church and Labour in South Wales. Both should come out for business: to destroy shop-and-chapeldom—the Church for ethical reason and Labour for political. That this alliance will be effected after disestablishment is beyond doubt. Adversity will act as a mechanical force to bring Church and Labour together. At the last general election there were three candidates in the constituency wherein I live. Here one or two Church voters voted for the Liberal, a sprinkling of them for the Labour candidate, the majority for the Conservative solely because of the Church question; but had there been no Conservative, quite ninety-five per cent. of these would have voted for the Labour candidate. With the passing of disestablishment, therefore, churchmen will, for the most part, support Labour candidates. But why should they wait for disestablishment? Why not utilise the next two years to show that disestablishment is only an effort to establish the ignoble standard of Welsh shop-and-chapeldom upon the Welsh democracy; why not expose the immoral nature of the tenure upon which competitive denominational churches hold their capital; why not explain to the democracy the cause of its silent contempt for the commercialised churches of plutocratic dissent? Why not select certain industrial constituencies that are now represented by typical suburban protégés of the shop-and-chapel man, such as East Glamorgan, Mid-Glamorgan, Swansea district and Carmarthen boroughs, for co-operation with Labour for the purpose of defeating shop-and-chapeldom in those constituencies?—on condition, of course, that Labour declines to accept 1662 as the year after which all property becomes private, but is determined to scrutinise the title of all property alike and to judge all alike by the highest ethical standard.

Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day."

[Next week Mr. T. N. Foulis will publish six volumes of Nietzsche's works—("Early Greek Philosophy," "Human, All-too-Human," part ii., "The Case of Wagner and other Essays," "The Dawn of Day," "The Twilight of the Idols," etc., and the autobiography, "Ecce Homo")—thus completing the English translation. The index volume will be issued shortly. By permission of the Editor, Dr. Oscar Levy, we reproduce below Mr. J. M. Kennedy's Introduction to his translation of the "Dawn of Day."]

WHEN Nietzsche called his book "The Dawn of Day," he was far from giving it a merely fanciful title to attract the attention of that large section of the public which judges books by their titles rather than by their contents. "The Dawn of Day" represents, figuratively, the dawn of Nietzsche's own philosophy. Hitherto he had been considerably influenced in his outlook, if not in his actual thoughts, by Schopenhauer, Wagner, and perhaps also Comte. "Human, all-too-Human" belongs to a period of transition. After his rupture with Bayreuth, Nietzsche is, in both parts of that work, trying to stand on his own legs, and to regain his spiritual freedom; he is feeling his way to his own philosophy. "The Dawn of Day," written in 1881 under the invigorating influence of a Genoese spring, is the dawn of this new Nietzsche. "With this book I open my campaign against morality," he himself said later in his autobiography, the "Ecce Homo."

Just as in the case of the books written in his prime —"The Joyful Wisdom," "Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," and "The Genealogy of Morals"—we cannot fail to be impressed in this work by Nietzsche's deep psychological insight, the insight that showed him to be a powerful judge of men and things unequalled in the nineteenth or, perhaps, any other century. One example of this is seen in his searching analysis of the Apostle Paul (Aphorism 68), in which the soul of the "First Christian" is ruthlessly and realistically laid bare to us. Nietzsche's summing-up of the Founder of Christianity—for, of course, as is now generally recognised, it was Paul, and not Christ, who founded the Christian Church—has not yet called forth those bitter attacks from theologians that might have been expected, though one reason for this apparent neglect is no doubt that the portrait is so true, and in these circumstances silence is certainly golden on the part of defenders of the faith, who are otherwise, as a rule, loquacious enough. Nor has the taunt in Aphorism 84* elicited an answer from the quarter whither it was directed; and the "free" (not to say dishonest) interpretation of the Bible by Christian scholars and theologians, which is still proceeding merrily, is now being turned to Nietzsche's own writings. For the philosopher's works are now being "explained away" by German theologians in a most naïve and daring fashion, and with an ability which has no doubt been acquired as the result of centuries of skilful interpretation of the Holy Writ.

Nor are professional theologians the only ones who have failed to answer Nietzsche; for in other than religious matters the majority of savants have not succeeded in plumbing his depths. There is, for example, the question of race. Ten years ago, twenty years after the publication of "The Dawn of Day," Nietzsche's countrymen enthusiastically hailed a book which has recently been translated into English, Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." In this book the Teutons are said to be superior to all the other peoples in the world, the reason given being that they have kept their race pure. It is due to this purity of race that they have produced so many great men; for every "good" man in history is a Teuton, and every bad man something else. Considerable skill is exhibited by the author in filching from his opponents the Latins their best trump cards, and likewise the trump card, Jesus Christ, from the Jews; for Jesus Christ, according to Chamberlain's very plausible argument, was not a Jew but an Aryan, *i.e.*, a member of that great family of which the Teutons are a branch.

What would Nietzsche have said to this legerdemain? He has constantly pointed out that the Teutons are so far from being a pure race that they have, on the contrary, done everything in their power to ruin even the idea of a pure race for ever. For the Teutons, through their Reformation and their Puritan revolt in England, and the philosophies developed by the demo-

* THE PHILOLOGY OF CHRISTIANITY.—How little Christianity cultivates the sense of honesty can be inferred from the character of the writings of its learned men. They set out their conjectures as audaciously as if they were dogmas, and are but seldom at a disadvantage in regard to the interpretation of Scripture. Their continual cry is: "I am right, for it is written"—and then follows an explanation so shameless and capricious that a philologist, when he hears it, must stand stock-still between anger and laughter, asking himself again and again: Is it possible? Is it honest? Is it even decent?

It is only those who never—or always—attend church that underestimate the dishonesty with which this subject is still dealt in Protestant pulpits; in what a clumsy fashion the preacher takes advantage of his security from interruption; how the Bible is pinched and squeezed; and how the people are made acquainted with every form of *the art of false reading*. . . . Let it not be forgotten that the Church did not shrink from putting interpolations in the text of the Septuagint (*e.g.*, Ps. xcvi., 10) in order that she might later on make use of these interpolated passages as Christian prophecies. They were engaged in a struggle, and thought of their foes rather than of honesty.

cracies that necessarily followed, were the spiritual forbears of the French Revolution and of the Socialistic régime under which we are beginning to suffer nowadays. Thus this noble race has left nothing undone to blot out the last remnant of race in Europe, and it even stands in the way of the creation of a new race. And with such a record in history the Germans write books, eulogising themselves as the salt of the earth, the people of peoples, the race of races, while in truth they are nothing else than nouveaux-riches endeavouring to draw up a decent pedigree for themselves. We know that honesty is not a prerequisite of such pedigrees, and that patriotism may be considered as a good excuse even for a wrong pedigree; but the race-pandemonium that followed the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's book in Germany was really a very unwise proceeding in view of the false and misleading document produced. What, it may be asked again, would Nietzsche have said if he had heard his countrymen screaming odes to their own glory as the "flower of Europe"? He would assuredly have dismissed their exalted pretensions with a good-natured smile; for his study of history had shown him that even slaves must have their saturnalia now and then. But as to his philosophical answer there can be no doubt; for in Aphorism 272 of "The Dawn of Day" there is a single sentence which completely refutes the view of modern racemongers like Chamberlain and his followers: "It is probable," we read, "that there are no pure races, but only races which have become purified, and even these are extremely rare." There are even stronger expressions to be met with in "Peoples and Countries" (Aphorism 20; see the "Genealogy of Morals," p. 226): "What quagmires and mendacity must there be about if it is possible, in the modern European hotch-potch, to raise the question of 'race'!" and again, in Aphorism 21: "Maxim—to associate with no man who takes any part in the mendacious race-swindle."

A man like Nietzsche, who makes so little impression upon mankind in general, is certainly not, as some people have thought and openly said, a public danger, so the guardians of the State need not be uneasy. There is little danger of Nietzsche's revolutionising either the masses or the classes; for, as Goethe used to say, "Seulement celui qui resemble le peuple, l'émeut." Nietzsche's voice has as yet hardly been lifted in this country; and, until it is fully heard, both masses and classes will calmly proceed on their way to the extremes of democracy and anarchy, as they now appear to be doing. Anarchy, though, may be too strong a word; for there is some doubt whether, throughout Europe and America at all events, the people are not now too weak even for anarchy. A revolt is a sign of strength in a slave; but our modern slaves have no strength left.

In the meantime, however, it will have become clear that Nietzsche tried to stop this threatening degradation of the human race, that he endeavoured to supplant the morality of altruism—the cause of this degradation—by another, a super-Christian morality, and that he has succeeded in this aim, if not where the masses and the classes are concerned, at any rate in the case of that small minority of thinkers to which he really wished to appeal. And this minority is naturally grateful to the philosopher for having supplied them with a morality which enables them to be "good" without being fools—an unpleasant combination which, unfortunately, the Nazarene morality is seldom able to avoid. This Nazarene morality has doubtless its own merits, and its "good" and "evil" in many cases coincide with ours; but common sense and certain intellectual qualities are not too highly appreciated in the table of Christian values (see, for instance, 1 Cor. iii. 19), whence it will be observed that the enlightenment of a Christian is not always quite equal to his otherwise excellent intentions. We Nietzschians, however, must show that patience to them which they always pretend to show to their opponents. Nietzsche himself, indeed, recommends this in Aphorism 103 of this book, an aphorism which is almost too well known to need repetition; for it likewise disproves the grotesque though widely circulated supposition that all kinds of immorality would be indulged in under the sway of the "Immoralistic" philosopher:

> I should not, of course, deny—unless I were a fool—that many actions which are called immoral should be avoided and resisted; and in the same way that many which are called moral should be performed and encouraged; but I hold that in both cases these actions should be performed from motives other than those which have prevailed up to the present time. We must learn anew in order that at last, perhaps very late in the day, we may be able to do something more: feel anew.

There are several linguistic points to which the reader's attention might be drawn, but they are trifling matters in comparison with the substance of the book, and they are of more interest to philologists than to psychologists. It is for psychologists that this book was written; and such minds, somewhat rare in our time, may read in it with much profit.

J. M. KENNEDY.

Unedited Opinions.

The Limitation of Art.

REFLECTING on your remarks on the limitation of the subject matter of art, I conclude that you did not mean me to take literally your exclusion of certain subjects. You could not mean that?

I would certainly make the exclusion imperative for the next quarter of a century—and perhaps for ever. Briefly, I contend that art insists on a certain intensity, altitude and purity of quality; and unless a subject is capable of yielding this it is to be rejected.

But suppose, now, that you are met by the reformers' argument that it is necessary for art to descend to any level in order to raise it. I need not repeat the position; it is familiar. What have you to say to propagandist art?

Only that it does not exist. The expression of intense feeling I can understand. An exposure of a social evil is also necessary and useful. So, too, are expositions of science. But what have these to do with beauty? The sole object of a work of art is to reveal beauty and to leave that beauty to affect whom it may. Surely, it argues a small belief in beauty if we must add to it a moral or a purpose other than itself.

On the contrary, it is the art that assists the purpose of the propagandist. He believes that beautiful expression lends force to his ideas; so he hitches his wagon to a star.

Small respect to the star! But do you suppose that the art so employed needs not to be paid for?

What do you mean?

Do you think that a propagandist can degrade art or an artist degrade himself without involving his subject in ruin? It is the nature of all spiritual things that they are above utility. Their association with rewards and punishments inevitably robs them of their celestial character; and in their wrong sphere they are their own contrary. The devil, you know, is merely a god out of heaven!

You do not suggest that what is called propagandist art is ineffective?

Worse; art yoked with ugliness gives ugliness renewed life. How should it not do so, since its nature is to make vital whatever it touches? The artist cannot handle a thing without making it interesting; and to make ugly things interesting is not exactly an effective method of putting an end to them.

But his whole purpose is to make them repugnant, to arouse people who are indifferent to mortal hatred of them and to inspire them to their abolition.

Quite so. It is their error that they believe this to be possible. Yet the case is as I say, they actually perpetuate these horrors by honouring them with an artist's attention.

What a responsible office you indicate for artists!

None more so; for the artist immortalises whatever he touches. He does not divinise it, he does not diabolise it; but he attracts attention to it, he arouses interest in it. Oh, what base and horrible things still

exist that should long ago have died of their ugliness if only artists had not put their magical hands on them! What attraction now lies in crimes because artists have dealt in them! For all the morbid, the weak and the fanciful the interest created by artists in crimes is irresistible. Think of the popular authors and their crowds of readers who flock together to the police court when some sordid crime is being tried. Why are they there? Because Shakespeare made such crimes interesting! On still weaker minds the effect is even more terrible.

You mean it drives them to commit such crimes?

That also, for human nature imitates art, whether the art be good or bad. But I was thinking of those sad cases in which writers under this demoniacal illusion positively preach the beauty of ugliness. Just because great artists of aforetime have nodded and mixed the ugly with their art, these poor souls must needs make a doctrine of their error, and found a new gospel on an old blunder. Yet facts are facts still for the truthful. The ugly does not cease to be ugly because it is interesting. On the other hand, it merely becomes more powerful. Strength has been added to it. Similarly, the terrible, the horrible, the revolting are these still, though an artist bid us look at them and find them fascinating. To add to the poison-fangs of the snake its glittering fascinating eye is not to give it beauty but to give it strength. Even while we are compelled to gaze we loathe.

Yes, but you know the theory on which this school relies. It is that life is also very terrible, much more terrible than most of us dare realise. We must find in art, therefore, a means of accustoming ourselves to face life. Therein, as Perseus in the mirror, we may behold not the Gorgon, life, itself; but its image. Later on, perhaps, we shall be able to face the Gorgon without flinching.

Poetry, said Arnold, meaning Art in general, is a criticism of life. And criticism, in the sense of selecting one's preferences, is a stronger attitude to assume towards life than mere reflection. As a matter of fact, we normally assume it. The most greedy-minded juvenile when he goes out to see life has no desire to see it all. He is not even prepared to take smiling all that comes; nor by any contrivance can he pronounce it all to be good. The wiser we grow, the less of "life" in the gross we desire to see. With every year, if we continue to grow, our criticism of life becomes more severe, and our rejections more numerous. Progress in the spiritual meaning is, in short, a perpetual running away from what is generally called life. It is a movement towards what your school would call death. But how mistaken to define as the purpose of art the very contrary of the purpose of the most spiritual! Yet such as declare that art is for the purpose of bracing us for life obviously do this.

But you would not go to the other extreme and define the purpose of art as the preparation for death?

Indeed I would, due regard being paid to terms. And the noblest (who are our only Court of Appeal, after all) have always maintained it. A man who does not live in fear of death does not live in fear of life. But, in truth, death is no less infinite in meaning than life itself. Paul's daily dying was a mode of activity, was it not? So, too, was Plato's. I should not be surprised to find myself maintaining that art can be appreciated fully only by those who are bored with life. Instead of the reflection, it may be the extension, the anticipation of death, death's sequel.

But that, of course, is to assume a sequel to death.

And do you imply that the artists you have in mind deny this sequel? You write them down as materialists, consequently as no artists.

Well, agnostics, let us say.

Rationally there is nothing to be said, of course. But artists make a colossal error when they accept the testimony of their reason and deny the asseveration of their soul. They cease, in fact, to be artists. Perhaps we have tracked down at last the quarry we have been pursuing.

Views and Reviews.

THIS is a work,* not of inspiration, but of manufacture, and the clank-clank of the machinery is loud in every line. One opens it anticipating an atmosphere of serene repose, and finds instead one of eternal pose which, struck in the first paragraph, is sustained, where possible, to the end. "We—I and Nature—are rehearsing our piece before the cinematograph. Do we not do it admirably?" That is the kind of thing I mean. Every one who has endured a back blocks party knows well the man who, dying to sing all the while and convinced that nobody else in the room has a note like himself, yet must needs be coaxed and persuaded to the utmost limit, perceiving which and the threatened recession, he immediately rises and then there is no stopping him. His repertory is always endless, since his one tune will infallibly accommodate the words of every song or chorus he has ever heard together with all "the portery he learnt at school." The parallel may not be minutely exact, but in like manner Mr. Banfield would have us believe he had been induced to write his book, which certainly *does* seem to be as rich in time-worn quotation as "Hamlet," though not quite so apt. Only after he had been "scolded," "bidden," and "assured that a familiar record will not be deemed egotistical" did the author take up his pen.

Well, now, he has given us the egotism, but where is the familiar record? Throughout the whole book I do not find one truly easy and intimate note. It is always the actor loving the limelight, never the homely narrator inspired by friendship and the fireglow. The truth would seem that Mr. Banfield's love for Nature is without tenderness, just as his love for mankind is without charity. He has humour, certainly, but not for him that genial kind which, equivalent to the giftie Burns prayed for, enables us to glimpse ourselves just as we are—common units of a race of queer, ludicrous little bipeds strutting more or less comically to one appointed end.

The true lover of Nature, like an affectionate child long separated from its mother, flings himself on her bosom with passionate abandon, but Mr. Banfield always stops to count the buttons on her blouse. "I do profess love for human nature," says the author. Well—yes. Also he professes a sense of fellowship with the animals; but how characteristic of the book it is that in the very same sentence we learn quite naïvely that "the superfine edges of his sentiments have been chipped with the repugnant craft of the butcher"! However flattering, I doubt if animals feel the full delights of a kinship blood-cemented in that literal way; and, since Mr. Banfield philosophises as "a plain man," he will perhaps excuse another plain man for marvelling at the need of the butcher's craft on a lavish tropic isle. The craving for butcher's meat is not usually pronounced in the tropics.

Mr. Banfield would seem ill-adapted to the simple life, and, indeed, though he uses the term, it is simply absurd when applied to a mode of existence which involves a grocer's bill of £40 per annum for two people. I was astounded, and I put it to you—anyone who has kept house where milk, butter, eggs, fish, meat, fruit and vegetables were free and abundant—does not such an expenditure in groceries strike you as outrageous? Another pioneer spirit and myself once managed a bush dairy farm. We had a small vegetable garden, but nothing like the advantages of the tropic isle, and our wages being in just proportion to our work, which was terrific (52 cows), such a thing as stint never entered our heads; nevertheless our joint grocer's bill never reached 9s. a week, though, unlike Mr. Banfield's, it included flour. Yet in all seriousness Mr. Banfield

* "My Tropic Isle." By E. J. Banfield, author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber." (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

exclaims, "What superb economists we are!" Is it not too ridiculous? One can only infer that his palate got incurably vitiated "during the poisonous years of the past" to which he so feelingly alludes; and would-be simple-lifers must on no account lose their aspirations in the shadow of Mr. Banfield's perfectly monstrous bill.

And I did not say that the author's love lacked charity merely to fatten out a phrase. Listen: Once a steamer anchored in the bay, and a boat containing ladies and gentlemen put off. At great inconvenience to themselves they rowed ostentatiously to a different landing in order not to surprise Mr. Banfield without his fig-leaf. To me that seems a sweet and delicate courtesy, and on account of it I should have straightway loved and given my guests a double welcome. This is how it struck Mr. Banfield:—

> So that the visit should not partake of an actual surprise they landed awkwardly at such a point as would herald the fact and afford a precious interim in which we were plainly invited to embellish ourselves—to assume a receptive style of countenance and clothes and company manners. Careless of dignity, the charitable prelude was lost upon us. Our self-conscious and considerate visitors dumbly expressed amazement at their informal reception and our unfestive attire. Yet my garments were neat, sufficient, and defiantly unsoiled. Had I donned a full white suit, with neat tie and Panama hat, and stood even barefooted on the beach, conspicuous, revealed as a "gentleman" even from the decks of the defiant steamer, the boatload would have come straight from the landing smiling and chatting, to drop "their ceremonious manna in the way of starved people." They would have been elated had I assumed robes of reverence—a uniform indicative of obligation—a worthy response to their patronage. With compliments expressed in terms of functionary clothes they had hoped to soothe their vanity.

That is not only unamiable, it is silly. And as for his visitors "dumbly expressing amazement," I don't believe they did anything of the sort. It is easier to believe Mr. Banfield was mistaken. People on holiday are not like that. I have myself welcomed to my tent unexpected picnickers (they coughed coming round the promontory) while wearing nothing but a smile, a towel, and a rush hat. Nobody was embarrassed, so far as I could see. I must protest that Mr. Banfield's is not the "plain man's" interpretation of hospitality. Go to a Chinkie's camp, a Maori whare, a digger's tent, a shepherd's hut, and how are you received? With the best in the tucker-box and a bed for the night, though it may be but a bundle of fern or titree and a sack or two spread on the earth floor, and in the morning you go, knowing that your host's heart is lonelier and colder and his life less bright because of your going. It may not sound quite so elegant and alluring as a tropic isle, but somehow I like it better. However, Mr. Banfield manages to make the incident lead down to the "unplumbed depths of Shakespeare," a couple of dips into which would seem to cover more sins than charity.

Of curious, conflicting things in this book there is no end: "The *nervous intensity*, the despotic self-sufficiency of this *easy and indifferent existence* may expose us to taunts." Well, yes. Nervous intensity *is* a little odd in the simple life. Also:

> Indifferent to style, we do indulge in longings—longings pitifully weak— longings for the preservation of independence toilfully purchased during the poisonous years of the past. Beside all wishes for books and pictures and means for music and the thousands of small things which make for divine discontent, stands a spectre—not grim and abhorrent and forbidding, but unlovely and stern, indicating that the least excess of exotic pleasures would so strain our resources [£100 a year, by the way] that independence would be threatened. If we were to buy anything beyond necessities we might not be certain of gratifying wants, frugal as they are [Lord, that £40 bill!] without once more being compelled to fight with the beasts at some Australian Epherus.

Now what does Mr. Banfield want? Evidently his island should include the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Sousa's band. Such writing might more appropriately emanate from a "misunderstood" poet or Fleet Street dyspeptic. It blows ill and of disappointing flavour from an "isle of scents and silences," and from a man professing to have "no sour vexations to be sweetened."

When I reached Chapter IX. and read: "He was a tremulous, long-legged foal on the Christmas Day we became known to each other," I thrilled with expectancy, but the thrill soon died and I ended the chapter in some anger and impatience. Let anyone figure it to himself—anyone who knows something of animals. Here was a foal born on the island and (since his dam died) presumably hand-fed, yet at two and a half years we have Mr. Banfield and Tom (a black) designing and building a yard, "high, strong, and ponderous," with posts a foot in diameter and sunk four and a half feet deep. Enough to make a man neigh! They had difficulty in inducing the colt to enter, but managed at last and proceeded with the breaking. "For two days the conflict continued." New Manilla ropes are snapped, but at length, with "great demonstrations of evil intentions the wearied horse was hunted into a corner where we designed so to jam him that a halter might be put on with the minimum of risk to ourselves. But Christmas made a supreme effort. He roared and reared and, when the rope throttled him, in rage and anger dashed his head against the foot-thick corner post. The shock loosened it so that two rails sprang out [just missing Mr. Banfield's head, alas!] and stunned Christmas. As he lay on the ground with twitching lips," etc.

I trust I am excused for not believing in the author's love for animals. If, instead of the questionably sane pastime of holding "dialogues with his shadow," he had addressed his conversation to his pony, he would have discovered that, though it may not have responded with wise replies, at least it would never have wearied him with repartee aforethought, and any time from its infancy up could have been made familiar with saddle, bridle, or cart harness. And, by the way, one does not need to go to a tropic isle to acquire the art of talking to himself. Who does not daily in London pass men and women who "more loose of soul and in broad daylight indulge the liberty of muttering their affairs"? Nothing strikes me as quite so crazy at that. The book is not a story any more than his other book was confessions. It is a collection of papers detailing the author's observations of the habits, etc., of the fish, bird, and other life associated with the island. He observes and records with incomprehensible diligence. Mr. McCabe, or somebody like, had better be left to assess the scientific value of the work, but the average plain man will notice that Mr. Banfield elaborates commonplaces of natural history, ventures an acceptedly correct theory or inference, and then exclaims in wonder over it as at a new discovery. And his attitude is always conventional. Everybody likes to stroll on the beach examining its swarming wonders, but I am rather tired of the man who goes into transports over the "*intelligence and wit*" of every minute shell. No one has ever ascribed great intellectual qualities to me because, say, of my toe-nails; why, therefore, should I rhapsodise on the architectural genius of an oyster simply because he happens to have a shell? The author even manages far-fetched moral affinities between a sea-worm and Eve's first travelling costume, while a similar worm is accredited with having by "calculative choice and dexterity accomplished and practised the art of interlocking atoms—yes, before the birth of Macadam." Now is it not a trifle unkind to knock the bottom out of a man's fame in that rash, gratuitous, and incidental way?

LYME DROR.

A FABIAN FABLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a man, who went into a dark room, from which he came out with his hand tightly clenched.

"I got it," he said.

"Got what?" asked all his friends and many of his connections by marriage.

"I dunno," he answered, "but it's something horrid."

Then he went back into the dark room and opened his hand wide and kept it open as he came back.

"Now I'm going to tell you All About It," he said.

And this is how most Anti-Socialist books get written.

The Raising of the Tent-pole.

"Now Atheneus, a wealthy man and a lover of the arts, perceiving that unless the tent pole were raised the tent would continue to lie in ignominious and rotting folds upon the ground, put his shoulder to it and after much labour set it up in its place; whereupon the tent cloth resumed its proper shape, and the tent stood erect and a shelter to man once more."

LORD CORDUROY had just concluded reading the passage we have just quoted from the "Symbolic Annals" of the great but obscure historian, Rufinus of Tessa, when a servant knocked and entered with the evening papers. Opening one of them, my lord's eye fell on a paragraph headed: "Reported Suicide of a Well-known Poet." The account was brief, for the details were not yet known. The paragraph, in fact, ran as follows:—

It is reported from Stowey Ness that the body of Henry Marvel, the well-known writer and poet, has been found drowned in a pond near that village under circumstances pointing unmistakably to suicide. On inquiry of his friends in London we learn that the young poet went some days ago to stay at Stowey Ness in the hope that the solitude of the place might enable him to resume his work, broken and interrupted as he complained it had been in every other place. Only yesterday one of his friends received a letter from him expressing his regret that Stowey Ness was no better than Hampstead Heath, being now haunted by trippers and gramophones. The report of his death had not reached any of his friends, and they were considerably affected by the news.

Lord Corduroy had never heard of Henry Marvel, and the paragraph would have been forgotten as carelessly as it had been read if my lord's eye had not next fallen on the opening sentences of a review of a recent novel. It began:—

Our age is very cruel to the writers who alone can charm us. Orpheus was in danger of his life among men, though he was honoured among beasts and gods. Only posterity shows gratitude, and then it is too late.

"Very true," thought Lord Corduroy, his recollections running on an incident in his own early life when he would have erected mansions for his labourers, only they thought him mad. But even this paragraph would not by itself have set a light to the first, unless a third had caught his eye at the foot of a column of snippets:

Within the last ten years no fewer than eleven British birds have become quite extinct in the United Kingdom. The nightingale and kingfisher, the most musical and the most beautiful of English birds respectively, threaten to follow their example. It is thought that the noise and the absence of solitude are the causes of our loss.

Having toyed by accident, as it were, with these three paragraphs, Lord Corduroy pulled himself together and read the papers as he always did, beginning with the Court and Society news and ending with the politics. When his meal was over, he found, strangely enough, that the only things that remained in his memory were the three paragraphs we have quoted. There did not seem to be any particular connection between them; and if there were, it was too vague to be seized and put into words. Nevertheless, they clung like burrs to his mind, and by an odd association of ideas they presently attached themselves to the passage from Rufinus of Tessa. We do not assert that Lord Corduroy was aware of the conspiratorial assembly of the four paragraphs. Like most English gentlemen, he seldom attended to the doings of his sub-conscious mind until they emerged into consciousness with a joint petition or impulse. Then, indeed, he would leap to his feet to oblige himself, and often in this way did things that on reflection seemed to him to have been inspired either by God or by the Devil.

We, however, are under no obligations to traditional gentility, and a brief report of the meeting of the four paragraphs in Lord Corduroy's mind and the resolution to which they agreed may now be offered.

The paragraph from Rufinus was appointed to preside and to open the subject of discussion. They were met, it said, to consider the conditions under which each of them came to be written, and to devise a remedy. Speaking for itself, it said: I have no particular cause of complaint. The tent-pole is duly recorded in my scripture to have actually been raised from a previously prostrate condition, and to have raised in its elevation the tent of which it was the masterpiece. You, on the other hand, it said, addressing the three conspirators, record in each instance a tent-pole fallen. It is plain, it continued, that poets, charming persons and beautiful birds are, in a manner, the masterpieces of human society. I mean that their elevation carries with it the due arrangement of the tent-cloth, while their fall is followed by the collapse of the whole structure. It is therefore to be expected that while poets, charming writers and birds are treated with contumely, refused silence and solitude, and even hunted from one place to another, the society of which they are the spire will be level with the ground. My proposal is, therefore, that we agree to raise these prone creatures to their proper position, and leave them afterwards to act according to their nature.

This speech was heard with satisfaction by the remaining conspirators, who indeed had no better opinion to offer or secondary device to prefer; so after spending some time in repeating, each in its own way, the views and conclusion already expressed by Rufinus' paragraph, the meeting passed a unanimous resolution to seek the earliest opportunity of attaching their conclusion to the executive brain of their host, Lord Corduroy.

Not long after this, Lord Corduroy was sitting one morning at breakfast reading his letters when his eye, that had already, as we have seen, fallen so often, fell again on an envelope addressed "Lord Corduroy, *or his Agent.*" My lord's first movement was to leave the letter for his agent to deal with, but immediately he was seized by a powerful impulse to open it. Like most English gentlemen, Lord Corduroy never resisted an impulse when it was powerful enough to overcome him; and in this instance, as our readers can guess, the four conspirators had taken pains to assemble in overwhelming strength. The letter which now lay open before him read thus:—

My Lord,—I am a literary man of quiet studious habits. During the last three years, since I left Italy (now, as you are doubtless aware, rendered uninhabitable by Americans) I have been endeavouring to find a house in some secluded beautiful part of England where I may pursue my writing and studies without interruption from ugly sounds and ugly people. Hearing that you are the proprietor of various still delectable corners of the country, I venture in my desperation to appeal to you for assistance in my search. If you should by chance have somewhere upon your estates a cottage of the situation I have described and would oblige a poet by placing it at his disposal, one at least of your contemporaries and a man of letters would be saved from otherwise inevitable suicide, posterity's gratitude would not be embittered by delay, and a nest for one of the few surviving singing birds of England would have been preserved from savage molestation. I shall be glad to give you, my lord, any evidence your judgment may require of my genius and sincerity; and I trust that you will favour me by an early reply.—Yours faithfully, HENRY RUFIN.

When Lord Corduroy had finished reading the letter a first time, he began it a second time, and then a third. "Well, by Jove," he said, as the whole phalanx of coincidences bore down upon his mind and left him otherwise speechless. "By Jove! By Jove!" All at once he was seized with the impulse to reply to the letter, and to reply to it both immediately and favourably. Where such a cottage as Rufinus Henry Marvel or whatever his name was might be Lord Corduroy did not at the moment know; but on the spur of the same moment, applied, as we know, by a certain subconscious cabal, he decided that if such a cottage did not exist he would erect one. There was Lindenholm estate in Sussex, there was that Hampshire district. Either of those might serve as a retreat for this nightingale Rufinel. Anyhow, he would write with his own hands at once; or, better still, he would telegraph Rufingale to see his agent and to settle the terms with him to his own satisfaction.

No sooner said than done, the impulse being irresistible. The telegram was sent, Henry Rufin saw

Lord Corduroy's agents, and before a month was out the poet was installed in a cottage on the Hampshire estate. There he began and concluded that marvellous series of works which, as everybody (that is, people whose judgment counts) knows, rival Shakespeare's in beauty of language and Plato's in beauty of idea. How Lord Corduroy was drawn further and further into the scheme of literary art, how he came to devote himself and his estates to the service of artists, the means he devised to ensure the sincerity and succession of artists—all these things are recorded elsewhere. Suffice it that in this brief history we have seen the tent-pole raised. PANTANGLE.

The Moral Judgment in Art.

THE ancients made no mystery about the true direction of effort. If effort were not towards virtue, it were wrong, insane, and destined, according to its weight, to come to a feeble end or a recoil, catastrophic, yet still limited. In days when men professed a regard for virtue as simply as moderns profess a regard for health, when virtue was testified as the condition of spiritual health by men who deliberately practised it and openly strove for it, there attached to such as disregarded virtue an atmosphere inane, almost ludicrous. They were ignorants, men who could not manage themselves right, and who added to common misfortune particular folly. Throughout the ages the practical estimate of virtue was maintained, though with weakened power, as the occult doctrine of redemption by faith was seized and spread abroad by worldly priests among persons who were even more incapable of an act of faith than a virtuous effort. The end of it all we begin to see now, while wise men divide between hope that superior law and force may combat anarchy, and fear that all classes together do not possess sufficient spiritual health to keep intact even our wolfish civilisation, better, as it is, than barbarism. Yet rarer though the simple expression of virtue became, the ideal of virtue as a strong central idea for man's life remained in the hearts and on the lips of the wise up to a time which can almost be dated to a year. Arnold was the last teacher and critic of the spiritual life. Before he died the French realists had popularised the loose, unselective, and quite shameless materialism, the flabby creed that tended to ugliness and brutality, and was everywhere embraced by the guides of the luckless passing generation.

The end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth have been distinguished by conditions not to be equalled in despicability by the worst period of declining Rome. For in Rome men constantly advocated virtue and true effort at risk of their lives; but in the modern world men seem to have been daunted by nothing but dread of the shamelessness of their generation. There are still living silent men who should have spoken decades ago.

* * *

The baneful cult of shamelessness came to most expressive, and therefore most poisonous, influence in what, for the sake of space, we may call artistic circles; though no creation has issued thence. The men who came at the very close of the early nineteenth century renascence, unable to continue the classic tradition, impotent either to accept it as it was or to add anything to it, proclaimed their childish work, mere photography of objects, with democratic airs and catchwords. They were guides to everywhere, observers and recorders of everything without distinction. As a matter of fact, they proved incompetent to do even such slavish work. They showed life without the order of life, nature without her crude but clear rules, humanity without its variability, inevitably without its variation towards the Soul. Monotonously they exhibited nudeness and lewdness in humanity. Like children possessed of but a few crayons, they drew hard coloured pictures of the natural world. And in the region of psychology we detected them telling not of what they knew, but of what they had heard, or, even more often, had read in books of pathology and scarcely accepted science. Their defence, urged until it began to bore even their disciples, was the Interestingness of Everything. Thus armed, they invited people to gaze upon sights from which not merely an enlightened savage, but a raw savage, would avert his eyes. They wrote stories mostly for women's consumption, which a chief who valued the moral stability of his tribe would have forbidden. They painted pictures that would suitably adorn places for the provocation of lust. And their music contained passages of emotional vileness more immediately degrading than either the plastic or literary art could achieve. And all in the name of the interestingness of everything,—these low and limited performances!

* * *

The reaction began when the younger men, bored and bewildered at finding this quasi-universalism leading them nowhere save to vice, asked the audacious questions: "Interesting to whom, and on what account?" "Cattle," said the Greeks, "are naturally interested in oats." But there was no food of any kind in the jumble of sex and saccharined hideousness offered by the apostles of Everything—nothing but stimulants and drugs, bound by their nature to weary and nauseate. The shameless rage for experience and "studying life" fostered by irresponsible writers was resulting plainly in deterioration; the line of least resistance was taken in the search for experience, and small effort was needed to plunge into the vulgar sort, depicted luridly in a thousand execrable novels. At length the conservative part of the public began to cry out against the dissemination of unseemly works, some critics, feeling the current altering, took heart and endorsed the condemnation: and now, if we avoid an extreme reverse, it will be because young artists, aware of the direction of true effort, are preparing to lead the movement towards a more responsible and beautiful life, a movement which is the real current of the time, and which, if not rationally directed, may wash us all into the wastes of dogmatic Puritanism.

* * *

The hour is here for the re-assertion of the moral judgment in art. Persons who maintain that the seat of art is above morality are windbags. They will find no confirmation of their opinion in the lives of the great artists. They forget, or more likely never realised, that art is life to the artist. Decorative amateurs, persons of no real account in art, will always be discovered running between the slums of the world and the slums of Parnassus, and it is they who preach the Freedom that no artist would deign to embrace.

The test for artists of what is morally good is whether it results in the production of works of that quality which has proved to keep green through the ages, works related to the soul through inspiration. Life to the artist means the feeling of sublime relation.

There is no danger that the artist may draw too strict a circle around his sympathies: that danger has never existed. It is only a danger for the public, reverent towards art, and at present confounded by the seizure of such words as virtue, purity, morality, to express merely aspects of sex. Chastity is merely one of the necessities of the artist. For him, as for the Puritan, it is the basis of virtue—but a basis differently founded, and incompatible with hypocrisy or neglect of the subtler principles. By his works the artist is known far more truly than any other human being. And what his moral judgment decides as to his daily life will be discoverable in his works.

REVIEWS.

Joachim Murat. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

While the biographical mania continues, one ought not to quarrel with a biography so carefully written as this; but it must be admitted that it is somewhat superfluous. We have forgotten that Murat was an innkeeper's son and that he became the Bonapartist King of Naples; we have almost forgotten that he was shot by the Bourbons at Pizzo. His career is so closely linked with that of Napoleon, his success and failure so dependent on the rise and fall of that prodigy, that we only remember him as Napoleon's right-hand man, as the dashing leader of Napoleon's cavalry. His very marriage with Caroline Bonaparte eclipsed him: he became Napoleon's brother-in-law and a mere instrument of his policy. Like the Bonaparte family, he did not believe in Bonapartism once he had gained his throne. The daring leader of cavalry was not a docile king, but his treachery in 1814—fighting with the French and negotiating with the Austrians—mars an otherwise pleasant impression of a headlong hero. We feel that the D'Artagnan of the Directory had become the Aramis of the Empire.

From the very outset he was Napoleon's man. But for his capture of the guns at the Place des Sablons, that famous whiff of grapeshot would never have been fired. The *chef d'escadron* began his career by helping to blow the Revolution to the moon. He declared the dissolution of the Five Hundred on that famous day of Brumaire, and enforced his declaration with the levelled bayonets of his grenadiers. But his abilities were best displayed in the field. His pursuit of the Prussians after Jena was, perhaps, the most remarkable of his feats; but he fought in most of Napoleon's great battles with distinction, although his impetuosity and his vanity more than once drove him near to disaster. Yet he was a good man in camp, although impatient; his organisation and training of the "Army of Observation" seem to have been very well done; but he was impatient of inactivity, and he hated to be subordinate. Even as King of Naples he was better than the Bourbons. The ability of the man seems to have been equal to every task, whether it were preparing the way to the throne of Spain for Joseph or smashing up the Austrians around Ulm. But his vanity made him forget that he was only Napoleon's man. As Grand Duke of Berg he nearly embroiled himself in war with Prussia and with France; as King of Naples he owed his throne to Napoleon, and wished to be an independent sovereign. The return from Elba inspired the return from Corsica; but there were no Hundred Days for Murat. A court-martial and a firing party at Pizzo were the end of a king who had forgotten that he was a Bonapartist and who was not a Bourbon.

A Princess of Adventure. By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

It is to be hoped that we are not going to have a biography of every individual Bourbon of the Restoration. So much of this history was told by Joseph Turquan in his "Madame Royale: The Last Dauphine" that, if it is to be repeated in every biography, we can only "sicken, and die of the Three Days," as Carlyle said that Niebuhr did. The book is unnecessarily padded: pages are wasted in a detailed description of the marriage journey and ceremony of Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry. We were given a similar description in Mrs. Cuthell's biography of Marie Louise; and it is time to protest against the writing of long biographies of people who are worth no more than a monograph. Marie-Caroline, Neapolitan Bourbon by birth and French Bourbon by marriage, played no part in politics until, inspired by the romances of Walter Scott, she excited an insurrection against the July Monarchy. It was as ludicrous a failure as Murat's exploit at Pizzo, or Louis Napoleon's fatuous attempts at Strasburg and Boulogne. Those who wish to read of the three revolutions from which she fled, of the one that she failed to raise, of the assassination of her husband, and of the baby that was born in the citadel of Blaye, may be referred to Mr. Williams' voluminous narrative. Questions of legitimacy evidently interest Mr. Williams, for he wastes much space in a detailed examination of the evidence for and against a previous marriage of the Duc de Berry, and of the arguments for and against the subsequent marriage of the Duchesse to Conte Lucchesi-Palli. We cannot deny Mr. Williams' industry or his accuracy; but we do deny the importance of his work. It is at last certain that the Duc de Berry was not married to Amy Brown, and that the Duchesse de Berry was married to Conte Lucchesi-Palli. For the rest of his information we are not grateful.

Home Life in Holland. By D. S. Meldrum. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a study that does not pretend to be exhaustive or authoritative, but has at least the merit of comprehensiveness. Mr. Meldrum writes not only of home life, but of conditions of labour, education, politics, and religion. Everything that is contained in the life of the nation, from the Constitution to Calvinism, from the functions of the burgomaster to the system of drainage, is described succinctly and amplified with some detail. That we do not feel any wiser concerning the Dutch is probably due to Mr. Meldrum's detachment. He writes as an intelligent observer, who has taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the records of the country; and his diffidence suggests a lack of sympathy which is not compensated by insight. We have only the externals of life represented; and the spirit of the people is far from us. Israel Querido's "Toil of Men" is a more intimate, and probably more true, study of the life of one section of the community; and it is destructive of much of Mr. Meldrum's tranquil optimism. The book is illustrated, and should be a good introduction to the study of Dutch characteristics.

Two to Nowhere. By A. St. John Adcock. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A fairy-tale, very long and very modern. One is glad to have been a baby when "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Three Bears" and "Goldilocks," with their lovely, simple language and ideas and clear form were the food of babes. Such a muddle of things as "Two to Nowhere" would have vexed to rage the nursery of our youth. There are dozens of people who are nobody in the end, and we can't remember where they came in before, and it is all tiresome. Poor modern child! with the "Blue Bird" instead of the "Eleven Black Swans," and with such a rigmarole as "Two to Nowhere," padded out with slick psychologisings and all about everything, so that it might as well be about nothing.

Delphine Carfrey. By Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen. 6s.)

A love tale. "The young man leaning into the boat, handed her a large peignoir. 'You might get cold,' he said gravely. 'But it will certainly get wet.' '*That* does not matter.' He placed it gently and firmly on her shoulders." Mrs. Norman has made some discoveries. "Love produces cruelty, not infrequently cruelty from the lover to the beloved. . . Sentiment and sentimentality are very widely opposed." He draws her head to his shoulder and bends over her "to meet her lips with his" on the last page.

Dan Russel the Fox. By E. Somerville and M. Ross. (Methuen. 6s.)

After the quotation from Chaucer:—

> Then Dan Russél the fox stert up at once,
> . . . . .
> His colour was betwix yelwe and red;
> And tipped was his tail, and both his eres
> With black, unlike the remnant of his heres.
> His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey:
> . . . . .
> A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee.

Nothing but this twopenny smartness: "It is better, when practicable, to begin at the beginning of the episode." What the devil is Chaucer doing in this

gallery? "Katherine Rowan went to Aix-les-Bains primarily because, at the moment, she had nothing else to do." The adventures—of course, towards matrimony—of Katherine, a fox-hunting lady, follow the usual track.

The Outcry. By Henry James. (Methuen. 6s.)

The outcry is against the sale of an "old master" to America. Mr. James exhibits a group of fair-spoken, fair-mannered, titled dummies engaged in a pretty row about the sale. The vaguest love-affairs one could imagine proceed amid the thinnest small-talk.

Life. By W. B. Trites. (Wyman. 6s.)

A new style in literature—American quick-lunch variety. A thousand snacks. The lot together might make a high tea. Shop-life, medical-life, stage-life, house-life, bar-life, restaurant-life—every kind of life except the spiritual life—and even some of the dishes have been rubbed with an imitation of that for a relish. "She had consented, and he felt no joy because he forgot her flesh, absorbed in her soul." He dies of tetanus contracted in the noble endeavour to give it to guinea-pigs. She sees his body "curl up in an arch," runs from the room with horror, decides that she must now play "good" parts on the stage or she does not know what will become of her, muses beside the sea, and ends up at a bull-fight, gloating over half a dozen dead horses, "fascinating—hideously fascinating," pants, muses again, looks up from the bull-ring to the clear sky. "Why would not man look up and learn the secret of the sky?" Decides in the middle of it all to give herself, out of sheer pity, to a self-made millionaire. "The bull bellowed. Blood draped its shoulders." The multitude laughed, but Barbara was murmuring to herself: "If man would but look up . . . ." A very nasty mess.

The Lifted Latch. By George Vane. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

" 'Mother, I am ruined!' cried the girl in a paroxysm of terror and despair." A quotation from Father Vaughan prefaces: "Beware of opening a door which you cannot close." The moral of the book seems to be that a young maid "ruined" may have a son who, though she hates him at first, may finally arouse all her maternal heart when he is about to fight a duel with his own father.

In the Name of the People. By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A tale of political intrigue and love of the kind known as "thrilling." Miralda finally whispers, prayerfully: "Until life's end! And then we stood together in silence, too happy for words."

Every Dog His Day. By Harold Avery. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Basil Relever talks about his "grandmater" and quotes Latin tags by way of answering simple questions; but he has his day at last. Angela just manages to stop him from emigrating. Her voice was "low and sweet" at the moment.

The Iron Woman. By Margaret Deland. (Harpers. 6s.)

Dedicated to "my patient, ruthless, inspiring critic, Lorin Deland," we prepared for some or other attack in this novel upon the conventions. There are passages relating to what parish magazines call "the darker side" of life, and treated à la parish magazine. But all get their own way in the end about marrying who they want, malgré certain stirrings of conscience as to divorce. The "Iron Woman" is only a woman who runs an ironworks, lives and dies tediously iron, disinheriting her son.

The Invaded Solitude. By M. Rawlins. (Gowans and Gray. 2s. 6d. net.)

A sort of novel told in the form of a very prose poem, highly decorative. Dawn is described as "pale joy over the land." A bright star is a "pendant joy." The sunset, perhaps for the first time and, we hope, for the last, is "piteous beauty." Clouds are "great white billows of mother-love . . . a long procession sweeping onward, weaving a destiny of love or sorrow for our souls at the bidding of the gods of joy and pain." The lady who can write thus about rain-clouds should not be able to find a publisher at any price. It is downright imbecility.

Wind on the Heath. By Essex Smith. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

One of the "Times" reviewers of fiction—there must be at least two, since one "we" seems to revel in authors which the other "we" can scarcely bring themselves to handle with gloves on—begins a notice: "In these days of tinned fiction, when almost every writer's tenth novel is as much like his second as the publisher chooses . . . ." We beg to borrow the expression "tinned fiction" for Mr. Smith's novel. We hasten to add that there is here, as in most other novels, danger of ptomaine poisoning. Nasty episode in a cottage ends in marriage with the pure girl, the cottage fair having died after her honeymoon.

Thanks to Sanderson. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

Still tinned fiction, but no fear of other discomfort than ordinary indigestion. A rather heavy London family are served up with very English condiments. The children grow up and marry, and there is a quarrel over some money; but everything is made right around the cradle of the first grandchild.

Francis Vielé-Griffin.

By Richard Buxton.

WHEN the fashion for vers libre set in in France, no two of the younger poets who then adopted it made quite the same thing of it. The vers libre of Henri de Régnier is as distinct from the vers libre of Gustave Kahn as the metre of "Paradise Lost" is distinct from that of "Dolores." To certain of these poets, too, it was no more than a fashion, to be made use of and afterwards dropped when its novelty was outworn, but to one of them in particular it was the only medium by which he could fully express himself. M. Vielé-Griffin has said that the introduction of vers libre was something more than a revolution in technique, it was a spiritual victory, and in his own case this statement is perfectly justified. The new method worked a far greater change in the spirit of his work than in that of the work of any other man, changing him from a verse-writer to a great poet, and from a gloomy pessimist to a glowing optimist.

M. Vielé-Griffin, said Remy de Gourmont, has introduced something new into the poetry of France. This is a bold pronouncement in days when the poet groans under the burden of the heritage of all the ages, but it says no more than the truth. Certainly no critic could have anticipated this new note from Vielé-Griffin's early volumes, "Cueille d'Avril" and "Les Cygnes," the first of which he has decided to suppress. The verses therein are powerful, it is true, but forced and unnatural, and pervaded with that cheap melancholy into which the symbolist so readily falls. If we take such a poem as "Rex" we can see readily how the heavy, oppressive atmosphere of it is unnatural to the poet.

Mer de sang et de fange et de haine; océan
Qui roule, épars dans l'ombre, au gré fatal des flots,
Les couples nés de l'ombre inépuisée, éclos
Au néant de la vie humaine et ses sanglots,
Vers l'éternelle mort et vers l'autre néant.

In spite of the fine power over language, in spite of the pictorial genius shown in other stanzas, it is not difficult to guess that here we have a voice singing in a key to which it is unsuited. The poet has treated the old metric in peremptory fashion, it is true, but still the essentials of the traditional prosody remain and their restrictions have reacted upon his mind, darkening its outlook. Vers libre came to him like an earthquake throwing open the prison doors. He claimed literary anarchy, a dangerous doctrine indeed, but one which he has not

abused. The removal of the restrictions on metre made him the poet he is, the greatest of the vers libristes, perhaps the greatest French poet of to-day.

Happiness is always more difficult to express in poetry than melancholy. Many of the symbolists have taken the primrose path—which in this case has nothing so joyous as a primrose upon it—and devoted themselves to the gloom of forests, the mystery of the twilight, the splendours of the sunset. Vielé-Griffin is pre-eminently the poet of the dawn, of the fresh country. In the fullest sense of the word he is an optimist, for he sees the best in everything. When he says that "the harvest of Death is fair and large," we feel that it is because he has a love for fair and large things. "Joies" is the title of his first volume in the new style, and nothing could be more appropriate. These poems are full of a simplicity and of a happiness that are rare in any poetry, and more particularly in that of the Symbolist school.

Birds came to you to say
That I was watching behind the flowering tree,
For you turned your head away,
And laughed amid your curls, tossed loose and free,
And laughed the blush away.

There is a suggestion of fresh air and pure light in these lines that is refreshing after the heavy twilights of Régnier and Samain. Again we have sheer human gaiety and lightness of heart:

In sunlight or the light of the moon
With a woman's voice and a dancing tune,
Mingle your dreams with a child's song;
The wind sows snow the grass along,
Fair white petals the branches shed;
Let pass the brown and the golden head!
They dance; you only love one still,
And so embrace which one you will.

He has mingled his dreams with a child's song often enough; nothing could be more beautiful than his versions of and variations upon the traditional "rondes" of France. As a composer writes a symphony round a snatch of folk-music, so here Vielé-Griffin writes a series of lovely pictures round

La violette double, double,
La violette doublera.

or

Où est la Marguerite, o gué, o gué, o gué,
Où est la Marguerite, o gué, ton chevalier?

"Les Cygnes," his next volume, is, in great part, an aberration. Here he set himself the task of explaining mental states instead of noting them, and this essay in psychology is a failure even to the point of boredom. A circumstantial explanation of the reason for the suicide of a girl upon her wedding-day is not made tolerable by all his music, and even that in places forsakes him when he is overcome by the heaviness of his subject. But two of the poems, "Le Fossoyeur" and "L'Ours et l'Abbesse," are among his masterpieces. In "Fleurs du Chemin" he is once more in his own country, singing delicate snatches of song which are a foretaste of the music of "Chansons à l'Ombre."

The secret of Vielé-Griffin is in his burning love of nature, and in his optimism. The freshness of his landscapes, simple, calm, unaffected, utterly devoid of rhetoric, are unlike almost anything else in French poetry. His philosophy is something like that of Browning, perhaps a little more musical and a little less masculine.

Then welcome each rebuff
That makes earth's smoothness rough. . . .

Even misfortunes are dear to him, because he loves life, and would know it in all its shapes. To be alive is his happiness, and reverses and disappointments have their place in a harmonious whole. One can feel this spirit breathed through a poem that should be melancholy, and yet is not, while losing nothing of its effect.

We two must part at last, fair hour,
Thou crowned with dreams and roses in flower.
Lost in the waves and the clouds that lower. . .
I waited as a lover for this,
My pure heart dreamed of the coming of thee,
From thy naked shoulder I made my chastity
That shivered beneath my longing kiss.

Far, afar, when I lifted my gaze
Thou driedst the young hay in a golden haze,
'Twas thou the new vintage gathering,
And I heard thy step in every beat of a wing.

Thou wert my hope and lo! thou are here with me,
Laughing and frail, naked and fair,
Girdled with joy and love and ready to flee. . . .
Between to-morrow and yesterday
There is no to-day,
And I have not, I swear
On my soul, known thee.

"La Clarté de Vie" is appropriately dedicated to the poet's own country of Touraine. These poems are among the most magnificent that Vielé-Griffin has ever written. Whether we take the prologue "Etire-toi, la vie est lasse à ton coté," the magic landscapes of "Chansons à l'Ombre," or the human beings of "En Arcadie," we find the same note, an intense preoccupation with all sides of life. His landscapes are not frigid descriptions of scenery, but scenes viewed by one soul only, and rendered together with the emotions they raised in that soul. Some of these lines reach a perfection that seems to contain the essence of all poetry:

Après qu'on fauche, avant qu'on fane
Il est une heure diaphane. . . .

This vision of the new-mown hay still alive, though cut down, beneath the afternoon sun, is of a sheer beauty that makes one's heart stop beating. I know of no poetry in all the literature of France which has this Celtic magic, of very little in any other literature. It is only to be compared with Keats'

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine. . .
Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves.

"En Arcadie," for all its classical setting, is completely modern whenever it is successful. Here we have sketches or studies, not of types, but of live and individual men and women, the woodcutter, the basket-maker, the goat-herd, who is silent because three notes on a flute tell more of life than all the words of Hesiod, and because he needs no words to tell his love. These are not the long-dead peasants of Arcadia, but the living inhabitants of Touraine.

The philosophy of Vielé-Griffin is most aptly expressed in his narrative poem "La Chevauchée d'Yeldis," which remains his masterpiece. Yeldis is the wife—or the daughter, who knows?—of an old man living in a great seaport where the story opens. When he dies and Yeldis prepares to ride away, all the men who have visited her house and loved her, declare their intention of following her. There are Philarque and the man who tells the story, both rich merchants; Luc and Martial, the one grave, the other haughty; and Claude, who played his little viol for consolation. So they ride after her, not knowing whither, till Philarque and Luc, "bel homme et fat," give up the quest and ride away, and Claude dies. Then Martial, "viril et franc," seizes Yeldis without a word and gallops away with her. The survivor of the band is left beneath the chestnuts where they had halted, watching them disappear in the distance.

I have no shame of all of this,
This tale stirs no regret in me,
I know that for following her faithfully
Beneath the chestnuts, *I know what life is.*

"Je sais la vie"; this is the end of his message. Rebuffs, losses, disappointments are no matter for sorrow, because they are part of life. A simple allegory, it appears at first sight, if a little indefinite, but one continually sees possibilities of new meanings. I, for one, am not satisfied that the quest was ended by the "virile" behaviour of Martial, and I should like to know what happened to the pair when they disappeared together. As a narrative poem, by its sustained power and rich decoration it is worthy to stand by "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "Isabella," but it is

something more than this. It is the summary in one poem of the predominant idea that runs through all Vielé-Griffin's work, and it is the most brilliant and most beautiful poem of all the Symbolist school.

" La Partenza " would seem to contradict in some measure what I have said of Vielé-Griffin's joyous attitude to life. It is a poem full of melancholy, relieved by touches of proud Stoicism, and this spirit does not accord with the tendency of the rest of his work. I am inclined to explain it as being the result of the "feeling of the 'forties," that sense of the approach of death which a man has when he enters upon middle age and which he soon outgrows. Whatever it may be, we must not grumble at a poem which contains such lines as the following :

D'autres viendront par le prée
S'asseoir au banc de la porte;
Tu souriras belle et parée,
Du seuil, à ta jeune escorte:

Ils marcheront à ta suite
Aux rayons de ton printemps
—Qu'ont-ils à courir si vite?
Moi, j'eus, aussi, leur vingt ans—

Ils auront tes sourires
Et ta jeunesse enchantée . . . .
Qu'importe? qu'en sauront-ils dire:
Moi seul, je t'aurai chantée.

To write merely of this lyrical work of M. Vielé-Griffin is to omit an important item in his claim to greatness. Beside his poetry, pure and simple, he has written dramatic poems of the highest value. His genius has always had a dramatic turn, even before his adoption of vers libre, as is proved by the pleasant idyll, " Les Fiancailles d'Euphrosine," and the more ambitious play " Ancaeus," both written in more or less regular alexandrines. Besides this, many of the poems in " En Arcadie " may well be described as dialogues with stage directions in verse. But in this department, as well as in his purely lyrical work, it was the new method that gave him power to be great. Vers libre, it is claimed with some justice, is the most appropriate medium for dialogue, since it alone can render the varying rhythms of a conversation, now impassioned and eloquent, now fragmentary and desultory. Be this as it may, M. Vielé-Griffin with its aid has produced some of the most beautiful poetical dramas of modern times.

" Swanhilde," a Scandinavian tragedy, unlike Régnier's dialogues, " La Gardienne " and "L'Homme et la Sirène," is not a work for the study, but for the stage. It is a play that would gain by a setting by Mr. Gordon Craig, for the scenes are of a character that would suit his genius. There is a richness in stage pictures, in fine dramatic effects that should rejoice the hearts of those who are attempting to restore beauty to the theatre. The conclusion of the first scene, when the three sons of the defeated king return him their swords, enraged that he should buy peace with their step-sister Swanhilde, is nothing short of magnificent. And who can imagine a better " curtain " than that which brings the scene to an end?

Godrune.
Swanhilde! où est Swanhilde? [Elle secoue le bras d'Ionak.
Parle! ta langue est-elle morte dans ta tête!
Erp, ironique.
Elle a dit: Dites-lui: La paix est faite!
Godrune, terrible
Swanhilde! la paix? tu railles!
Sorli, lui montrant les épées à terre
Tiens, prends ces armes, ça fait bien sur les murailles.

"Phocas le Jardinier," Vielé-Griffin's most ambitious effort, is a difficult play to judge. It is apparently taken from a story by Remy de Gourmont, but with considerable modifications. Phocas is a gardener in the neighbourhood of Antioch, a Christian, but not zealous, merely retaining the name because his father was a Christian before him. He is a successful man, a little inclined to portliness of mind, if not of body, and already middle-aged. He is undecided by nature, and hesitates whether he shall woo Thalie, who lives in Antioch, or shall remain single. This part of the play, describing the gardens and the daily life of Phocas and his slave, is fine in its suggestion of calm and prosperity. Then come the soldiers sent to arrest the formidable Christian. He receives them and tells them that Phocas is away, but that he will deliver him to them at dawn. He entertains them and gives them wine. When they are all asleep he considers the question of saving himself, but decides at last to die for a faith in which he only half believes. Is it an allegory? Perhaps, but we can derive this much from it: Phocas died a violent death, but he had at least one noble sensation from life, that of dying for an idea.

In " L'Amour Sacré," a volume of poems dealing with certain saints, there is one short play that by its finish and perfection and the nobility of its language deserves to rank as Vielé-Griffin's finest performance in this sphere. Giovanni, weary of Marghetta, has made the usual excuse, and is about to hurry away from her, when Pelagio suggests that she will not wait long for his return. Giovanni is incensed at this and defies Pelagio to make her faithless in three days. Pelagio fails, and Marghetta, having learnt of the plot, repulses Giovanni when he returns and is touched to love by her fidelity. One is inevitably reminded of Landor, but there is one essential difference between this and Landor's Italian scenes: the French poet is a dramatist, the English poet was not. There is not a word wasted anywhere in "Sainte Marguerite," but the atmosphere is most marvellously created and the plot eloquently worked out. One speech will serve to show Vielé-Griffin's dramatic method:

First love is sweet,
But futile, fleeting, treacherous
—Like a false spring
Thou seest from thy window flowering
With a privy smile, maybe!
Keep, while you can, its memory,
Smile sadly a little, when you think of it.
But, now!
Breathe deeply in the scent of hay
In the golden lengthening day:
The Spring of the open rose is there
With cherry lips
That laugh and dare,
With half-closed eyes that say
The blaze of its desire divine!
Oh! rise, Marghetta, take its hand in thine;
Take the kiss unamazedly,
There is Joy, preceded by his shadow,
There is Love,
There is thy Destiny! . . . .

The best way of summing up Vielé-Griffin's position among the Symbolists is to say that he is the healthiest, the best balanced among them. He has no shrinking from life, and he does not complain of misfortunes. He has a definite view to put forward and his view is broad enough to enclose humanity and nature in one whole. His natural magic of words places him among the great French poets, but his philosophy places him among the great European poets.

Letters from Abroad.

By Huntly Carter.

THE MOSCOW EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.

Berlin, September 28.

WHY, it may be asked, do the artistic outpourings of Moscow betray such a tendency towards repletion? Why has it one of the finest schools of dancing? Why, together with St. Petersburg, is it producing a great school of theatre decorators? Its representative art gallery introduces us to the work of giants, and by Vastnetzoff, Wroubel, Roerich, Bakst, Benois, Bogaevsky, Korovine, Bilibine, we find the "scene" has been rewritten up and a prophetic volume published, so to speak, for the guidance of newcomers. And why has Moscow one of the best equipped and most advanced experimental art theatres?

* * *

The first time I was shown over the theatre the question naturally arose: how is the theatre physically

equipped? The answer was brief. Beyond a complete and up-to-date electric room, it has very little special interest. It is spacious throughout and restful. It has a very large stage, larger indeed than that of His Majesty's Theatre, London, provided with a revolving section. In the evident desire, shown in the number and variety of electric appliances, to solve the problems of lighting by the application of the latest advances in electro technique, it passes from the conventional theatre to the laboratory. Perhaps here the problem of attaining the effect of direct sunlight or diffused light is nearest solution.

* * *

From the building I came inevitably to its directors and to the second question: how is the theatre mentally equipped? With a union of the artistic and practical, was the reply. Both the directors and every member of the staff appear to be liberally endowed with taste and judgment. The decorators and electricians understand the laws of the stage and the demands of the scenic materials. Even the wig maker and costumier are artists, unlike our own Clarkson, who is a tradesman, and Nathan, who is a retailer of shoddy.

* * *

Given a combination of the sort, and the impossible may be developed and achieved. This must be the meaning underlying the accomplished secretary's, Mr. Lykiardopoulos, words when he reminded London that it had for years been regarding Mr. Gordon Craig as a visionary, and it was now the privilege of the Moscow Art Theatre to announce he is a visionary no longer. Owing to the practical constitution of the theatre it had been able to take Mr. Craig firmly by the hand and to lead him (greatly protesting, no doubt) into the light. In short, the Moscow Theatre has found Mr. Craig and patiently and persistently transmuted his fancies to solid gold. Mr. Craig is to be congratulated. It is extremely doubtful whether he ever would have found himself.

* * *

It did not require a deep penetration to see that the company has also the artistic and practical character. It is bound together by a common sentiment, love of the theatre and drama. Indeed, to its members the theatre is a centre affording facilities for probing the most intimate secrets of the dramatic form of art. They live, work, and play in the theatre. How unlike the English actor, to whom the theatre only spells treasury, and who is forbidden the theatre except at special moments. As a rule, he is rigorously kept out of the auditorium while rehearsals are on, and is given a detached fragment of the play to study, which he must learn either at home when the missus is shopping and the kids a-bed, or during rehearsal balanced on one leg supporting the scenery, or in the nearest pot-shop over a convivial beer in pewter. In Moscow the actors are artists who passionately love their form of art; in London they are mummers with the soul of a deboshed beetle.

* * *

It was while sampling the excellent lunch that the management gives its company during rehearsals that I arrived at the question of economics. How are the actors paid? How treated? What advantages do they derive from the co-operative system? Without going into figures it may be said they are paid adequate salaries. Even the "walks-on" receive a living wage. The Drury-Lane-eighteen-shilling-a-week-find-all-your-modern-wardrobe-extra-people are unknown. Furthermore, they are paid for rehearsals and fed during rehearsals. There are no long periods of semi-starvation and walking home at daybreak after fifteen hours' rehearsal, as in London, where professionals rehearse sometimes nine and ten weeks at a time without payment of any sort. Show me the British navvy who would work nine weeks for nothing.

* * *

The members of the Moscow Theatre company enjoy the further advantage of a profit-sharing system. They start as students, and having graduated, as it were, they are allotted a certain number of shares in the theatre, and so acquire a vested interest in it. In this way they are much nearer to an Actors' Union than were Messrs. Shaw and Barker when they tried to reconstruct the Actors' Association and succeeded in wrecking it.

* * *

That the general results of the Moscow theatre system are satisfactory is beyond question. The theatre is a paying concern, and this without puffs of any sort. It attracts large audiences and influences them. Its influence is not altogether in one direction. It proposes to build a new theatre at a cost of £100,000 as evidence of its versatility. Such a proposal coming from a private company, and one, moreover, pledged to art, would, in England, be sufficient to cause Philistines to fall dead of apoplexy.

* * *

London reveals a very different state of affairs. There a complete failure of all attempts to establish either an intellectual or an art theatre confronts us. We find the Repertory Theatre at its last gasp. Driven from hole to corner, it is making a last stand in London's smallest theatre. Mr. Herbert Trench has retired from business. He is no doubt convinced that the market for artistic drama is in a bad way, and is resolved to lay aside directorship till the market revives.

* * *

The breakdown of the Repertory Theatre—in spite of the huge benefactions of Mr. J. M. Barrie—and the retirement of Mr. Trench, have nothing more in them than the fact that the whole business has been grossly mismanaged. It has, in fact, been in the hands of showmen, whereas it should have been in those of practical artists. Whether the responsible persons intended it or not, there is no doubt that they have obtained a very considerable advertisement out of it. But unfortunately the effect of the showmanship and the advertising, instead of filling the theatre, has been to fill the columns of the "Financial News."

* * *

One of the sins of the frenzied supporters of the Repertory Theatre has been that of treating the public to figures when it ought to have been treated with neglect. It is well known that the public regards art as a limited liability company. In this it has faithfully learnt the lesson Mr. Charles Frohman set it. It worships the fetish of capital, and gloats over the details of running a theatre and those of huge expenditure. A comedy costing £20,000, or a boom in actresses with decorative legs, is bound to go down the throats of its gaping members, while the announcement that an unknown patron of the drama has cheerfully given £40,000 to establish a repertory theatre will call forth the inevitable "Ha! here's something we understand at last."

* * *

But such silly methods of advertising do not advance matters even though trumpeted from Fleet Street by the "Daily Mail." They are as ineffectual as the whole series of struggles to capture the public have been. Indeed, if hustled productions, quick-change programmes, lack of intelligent organisation, absence of the spirit of co-operation and research, as well as of artistic production of plays, neglect of truth and beauty, picture-palace realism, old-fashioned tricks of stagecraft, no real conception of the theatre, a mania for producing plays for two or three performances at a time, in itself an idiotic system of frightening and fatiguing a long-suffering public—if these and other blunders have served my purpose at all it is surely that of emptying, not filling, the Repertory Theatre.

* * *

The blunders of the Shaw-Barker theatre have only been equalled by those of the Stage Society. One can well understand that Moscow and other centres of artistic reform are convulsed with laughter at the ingenious methods pursued by this bright body of producing badly translated foreign masterpieces with two or three scrappy rehearsals; of allotting parts requiring the most intimate knowledge and study to scratch com-

panies of professionals drawn from other theatres where many of these professionals are rehearsing in other plays at the same time; of presenting such masterpieces at any theatre regardless of the fact that a theatre, like a human being, has a personality, and it is therefore impossible to obtain a tragic atmosphere in a theatre richly endowed with the atmosphere of a circus; and of neglecting to select not only appropriate theatres, but to provide appropriate settings, and thereby murdering the moods of these masterpieces with decrepit or frivolous stock-scenery. I do not wish it to be inferred that the Stage Society has not done good pioneer work of a sort, but I do maintain it deserves the reputation of a faker, and that its productions of foreign masterpieces are generally fakes of the worst description.

* * *

Some day, when the Moscow Theatre Company has been and gone, the truth will dawn upon misguided enthusiasts, who will then cease not only to defend paltering play societies, but to blame the public. Blaming the public in art matters is really the last resort of the artistically destitute. If the London public does not indulge in ecstasy or large enthusiasms, if its imagination is weak, if its mind is a stagnant pool requiring a powerful precipitate to clear it, why trouble about it, or its attitude towards art? It ought to be known by this time that when the British public comes in at the door art flies out of the window. Then the only reasonable thing to do is to class the public with the devil and to study the advice: You leave the devil alone and the devil will leave you alone.

* * *

The inference is that the wrong people are being invited to patronise art, just as the attempt of artistic philanderers and muddled economists to establish an endowed playhouse proves that the wrong people are patronising the theatre. Art does never rise to new and higher things on ancient stepping stones of its dead self. It is a flagrant mistake to assume anything of the sort. I maintain art lives in new forms alone, and such forms demand new powers of vision, of interpretation, of appreciation. These are what both art and the drama demand to-day. They need for one thing an entirely new type of patron, and till this patron comes forward the outlook for art and the drama will be anything but rosy.

* * *

Though I press for an aristocracy of brains, I also press for money to accompany the brains. To-day patrons with brains and no money are practically useless. The economic fallacies of the past generation or two have strengthened the general conviction that it is useless to have ideas without the money to carry them out. In an ideal state the conviction will doubtless be reversed to: it is useless to have money without intelligent ideas necessary to circulate it. By the time the latter conviction is reached money will have ceased to circulate altogether.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RAILWAY PROFIT AND WAGES.

Sir,—In your last issue Mr. Caldecott, after pointing out that the average rate of interest on the capital invested in the railways is only 3.60 per cent., asks by what means (short of confiscation) can the railways be nationalised so as to leave the State, after compensating the shareholders, with any considerable part of the 47 millions of profit to apply either to increased wages or reduction of rates and fares.

The answer is simple enough, viz.: by exercising the option it (the State) already has in terms of the 1844 Act, to buy at 25 times the average profit of the last three years. (The 47½ millions of profit made last year by our railways represent 4.22 per cent. on the capital actually sunk in the railways, as shown by the Board of Trade blue-book, which keeps account of fictitious capital increases.) To purchase the whole railway system on these terms, based on the profits for 1908-10 would cost £1,132,500,000 of 3 per cent. of 3¼ per cent. Government interest-bearing paper in lieu of the £1,318,515,000 of railway companies' paper (some interest-bearing—some not) at present in existence. This would require about 34 to 37 millions per annum according to which rate of interest it was decided to pay, thus leaving a margin of eight to ten millions per annum for wage increases and rate reductions, not counting the economies which would arise from unification, superannuation, and sane administration.

EMIL DAVIES.

* * *

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

Sir,—If we take two provisions of Gladstone's Act of 1844 as the basis on which any scheme of Railway Nationalisation will be founded, I think the answer to the first part of Mr. Caldecott's letter is contained in the fact that the purchase would be calculated not on the market price of the stock nor on the amount of the capital subscribed. but on the average profits of the combined systems for the three years immediately preceding the date of the purchase. Taking 23 years' purchase as a reasonable rate this would materially fall short of the nominal capital and yet would form a perfectly adequate compensation to the shareholders. Moreover, by giving a Government guarantee and security, together with a first charge over the whole State railway system, it would be quite easy to float the loan at no greater rate of interest than 2½ per cent. This, together with the vast diminution in the expense of management and running which would be effected by the union of the different overlapping competing lines would result in the saving of an enormous yearly sum out of which to pay higher wages and to reduce rates.

With regard to the latter part of Mr. Caldecott's letter, I agree with him that the presumption that profits are excessive is to some extent rebutted by business experience; that is to say, that the "unproductive surplus" is less than is supposed to be the case. This, however, is because owing to the defects of the competitive system waste is encouraged and expenses increase. Most people will agree that the present position of the industrial system will not warrant large claims upon it for an extensive rise in the wage rate. The question is: Why should we allow such an unsatisfactory state of affairs to exist when by following the example of monopolists we could eliminate half the cost of production?

CONRAD H. DRAYTON.

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WAGES AND PRICES.

Sir,—A recurrence of leisure and the letter which you print from Mr. Crisp permit me to return to the writer of the "Notes of the Week." I return to the latter because he has seen the point of my letter—Mr. Crisp apparently has not. When Mr. Crisp has read and met the arguments in my letters to THE NEW AGE of February 2 and March 30 I will discuss with him the methods of abolishing excessive profit.

The writer of the "Notes of the Week" adopts an attitude which is becoming a favourite one with modern Socialists. The earlier Socialists extolled "working together under the State" as productive of brotherly love. Under the pressure of Individualist criticism the modern Socialist declares that he merely wants sufficient State industry to create such a demand for labour as will compel private employers to give better conditions to their employees; in other words, he realises that State industry is undesirable except as a means of curing a greater evil. But I deny that this half-way Socialism is possible, and I affirm, moreover, that the Socialist's error in this direction is precisely due to his neglect to study that great engine of modern industry, namely, credit.

In order to set up State industry, wages, etc., must be paid. This requires capital. The capital will either be requisitioned in the open money market, or raised by taxation. But in either case, under our present restricted credit system, the withdrawal of a sufficient quantity of capital from the money market to effect an appreciable difference in the demand for labour would inevitably harden the money market, and cause a restriction of discounts and advances to ordinary industry. As Sir Edward Holden, the well-known manager of the London, City and Midland Bank, said in his address to the Liverpool Bankers' Institute, in December, 1907: "If business increases unduly, and if bankers continue to increase loans, not being able to increase the gold basis, then evidently they are getting into danger, and the only judicious course which they can pursue is to curtail their loans, curtailing an undue increase of business, and thus re-establish the ratio." Thus by prohibiting the increase of efficient substitute for gold, we have limited the growth of industry to the amount of available gold, instead of to the needs of mankind.

Hence, unless the Socialists first remove the legal restrictions which deprive the money market of elasticity, every establishment of State industry will automatically throttle private industry—not by fair competition—but by depriving it of credit and exchange medium, and the arrival of the Marxian barrack Socialism will be inevitable. On the other hand, if the Socialists commence by freeing credit, nationalisation of industry will be unnecessary. Every successive loosening of the legal bonds which now restrict the free growth of credit will enable the establishment of fresh industry—free industry. All such fresh industry must tend simultaneously to reduce the price of goods and raise wages, as I have demonstrated in my letter of February 2. In my last letter I asked Socialists why competition does not step in to-day and reduce excessive profits where they exist. The oracle still remains dumb—doubtless because the inquiry would necessitate a study of credit, and—credit is such a dry subject!

Another word on the somewhat misleading assertion that State Socialism would replace production for profit by production for use. It has been admitted that employees under Socialism would equally work only for gain. All that State Socialism would do, then, is to replace production for use as conceived by the individual, by production for use as conceived by the majority. It is quite incorrect to state that production is to-day carried on solely for profit. As a general rule men cannot to-day make profit except by supplying somebody's needs. Our company shareholders, directors, and financiers flourish simply because, in legally restricting the growth of banking we have compelled industry to apply to money-lenders for capital. Industry thus pays only the market price for an article which we have artificially rendered scarce.

HENRY MEULEN.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. Hugh Crisp in his letter respecting "production for profit" as related to "cost price," opens up an interesting question with regard to Socialist administration in the matter of finance.

It will not be denied that, under our present system, production for profit, *i.e.*, "interest on capital for money-lenders," has wide and far-reaching effects. Maintenance of the unfit, care of the invalid, education of the young, etc., is represented through our taxes and also through our hospitals and other charitable institutions.

Under this system, however, we cannot produce at cost price, but under Socialism, where there will be no production for profit, Mr. Crisp assures us that after deducting "wages," including "wages of superintendence," and since the shareholders will be the whole nation, we shall "get everything at cost price."

As these wage-earning shareholders will have to provide for the non-wage-earning shareholders, such as the child, the invalid, and the unfit, it would be interesting to know in what way finances will be manipulated in order to meet a sudden fall in "shares," due to non-preventable causes.

Will a further fraction be added to the "cost" of an article? Will wages be lowered, or will a system of taxation, debited to wage-earning shareholders, be set up, in order that we may still "get everything at cost price."

FRANCES WHITING.

* * *

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S STRIKE.

Sir,—Mr. Chamberlain had an effective device for dealing with introjected questions during his speeches. He would repeat the question very emphatically and then say: "I will deal with that in a moment." Usually, of course, he never did. By the end of his speech the audience had completely forgotten the interruption. More than once, however, some tenacious questioner would rise when the speech was over and remind Mr. Chamberlain of his promise. Then it was, and sometimes much to his discomfort, Mr. Chamberlain was compelled to reply. The foregoing is really an allegory of my introjection of the recent "Children's Strike" into a discussion of the main thesis of our day, which is the industrial unrest. I am well aware that public opinion, like Mr. Chamberlain, can properly attend only to one vast subject at a time; but like an impatient though reasonable listener, I now and then record an introjected question from a quarter whose wrongs are for the moment irrelevant. Your correspondent "T. S." is certainly misinformed in suggesting that all is well in elementary schools. All is very far from well; and the recent pathetic little strike was merely a childish interrogatory. I sincerely hope that when the main speech is concluded public opinion will not forget that a question has been asked.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—The replies evoked in your issue of August 24 by my letter published on August 17 have shown me clearly I should have been wiser had I adhered to the South African axiom I mentioned—never attempt to follow up misstatements made 6,000 miles away. The man who is foolish enough to start this game immediately places himself at a disadvantage, but having started I can't give up the chase at the first check received. I will at once confess that Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is beyond me. I do not understand her methods; they are too fearful and wonderful for my limited comprehension after so many years' residence in this far-off country. Apparently it is her aim to play the part of a traducer of her sex—both here and elsewhere. I cannot hold the brief for womankind against her, and must therefore leave her fellow-women to her none too tender mercies. I at once accept her statement that *she* has "never been insulted by a native," but as that fact proves nothing beyond its own existence it leaves the "Black Peril" question just where it was before I took exception to her original statement as to its cause. I doff my hat, in all humility, to Mrs. Beatrice Hastings, and bid her adieu.

Mr. William Marwick starts his comments upon my letter with a curious misapprehension which I can only ascribe to looseness of perception. Had he taken the trouble to read my letter with ordinary care he would have seen that I did not question the existence in this country of the Black Peril—that would, indeed, have been foolishness. I said the statement of Mrs. Beatrice Hastings concerning the cause of it was, "from the first word to the last, in direct opposition to the facts," and that it conveyed "an entirely false impression of the situation which really exists in this country." I, too, have read the statement on the subject made before the recent Universal Races Congress in London, by Mrs. Alfred N. Macfadyen on behalf of the women of South Africa, and my intimate knowledge of the situation out here enables me to endorse most heartily what was said by Mrs. Macfadyen on that occasion.

The forces which have been at work to produce the present deplorable condition of affairs, under which white women in South Africa are liable to treatment at the hands of black men which would have been unthinkable when I came to this country in the middle seventies of last century, must be found in the history of what would be termed the "progress" of the last five-and-thirty years. To understand how that which was then inconceivable is now of common occurrence, one must know the inner social and economic history of that period and the astounding changes it has wrought in the relations between whites and blacks. I do not propose to give a résumé of the happenings of the past thirty-five years, that is not material for a letter, so I must confine myself to bald statements—statements which may be denied, but cannot be disproved.

The white man, striving to get rich quickly out of the wonderful mineral resources of this country, and exploiting for that purpose—in a manner utterly regardless of future consequences—the rough labour of the black, is primarily responsible for the trouble which has descended upon the country. Incidentally, his own treatment of native women has helped to destroy in the Kaffir's mind that respect for the white woman which formerly was her protection and security. The "Black Peril" to-day is confined almost entirely to those parts of the country where blacks and whites are forced by economic conditions to congregate thickly in industrial areas; in the wide veldt, where man lives a more natural life, it is still practically unknown. In those more densely populated areas—as, for example, the Rand, with its 120,000 white and probably 300,000 blacks—there is always a considerable sub-stratum of aliens, low type humanity from some of the countries of Europe. These are the active debauchers of the native for their own profit, by means of illicit liquor traffic, the secret sale of lewd and obscene pictures, and the procuration of white women of the lowest Continental classes for the use of the natives, who are without their own womenkind whilst working on the mines. The immediate cause of the "Black Peril" must be sought in these conditions—drink, probably, being the most powerful among them—not in "the cry of the white women for the blood of the Umtali native," as was so vitriolically stated by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings.

Johannesburg. T. A. R. PURCHAS.

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A DAY WITH THE EIGHTY CLUB IN DUBLIN.

Sir,—I send you the following report:—

SUNDAY, 9 A.M.

Quite recovered from the effects of the rough crossing last night. Had quite a decent breakfast. Discovered hotel proprietor is a Roman Catholic and employs a Protestant book-keeper. They do not quarrel on religious subjects nor on political. Going out with Browne-Smith and Jones to interview the natives. Bringing my large pocket book and Swan fountain pen.

3 P.M.

Discovered there seem to be more Catholics than Protestants in Dublin. People go to Mass on Sundays and say their prayers. Very like an English Sunday only jollier, I mean less strict. Seeing a great crowd of people coming down O'Connell Street, that is the main street of the town, we hastened our footsteps, thinking perhaps Jack Johnson was giving an open-air exhibition of boxing, but no, we were quite mistaken, the people were coming from Mass at the Jesuits' Church in Gardiner Street. We went there and spoke to a Jesuit. He answered our questions quite simply, without any Jesuitical evasions, and didn't know very much about politics. We were very disappointed, as we thought Jesuits knew even more about politics than Asquith. Hired an outside car and drove to Phœnix Park. Having been on one before I was not as nervous as my companions, who held on tightly and murmured something about exceeding the speed limit. I could even smoke. Driver seemed an exceptionally clever man. Spoke enthusiastically of the Liberal Government. Said it was really the working-man's friend. His grandmother receives an Old Age Pension and prays for the Cabinet every night. He is a Catholic, but bears no ill-feeling to his Protestant compatriots.

Saw the dreadful place in Phœnix Park where no grass will ever grow, *i.e.*, where Burke and Cavendish were murdered. Driver told us his father had seen the whole drama enacted there one night at twelve o'clock when he was returning from the Strawberry Beds.

Saw several teams playing a national game called hurley, in the Park. It is something like hockey only more so. Some more boys, or rather young men, were playing football. Jones, as a Sabbatarian, disapproved of this.

Was surprised to see no pigs. Driver said he'd show us some after dinner. We arranged for him to call for us then, as we think of driving to Bray.

Had a good dinner, better than we expected. Thought Irish could only cook bacon and cabbage.

Drank a pint of porter at dinner. It feels rather heavy.

8 P.M.

Noticing driver giving a peculiar wink and saying "Eighty" to each driver that he met I asked him the meaning of it. He seemed rather non-plussed, but said that The Hellfire Club, whose headquarters were in the Dublin mountains, used to give eighty pence per mile to the men who drove them to their meetings. Hence eighty became the slang name for fare.

Saw three pigs in a field. Driver called them one pig and two bonavs. Of course he was wrong, they were three pigs, but I didn't like to correct him. Met several girls along the road. None of them wore the red cloaks and green petticoats that the colleens wore in the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. Rather a pity.

The trams run to Kingstown and Dalkey, besides various other places.

Driver showed us a Protestant and a Catholic girl walking together arm in arm. They seemed to be very good friends.

Had a nice tea. Watched the Irish eat. They eat like us only not so much. Bray is a pretty place. Walked on the promenade. Browne-Smith interviewed a pretty girl while Jones and I went up to Bray Head. On the way home he said he had got quite a good deal of information from her, as she had very strong views on some questions.

Drive back was rather exciting. Driver, Pat Mulhall, seemed rather intoxicated, and raced a large motor for some distance. We were very alarmed as the car was rocking from side to side. Jones lost his field glasses. The motor got ahead of us and then we slowed down. Driver explained he had to give the mare her head sometimes as she had been a racer and was a sister to Orby. Driver seemed to suffer greatly from the thirst, as he had to stop several times and regale himself with Guinness's. Said he suffered from depression since the death of his wife, and porter was the only thing to cheer him up. Happily we got back without any mishap. Driver threw the money we tendered him, fifteen shillings, on the pavement. Said he wouldn't take a halfpenny less than £2. Jones pointed out that he had agreed to take us for fifteen shillings. Driver called him a Liberal liar, used dreadful language, and threatened to lay Jones out. Crowd gathered. Driver appealed to them. We were rescued by hotel porter, who threatened to call the police. Feeling quite upset we fortified ourselves with some cocoa (Cadbury's).

12 P.M.

After supper, which was excellent, we went for a walk. O'Connell Street seems a favourite street for the military, and consequently for the servant maids. Jones said we should view not only the well-off districts, but also the slums. Thereupon we went down Marlborough Street, Great Britain Street, and Tyrone Street. In this latter street we saw the kindheartedness of the Irish, for several poor old women asked us to come inside and have a drop of something, while several men, knowing we were interested in the Improvement of Ireland, offered to show us the wonderfully carved mantel-pieces in these old houses. But we were rather pressed for time and could not accept their kind invitation.

We saw the Roman Catholics returning from their evening prayers and the Protestants from theirs. Although the different sects came into contact with each other they did not quarrel or disagree in any way.

We returned to hotel. Being very tired we again took some cocoa and went to bed. Before doing so we asked for a Great Southern time-table, as we intended to go to Cork to-morrow. Were told there was a strike on. It is really very inconsiderate of the Irish. We have come several hundred of miles to see what we can do to improve and assist them and they resist our advances at the outset. They might have waited to strike until we got back. But the Irish were always famous for their pugnacity.

I am sleepy now and cannot write any more.

SIDHEOG NÍ ANNÂIN.

* * *

PRAGMATISM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. R. N. Warren, probably belongs to that excellent class of pragmatists who, in their disgust with the cold reasoning of the modern world and its statistical and mechanical ideals, wish to make room for a little more free play of instinct and emotion. There are many good pragmatists like that, well-meaning and honest people, who do not see the drift of the pragmatic boat at all, a boat which is rapidly floating back to the Middle Ages. A little more suspicion, my good-natured pragmatists! We must never judge people—least of all philosophers—by what they say: it is what they do *not* say that is the important thing.

For instance, Pragmatism no doubt insists on intellect and reason. But in the same breath it makes an eloquent appeal to the feelings of mankind which must (as the pragmatists say) play a large part in every philosophy. That sounds well at first, but then we become suspicious. We say to ourselves: Yes, feeling may and must play an important part in every philosophy, otherwise it becomes "unreal"; but then why do you insist so much upon it? No one ever doubted the importance of the feelings; why then, my dear pragmatists, do they matter so much to you? Why do you talk so much about them? Do you wish to draw our attention away from something? Might there not be a possibility that you wish to hide something, or make an attack upon something, this something being that much-dreaded and seductive intellect which the rudeness of a Luther once upon a time baptised "Reason, that whore"? Of course, no pragmatist will say right out that he wishes to exalt feelings and intuition in order to depreciate reason and intellect—that would not do in our age. That would not be pragmatic, because it would never work. It is much more pragmatic to stab truth and intellect in the back, or, better, to let them be stabbed by someone else, as was done in the time of the Renaissance, as it is done in the East even nowadays. There, if you hate anyone, you do not murder him yourself—not, at least, if you are a gentleman and have a few coins in your pocket. You hire a man to do it, a so-called "bravo," who does the dirty job for you. Well, then: "feeling," that is the bravo hired by the pragmatist to stab "reason."

Pragmatism says—and that, too, sounds very plausible—that "there is no absolute truth, but only a relative one," that, as Mr. Warren has it, "that theory is more true which best explains all the facts and holds together with other truths." But let me ask again: what are these other truths? These other truths are, of course, our familiar truths which have become "instincts" and "feelings," to the exclusion of new truth, of dangerous truth. Pragmatism thus stands for the old game, for yesterday's wisdom, for the preservation of our grandmothers' ideas. If "feelings" are the criterion of truth, no new truth can ever be brought into the world: the "feeling" of mankind is always and has always been deadly against any new truth. Christianity could not have arisen under Pragmatism: Mr. Warren's other truths, the old truths of the pagan world, would not have fitted into the new creed. No new discovery could ever be made under Pragmatism: the feelings of mankind, the stupidity of the old guild, the dead weight of other truths, are regularly against that. Pragmatism itself could not have arisen under Pragmatism: the feelings of the "Hegelians" would have declared it to be untrue.

Pragmatism thus being in favour of old truth, of old feelings and instincts (all those lazy instincts of humanity!), it really *does* mean an attack upon reason, science, progress, or whatever you may call it. I am sure it will use the power it has to fight, if necessary, any new and uncomfort-

able truth to the death. It will stand for everything "established," and thus M. George Palante is quite right in saying that Pragmatism amongst other things stands for the old morality, that it preaches social utility. I may add that it likewise preaches Christianity, for what is more rooted in our feelings than a religion of two thousand years' standing? Of course, neither Bergson, who is a Jew, nor James, nor the pragmatists call themselves Christians: but they are, nevertheless, Christians in disguise; for they exalt feelings at the cost of reason and logic. They are mediæval, not modern minds. It was always an old dodge of the mediæval clergy to denounce logic: it was attributed by them to the devil in those times. "Diabolus semper logicus": such was the verdict of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. Reason, of course, cannot be attacked like that to-day: Pragmatism knows that. But it may be attacked in a more subtle way; and that is what Pragmatism does. Let me say here that I prefer the old Catholic Church to the modern Pragmatic Church. The old Church honestly and openly fought reason as "the devil," the new Church perfidiously hires a bravo to kill it.

Will they kill it? I doubt it. I doubt it in spite of M. Bergson's great following in this country. His following in this country is really the most dangerous following that could ever "befall" the fashionable philosopher. For Bergson himself is quite unintelligible to the general public, but the Bergsonians, who have none of the finesse and fine phraseology of Bergson at their disposal make things shamelessly clear. They are the enfants terribles of the creed, they are letting Bergson's holy cat out of the bag. They let everyone know that they wish to uphold the traditions of past ages and of the past century: the old morality, the old social utility, the old religion and the old democracy.

Yes, democracy, too. If Mr. Warren doubts this, let him turn to an interesting article of Mr. Stephen Reynolds in the same number of THE NEW AGE (October 5, 1911). Here, in the concluding sentence, he will find stated: "It seems to have escaped the notice of M. Bergson's critics that he provides for democracy such a defence as its purely intellectualist supporters have never been able to put forward."

Mr. Reynolds is quite right: Bergson stands for democracy. But this fact once being admitted by the pragmatists themselves, let me tell them and their masters that they stand upon most slippery ground. Let me repeat to them the warning of M. George Palante, that it is a most dangerous thing to appeal to the feelings and to the intuition of mankind, especially in our age. For we live in a democratic age already, and if we appeal to intuition or feeling, one man's feelings are as good as another man's, the criminal's as good as the judge's, Mr. Robinson's as good as the Pope's, and Mrs. Grundy's as good as Casanova's. Everybody having a right to appeal to his feelings means anarchy —but why should we aim at anarchy? It is perfectly unnecessary, for we have got it already.

May I in conclusion recommend a book for those who wish for an explanation of the anti-intellectual campaign of Pragmatism, who wish to know more about the entente cordiale between Pragmatism and Religion, directed against their common enemies: truth, reason, intellect, and science? It is a book which has some shortcomings, no doubt, as every book must have, but it makes perfectly clear what is the aim of Pragmatism—the real aim, as we see it when peeled out of the fine phrases in which this philosophy has wrapped itself up. It is written by a Frenchman, Professor Albert Schinz, and its title is "Anti-Pragmatisme" (Paris: Felix Alcan). An English translation of this book has appeared in America under the title: "Anti-Pragmatism" (Boston: Small, Maynard and Co.).

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

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GOETHE AND HERR DOCTOR OSCAR LEVY.

Sir,—In your Literary Supplement of October 5, under the caption "Jack Ashore," Dr. Oscar Levy makes certain statements concerning Goethe which are fallacious: (1) That Goethe "openly declared in one of his *Xenien* that he disliked four things in this world—bugs, garlic, tobacco, and the Cross"; (2) that Goethe "applauded the crucifixion of Jesus Christ in one of his Venetian epigrams"; (3) that thus "there can be no doubt about the paganism" of Goethe.

(1) As a matter of fact, the lines quoted do not occur in the *Xenien*, but in No. 67 of the "Venetian Epigrams." The line anent the four things is—

"Viere: Ranch des Tabaks, Wanzen und Knoblauch und †."

Goethe neither meant nor wrote "the Cross," but the sign of the cross—i.e., crossing oneself or making the sign of the cross, as is done by Ritualists of all so-called Christian creeds wherever professed.

(2) These lines form No. 53 of the Venetian epigrams, and simply express in the most general way Goethe's contempt for the mere visionary or fanatic—

"Jeglichen Schwärmer schlagt mir an's Kreuz im dreissigsten Fahre;
Kennt er nur einmal die Welt, wird der Betrogne der Schelm."

Of course, here is an indirect reference to the Crucifixion. But the thought behind it is, "If One who did nothing but good was crucified at thirty, how much is it to be desired that every fanatic—certain in the end to prove a rogue—were similarly served? It is not only that Goethe thereby did not "applaud the crucifixion of Jesus Christ," but that nowhere throughout all his works can such applause be found.

(3) From these premises no sound deduction that Goethe was a pagan can be made. His own words aver otherwise, as witness—

"LEBENSREGEL.

"Willst du dir ein hübsches Leben zimmern,
Musst dich um's Vergagne nicht bekümmern;
Das Wenigste muss dich verdriessen;
Muss stets die Gegenwart geniessen,
Besonders Keinen Menschen hassen
Und die zukunft Gott überlassen."

There can be little doubt about the non-paganism of a man who among his Life's Rules bids us to hate no man and leave the future to God.

Without meaning offence, it may be affirmed that Dr. Oscar Levy's mis-appraisement of things derives from the persistence of type. Take one instance (Acts, 14-19): "But there came Jews thither from Antioch and Iconium: and having persuaded the multitudes, they stoned Paul, and dragged him out of the city, supposing that he was dead. But as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and entered into the city."

Obviously, some of Dr. Oscar Levy's distinguished ancestors resided either at Antioch of Pisidia or Iconium. Nowadays, naturally, their illustrious descendant slings ink in place of stones at Paul, who represented and still represents the Christianity of the Christ, not of Ecclesiasticism. Wonderfully, however, Paul remains alive and standing strongly on his feet.

Paradoxically, although the original Christians were all Jews modern Christians do not gird at Judaism. Dr. Oscar Levy might ruminate on this point whenever he can give himself sufficient unbiassed thought to do so.

QUIDDAM.

* * *

LA RECHERCHE DU FRISSON.

Sir,—Let at least one of your readers thank Mr. Ernest Boyd for his article on the "Grand Guignol." It will save me at least the necessity of ever seeking for that home of melodrama; for can it not all be seen at home, and for the proletarian price of twopence? Necessity drove me to spend an evening in a music-hall in the salubrious district of Poplar on the same evening as Mr. Boyd's article appeared.

In one sketch at this said hall I saw no less than twelve attempts at murder, finished by wholesale slaughter of ten of the twelve characters in the alleged sketch. Another delightful sketch in the same hall gave us as a final thrill the pleasant sight of a man electrocuted in an electrified armchair. Cannot some up-to-date manager announce "'Grand Guignol' thrills for and from twopence?" He may probably be overwhelmed by a huge rush of our governing classes anxious for Parisian "thrills."

A. B. MACE.

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A METAPHYSIC GROUP.

Sir,—It is proposed to form, during the coming winter, a circle for the discussion of metaphysical and psychological problems. The proposal is to make the meetings informal rather than to limit them to the discussion of merely set papers, and to avoid as far as possible the use of set speeches.

The secretaries will be pleased to hear from gentlemen interested in these objects, with a view to arranging a preliminary meeting during the course of the present month.

E. BELFORT BAX,
Chairman, pro tem.
E. T. HULME,
J. STUART HAY,
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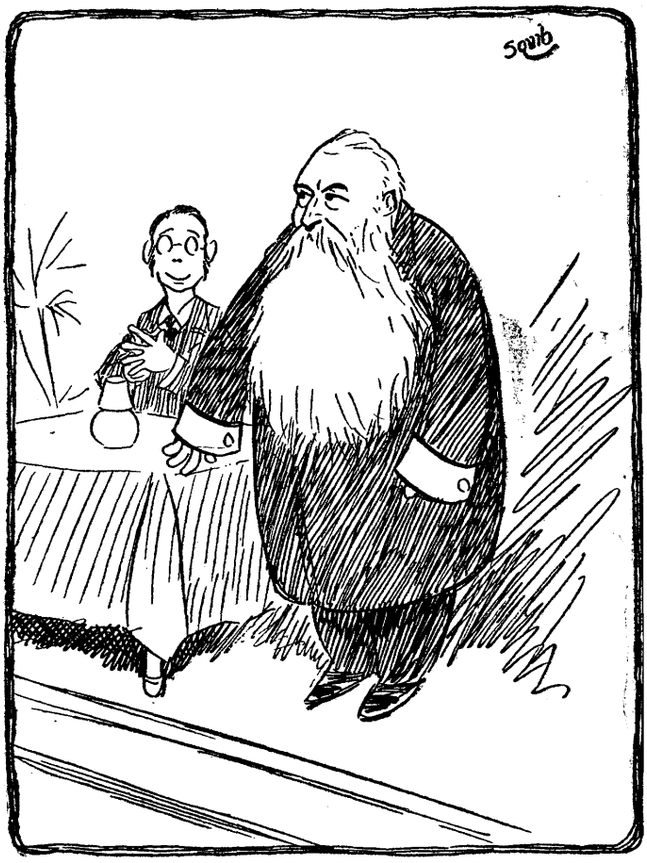
Authors' Club, Whitehall Court, S.W.



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