NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We forget which battle it was in Scottish history in which the issue was decided by the appearance at the critical moment of the servants of one of the parties; but there is a faint hope that the National Insurance Bill may be defeated by a repetition of this incident. Some weeks ago the Eye-Witness, with commendable perspicuity, put its finger on the domestic service clauses of the Bill as the most vulnerable spot and with the thoroughness which is usual to it immediately began the publication of the infamous details of the proposed poll-tax as it will apply to servants, together with scores upon scores of letters and it may very well be that as one by one the various clauses of the Rill as the most vulnerable spot the thoroughness which is usual to it the "Daily Mail" immediately began the publication of the infamous details of the proposed poll-tax as it will apply to servants, together with scores upon scores of letters bearing on the same. It is too soon yet for any effect to be discerned in the decision of Mr. Lloyd George; and it may very well be that as one by one the various interests affected by the Bill have made their protest in turn and in vain, the latest will be similarly ignored and the Bill be continued as if nothing unusual had happened. On the other hand, it is evident that the new army of protest, having no organisation and consequently no paid officials, cannot by any means be bribed into submission or silence. Both mistresses and servants have realised, each for herself and without any actuarial instruction, that the proposed poll-tax will be an unmitigated irritation in addition to being a gross and utterly superfluous piece of injustice. We shall see from the effect of their opposition whether women without the vote can, nevertheless, destroy a Bill which all the millions of men with votes who hate it have failed to injure. * * *

That misgivings have been aroused in Mr. Lloyd George's camp is plain from the desperate haste with which he inserted an amendment to exempt private houses suspected of concealing un-insured servants from the inspection of the Insurance officers. For two months the clause empowering his agents to enter any private house suspected of concealing uninsured servants stood untouched in his Bill. But at the very first breath of trouble on this subject, Mr. Lloyd George went by night, as it were, and uprooted the obnoxious clause in anticipation of the discussion by daylight. The clause, however, as he will discover, is as necessary to the Bill as the sixpences of the servants or their mistresses are necessary to its actuaries. With the two or three millions per annum contributed by the healthy and, on the whole, already provident class, the provisions for the rest of the victims of the Bill would prove mythical. But how is the collection of these sixpences to be guaranteed if inspectors are not allowed to visit the houses where they are to be collected? Dogs may be impounded that wander the streets without a licence, but servants seen in the streets without an Insurance card will presumably not be liable to arrest. If the threats of the "Daily Mail" correspondents are carried out, a good proportion of both mistresses and maids will deliberately evade the demands of the Bill. And, so far as we can see, without the clause empowering the inspection of their houses, they will be able to evade them with impunity. * * *

The proceedings in Parliament on the subject of the Bill are by no means inconsistent with its nature. The Bill being itself a fraud, it is fitting that its discussion should be a farce. On Thursday last, for example, no fewer than eighteen clauses—important as the Bill goes—were passed in rather less than five minutes. This legislative record, though unsurpassed, has been approached before and will be approached again during the remainder of the Committee stage. At a few minutes' notice our modern Claudius improvises the most extraordinary political suggestions. As originally drafted the Bill was made applicable to the British Isles as a whole. But a word from successive bundles of parliamentary votes, and first Ireland, then Scotland, and finally Wales is severed from the bulk. The Bill being now drawn and quartered, the other operation alone remains. With even more shameless address, Mr. Lloyd George trims his Bill to suit the by-electoral necessities of the moment. There is a by-election in Somersetshire where out-workers who object to the Bill threaten to vote against the Liberal candidate. Mr. Lloyd George is as ready to accommodate them as if they were in Parliament itself. The report of his concessions, made to the electors by the Chief Whip, failing to find credence, Mr. Lloyd George wires to the candidate his solemn confirmation, adding that he is contemplating still further concessions. Similar assurances and concessions would be forthcoming, we have no doubt, in any constituency where a by-election was taking place. * * *

The reflection is suggested that if the Bill is so unpopular that the concession of a contracting-out clause is necessary to win an election, the Tories and the Labour party are conniving at a very black piece of work in assisting in the passage of the Bill at all. There is not the least doubt that a single unanimous vote of the Labour party would kill it for ever. But there is no more doubt that a combined vote of the Tory party would be similarly fatal. Mr. Bonar Law remarked on Thursday that the first duty of the Opposition was to turn the present Government out. Well, they have
The defeat of the Government on any other issue would not, we think, ensure the return of the Tories to power after a General Election. As a whole the country desires to remove, but Mr. Lloyd George and his Bill. But on the single issue of the Bill, since the Cabinet has foolishly consented to stand or fall by it, not only might the present Government be defeated, but a Government might return unfortunate for this prospect there is no evidence that Mr. Bonar Law is sincere in his expressed intention. In plain words, he is not anxious to get rid of the present Government. Though in his publicity expressed opinion, the sins of the present Government are as scarlet that the Bill would be the result of the poor and increase unemployment. The same opinion has been expressed by Lord Selborne and hosts of others. Surely the natural conclusion to be drawn from these opinions is that their holders will do their best to make it impossible electoral support of Mr. Bonar Law may be forgiven his own ambiguity on this particular subject. But there was less excuse—indeed, there was no excuse at all—for the Labour unrest. "The Bill, scarcely one in four of them is present at the discussions, and no more than one in two takes the trouble to vote. England is come to a pretty pass if all the people can be fooled by this all the time.

But Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Leeds was disappointing from more points of view than the Insurance Bill. In the matter of the Insurance Bill, he is, after all, only following everybody. The bitterest criticism of the Bill, it seems, are prepared to vote for it if no other way of defeating it can be found. All three candidates at Oldham, for example, promised to support the Bill on the third reading on condition that two of them or even more marked. Diphtheria, for example, is equal to his own, and with Mr. Burns, whose professional politicians, it is a pleasure to record the fact that two or three members of the Cabinet are quietly and unostentatiously pushing on with their own proper business of effective administration. Viscount Haldane has displayed admirable courage and persistency in his endeavours to create a Territorial force out of voluntary material. The attempt, we fear, is doomed to failure. The reasons why it is doomed are not because compulsory service is likely to be popular or even possible in this country. England will not ruin the Territorial force because in her heart she believes in conscription. The reason of Lord Haldane's failure will be that he has trusted the support of any popular representative body. The County Councils were, in our opinion, the natural nuclei of the new citizen force, and the sudden rehabilitation of the county lieutenants in their stead was a blunder for which the Territorial movement will pay possibly with its life. Within these self-imposed limits, however, Lord Haldane, we must admit, has done wonders. Nobody suspects him of any private axe to grind. He does not aspire after the Premiership or any higher office that may be nevertheless thrust upon him. With Mr. Birrell, whose self-effacement and efficiency are equal to his own, and with Mr. Burns, whose administration of national health is almost a model, Lord Haldane is one of three Cabinet Ministers whose place few men now in public life could take.

Particular attention may be drawn to the Annual Report, issued last Tuesday, of the chief medical officer of Mr. Burns' department—the Local Government Board. These figures contained that they show an unusually high level of achievement. Comparing the death-rate of the past year, 1910, with the death-rate of 1900, the returns show a decrease of no less than 20 per cent. Over the same period, the rate of infantile mortality has been reduced by 30 per cent. Of diseases whose prevention is mainly by sanitation, the decline in extent has been equally or even more marked. Diphtheria, for example, has fallen in the power of death by 50 per cent. Enteric fever, which Dr. Newsholme cites as an index of sanitary efficiency, has declined almost steadily in virulence from 1871-80, when it averaged 11,800 deaths per annum, to 1910, when only 1,848 deaths were due to it. Tuberculosis, in one form or another, is still the worst plague of our nation. In the whole of England its rate is shown as a notifiable disease, its continued steady decline may be accelerated. When it is remembered that a considerable section of our population is suffering from poverty with all its attendant risks of disease, the health and the increasing health of the community at large is nothing short of amazing. In a sanitary administration the health of the community under conditions so bad as our economic system involves the degree of health that actually prevails. By comparison with statistics of former years, and in particular with the returns preceding the last decade, the decade now closing reveals an improvement in the health of our population which suggests at once the ground of our hope for the future. If while still subject to widespread poverty, the community can be adminis-
tered to resist with ever increasing effectiveness the ravages of disease, to what degree of national physical well-being would it not be possible to attain if poverty were abolished? Mr. Burns does not concern himself with the abolition of poverty, unfortunately. Saving for his Housing Bill, he will have no work on legis-
lation. But within the limits set by his office, he is by far the greatest Minister of Health that England has ever had.

The circumstances under which the Railway strike last August was suddenly abandoned at the instigation of the men's leaders at the moment of victory have been further elucidated by the revelations provoked by Mr. MacDonald. We say provoked, because it is im-
possible to suppose that Mr. MacDonald would ever of his own accord play a straightforward game with all the cards on the table. His previous cravings of reasons of State were suggested as the explanation of the general retreat of the men; but if they resumed work from patriotic motives, some acknowledgment was surely due to them. It is understood now that the main inducement to Mr. MacDonald to order the men back to work was the information that England might be at war with Germany at any moment. For reasons of State, therefore, it was highly desirable that in-
dustrial peace should prevail. Why, however, if this was the case, pressure should not have been placed on the railways by the Government to that extent that they would not know. If patriotism was the appeal, it might have been expected that the companies would have been as willing as the men to make some sacrifice. Neverthe-
less, it appears that only the men were called upon or responded to the call to make any sacrifice, whereas the companies have been compelled to command the companies rather than the men to submit. But this happier issue of the struggle was thrown away by the contemptible flabby-
ess of Mr. MacDonald. He and not the companies was the first to submit.

If any sense of honour existed in the Government this self-sacrifice on the part of the men would at least have been rewarded by the concession to them of the right of recognition. Having generously, if foolishly, abandoned their fight to oblige the Government, the men were entitled to some acknowledgment. But by this time the country would put an end to some dozens of pauper and charity problems at a single stroke. In other words, the establishment of a minimum wage by a general strike or by any other means, would be a piece of statesman-
ship of which any nation in the world might be proud. And this, as we say, was within an ace of being accompl-
ished by the new industrial spirit. That spirit, how-
ever, as the result of one hour or two of firmness, has been abandoned. The companies have been rewarded by the concession to them of the right of recognition. Having generously, if foolishly, submitted to use no more offensive term—of the men's leaders has now been temporarily broken. The railwaymen have been reduced to balloting when they should be striking. The miners have practically withdrawn their demands and substituted begging appeals. In all the labour world, in short, spirit has fallen by several degrees; and in place of the hope, the defiance and the courage of some few months ago, we have now despair, submission and entreaty. Far be it from us to say that society is not more comfortable in mind as a result of the lowering of spiritual temper. It is so comfortable to use common appeals instead of demands. Theưa of which any nation in the world might be proud. And this, as we say, was within an ace of being accompl-
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The worst effect, however, is not the loss of any im-
mediate advantage, but the rebuff to a promising in-
dustrial movement among the men. We have seen that neither of the political parties has any notion of how wages can be raised, and the Labour party, after a fair trial, has similarly failed to do anything but aggravate the problem by political means. The only method now left open by direction is direct action by means of in-
dustrial agitation; and this method was beginning to be employed with vigour when its first great exercise was nipped in the bud by Mr. MacDonald. It is cer-
tainly much less vigorous at this moment than it was three months ago. Three months ago, we had some millions of workmen, transport, railway, and seamen, engineers and miners, all within a degree or two of striking in unison for a minimum wage. By common consent the establishment of a minimum wage in this country would put an end to some dozens of pauper and charity problems at a single stroke. In other words, the establishment of a minimum wage by a general strike or by any other means, would be a piece of statesman-
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but, as everybody expects, it will be suspended in the House of Lords next autumn. If that is not the case, the alternatives before the Government are to sit still until their parliamentary life expires or instantly to challenge a General Election. It is not usual to pass a Franchise Bill save on the eve of dissolution; and, if we remember rightly, Mr. Asquith once declared that he never would consent to alter the franchise. But there is no more probable than the first. The Irish party will doubtless complain, and especially if the forecast of the electoral results should appear to be unfavourable to them. But, after all, they cannot expect to rule England before ruling Ireland. Moreover, the extension of the franchise, and the abolition of plural voting should, from their point of view, ensure them the so-called democratic support of the English electorate. If Home Rule should slip through by stealth, incurable sores will remain. But if the Irish boldly challenge a General Election on a new and enlarged register, the result, if it is favourable to them, will be final.

It is lamentable, however, that in all these current discussions of the Franchise nobody appears to be willing to examine the bases of Representative Government. Mr. J. M. Kennedy in his book, just published, on Tory Democracy, does not seem to think of the matter in precisely the way Mr. Belloc declares that the issue is between Burke and Mill. For those who are familiar with these authors the choice is not in doubt for one moment. Mill was a theorist and a logician. Burke was a statesman and a poet. Mill was for example, that the roots of the existing party system should be destroyed. Deriving their nourishment from minority and by the weight of simple arithmetic would pass Tariff Reform by a bare majority gave Burke the lie. To press Tariff Reform on a considerable proportionists would have him, the spokesman of a sectional body of private-minded citizens. When a body of citizens is part of it. He ceased to be a member for Bristol or, as proportionists would have him, the spokesman of a sectional body of opinion, and he became, or should try to become, one of the voices of the whole nation, public opinion in England. Unfortunately, this large and national view of Burke's has for many years now been overlaid by Mill's relatively small and sectarian view. Mr. Bonar Law did indeed in his speech at Leeds hint at its revival among Conservatives, but his later declaration in favour of proportional Representation, strange as the combination may seem, are logical extensions of the doctrines of Mill. Burke, on the other hand, held firmly by the spiritual view of representation. By whatever means chosen, the representative may stand after his election for the nation and not merely for a part of it. He ceased to be a member for Bristol or, as proportionists would have him, the spokesman of a sectional body of opinion, and he became, or should try to become, one of the voices of the whole nation, public opinion in England.

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Now we do not contend that Burke's view is any more popular at this moment that it has been for the last hundred years; but we do maintain that Mill's view is becoming increasingly unpopular as it extends in practice. We now see his suspicions of the futility of parliamentary and pseudo-representative institutions. It is not that parliamentary government itself is losing ground in national opinion. Certainly there is no perceptible drift in the direction of monarchy or of republicanism or of autocracy. But there is a corresponding drift in the imagination of the electorate as to what parliamentary government is carried on. It is felt that, for some reason or other, the House of Commons fails to speak with the voice of England. English public opinion is seldom heard there. An interest, a section, a class, may for a time have the ascendency, but in general everybody is heard save everybody. To remedy this, it has been suggested by Mr. Belloc, for example, that the roots of the existing party system should be destroyed. Deriving their nourishment from secret funds, the exposure of these would in turn expose the party system, and the abolition of this would force members of Parliament to speak their honest opinions. The proportional representationists, however, throw the blame upon another part of the system. The House of Commons, according to them, is only unrepresentative because its members are not numerically proportioned to the diverse bodies of opinion existing in the country at large. It is representative, but inaccurately so. The majorities and minorities should be a little more or less. Of Mr. Belloc's criticism it is enough to say that it is more merely and English. Party system or no party system, it is plainly dishonest and corrupt to have representatives secretly paid by private interests. Mr. Belloc does not deny that some party system would remain even if the secret cash nexus were abolished, but its affiliations would be real and sincere, instead of, as now, pretended and insincere. * * *

Proportional Representation, on the other hand, is, in our opinion, another long step in the direction of Mill and away from Burke. So far from combating the further spread of sectionalism, the proportionists openly advocate the complete sectionalisation of Parliament. The country, they argue, contains so many millions of people that nobody can speak with the voice of the whole when he speaks with the voice of his constituents only. If the largest body in the country should have the largest party in Parliament and the smallest the smallest. Thus the House of Commons would be a kind of miniature of the nation as it is, with a watery eye on the Irish. Curiously enough, it is at first sight, a little reflection will reveal the fact that it is based on a doctrine the very contrary of the doctrine of representation. To represent is precisely not to reproduce. Yet Proportional Representation would admittedly reproduce on a small scale the conformation of the nation on the large scale. To represent, on the other hand, is to discover, not the exact proportions of the varying opinions existing in the nation, but their common factor, their soul, we may use the term. It may thus happen in a perfectly representative body that its expressed opinion actually coincides exactly with no single body of opinion, large or small, in the country. For all that, it may by universal consent be typical, national and representative. Now how are we to produce such a representative body? It will not be by apportioning members in the proportion of numerical bodies of private-minded citizens. We are invited to return a spokesman they will send a delegate with sealed instructions, not a representative Englishman. Nor will it be by adding thousands to the electorate. Both these methods have been proved to be powerless to effect the nationally representative character of a parliamentary assembly. The only effective method is to return, if we are honest enough for it, to the method of Burke. If we return to Representation, Representation will return to us. To insist that men in Parliament, however, or by whomsoever elected, with or without a single whole when once there, speak not for their constituencies or for their trades and professions or their class, but for England—that is the secret of Representative government. To reveal your private interests or the interests of your constituents in Parliament should be declared a public indecency. We hope that the appeal made by the Proportional Representation Society for fresh propaganda funds will meet with no response.

THE GOD FROM THE MACHINE.

He stands before Demos, their spirit personified,
Hands waving ecstasy, striking an attitude
(Shades of great statesmen, observe what they've deified!)
Cambria's gramophone, mouthing a platitude.

Plebeians, look at him, bravely auriferous!
Magniloquent grandee with gifts of the Greek.
Acceptance with speeches vociferous;
Millennial bounty for fourpence a week.

CHARLES WHITE.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

I HAVE JUST REACHED SALONIKA FROM TRIPOLI, AND FIND HERE THE AMOUNT OF ILL-CONECEDE USELESSNESS WHICH REPORTS LED ME TO EXPECT. THERE IS A GENERAL FEELING OF SATISFACTION AT THE THOUGHT THAT TURKEY CAN FINALLY CONQUER ITALY BY SIMPLY SITTING TIGHT; BUT THIS IS BALANCED BY A FEELING OF RESPECTMENT AGAINST THE ACTIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF UNION AND PROGRESS, WHICH STILL REALLY RULES THE COUNTRY.

When writing about Turkey before, as when I write about Turkey now, it has often been a matter of astonishment to me that the Press in this country has not kept the public better informed all along regarding this Committee. Why, for example, should the Radical Press let us know its great satisfaction at the fact that parliamentary government has at last been established in Turkey, when everyone interested in these matters knows that the Senate and the Chamber in Constantinople have no power at all? That the real power lies with the Committee of Union and Progress, and that its members command the support of the Army?

Unless some forward movement is made soon, the Italians will be in a perfectly hopeless position at Tripoli. They are at present encamped in a sort of semicircle round the sea-coast, and their warships can defend them in cases of dire necessity, which arise pretty often. Rain has been falling in torrents during the last few days, and the condition of the trenches may be imagined. Cholera has affected the Italians more than the Arabs and Turks. It may be added that neither General Frugoni nor General Caneva is a man of extraordinary ability. One of the most remarkable things in modern European history, by the way, is the utter absence of great military leaders. Moltke was not a brilliant man by any means, but the Austrian and French officers he had to work against were even more hopeless. In modern times no soldier has stood out prominently in his profession, whether we take England, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Turkey, or Italy.

This, of course, has nothing, or very little, to do with the actual training of the troops. The Italian soldiers at Tripoli have done remarkably well from the military point of view. They are courageous, daring, quick to adapt themselves to new conditions, equally quick in obeying orders; they are undoubtfully brave. In addition to these factors, which make for the ill-success of the expedition, there are the disadvantages of the country, such as lack of water and lack of food supplies.

Nor should it be overlooked that a considerable amount of dissatisfaction is beginning to arise in Italy over the war. The censorship is absurdly strict. Nothing is gained in the long run by endeavours to minimise the Italian losses; but the Government has not so far proved itself to be bold enough to publish complete lists of the killed and wounded. This feeling of satisfaction, however, is not unmixed—and this is important—with a large amount of patriotic pride. Those who have remained at home are really proud of their sons or brothers who have gone to the front; and any severe defeat the Italians may meet with will certainly be blamed on the Government. Nor will the blame be altogether undeserved; for responsible Italian officials have acknowledged to me that the war was undertaken without adequate knowledge of the circumstances or of the diplomatic attitude which was likely to be adopted by at least one of Italy's near neighbours. In view of the faultiness of our own Intelligence Department at the time of the Boer war, we cannot, of course, criticise Italy as if we had never been caught in the same trap ourselves. For we have been, and badly.

Now one word as to the Italian "atrocities." The lesson, as even one or two severe critics have admitted, was very badly needed. The Arabs, over whom all the trouble arose, had formally submitted and were supposed to have delivered up their arms. Seeing the invaders engaged in a hard struggle with their comrades, however, they fell upon them with arms which had been kept hidden; and one or two Italian regiments, thus caught between two forces, suffered considerably.

When the fight was over the Italians gathered the stripped and mutilated bodies of their comrades, and the sight of them, naturally enough, aroused a desire for revenge. When, therefore, the order was given to clear the oasis it was executed with terrible thoroughness. Both officers and men lost their heads, and Arab men, women, and children were shot down indiscriminately. There may be no excuse for this, but there are extenuating circumstances. In an army of conscripts one naturally finds all classes represented. There are both extremes, from very good-natured men to men who are almost bestial in their thoughts and actions. It was these latter who ran amuck, and the infection spread. This sort of thing has happened innumerable times in the world's history, and is likely to continue indefinitely. For we shall always have wars. And as long as we have wars we shall have their inevitable accompaniments. A French invasion of Germany, or a German invasion of England would not be a kid-glove affair.

I see that the "Daily News" has made a brilliant discovery. In one issue there is a remarkable paragraph or two from its Paris correspondent, beginning: "When writing about Turkey before, as when I write about Turkey now, it has often been a matter of astonishment to me that the Press in this country has not kept the public better informed all along regarding this Committee. Why, for example, should the Radical Press let us know its great satisfaction at the fact that parliamentary government has at last been established in Turkey, when everyone interested in these matters knows that the Senate and the Chamber in Constantinople have no power at all? That the real power lies with the Committee of Union and Progress, and that its members command the support of the Army?"

What is this staggering paragraph? Simply a casual reference to the secret clauses of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, which have often been referred to in these columns. The "Temps" refers to the clauses dealing with the capitulations in Egypt; but the "Daily News" message is chiefly remarkable for its ending: "The disclosure, however, is of equal importance to the public in Great Britain, which is thus told for the first time of the existence of secret clauses in the Agreement of 1904." Tut, tut! Apart from the references in this paper, surely all journalists who dabble in international politics should know by this time that all treaties entered into have secret clauses. There are secret clauses, for example, in the agreement between France and Germany over Morocco; and there are other secret clauses in the Anglo-French agreement regarding the amount of assistance which Great Britain is called upon to supply in the event of war, as well as a clause dealing with the patrolling of the Mediterranean by the French Fleet. Diplomatically, all treaties are divided into two parts: the part which is published at the conclusion of negotiations and the part which is kept a strict secret and is known only to the heads of a few Foreign Offices, or to people who have influential diplomatic connections here and there.

But the "Daily News" is wrong again; the "Temps" has no connections with the present French Foreign Office, notorious or otherwise. It had intimate relations with the Foreign Office until M. Monis took up office several months ago; but M. Tardieu has always been a severe critic of the Monis and Caillaux Cabinets. Consider, too, his attack on M. Herbette, for which it must be admitted that there was considerable justification.
TO-DAY.
(Suggested by Modern Thought).

The Devil, at the last ear of to-day,
With smiling visage and with oily tongue,
Hold on the catch-arches unto catcher's and young;
And this his sermon: Fling all creeds away—
All superstitions that have erst held sway
And been the bane of self-deluded fools—
Dupes of imagination, priesthood's tools—
Living on Faith that never yet shed ray
Of light on man save but to lead astray.

Know for a truth, there's no such thing as sin,
And with the knowledge gather wisdom in,
Nor lend an ear to what the foolish say.

 Burst, then, your letters, O ye slaves, aspire!
Each his own God, his Heaven—unchecked Desire.

MATTHEW BARR.

Pages from a Book of Swells.
Political Swells in Council.

By T. H. S. Escott.

ONCE or twice in a generation do the great party clubs in Pall Mall put on an appearance of fussy animation betokening a serious crisis or, it may be, merely an important and unwonted incident in the domestic life of the political parties to which they respectively belong. Some points of resemblance in the procedure on such occasions at the rival establishments there may be, but the "buffs" do their internal business under conditions and on premises very different from the "blues." And here may be parenthetically interposed a word about the origin and significance of party colours.

First, as Pall Mall regards the great political connection to be designated the "buffs." According to a common tradition the mixture of orange and dark azure, to-day frequently called the "buff" colours, originated in its having been the turf badge adopted by the Dukes of Richmond, who, in the eighteenth century, were in the van of advanced Whiggery. As a fact, the Richmond turf colours have always been, as they are to-day, yellow for the jacket and crimson for the cap. Some generations ago, indeed, when the owners of Goodwood kept not only a racing stud, but foxhounds, the Nimrods who rode with them frequently pleased their fancy by donning cut-away coats of cerulean hue and waistcoats of a shade varying between fawn colour and saffron. The combination of orange and the darkest shade of blue as the Whig insignia is still seen in the "Edinburgh Review" cover, and was C. J. Fox's legacy to his followers, who, not content with copying the blue coat and yellow waistcoat always worn by their chief, displayed these two tints on election flags and ribbons. The association of light blue with the Tories first, with the Conservatives afterwards, takes one back to Stuart days, when, three years after James I. began, the St. George's white banner of England fused itself with the blue banner of Scotland.

Of that process the first result was the Union Jack (Jack-Jacques, or Jacobus) and the recognition of blue as the Tory symbol. The earliest Stuart king, in the races he frequented at Newmarket, by his own hand decorated the horses he ran and the stable boys who rode them with precisely that shade of wachet to-day the horses he ran and the stable boys who rode them with precisely that shade of wachet to-day

When the politicians recently assembled under that flag in Pall Mall we are now concerned. But first a word about some striking differences in the process of convoking the "buffs" and the "light blues" respectively. Nearly two score years ago the great Mr. Paramount suddenly threw up the party leadership. The Progress immediately came on scene of a function like that celebrated at the neighbouring establishment, the light blue Palladium, last week. But of the gentlemen who were whipped into the lobby after Mr. Paramount by no means all held advanced views. On the contrary, Mr. Paramount's successor-designate, Lord Maudener, so seldom entered the Progress that when, for the ceremony in which he was to take so important a part, he had put one foot across the club threshold the porter would usually have asked whether he might be a member. The aristocratic section of the "buffs," to which, of course, Lord Maudener belonged, was wont exclusively to affect Hook's Club in St. James's Street—the institution concerning which we make the antediluvian joke that to dine at Hook's was like dining with a himself lying dead upstairs. The light blue Palladium, on the other hand, has always been what the buff and blue Progress has done its best rather unsuccessfully to become—the chosen resort of every section and individual composing the party for which it is formed.

One of the reasons investing with absolute unanimity the Palladium gathering which has given the "light blues" their new leader, was that all the essential points of the proceedings had not only been carefully rehearsed, but definitely settled beforehand. Sir Blankney Slea-for on a motion of Longton for Saunders, the oldest member present, was voted to the chair. In his most impressive tones this really eloquent survivor of the period when the "light blue" leader was Mr. Ben Judah, deprecated what he called a scramble for Ballour's mantle. He was quite sure, that everyone present saved Mr. Sheffield Blunt, the providentally-designated successor to Mr. Whittington Postlethaite. This brought up Mr. Maudle Highbury himself, in his own opinion and in that of one other man and of two women, eminently qualified to fill the vacancy. But nolo exisicoparae formed the burden of his remarks. Wasn't it gold, and nothing else? And wasn't it within a few hours of Postlethaite's retirement becoming known Maudle Highbury met Brabazon Short, another potential chief of the highest competence, and that the two gentlemen agreed to lay aside their claims to the post, for which they were now engaged in choosing an occupant, in favour of Sheffield Blunt? When gentlemen of this sort do agree, their unanimity is, indeed, wonderful. As for Mr. Brabazon Short, the gift of saving his party by self-sacrifice is hereditary. During the nineteenth century's opening years a combination of accidents had made Mr. Sheffield Blunt, the Chief Minister. Pitt and Fox were both prepared to unite in upsetting him. But the men of Pitt's own faction shrank from the idea of a collision between these two rival leaders, both of whom belonged to the Sarcophagus Club. Brabazon Short's ancestor of that period was walking home from the House one night with Pitt. As they passed the Sarcophagus, Pitt said, "I have a great mind to go in here and get some supper." "I think," was his companion's reply, "you had better not." The reason for this marked was that the Brabazon Short of the day knew Fox at that moment to be sitting down at his midnight repast, and dreaded the two statesmen meeting in the course of that meal. As Fox had an appetite, and Fox did not care for the Shorts of the period were so shy that they would shun Fox when he was dining, the Pittite of 1804 now referred to, took much credit to himself in thus destroying the one chance of the two great statesmen burying their differences and then probably arranging a programme of their own that might not suit all their adherents. "Perhaps," dryly said a gentleman to whom Short told the story, you were not angry and would not have supported it? "On the contrary," rejoined the party patriot, "I had not broken my fast since noon and was ravenous; but I would sooner have starved to death than that Fox and Pitt should have come together just then."

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

Dance in the wind, poor skeleton! You that was my joy,
You they hanged for stealing sheep.
Dance and dangle, laugh and leap!
To-morrow night, at squire's ball,
I am to serve a sheep in hall:
My lady's wedding. Lord love her!
Wait until they lift the cover.

E. H. VIBIAK.
The Reform of Criminal Procedure.

By G. W. Harris.

It is a curious thing that attention is but rarely drawn to the peculiar position in our country, which the legal profession has managed to secure. The law is assuredly a law unto itself: it is a closed body, exercising a rigid tyranny within its own domain, and forming in fact that abomination of honest government, an imperium in imperio. Not only are lawyers occupied in applying the law, but that have actually the power of assisting in the making of the law; a vastly disproportionate number of them being members of Parliament. They have managed to establish a series of charges for their services which are utterly incommensurate with the work they do, and their arrogance of behaviour is only equalled by their still formalism and real incompetence to deal with human affairs. But the most glaring abuse of legal power is exhibited in our criminal procedure, in which all the elements that make for equity and fair play are conspicuously wanting. A judge, in setting the date for a trial, and, in sentencing a man, delivers a moral expatiation upon the enormity of the offence. He usually begins by saying: "You have been found guilty of the most revolting of crimes: you have displayed the lowest characteristics of the lowest of criminals," and so on for half an hour. The function of a judge, in view of the fact that in communities the punishment is absurd waste of human life. Admitting the percentage of murders is not very high. But capital sentence of the prisoner should be entrusted to a specially created board of medico-legal practitioners, their constitution. The ancient vindictiveness of the punishment is absurd waste of human life. Admitting that there is a tendency to exaggerate the value of the perpetually tyrannical power of the judicial system. The judge is there to sentence, not to moralise. The judge is not required for oratorical brilliance. Does he imagine in his arrogance that words of his are going to influence a man one way or the other in ten minutes? His attitude is on a par with our political belief in the power of the perpetual harangue. As the Court of Appeal, being constituted of judges, it may perhaps be justified on the principle of a "hair of the dog that bit you," but it seems rather absurd to allow its present constitution. The ancient vindictiveness of the race is nowhere more prominent than in judges, barristers and other members of this gigantic trust. Take but a recent instance. A girl is found guilty of theft. The jury commend her to mercy on the ground that there was no motive for her crime, and the district states that she is the victim of hysteria. The judge, one of our emblems of wisdom, sentences her to eighteen months' hard labour. Comment is superfluous. The fact is that the whole of criminal procedure so far as concerns the treatment and sentence of the prisoner should be entrusted to a specially created body of medico-legal practitioners, who would endeavour, not to punish the criminal according to early and Victorian ideas, but to turn him to some account for the benefit of the State and the community at large. This does not necessarily mean that there would be no long terms of imprisonment; but it does guarantee that the best methods should be tried for the regeneration of the criminal. Take, for instance, capital punishment. Certain jokes have been published recently to express their views on the retention of the death sentence, arguing that it is absolutely a deterrent. This seems a debatable point, particularly in view of the fact that in communities where capital punishment has been abolished the percentage of murders is not very high. But capital punishment is absurd waste of human life. Admitting that there is a tendency to exaggerate the value of human life, criminals condemned to death should be handed over to the medical faculty for experiment, their living or dying being absolutely immaterial, providing they are accorded in any way the treatment. The celebrated criminal, Koch, who was hanged in Chicago for the murder of his fifty-five wives, actually offered himself for experiment, but was refused owing to the short-sighted folly of the law. The more State action comes into play, the greater will be the need for breaking down the colossal tyranny of the law. Cases and cases come up where it is obvious that the culprit is abnormal, yet he is relegated to the hard labour which the legal mind imagines is the requisite of reform. The whole attitude of the law is mediæval, its buildings, its procedure, its impatient formalities. Consider the offence known as contempt of court. A judge may say what he likes, a barrister may do the same, if the judge allow him, and an unfortunate witness or criminal can be bullied, ragged, cross-examined and confounded without the right of resisting, for if he answer back it is contempt of court.

Criminals are the proper province of medical and not legal investigation. The judge's very profession militates against any attempt at a real understanding of any case brought before him. In the first place, he is continually at it and becomes formal, whereas he should judge a year and reform himself for a year. In the second place, he is allowed to judge when he is too old, when the foibles and follies of a querulous old age render him liable to the greatest errors. Thirdly, he is a man who has been a barrister, and is, therefore, likely to be biased one way or the other. Lastly, he is allowed far too much power, and his summing up not often seems to influence the jury. Witness the celebrated Maybrick case, in which the judge's attitude changed completely after the earlier stages of the trial. By way of interesting comment on the absurd tyranny of the law, there is an amusing paragraph in the "Journal des Débats" of May 29, 1811. A lawyer produced a satire entitled "La Mort aux Procès." The paper comments on this, and says that the title, though striking, is not, in the form of the paragraph, powerful enough to make the judge say what the writer meant. "I have recourse to a bizarre and perhaps ridiculous title? . . ." At Paris, three years ago, there were 268 "avoués" of "premier instance," and the number of cases averaged between eight and nine thousand. To-day, lawyers are reduced to 150, and the number of cases does not reach 5,000! Verbum sat. sap.

Notes on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

III.

We have been treated during the last two weeks to a number of not very profound witicisms on the subject of Bergson. It has been triumphantly demonstrated that all his conclusions are of extreme antiquity, and great play has been made, both in prose and verse, with "the people who discovered for the first time that they had souls, being told that it was the latest thing from Paris." In any case, this is a fairly mechanical formula of wit, and it may be that attacks on Bergson could have been predicted beforehand. The only effective kind of sneer is the one which only your enemy could have thought of, while these things, as a matter of fact, were anticipated in detail by me in the last of my Notes. I am afraid they would be sure to come and I defended myself in advance.

But my attitude towards the state of mind behind these attacks has become so complicated by the mixture of partial agreement and partial disagreement that I shall try to dissect the thing out clearly. I agree entirely with the point of view from which these jokes spring, but, at the same time, I do not see that they have any "point." Some jokes one can never appreciate because they spring from a general mental make-up which one dislikes. I don't appreciate jokes about stupid Conservative candidates, for example. But in this case I am on the same side as the people who make the jokes. Why, then, do they seem to be rather pointless? Take first the sneer about the antiquity of Bergson's conclusions. I agree with the statement that it is so true that it is merely a platitude. But if it is to have any point as an attack, behind it must lie the supposition that philosophers may, and, indeed, ought to, establish some absolutely new conclusion—if they are to be considered of any importance. This is the most vulgar of all superstitions. No new conclusions can ever be expected, for this reason, that when a philoso-
pher arrives at his conclusions he steps right out of the field of philosophy and into that of common knowledge, where nothing new is, of course, possible. I don't mean by this that he has made a step which he ought not to have made; it would be the converse of a necessary and inevitable step, which is involved in the very nature of "conclusions." Every philosopher in his conclusions must pass out of his own special craft and discipline into the kind of knowledge which every man may and should have. He passes from the study to the marketplace. I use marketplace here something is the sense which is intended in the epithet which I quote below. It is one which is fairly common, but I happened to see it myself first in the garden suburb of Hove, Sussex. I put in the second verse just for the fun of the thing:—

Life is a crowded town,
With many crooked streets.
Death is a market-place,
Where all men meet.
If life were a thing
Which money could buy,
The rich would live.
And the poor would die.

By the "conclusions" of a philosopher one means his views on the soul, on the relation of matter and mind and the rest of it. If, then, in the above epithet I take the marketplace not to be of death itself, but "thoughts and opinions about death," I get the position accurately enough. When the philosopher makes the inevitable step into this marketplace, he steps into a region of absolute constancy. Here novelty of belief would be as lovely in this sense of novelty as the kind of truth that I like. My defence of my opinion in this flux and varying contests seems, I believe in it in substantially the same form that I myself hold it, then it gains a sudden thickness and solidity. I feel myself no longer afloat on a sea in which all the support I can get depends on my own activity in swimming, but joined on by a chain of hands in the form that I myself hold it, then it gains a sudden thickness and solidity. I feel myself no longer afloat on a sea in which all the support I can get depends on my own activity in swimming, but joined on by a chain of hands.

In this region there could not then be any new conclusion, and expectation of any such novelty could only spring from a confusion of mind.

But though I hold this opinion, yet at the same time I cannot see anything ridiculous in the people who have suddenly discovered that they have souls. I can explain the cause of my apparent inconsistency. To make the task more difficult in appearance I assert that not only do I accept the statement that there is no novelty as a truth, but I welcome it with considerable enthusiasm as the kind of truth that I like. My defence of the people who have "discovered their souls" will be the same, I suppose, as the fact that I personally sympathise with the attitude from which they have been laughed at. I find no attraction in the idea that things must be discovered, or even re-stated, in each generation. I would prefer that they were much more continuous with the same ideas in the past even than they are. There is tremendous consolation in the idea of fixity and sameness. If the various possible ideas about the soul at the present moment are represented by certain struggling factions in the marketplace, then my own opinion in this flux and varying contests seems, if I confine myself to the present, to be a very thin and fragile thing. But if I find that a certain proportion of the men of every generation of recorded history have believed in it in substantially the same form that I myself hold it, then it gains a sudden thickness and solidity. I feel myself no longer afloat on a sea in which all the support I can get depends on my own activity in swimming, but joined on by a chain of hands.

As I stand in front of the mechanistic theory during the last two centuries has put a weapon of such a new and powerful nature into the hands of the materialist, that in spite of oneself one is compelled to submit. It is as if in the faction fight had suddenly armed themselves in steel breast-plates while the other went unprotected.

It is idle to deny this. It seems to me to be the most important fact which faces the philosopher. If one examines the psychology of belief one finds that brutal forces of this kind decide the matter just as they do more external matters. A candid examination of one's own mind shows one that the mechanistic theory has an irresistible hold over one (that is, if one has been educated in a certain way).

It isn't simply a question of what you would like to win. It is a matter simply of the recognition of forces. If you are candid with yourself you find, on examining your own state of mind, that you are forcibly, as it were, carried on to the materialist side.

It is from this frank recognition of forces that comes my excitement about Bergson. I find, for the first time, this force which carries me on willy-nilly to the materialist side, balanced by a force which is, as a matter of fact, apart from the question of what I want, able to meet on equal terms the first force. As the materialist side became for a time triumphant, because it came, to a certain extent, artificial by putting on heavy armour (this is how the effect of the mechanistic theory appears to me), so in Bergson, in the conception of time, I find that the other side, the scattered opposition to materialism, has taken on, for its part, a to a certain extent, artificial form which is able to meet the other side on equal terms.

It could not be said, then, of me that I had "discovered my soul." But simply that for the first time the side that I favoured was able to meet fairly without any fudging the materialist side. It has been only in the past that it was forced to meet under the pretence that this force did not exist, for I knew very well that it did and affected me powerfully.

The attitude behind the sneer seems then to me to be childish, because it takes no account of what was actually done. I could not be said to have suddenly discovered that I was an Englishman as a matter of fact, but I exhibited some delight in a naval victory, but merely...
that there was some sense of the real forces which move the things you feel. There is, then, nothing comic in the attitude of the people who suddenly discovered their souls, but merely an admirable sense of reality, a sure instinct for the forces that really exist. They had the capacity to understand the Realpolitik of belief.

Summing it all up, then, there is a constant struggle between the two attitudes we can assume about the soul. But during the last 150 years the balance between the two has been greatly disturbed. The materialist side has clothed itself in a certain armour of sensation in a different way. Sometimes walking down an empty street at night one suddenly becomes conscious of oneself as a kind of eternal subject facing a water-tap, where if you turn off the tap you do not thereby annihilate water?

Is consciousness, then, a temporary phenomenon coming out in spots, or is it a permanent, continuous and enduring entity? The difference in these views is connected somehow with the idea of 'separation,' and anything which increases your consciousness of your separation from other things increases your conviction that the electric-light view is the right one. Extreme cold, for example, increases, for instance, the feeling of 'separation' from the world, and at the same time tends to convince you that consciousness is nothing but a mere local phenomenon. Personally, I can never walk down the narrow spiral stone staircases of a new idea, must exist independently of matter. It seems ridiculous to think that it is an eternal object. One gets a vague sentiment of assurance of the other, we are obliged to search out the unconsciousness as to extinguish a centre of light. It is now only the material world and that light is immortal and endures.

The balance of evidence is on the materialist side, but without any flagrant absurdity. The arrival of the mechanistic view changes all this. It is no more than two sentiments which do exist and can be described. The question as to whether they correspond to anything real has to be decided in other ways. One can state the question at dispute a little more objectively, in order to bring to a focus the real point of difference which has to be decided. There exist, distributed in space, at this minute, so many centres of consciousness, just as there are so many electric lights in the streets outside. Is there any real resemblance between these two phenomena? Each light exists as the result of certain material conditions, and can be easily extinguished. It is possible for the whole of the lights to be put out. No one pretends that there re electric-light view is the right one. Extreme cold, for example, increases your consciousness of your separation from other things increases your conviction that the electric-light view is the right one.

The question as to whether the things we feel in them are true or false, is joined on to something which passes beyond its local appearance in certain physical conditions, or it is not. That is the whole of the electric-light view. The difference between these two phenomena, in the shape of death, seem to be in favour of the materialist view, yet the matter was always 'open.' One could take the opposite side without any flagrant absurdity. The question as to whether the things we feel in them are true or false, is joined on to something which passes beyond its local appearance in certain physical conditions, or it is not. That is the whole of the electric-light view. The difference between these two phenomena, in the shape of death, seem to be in favour of the materialist view, yet the matter was always 'open.' One could take the opposite side without any flagrant absurdity. The question as to whether the things we feel in them are true or false, is joined on to something which passes beyond its local appearance in certain physical conditions, or it is not. That is the whole of the electric-light view. The difference between these two phenomena, in the shape of death, seem to be in favour of the materialist view, yet the matter was always 'open.' One could take the opposite side without any flagrant absurdity.
turns the open question into a closed one. It settles the thing definitely in favour of materialism. It is not merely that you may believe that this is the true view, but that you have to. The honest use of your reason leads you inevitably to that position.

**Views and Reviews.**

To what extent hackwork has superseded biography the quotation of a phrase from the preface of Mr. Lewis Melville's book about Sterne will show. "The simplest and, I think, the best way to show the great man in his habit as he is lived to allow him, whenever possible," says Mr. Melville, "is to introduce him as a new item. The biographer abnegates his right of judgment. He exempts himself from the necessity of being critical, he is no longer obliged to bring knowledge and judgment of human nature to the consideration of his subject, and he does not speculate on the subtleties of psychology. He has become a mere editor of literary remains. He compiles an autobiography, and tacitly admits that he has no right to form an opinion or state a judgment. The result is not always admirable. In the case of Sterne, the question must be asked: "Is he a reliable witness?" The value of Mr. Melville's work depends on the answer; but that the question should have to be asked shows that something more than the collection of documents and the correction of dates is required.

Bishop Warburton, after an acquaintance with Sterne of less than two years' duration, wrote: "The fellow is an irreconcilable atheist." Mr. Lewis Melville's comment is: "However, little stress need be laid on this, for Warburton was given unduly to the use of strong language on the slightest provocation." But a biographer cannot be allowed to shirk his duty in this manner. Exactly why Warburton changed his opinion of Sterne we shall probably never know; but there is presumptive evidence, at least, that there was some breach of faith by Sterne to justify the Bishop's condemnation. It must be admitted that the story that Sterne had blackmailed Dr. Warburton was told before the two were acquainted. It was in consequence of this scandalous report that Sterne wrote to Garrick in 1739, according to Mr. Melville, to begin an introduction to the Bishop. The introduction was made; the Bishop presented Sterne with a purse of gold; he responded with Sterne, and when the fifth and sixth volumes were published, in 1761, he wrote to a friend the phrase I have quoted. As the story was that Sterne was bribed not to lampoon Warburton in "Tristram," it seems probable that Warburton was not satisfied that Sterne had kept his promise. There is a parallel case which proves that Sterne's principles in such a matter were not strict.

In 1759 Sterne lampooned Dr. Topham in a pamphlet entitled "A Political Romance." Mr. Lewis Melville must, of course, correct everybody else, and he says: "It is usually said that 'A Political Romance' was not published during the author's life, but this statement is inaccurate. It was printed in January, 1759, but superseded copies were reprinted for Mr. Melville's subsequent statement that it was published, "somewhat revised, and without the key or the letters, in 1769," does not invalidate their statement. Sterne died, according to Mr. Melville, on March 18, 1768. Either Mr. Melville or the printer has added a century to Sterne's age, but that is no matter for cavil in an expensive biography. What I want to insist on is the reason for the suppression in 1759. The pamphlet "A Political Romance" was a clergyman's quaver about preferences. According to Mr. Melville, in December, 1738, Dr. Topham wrote a pamphlet in which he "attacked the Dean [of York] for having given to Laurence Sterne, in 1751, the Comptroller and Pickering and I shall be well pleased with which, he alleged, had been promised to him." Life, we know, is a mystery; so we need not be surprised to find a character in a biography writing to complain of a broken promise three years before it was broken. There was written an answer to the pamphlet, and a rejoinder to the answer; and then Sterne wrote "A Political Romance." It was suppressed, says Mr. Melville, "because Dr. Topham informed the author that if the pamphlet was withheld, he would resign his pretensions to the reversion in question to the next candidate." In spite of this bargain, we find Sterne writing, in 1761, in his "memoranda left with Mrs. Montagu in case I should die abroad": "If there wants ought to serve the completion of the 'Political Romance' I wrote, which was never published—may be added to the fag-end of the volumes." The great man has spoken for himself, and has said that a bargain may be broken when it pleases him to do so. The one case, if it does not explain it, must be considered in connection with the other; and a biographer who was worth his salt would have done so. Mr. Melville does not. It is enough for him that "Warburton used strong language on the slightest provocation"; but Mr. Melville's readers are not thereby enlightened concerning the character of Sterne.

Take another case. After the publication of the first two volumes of Sterne's "Tristram St Śwenson," the friend of Sterne at Cambridge, wrote "Two Lyric Epistles" to "my cousin Shandy, on his coming to town," which, by their impurity, caused much scandal. Warburton wrote to tell Sterne of their publication; but that the story should be attributed to Hall-Stevenson. This was Sterne's reply: "The first ode, which places me and the author in a ridiculous light, was sent to me in a cover without a name, which, after striking out some parts, as a whimsical performance, I showed to some acquaintance; and as Mr. Garrick had told me some time before he would write an ode, for a day or two I supposed that it came from him. I found afterwards it was sent me from Mr. Hall; for, from a nineteen years' interruption of all correspondence with him, I had forgot his hand, which, at last, when I recollected, I sent it back." Was Sterne telling the truth about his connection with Hall-Stevenson? They knew each other at Cambridge for a few months in 1735; and the date given by Sterne suggests that they wrote to each other until 1741. But if the correspondence lapsed, the friendship did not. "There is an abundance of evidence," says Mr. Melville, to show that, long before 1760, they were again on the best terms." "Was at Jesus College, Cambridge," wrote Sterne, "I commenced a friendship with Mr. Hall, which has been most lasting." It is known that Sterne was a frequent visitor to Skelton Castle, the residence of Hall-Stevenson, and was a member of a group of friends called "The Demonic." It is generally believed that Skelton Castle became the property of Hall-Stevenson after 1745. Mr. Melville, unless the printer has erred, proves that it became his in 1733, when he was fifteen years of age. If this was so—if he was the owner of Skelton Castle when he was at Cambridge—it is highly improbable that the acquaintance ever lapsed; and equally improbable that the correspondence ceased. That Sterne lied to avoid scandal was, perhaps, natural; but the fact impresses, if it does not invalidate, his testimony to himself, and Mr. Melville's attempt "to collect all that helps to build up his character" does not really help us to an understanding of the man. The production of ex parte evidence cannot be accepted as biography. Byron repeated, that: Sterne preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother." Mr. Melville produces letters of Sterne's which certainly call for a judicial reconsideration of the matter. There is no need to search the past or the Archbishop of York, his uncle, was a chivalrous defender of a distressed female; but it is disquieting to readers who wish to believe Sterne to find him denouncing his mother as "clamorous and unreasonable," and referring to his interest of his wife. We are the more disquieted when we find in the "Journal to Eliza" that he makes the
same charges against his wife; the woman who, at the
time of their marriage, settled her little fortune of £40.
a year on him, was driven temporarily mad by his
infidelities, and when success came to him, simply
desired to live apart from him in France as cheaply as
possible. It may be, of course, that Sterne's well-
known trick of plagiarism (a trick not mentioned by
Mr. Melville) was played in this case; for certain
passages of his love-letters to his wife are reproduced,
verbatim et literatim, in the "Journal to Eliza." But a
biographer, following so many other biographers,
boasting the possession of so much new material, and so
determined to make a great man in his habit as
he lived," should be able to tell us of what value
as fact Sterne's testimony to himself was possessed.
Mr. Melville does not.

A man who can write, as Mr. Melville does on p. 286, Volume 1, "although there was the same
enthusiasm for each succeeding issue of 'Tristram Shandy,' yet the public interest, as evinced by the
demand, was still keen," is not likely to be more clear
in perception of traits of character. One instance will
suffice to show that Mr. Melville is muddled. Speaking
of preferment, he says that "Sterne was not a pushing
man, and too proud or indolent to sue for any man's
favour." This might have been stated more clearly,
but the meaning is plain. But when Sterne reproached
his uncle with having persecuted him for ten years—an
accusation that has puzzled everybody—Mr. Melville
says: "The best explanation of the ten years' un-
extended persecution is that Mr. Sterne expected more
than Sterne was inclined to give, and that, finding his
nephew less subservient than he expected, the Arch-
deacon refrained from allowing any preferment that he
could divert to come to the younger man." Mr. Mel-
ville produces no evidence to show that the Archdeacon
acted in this manner from 1741; nor does he suggest
that Sterne exaggerated the degree and extent of the
Archdeacon's disfavour. But that Mr. Melville should
suppose that a man who would not sue for preferment
expected it, and regarded its diversion from him as an
unwearied persecution, is a fact that tells us less of
Sterne than of Mr. Melville's demerits as a biographer.

I am the more inclined to believe that the errors of
date are not due to the printer by the fact that, in his
appendix on "Authorities," Mr. Melville writes
"eighteen and a half years" for eight and a half. If
I am right, Mr. Melville is responsible for the increase
of Sterne's age from fifty-five years to more than two
hundred; and a man who could write a letter in 1670
and die in 1688 has not lived since Bible history was
superseded. Nor does Mr. Melville compensate us for
his inaccuracies by his judgments. Beyond saying
that "Mr. Sterne, it is to be feared, was an arrant
humbug" in his love affairs, he never commits himself
to an opinion. The publication of the "Journal to
Eliza" and of some of the new letters seems to be the only
justification for this biography; for Mr. Melville has
nothing to say of Sterne as a writer. From the point
of view of biography, many of the letters could have
been omitted; frequently three or four recount the same
facts or statements of intentions to different people.
Their literary interest is small, for Sterne's habit of
repeating his own phrases makes his letters very dull
reading; and the man is not manifest in them.

A. E. R.

Present-Day Criticism.

A RECENT dictum from Mr. Huntly Carter sounded to
some of us rather as though an oracle were being reck-
lessly given upon the highways, an oracle all too clear
and therefore abortive. "Out of a union of the
classic and the modern the new romantic drama will be
born." Verily, we are told to ourselves, the whole cir-
culationist world will now be running to produce the
romantic drama and the poor thing will never see the
light. Mr. Carter desires exile for making free with the
Mysteries! Indignant, trembling, we hurried round
to a young playwright whom we knew to be studying
for the market. If from anyone, from him we should
gather ill-tidings.

"About this new drama?" we blurted out.

"Ah! it's coming along. What do you think of
' Felicien ' for the name of a hero?"

"Quite pretty!—a play of modern life?"

"Heavens, yes! We must get the thing. It's simply
absurd to be forever tagging after the classics. We
must tag the classics after us. We must reproduce
our own age."

"Romance and regular meals, or romance in the
slums?"

"My scenes will not be laid in the slums, nor will
they redole of the puissant cook. Nevertheless, the play
is a modern romance."

"But what will you do about the Trousses?"

"Not an insuperable difficulty. It bothered me a
bit. But I think we can get an effect with antique
lanthorns say about six feet above the stage." ...

That being Mr. Carter's mutton, we return to ours,
where literary silliness in the undefended field of novels
has chewed up everything and is now bleating on the
mud. There will be no future for the novel as a work of
art until all this flock of pedestrians see their uncle securely
fenced in the smart circulating libraries, where nobody
will mind what they chew up or trample down. Of one
thing we are satisfied, that the critics loathe them. Last
week, in one daily paper, these lines appeared, for intelligible
reasons, we will not mention, we noted that out of nine
reviews of current novels (five by well-known market-
men), eight were contemptuous and the ninth more so.
They might have appeared in our own columns. They
could not a year ago have appeared where they did.

The advance is merry. It means that the reign of the
alternately terrorising and bribing novelist is closing.
A new generation of critics is arriving, and the oldest—
that which has suffered from the circulation reviewers
as the artist for preference from the circulation writers—
will emerge to give us the benefit of its long shouted-
down culture. Soon to be seen dining with a circula-
tionist will ruin a critic's reputation, as it should! And
when, one of these days, we publish our list of declined
invitations the world will keep us for the rest of our
lives, as it should. "We were thin but honest" shall
be our epitaph.

Few people outside the publishing world realise that
there are only three papers whose opinion counts with
official librarians and with good booksellers. These
worthies consult the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "Athenaeum." You would often
suppose that the journals themselves are of no conse-
quence. Regarding the "Times," for instance, we have
concluded that the fiction reviewers are at daggers
drawn, one side for the circulationists, the other for
literature. The "Spectator" is careful as to artistic
subject, but often indifferent to execution. The
"Athenaeum," we regret to say, is mostly incompetent.
But there it is. In the past, these three journals cap-
italise their power, but are not below begging them
to use it. We desire, beyond the belief of the most
envious to use it. We desire, beyond the belief of the most
alas! wasting their sweetness upon imaginary congre-
gations, or, as some declare, upon University dons.
We have heard wondrous rumours of priceless manu-
scripts passed round and burned! Do Mr. Times, Mr.
Spectator and Mr. Athenaeum take up your task! Clear
the way, even if you see nothing but the shadow of the
Muse to strengthen you. She will not come into the
muddled field where the circulationists shatter them out
that we may hear once again the golden horn
blowing and see the coloured robes glancing by stream
and woodland and a gay band coming over the hills.
Whether they come or not makes all the difference to
us between life and a sorrowful grave!
Art and Drama.

By Hunly Carter.

This is not an age of essentials. The exhibition of old masters at the Grafton Galleries is very typical of what it is, namely, an age of unessentials. The old masters are unessential. They were mostly fools and photographers, and now they are obstacles. In fact, looking upon the long stream of painting at the Grafton Galleries it is as though one saw a current stretching far back charged with mud and weeds, bearing down upon a rock, the new visit men treating as Allah red-hanging landscapes on to him as appendages. Moving along with the pure stream are the men who are impressed with the truth of the eternal idea; while floating upon the muddy stream are the stupid followers of the Old Men shouting, "We are the stream."

The most noticeable thing about the stream is the gradual narrowing of expression from the Primitives to the present time. Painting has indeed come to represent the lack of mental organisation in the painter. If painters have all through preserved fullness of vision, width of expression, they need a fusion of impressions introduced into their semi-detached lives to make them typical of the age. It should be clothed in an ass's skin.

Claude dancing on the crust of Nature, believing they can never be bright, is apparent. It is one of William Nicholson's delusions. Probably this painter believes his black exhibits are very brilliant things, but they are mud. Rembrandt, his colourist, is a fool; his dirt; it is exceedingly brilliant and vital. It is the same with De Segonzac's "Boxers," the colour of which, though not bright, is not mud. Harrington Hunt is another Londoner who wallows in the mud. That it is not necessary to do so, he learns from Chabaud or De la Fresnaye. The work of the former reveals that a picture may have hardly any colour and yet it may be free from mire.

In these and other ways modern painting has been helping to widen the gulf. The old masters of centuries ago, when, centuries ago, painters lost the sense of the solidarity of the universe and sought instead an artificial form of unity. The attempt to bridge this gap has only just begun. It carries us back to the early Chinese artists who were impelled by the eternal idea. It has carried me on many occasions to the British Museum, where I have seen the wonderful Chinese paintings projecting a welcoming hand to the men of Paris, and so obliterating the Grafton and other galleries.

If space permitted I could write columns on the glory of these works. Their draughtsmanship alone is a subject to set one going. I could have arrested by that landscape with trees and pavilions, gazing like a mere amateur at its qualities, I can see Holbein before the "Three Rishi in a Mountain Haunt," discovering that the head of the old man to the right is not drawn for itself, but is a part of the composition through a natural association of ideas. I can fancy the Paris Rhythmists discovering their ideas, in the "Lotuses and White Egret," of decoration as the logical development of the natural character of the plants; in "The Rishi," of the summing-up of the whole subject in a beautiful rhythmical line; in "A Phoenix and Mate upon a Bough," of continuity, of no beginning and no end. I can also imagine a personally conducted group of old masters from the National Gallery leaving the exhibition with disgust. "What! no fakes"? they would exclaim. "All frank wrecks, but beautiful wrecks. This sort of thing is no good to us. Come on!" (Exit with blue fire.)

"Rhythm" should organise itself on Chinese lines and maintain the essential idea. The text of the current number is mainly a discussion of back numbers—Debussy, Van Gogh and Croce. We have had enough of the first. Debussy is Maurice Maeterlinck not a painter. The "Letters of Van Gogh" might not have been published. They merely reveal there is no greater fool than a big painter when writing about his own work. Heaven sent Van Gogh to paint, not to write. Had he known his duty he would have recognised it was his not to reason why, his but to paint or die.

From Croce's "Esthetic," Mr. Middleton Murry manages to extract a point of present interest by revealing the confusion in the philosopher's mind between impression and expression. "In the "Letters of Van Gogh" he might not have been published. They merely reveal there is no greater fool than a big painter when writing about his own work. Heaven sent Van Gogh to paint, not to write. Had he known his duty he would have recognised it was his not to reason why, his but to paint or die.

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The exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Hallward and James Guthrie at the St. George's Gallery has the rare distinction of imagination. The artist, Mr. Guthrie, appears to have been travelling about on poetic emotions. Mr. Guthrie favours fairytale. But his titles need revising. The sky of "Dreamland," for instance, is not at all dreamy. It is going on a terrible knock-one-off-the-earth rate. Still the lyrical note is there—in G-major.
They lie and forget in the warmth of the sun,
Gently the petals fall as the tree gently sways
Quiet thoughts that flash like azure kingfishers
Faded is the memory of old things done,
And the statue and the pond and the low, broken wall.
And a sky silver-blue arches over all.

There were some that glittered and some that shone
That has known many springs and many petals fall
With desires faint and formless; and, seeking not,
Across the luminous tranquil mirror of the mind.

Last night I lay in an open field
No noise moved the windless air,
And looked at the stars with steady stare.
I will yoke and scorn you as I can,
I will learn and hold and master you;
For the pride of my heart is the pride of a man.
Stalked like swords on heaven's ways.
But through a sudden gate there stole
The Universe and spread in my soul;
Quick went my breath and quick my heart,
Grass to my cheek in the dewy field
And the pride of a man and his rigid gaze
And their love a thong.
With eyes like stone,

Wind in the branches swells and breaks
Like ocean on a beach;
Deep in the sky and my heart there wakes
A thought I cannot reach.

MOESTA ET ERRABUNDA.
(From "Les Fleurs du Mal.")
Agatha, tell me, does thy heart not ache,
Plunged in this squalid city's filthy sea,
For another ocean where the splendours break
Blue, clear, and deep as is virginity.
Agatha, tell me, does thy heart not ache?
The sea, the sea unending, comforts us!
What demon gave the hoarse old sea who sings
To her mumbling hurricanes' organ thunderous
The god-like power to cradle sorrowful things?
The sea, the sea unending, comforts us.
Carry me, wagon, bear me, barque, away!
Far! Far! For here the mud is made of tears!
Does Agatha's sad heart not sometimes say:
"O far from shudderings and crimes and fears,
Carry me, wagon; bear me, barque, away?"

How far thou art, O scented paradise,
Is that already leagues beyond Cathay?
And can one, with a little plaintive noise,
Bring it again that is so far away—
The artless paradise of stealthy joys.

FLORIAN'S SONG.
My soul, it shall not take us,
Its chisel shall not enter,
Its fire shall not touch,
Its chisel shall not enter,
Its artless paradise of stealthy joys?

The games, the songs, the kisses and the flowers,
The laughing draughts of wine in hidden groves,
The violins throbbing through the twilight hours,
—but the green paradise of childish loves.

Doggy: A Buccaneer Tale.
By E. H. Visiak

Early in the year 1686, a company of buccaneers rowed up the river of Darien in a periagua, an oar, or rather a sweep, to a man, pulling with long, slow, lazy strokes in the glare, losing the sense of labour in a rhythm. The reach of the river was clear of snags.

They were bronzed, iron-hardy men, dressed slovenly in loose sailors' breeches and dark red shirts. Some had wide-brimmed hats, others only cloths bound about their long, matted hair. They had pistols in their shirts. One or two wore rings and bracelets. One man had not so much as a silver ring; all had been diced away. A big, dark man, a scar on whose forehead gave him a scowl, wore jewellery enough to fill a shop window. He wasted neither his money nor his rum at Port Royal or at Tortuga. He redeemed these social deficiencies, however, by being the possessor of a fine baritone voice, and sang songs of his own composing in a rolling or languishing drawl, with tremors of sentiment. He sang softly as they rowed, improvising:—

Up the golden river, boys,
Up the golden water;
I'll live happy all my days
With Old King Goldheart's daughter.

Each man had a leather bag fastened to his belt; and, in the stern sheets, under a tarpaulin, there was a litter of old ship's nails and other iron gear, an axe, a couple of machete, and (neatly folded) a sky-blue lady's blouse. The buccaneers were going to trade with the Indians for gold.

The periagua was victualled with chocolate and plans.

November 23, 1911.
THE NEW AGE
The barking sound came again.

"I tell you it be Doggy," said the other. "I do know it!"

They listened in a stillness which was broken by the moan of one of the wounded.

"Keep you still, can't you?" said a buccaneer fiercely. The wounded man cursed him.

The flames of the camp fire, which they fed often from a heap of touchwood and dead branches, cast a swirling stream of blue light into the blackness. Brutish noises came fitfully from the woods, but whether natural or artificial they could not tell. This state of things continued for the space of an hour, by the end of which time most of the buccaneers slept.

Even one of the two sentries began to doze. He was relieved by the poet, who alone was fully wakeful. He, humane man, had done what he could for the wounded, extracting the darts, when it could be effected at all safely.

I have said that these buccaneers were not imaginative. Yet the poet possessed an approximation to nerves; and, while the others slept, and his fellow-sentry nodded, and one of the wounded cried intermit-tently in delirium, the environing darkness became horrible to him. In vain he tried to compose in his mind, undisturbed either by chatter or snores. The rhythm of his verse was influenced by the croaking of the frogs.

I will sing—of a maid—

That I loved—dear... 

Thus it ran.

Two comrade-privateers conversed near him, squatting, clasping their knees.

"What's become of old Pete? D'ye know, John?"

"Pete?"

"Yes. Pete. Pete Mallickins. Him as wor so fond of his dog,"

"Oh, Doggy. He an't been heard on, as far as I knows of. The dog wor a wonder. How he did keep still in a boat! Did one but nod to 'un, and he kep' as mumb as a dead 'un!"

"Pete's dog?" said another, shuffling nearer to them.

"Yes. He wor a wonder, he wor, for a fair. But where's the reason of running mad for a dog?"

"Running mad! What mean you?"

"What, ain't you heard on't? Not how Pete run raving mad when the dog died? Not how he took a notion that the spirit of the dog was got into him, or such like Bedlam stuff, and how he did bark like a dog, and run roaring and barking away into the woods? I saw—"

He stopped, catching in his breath, his eyes dilating wildly. Then, with a groan, he put his hand to the back of his neck. Immediately after a confused outcry of groans and alarms arose in the camp. Five of the wounded men yielded themselves for lost, foreboding there the least appearance or sign of their enemies' presence.

Brutish noises came, without apparent effect, however, that the darts were poisoned. The wounded men yielded themselves for lost, foreboding that the least appearance or sign of their enemies' presence.

Hastily priming their pistols, the others began to fire wildly into the woods in the direction whence the darts had come, without apparent effect, however; nor was there the least appearance or sign of their enemies' presence.

Suddenly, from the heart of the ebony-black woods there came a parrot's scream. It was followed, after a moment's pause, by another twice repeated.

"They they be!" cried a man. "Them paharos spies 'em..."

"They be no paharos," said another. "Injuns are cunning at mimicking birds. They—" He broke off. "Hark!" he cried.

From the same quarter of the wood there came the sound of the barking of a dog. The buccaneers stared at one another.

"Bless us, it be Doggy!"

"I do know it. He died the man as all eyes were turned upon him. I saw and heard 'un when he went barking and running mad into the woods. So he barked. A barking with a sort of catch in it. Like that there. It be Doggy, I tell ye!"

"No, how, how?" said another. "He would ha' starved, or ha' been taken long ago. No, no, it be some Dago watch-dog!"
Richard Wagner.

By E. Belfort Bat.

These volumes, containing the detailed account of his own life and, at times, the outpourings of his innermost soul on the part of the great maestro, have been widely read and discussed since the issue last spring. The autobiography has generally been treated as a disgraceful self-revelation, an object of contempt and scandal for the character for ever shattered. After a careful perusal of these 870 pages, I find myself utterly incapable of echoing the popular verdict. On the contrary, these Confessions of Wagner, as they might be termed, with their frank exposure of shortcomings, poverty, the meannesses and degradation incidental to it, have only raised my sympathy with the author as man. There is something eminently human in this autobiography. It is easy to find weak points in Wagner's character; it is easy to call him a sponge; indeed, it is not to be denied that his dependence on friends and sometimes mere acquaintances for financial assistance and sometimes even for board and lodging, given an unpleasing colour to much of the life before us. But regards this, it must not be forgotten that we have to do with a genius of a peculiarly high order which, if it was to manifest itself at all, could only do so under conditions that it set for himself. And these meannesses and degradation are only shared his hospitality, by the repellent labour of arranging pianoforte scores of the Italian operas of the period, writing short stories and other journalistic hackwork for musical papers. But during all this time, though desiring eagerly to do so, he could produce no serious work. The nature of Wagner's genius required, in order to realise itself, perfect freedom from all, could only do so under conditions that it set for oneself and wife as music teacher, or as conductor at some small theatre, would not have produced "Lohengrin," "The Meistersinger," or "The Ring." As a matter of fact, he did do something equivalent to this during his first residence in Paris, when he kept his small household, often increased by indigent friends, who shared his hospitality, by the repellent labour of arranging pianoforte scores of the Italian operas of the period, writing short stories and other journalistic hackwork for musical papers. But during all this time, though desiring eagerly to do so, he could produce no serious work. The nature of Wagner's genius required, in order to realise itself, perfect freedom from the composition and production of Rienzi, Der Fliegende Hollander, and Tannhauser, and the composition, though not the production, of Lohengrin—is described in great detail. Perhaps one of the most interesting portions of the whole work is dealing with the events of 1848 and 1849, in which the insurrection which the flight of the maestro from Dresden and eventually from Germany, Wagner's narrative of his intimacy with the quondam theatre-manager and later Socialist, Röckel, and the anarchist, Michael Bakunin, together with his own political activity which took the form at one time of assisting Röckel with his paper, the "Volksblatt," culminating in the graphic description of the barricades in the streets and his own escape, form very good reading. Especially interesting is the light thrown upon the character of Bakunin, for whose courage and unselfish devotion Wagner had unbounded regard. For whom personally he seems to have entertained a strong affection. With Germany for the time being barred to him, the maestro had now to cast about him in what to fashion his future. Fortunately he found friends in Switzerland as elsewhere. He worked on "Tristan and Isolde," as well as on the text of the "Niebelungen;" but it is no part of our purpose here to give an outline sketch of the autobiography. The course of Wagner's life can only be profitably studied in his own very full and detailed account.

There are, of course, many criticisms that might be made as regards the book itself. For example, for many readers the very extensive circumstantialities often connected with somewhat squalid backstairs intrigues, as to the getting-up of concerts and opera performances, might doubtless have been cut down with advantage. Most of the details are absolutely destitute of any living interest at the present day, and throw no special light on the character of our author or of any other person of note. The meannesses or otherwise of forgotten theatre and concert impresarios, etc., are a sort of point from the present generation. On the other hand, praise can be given for the impartial manner in which the composer deals with the story of his matrimonial relations. While he writes with a frankness that a more self-centred man might have possessed in the way of a certain amiability and good nature, the fact remains that she must have been a terrible burden to him. The allusions...
to Cosima Von Bülow, who subsequently became his wife, are comparatively few and slight during the period with which the biography deals, for it is only brought down to the year 1844, in which the author's first call to Munich. Upon this time the relations with Cosima would not seem to have begun to shape themselves in any definite manner.

For my own part, rather than have quite such a profession of detestation as regards the internal circumstances in the composer's career, I should have preferred to be let a little more into the arcana of his creative activity—how and when or that motif, with which the world is by this time so familiar, came to him, what changes his working through went and how the latter arrived at its final form; where the art or the technique of composition occasioned him most trouble and how often he corrected or rewrote. Respect will be as we learn little or nothing, and yet they are points which have infinitely more interest for us to-day than all the squab and tiresome details of the struggle of a mighty genius for recognition.

Opportunist, as a supplement to the autobiography, comes the volume of the "Family Letters of Richard Wagner," translated by Mr. Ashton Ellis. They complete the impression given us by the former work of the warm-hearted, sensitive man with the faults of the artistic temperament, the surrender to moods, etc., undeniably present, but hardly to an exaggerated extent, and certainly not to the extent that has been represented by many critics. As the title of the book implies, the letters in question are to the composer's relations, to his sisters and his brothers-in-law and their children. For throughout his life Wagner maintained the most cordial relations with his family. Especially close and confidential is his correspondence with his sister Cecilia and her husband, Edouard Avenarius, a member of the publishing firm of Brockhaus, of Leipsic, to another member of which firm Wagner's other sister, Luise, was married. Altogether Wagner's relations with his family seem to have been of the happiest.

To my thinking, as already said, the autobiography leaves one with the impression of a thoroughly human and likeable character, warm-hearted and impulsive, but never really mean; at times, perhaps, too suspicious of those with whom he came in contact, although, at other times too trusting. These impressions, which might be discounted as being gained from Wagner's own account of his life and doings, are certainly confirmed by the purely private letters, a member of the family recently published and which Mr. Ashton Ellis has so conscientiously translated with explanatory notes in the volume before us.

This is scarcely the place to deal with the position of Wagner in the evolution of musical art and in the history of human culture generally. Of the epoch-making character of Wagner's genius no one doubts at the present day. That he has revolutionised opera is a profusion of detail as regards the external circumstances in the composer's career, but never really mean; at times, perhaps, too suspicious of those with whom he came in contact, although at other times, too trusting. These impressions, which might be discounted as being gained from Wagner's own account of his life and doings, are certainly confirmed by the purely private letters, a member of the family recently published and which Mr. Ashton Ellis has so conscientiously translated with explanatory notes in the volume before us.

It is the soul of the subject, though this subject be composed only of ordinary objects—mandoline, wine-glass and table, as in the present instance. It indicates, too, that painting is at the point of its greatest development.

As a clue to what Picassoism really is and to what little extent it is related to geometry, I quote from a letter which Mr. Middleton Murray sent me while in Paris.

"It seems that Oxford, no less than Paris and New York, is greatly impressed with the profoundly intellectual character of the French painter's work, and during a discussion on the subject Mr. Murray was led to put forward the following Plato-Picasso idea: "I will be remembered that Plato, in the sixth book of the Republic, turns all artists out of his ideal state on the ground that they merely copy objects in Nature, which are in their turn copies of the real reality—the Eternal Idea. Plato, who was a great artist and lover of art, did not turn artists out because he was a Philistine, but because he thought their form of art was superficial; "photographic" we should call it now. There was no inward mastery of the profound meaning of the object expressed, only a mechanical reproduction. The Plato-Picasso idea. Plato was looking for a different form of art, and that form was Picasso's art of essentials." Mr. Murray's contention is that Picassismo is the first intelligent advance upon Platonism, seeing that it is a practical application of Plato's theory. Thus the study submitted to the readers of this journal, and chosen for the purpose by M. Picasso from the Galerie Kahnweiler, demonstrates that painting has arrived at the point when, by extreme concentration, the artist attains an abstraction which to him is the soul of the subject, though this subject be composed only of ordinary objects—mandoline, wine-glass and table, as in the present instance. It indicates, too, that painting is at the point of its greatest development. It is on the threshold of the will, and not at a halting-place of men sick with inertia.
Tory Democracy. By J. M. Kennedy. (Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

During the months when the bulk of his chapters containing this volume were running serially in The New Age, no Conservative politician to our knowledge paid any attention to them. It remains to be seen whether their publication in book form will meet with any better fate. Whether, however, they are received or ignored, the history and prospects of English politics must be prepared to examine the problems here set out with courageous if tentative Conservatism is an active principle and requires to be constantly maintained by positive conduct. It is not enough for Conservatives to remain in their trenches in defence of the ancient institutions of the country. As a matter of fact, this passive resistance has actually already lost them most of the treasures on which Disraeli, for example, and Lord Randolph Churchill set such store. The hereditary principle, to quote one instance, has been almost destroyed and is now in danger of complete extinction. The same may shortly be said of the union of Church and State. The landed interest, likewise, is rocking on its throne. The conclusion is therefore certain that in a very little while, if Conservatives do not drive, none of their favourite principles will exist to be conserved. Every one will have been cast into the melting-pot in which Liberals and Radicals are preparing their brew of the future. To bring the Conservatives to a sense of their peril in this matter is Mr. Kennedy's professed object. He has written, he says, for the education of the Tory party. Inadvertently, however, as our readers know, other political parties have something to learn from Mr. Kennedy. His insistence on the precedence of a theory of the State over a theory of economics, for example, is aimed as much at Fabians as at Tories; while his sharp and just censures on Liberal thinkers for confusiveness is aimed as much at Fabians as at Conservatives. The hereditary principle, the union of Church and State, the landed interest, the Tory party, the Fabian Society, and the Radicals, are all treated in a manner that cannot fail to interest; and if the final impression is that the sun never shone on the kingdom of Louis XIV., the fault lies in the facts, and not in M. Hugon's treatment of them.

Social France in the Seventeenth Century. By Cécile Hugon. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

M. Hugon has made an interesting compilation. Beginning with the etiquette of the court, and the domestic habits of the nobility, he tracks the gentry to their estates, and gives us a vivid picture of the lives of the high and low. In a century that was remarkable for war, plague, and famine, the problem of the poor assayed a terrible aspect. M. Hugon devotes a chapter to the rice of alumina of the people. Despite the muddled heroes, from Giotto onwards, wending his way behind any longer. Henceforth he will bring them all together into the ranks of his vast procession of jolly hinds—were far too considerable to be left behind any longer. Henceforth he will bring them all together into the ranks of his vast procession of jolly hinds—were far too considerable to be left behind any longer.

The Post-Impressionists. By C. Lewis Hind. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

This is a stupid book. There is no other word for it. Mr. C. Lewis Hind suffers from the disease common to most art critics to-day; he has no standard of criticism. His views on pictures are the result of vague sentimentality and benevolent intentions on the following: He is a common prostitute who led him in sixteen thousand words or so to give utterance to the silliest of jargon. He has, indeed, written his book to spread her over the "Women of Shakespeare" like a pot of treacle. He has, indeed, written his book to demonstrate that the she, she, or it of Shakespeare's passion was not only the better part of the whole, but the greater part of the whole. For our part we believe there is ample evidence to show that Mr. Harris is right in his assumption that Shakespeare's masterpiece dominates all his leading women (such as they be). But we totally disagree with Mr. Harris. His book contains 24 reproductions, many of them taken from the dealers' pictures exhibited at the Grafton Gallery. These are dumb so far as colour is concerned.

The Women of Shakespeare. By Frank Harris. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

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then the play upon the sound of Ewe in twenty sonnets or more is a more conclusive identification of the Earl of Essex and Ewe, which does away with Mr. Harris's Herbert as the mysterious friend. Again, Mr. Harris's attempt to bring into this chapter of his "Lover's Complaint" is more amusing than convincing. In this remnant we are introduced, according to Mr. Harris, to the young person obviously jaded and faded, who wails the story of her seduction by a beautiful and elegant youth, and confesses she has no objection to repeat the experience:

"Ah me, I fell, and yet do question make What I would do again for such a sake."

She pours this into the willing ears of an "aged blusterer" who appears to have had a crimson time, and, having repented, has turned cattle-rancher. The old dodderer who invites the flat, strained and far-fetched maiden to disclose "the grounds and motives of her woe" having no doubt to hear revelations, Mr. Harris identifies as Shakespeare himself. To us he is more like the enterprising reporter of the Elizabethan "Pink 'Un."

The truth is Mr. Harris is on the wrong line. He has only discovered the real Shakespeare nor the origin and nature of his master-passion. Let him examine the sonnets again. He will find they have a classical frame and are in allegorical form. This fact may lead him to rediscover Shakespeare, and to treat him as a god whom he must first inspire by inspiration, and not as a fit subject for Dr. Havelock Ellis's "Psychology of Sex." We may remind Mr. Harris that Plato once said, and it was repeated by Montaigne, "A poet seated on the Muse's footstool does in a fury pour out whatsoever cometh in his mouth, as the pipe or cocks of a fountain, without considering or ruminating the same." This does not make it necessary for Shakespeare to run round to brothels for inspiration, in spite of the view of Mr. Havelock Ellis, who, as a publisher's note informs us, Mr. Arnold Bennett calls our supreme Shakespearean expert. We are now prepared to receive the view of the supreme expert on Bacon.

Prevention and Cure. By Eustace Miles. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

Pully stated, the title would be Self-helps to the prevention and cure of disease and dis-ease, as evidenced to suffering humanity at the Eustace Miles Hospital. We are led to adopt the term hospital on the author's own statement that his attempt to turn the Chandos Street Restaurant into a health resort by lec-

Chapter X. really starts the book, since it offers an excuse for its being written. It affords us an insight into the peculiar methods of the English Government in annexing a country after it has been reduced to order by the labours of one man. Mr. Boyes tells us he has been living and traveling in the Kikuya country for over two years, during which time there had been no white visitors to the country. One day he was surprised by Government officials who had been sent to take over the country. These persons hoisted a white flag, so to speak, under which they invited Boyes to breakfast and promptly placed him under arrest and charged him with certain anti-government crimes. The upshot of the Gilbertian situation was that Boyes was tried and acquitted, and, having no other alternative, consented to give up supreme power for becoming an intelligence officer.

Home Life in Norway. By H. K. Daniels. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Daniels' book challenges us to go to Norway to test old experiences. We have, for instance, often enjoyed that long and varied menu which he describes in the chapter on food, and have sometimes wondered why we have never suffered for our rashness as we would have had we eaten but half the quantity of English prepared dishes. He reminds Mr. Daniels to tell us fully that the source of our enjoyment is to be found in the skill with which the Norwegian cook flatters the gastric juice, as well as the nimbleness with which he avoids pie-crust. The Norwegian is not, however, as perfect as Mr. Daniels would have us believe; and the chapter ought to have warned us that salmon-cooking is bad not only in the farmhouses, but in some of the best hotels, and this owing to a method of cooking by which he describes it. It might have mentioned, too, the Norwegian habit of cooking things in something that strangely resembles a hat-box. And there was no need for it to send up the price of fish. Salmon, which is remarkably plentiful in Norway, used to be considered dear at a penny a pound. But according to Mr. Daniels, who has been in Norway twenty years, it is now 8d. to 2s. 3d. a pound, or an advance on Billingsgate.

Those, who like ourselves, propose to revisit Norgre with Mr. Daniels' book, must not look to it for information on the big literary and dramatic movement in that country. They will have to take with them Messrs. Archer, Goss, Brandes, and Boyesen, whom the author provides with wings for the purpose, as "more critically competent angels." It is rather with people who neglect this high pursuit that the book deals, and in the best grammar. There are twelve sociological photographs.

The Position of Women in Indian Life. By Her Highness the Punditess. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

The group of subjects of which this book is composed appear to have walked out of the Englishwoman's Yearbook and to have expanded under the author's genial smile. They are labelled: Professions for Women, Agriculture, Home Professions, and Domestic Calling (including advertising and nursing), Hotels, Tea Shops, etc. (with a plea for "each caste a separate kitchen" — it is sometimes necessary), Women Inspectors, Cooperation, Moneylending, Women in Japan, etc., etc. With this description that it may be observed the Indian woman and "wake her from the lethargy of ages." We do not pretend to know what the Indian woman's capacity is for taking a survey of the present social and domestic activities of the Western woman from the point of view of Mrs. Humphry Ward. But we have the author's own suggestion that it is not likely to do her any good. "Each country," she tells us, "should strive to preserve its own racial character-istics," and there should be no hasty adoption of customs essentially foreign to our habits" (doubtless meaning "instincts"). This is equivalent to saying that the propaganda of the half-baked stupidities that pass for reforms in the Western world is the job of one to work "to raise the woman's position in Indian public life." In other words, what is the Western woman's meat is the Eastern woman's poison. The fact is too well known to need a book to demonstrate it.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—In your issue of November 2 Mr. Peter Fanning asked me whether there was anything to parallel subsection 91 of the Insurance Bill, in the English Law. I am sorry to say, in my opinion, there are two or three worse iniquities than the proposed one. By the Children Act, 1906, it was enacted that a man or woman who refuses to have a child under seven years in a room when there was a fire without providing a fireguard, and death resulted from burning, should be indicted for manslaughter. This section can only be operative against the poor who cannot afford to purchase fireguards. The Act was passed by a lot of wealthy nobodies who take care to preserve their children, but abuse the poor who cannot afford to purchase fireguards. The Act contained no clause authorising the provision of fireguards by local authorities. This abomination, invented by Mr. Herbert Samuel, has had no parallel in the legislation of history. The wickedness of indicting a woman for the manslaughter of her child under such circumstances puts even the Insurance Bill in a favourable light.

By the Prevention of Crime Act, 1906, it was enacted that any person who had committed three offences (assuming that the third one could be punished with single-discipline of the court, by penal servitude), might be indicted as "an habitual criminal," and receive an additional sentence of five years' penal servitude. The section of the Act has been that judges who have a mania for imposing long sentences are passing sentences of penal servitude in cases where, probably, a term of five years' labour would have been the sentence before this Act, so that the extra five years' preventive detention can be added on. In any event, this Act, in practice, has been made the means of imprisonment for offences against property, and is an Act wholly against the spirit of the Constitution.

The first Act of which has established the principle of secret trials for offences under that Act is leading to most melancholy results. These harsh measures were all rushed through the Houses of Parliament without any real discussion, and the English people are just discovering their existence. With these exceptions I agree with Mr. Fanning's view as to the expressive character of the cited clauses of the Insurance Bill.

C. H. NORMAN.

WAGES AND PRICES.

Sir,—Mr. O. Caldicott's little poser in your issue of November 16 is excellent. He asks for a well-defined scheme for raising wages without adding to selling prices, and concludes, "I cannot accept State ownership of all the means of production as a solution."

Now one good riddle deserves another. Here is one for Mr. Caldicott.

Extract the cube root of 8. I cannot accept 2 as a solution.

P. R. BENNETT.

THE REFORMER'S DESPAIR.

Sir,—The system of free banking advocated by your correspondent, Mr. Meulen, was preached some three decades ago by Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, U.S.A., and, coupled with the entire abolition of the State and the establishment of absolutely free competition, was termed by him philosophic anarchy, but apparently nothing has come of it, with considerable success. The conversion of a few advanced thinkers like Mr. Meulen. No doubt such a system would work all right if everybody understood it and believed in it. Of a speech of Mr. E. D. Smith, the American Socialistic clergyman, and all the other Morrison bills warranted to cure the maladies of society. But there's the rub; you may lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. The average man—God bless him—is neither a philosopher nor a reformer, but simply a plain, sensible fellow, who accepts the world as it is and makes the best of it, without considerable success in this way, and here is just where the hiatus between the world of thought and the world of action comes in; you must have the co-operation of it, with considerable success in this way, and here is just where the hiatus between the world of thought and the world of action comes in; you must have the co-operation of the reformers and the masses of the people, who have a mania for imposing long sentences on the poor who cannot afford to purchase fireguards. The Act was passed by a lot of wealthy nobodies who take care to preserve their children, but abuse the poor who cannot afford to purchase fireguards. The Act contained no clause authorising the provision of fireguards by local authorities. This abomination, invented by Mr. Herbert Samuel, has had no parallel in the legislation of history. The wickedness of indicting a woman for the manslaughter of her child under such circumstances puts even the Insurance Bill in a favourable light.

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C. H. NORMAN.

ITALY IN TRIPOLI.

Sir,—It has surprised me greatly how the writer of the "Notes of the Week" could have been taken by the nose and excised by the few Balaphoe reporters of the Yellow Press.

War in itself is barbaric, for how could a man with a child's heart—"pure and unblemished"—be made to wage the war? But if war was at any time a civilizing factor, civilisation is now being degraded by the Italian army, for, according to men such as Sir Harind Lal, there was no peace, held in high esteem in Italy for their cool judgment and unblemished repute, the only fault they could find with the Italian army now at Tripoli was the showing of too unblemished a disposition of the average man to make that divorce permanent! Be it so. Let the average man have his way, for why cannot the Italian army be a war leader? The world of thought is a grand, sublime and beautiful world; let he who can enter in and gather its golden fruits. Why truth meet the crooked and uphill, and blaze a new trail through the sordid, work-a-day world of action where all the elemental passions, base instincts and brutalities of the race find their level?

W. T. HORN.

CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—In reference to a trenchant "Open Letter to the Working-man" appearing in your issue of August 24, may I ask your indulgence for space to add my quota in support of the present tirade against the political tricksters and financial jugglers responsible for the recent industrial upheaval of the U.S.A. Four conditions beguiling themselves "st. John G. Ervine" does not mince matters when he declares "the state of degradation makes our poor quarters an eyesore to the other lands" is an axiom among travellers all over the world.

After an absence of three short years from my native land, I found on returning to England in the autumn of 1909, a picture honestly unparalleled in my experience of the five continents during the last fifteen years; including several European countries not so far advanced as England.

If Naples is "A City of Beggars," then I maintain that England is entitled to a no more dignified pseudonym than "A Nation of Paupers;" for, the former does show unmistakable signs of prosperity down to the common level of the professional vagrant, while the latter reeks with industrial vengeance upon British toilers for the exclusive benefit of merchant princes whose commercial palaces are overstocked with commodities intended for the markets of those who turn their backs upon the sordid conditions of life with a contempt it deserves. What has actually transpired within the last few weeks plainly demonstrates the appalling misery so manifest in many of the provincial towns I visited, after a month's sojourn in the metropolis—all the more accentuated since that memorable occasion, which persistently haunts the mind with scenes other than those which lend enchantment to the view.

And the question resolves itself in this—How a disintegrated waster, who kicks his unfortunate sons out of house and home, can conceivably expect to rally his injured family in time of need, is beyond my comprehension; and yet this is precisely the position as viewed from a national standpoint.

Personally, rather than submit to the dastardly outrage perpetrated by my fellow-countrymen, in surroundings the working-man" appearing in your issue of August 24, may I ask your indulgence for space to add my quota in support of the present tirade against the political tricksters and financial jugglers responsible for the recent industrial upheaval of the U.S.A. Four conditions beguiling themselves "st. John G. Ervine" does not mince matters when he declares "the state of degradation makes our poor quarters an eyesore to the other lands" is an axiom among travellers all over the world.

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I do not intend to chronicle here all the incidents, but will only say that if the Italians at Tripoli have been guilty of shooting Arab women and men (not children, who when found were forced to work or starve under the Red Cross Society officials) it was for the sole reason that it had to be done. Those found actually shooting stray soldiers, I even give in, were on the spot, but those who were found in the possession of arms and made no resistance were arrested and exported to Italy. The demoralising of the Italian army, as anyone knows, by Germans, Austrians, and a few British reporters, is admired and even respected by Germans and looked upon with tolerance by her allied neighbours.

Italy as a museum and hotel and lake, Italy as a home for poets with cold shoulders, two Nietzscheans, one with a stiff-neck, the other with his tongue in his cheek, a close-fisted politician with a mailed fist, a novelist whose mouth was filled with gravel, a woman whose mouth was a deep pit, and another whose legs were bright blue, and still another—mirabile dictu—practically, to feed on something other than himself. Dr. Wrench's theory seems to lose the spiritual element in a clumsy medley of unproved materialistic assumptions, of most of which one can simply say at once: "Non sequitur."

Perhaps Mr. C. E. Montague's estimate of Mr. Chester- ton may help one to a clearer view of his value. Mr. Chesterton is a substantial mind, rammed pretty full of hard sense, very slightly disguised by a kind of skittish bluntness, often called 'paradox' by those who, as the Irish say, and apt to use one word as 'one's own'.

It were easy to multiply examples of the reductio ad absurdum. What of Carlyle, for instance? But one does not use a 'pet' about him; they have been in far less threatening circumstances. So that until, by his 'bibulously babbling about the affair,' she learned he was drunk, she by her actions showed that she regarded his attempt to enter as "threatening," and, in spite of this, simply contented herself with locking all the windows. Quite sincerely I commended his silence as gold-encrusted inexpressible gold, with her dictum, "The shortest way back to safety is silence." I prefer Mrs. Hastings the poet to Mrs. Hastings the orthodoxy, but she had turned up THE NEW AGE of September 14, and re-read her fine "Ode on Friendship." May I ask her to devote her great power to literature and leave one-sided polemic on The Black Folk? and the negro always an isolated fact.

Since writing my last letter I have received the official "Record of the Proceedings" at the Races Congress (P. S. King and Sons, 12 net), and in the report of the Sixth Session (pp. 58-65) there are several addresses bearing on the relations of black and white races in Africa and elsewhere, the discussion being conducted by Professor E. B. Du Bois, whose "Souls of Black Folk" has eloquently voiced the aspirations of the race in U.S.A., in an address that was perhaps the best given there during the whole session. He had had all the insignia of inferiority; there were some in every race; but every race had the possibility of advance in appreciation of the same amount of treatment. Then came the appeal to the facts; what had the negro race, in particular, done? In such an investigation the laboratory method was difficult of application. When, for example, one gentleman said by Prof. E. B. Du Bois the facts; only after very long investigation could one find the new fact, only after very long investigation could one find the exact truth." That dictum applies to the present controversy and was illustrated in the discussion on South Africa (South Africa)* said: Nearly all that Dr. Du Bois had written of the position of the negroes in America, and nearly all that was said in the paper on West Africa by Dr. J. RUSSELL SOWDEN.

* * *

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA AND JAMAICA.

Sir,—Writing simply as one sincerely interested in native races, and especially in African races or those of African descent, and moreover as one who is more than a little jealous of the native, I wish to suppress Dr. Wrench's method. For my part, I long to elaborate it. Only the other day, I saw all together a group of politicians gathered to the care of the Red Cross, and the secret souls were plainly visible in their physiques, but also the whole history of their terrestrial pilgrimage. There were, for example, a politician whose eyes were in the ends of his legs were bright blue, and still another—mirabile dictu—one who has felt strong passion can fully realise, for every responsibility destroyed." Another view, which is doubtless familiar to readers of THE NEW AGE, is that of the 'intention' as to the native's "intention" was hers, not mine.

MENS SANO IN CORPORE SANO.

Sir,—It is a self-evident truth that a strong and beautiful face is the expression of a strong and beautiful mind. This is the gospel of common experience, that faces and facial expression are inseparably connected with character. To hold that they are, is to be guilty of the typically jealous of strength. Hence, Nietzsche, the apostle of weak-rage against the weak, as Mr. Chesterton observes, is only the gospel of common experience, that faces and facial expression are inseparably connected with character. To hold that they are, is to be guilty of the typically jealous of strength. Hence, Nietzsche, the apostle of weak-rage against the weak, as Mr. Chesterton observes, is only the gospel of common experience, that faces and facial expression are inseparably connected with character. To hold that they are, is to be guilty of the typically jealous of strength. Hence, Nietzsche, the apostle of weak-rage against the weak, as Mr. Chesterton observes, is only the gospel of common experience, that faces and facial expression are inseparably connected with character. To hold that they are, is to be guilty of the typically jealous of strength. Hence, Nietzsche, the apostle of weak-rage against the weak, as Mr. Chesterton observes, is only.
by M. S. Evans, C.M.G., with a preface by Sir M. Nathan, G.C.M.G., late Governor of Natal (Longmans, 1911), which, though dealing in detail with the S.-E., has much that is relevant to other parts of Africa, to the U.S.A., and the West Indies, and apparently also in "Nigeria: its Peoples and its Problems," by E. D. Morel (Smith, Elder) just published. Sir Sydney Olivier's "White Capital and Coloured Labour," and the books and articles of Sir H. H. Johnston are also valuable contributions to the discussions of the problems of black and white, which, like the poor, are always with us, and it is to be hoped that like the question of poverty the races question will ultimately be solved by the co-operation of men and women of good will and adequate intelligence. The ultimate gradual evolution of mankind as a whole toward a complete humanity.

William Marwick.

Sir,—As one who has spent a goodly number of years in South Africa, who has seen dark ships and vessels and the miners, and who knows him somewhat after years of study and close touch, I would like to deal with what the writer considers the main cause of the cases which have given rise to the heading. I think most of the other writers in your columns have failed to recognise it, and perhaps the writer is not aware of it. The writer continues: "Perhaps the fact that the cause lies so close to them, so close to all of us—under our very noses, as it were—is the reason why we have not until now been able to get a clear knowledge of it. And not by giving 'votes to white women'—as some of your correspondents seem to think—will matters be helped or altered much. Rather by giving right to every man and making it possible for all to live free lives wouldought been good enough. Considering the way the native is compelled to live and work, we are not surprised that cases of assault and rape have happened. Considering the way the native is treated, he is compelled to live and work, so that it may be put on record that it will not be dealt with wrongly, with results which are to be hoped that like the unnatural pigging of thousands of natives together under conditions which they never think of accepting, that they are ever with us, though it is to be hoped that like the unnatural pigging of thousands of natives together under conditions which they never think of accepting, that they are ever with us, though it is to be hoped that like the unnatural pigging of thousands of natives together under conditions which they never think of accepting, that they are ever with us, though it is to be hoped that like the unnatural pigging of thousands of natives together under conditions which they never think of accepting, that they are ever with us, though it is to be hoped that like the unnatural pigging of thousands of natives together under conditions which they never think of accepting, that they 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Sir,—Thank you for sending me advance proofs of the above letters. It would be rather more fairly open to me, since I have not the privilege of becoming Mr. Simmons, or Mr. Marwick, by declaring that I prefer him as an admirer of my poetry to himself as a controversialist. But I won’t—I’ll accept his explanation and advise him to continue studying and writing (or, if he feels he can do something else for them. He will learn more, I venture to say, by consulting native writers and native commissioners than the writing of a letter, or the study of those who have the honour of advocating the banishment of ever so many men to subsequent to scarring their bodies with the lash. The said lady would probably, if she were the business in progress, I cannot believe she would cry then as she does now: “Lash! Lash!” though I can believe that, with unimaginative force, she would not at heart cry about its having been done by some male flogger for whose degradation, of course, she would not consider her words in any way responsible. The original takes the place of merely the protest of the crowds of people against the Umtali exhibition. Nobody can deny that there was a cruel howl for the life of the imprisoned native, convicted (by the community that acquired Lewis) only—and that an unprecedented series of assaults followed. Liberty to drink, and the compound system, though deplorably foolish, have not produced in forty years such an epidemic of revenging crime as was directed against white women inside a month after Umtali. The people who protestation won the war, and she has almost certainly won it for ever in unproven cases. As to the immediate future, the deportations of Lewis may become necessary as a recognition is something to the kraals; but although he is such a mischievous man, it is to be hoped that none will sink so low as to ask for him to be lashed. Banishment is a sufficiently dreadful punishment. If Carlyle to protest against the man of a boarding-house whose conversation on ordinary occasion was interesting and rational, but whose character when any expressions of what Goethe thought and felt, or what he of their way. So simple! His asceticism of Ecclesiasticism: “Italienische Reise,” strangely enough quoting by the way who the poet described the Féculand and the Romanist as being “a formless and Rococo piece of heathendom.” That quotation, one may believe, scarcely encourages the designation of Goethe as a pagan-heathen. Monsieur Carré clearly shows how heartily Goethe despised the medieval asceticism of Ecclesiasticism:

* * *

BERGSONISM

Sir,—One was able from Mr. Simmons’ first letter to form a fairly accurate notion of the motives which made him write it. In the first place there is that very common state of mind which urges us, at all costs, to distinguish ourselves clearly from those who don’t see it. That is most easily accomplished at the present moment by joining the “B.M.G.” Club and repeating on all occasions when one meets the enthusiast, “Bergson must go.” The second is the state of uneasiness in a man’s mind when he possesses something which in his opinion distinguishes him from other people, and the other people don’t seem to know it. For example, I once knew an old lady in a boarders’ house whose conversation on ordinary occasions was interesting and rational, but whose character when any contest and cost of new clothes considered, must be the happiest heathens (paganis) on the face of this globe? Wherefore our gifted friends propose, with the assistance of Mr. Ludo- vici, to discover some spade-work Englishman who shall shovel Carlylicly and a doubt, incidentally, Lewis—out of their way. So simple! “And, ah, for a man to arise in ye mean while, adumbrating every thing we!”

Meanwhile, Monsieur Carré cleverly gives us his impressions of what Goethe thought and felt, or what he ought to have thought and felt; of what Goethe was, or what he ought to have been. She felt that this fact somehow distinguished her from the common run of the people in the house, and that the stranger ought to know it. She was then unable to rest easy until she had forced the conversation round to a point at which she could easily and naturally communicate this information. So with Mr. Simmons. At some time or other he has read an obscure and unimportant article by Fargues. He feels that this distinguishes him from the ordinary run of amateurs who have been enthusiastic about Bergson, and he can’t rest easy till he has communicated the fact.

But this second letter makes it necessary to revise even this low estimate. One can only conduct controversies of this kind at your own peril, however mistaken, still possesses that minimum knowledge of philosophy which will enable him to understand the terms you use. In the incoherent jumble of sham quotations of which Mr. Simmons’ letter is mainly composed there is at least one plain statement which shows me that in his case this would be assuming too much. In my letters I have used the phrase “common sense.” Mr. Simmons confuses this with the absolutely different statement “nothing exists.” This would be an impossible confusion to anyone who had that elementary knowledge of philosophy necessary for an understanding of what (in a hideous modern jargon) is called “the idea of thinghood.”

As to the controversy should close without benefit to someone I will explain to Mr. Simmons as simply as possible the elementary difference of which he is ignotum. To state the notion of thing as a perfectly definite statement which, very roughly, I admit, represents a certain aspect of Indian thought. It is not my own position, but it is a perfectly understandable one. On the other hand the statement so “thing” exists is simply another way of announcing “causation”. The epithet of a “thing” simply marks the limits of our own cognitive movements. The room in which I am sitting forms for my eye a continuum and cannot be cut up into discrete objects. This is not only a view taken by some philosophers, but is the position towards which modern physics, to a certain extent at any rate, seems to approximate.

The division of the world into “things” is simply a practical one only, and cannot have any notion of division. The outline of a “thing” merely classifies the limits of our own cognitive movements. The room in which I am sitting forms for my eye a continuum and cannot be cut up into discrete objects. But the position towards which modern physics, to a certain extent at any rate, seems to approximate.

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Sir,—In THE NEW AGE for November 9 Monsieur J. M. Carre is travelling outside the record. He ignores the original position and only—“Bergson must go.” This is interesting and rational, but whose character when any expressions of what Goethe thought and felt, or what he of their way. So simple! His asceticism of Ecclesiasticism:

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GOETHE AND “PAGANISM”

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE for November 9 Monsieur J. M. Carre is “travelling outside the record.” He ignores the original position and only—“Bergson must go.” This is interesting and rational, but whose character when any expressions of what Goethe thought and felt, or what he of their way. So simple! His asceticism of Ecclesiasticism:

* * *
THE FREEWOMAN

On Thursday, November 23rd, Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co., Ltd., will publish a new weekly feminist periodical, The Freewoman, which will be under the joint editorship of Miss Dora Marsden and Miss Mary Gathwool.

The new undertaking is entered upon in the hope that it will afford the conditions most favourable to a full and frank discussion of feminism in all its aspects.

The editorial page will be taken up upon the assumption that feminism is as yet no definite creed, and that even in respect of what would be regarded as its fundamental propositions, the subject still bristles with imaginary difficulties.

It is considered that while the articulate consciousness of mind in women, which has led to the development of forms of expression is called feminism, is one of the most untractable features of modern times, yet, none the less, the readjustments in politics and morals which the new women will make are not necessarily all or chiefly debatable questions upon which we have barely yet entered.

In such circumstances, therefore, it has seemed that the next advance in the progress of feminism would be made through the encouragement of full and open discussion, and it is this encouragement which the new journal will provide.

Literary contributions bearing on the subject will be sought, and all contributions which carry with them quality of thought will be considered, irrespective of their point of view, conventional and otherwise.

The policy of the paper towards the political enfranchisement of women will be regarded as a separate question from the one which has carried out of the sphere of philosophical debate, its enactment into law being acknowledged as inevitable, sooner or later, by the politicians, friendly and unfriendly alike. The position occupied by the question is wholly different from that which it occupied at the time it was champions by John Stuart Mill. The energy of the new feminist impulse carried this phase of the movement into a favoured position at the outset, and its accomplishment must be brought about by astute political manœuvreing and not by philosophical debate.

The vast important work of women's industrial organisation stands in the same essential position.

The theory of the economic independence of women is on a debatable ground. The complete application of the theory would involve change the most sweeping in the history of women, and the family and the individual, that there is doubt and hesitancy as to the manner and extent of its application to be found in the most forward feminist ranks themselves.

An effort will be made to treat the subject of sex morality in a spirit free from preconceptions. Holding the view that the sentimental sex morality is open to question, the entire subject will be dealt with in an unreservedly fair and straightforward way.

It is believed that the Freewoman can be written in such a truer perspective if the English movement could keep in review the forms of activity in which the impulse finds expression in countries other than our own. It seems undeniable that there has been a good deal of the purely accidental in the forces which have made the movement in England so largely political, and a wider survey would give it a truer significance. To secure this wider survey the correspondents abroad are being secured.

In so far, however, as the English movement is political, it is necessary that it should find its bearings in modern political thought. In this respect it has a two-fold task. Inasmuch as it does not fall into line with popular democracy, in a democratic community it remains suspect; and inasmuch as it falls into line, it has to find its defence against the criticisms which are attack ing popular democracy itself; especially the latter, as the immediate practical application of feminist ideals would bring to democracy a preponderating volume of its supposed dangers and difficulties.

An attempt will be made to sustain from a feminist standpoint critical reviews of the drama and of general literature. It is felt that women have been almost exclusively readers and portrayers, and very rarely critics. The vast implications regarding moral sex values which are contained in literature exert an influence so pervasive that there can be but little change in moral estimates so long as such implied standards remained unquestioned.

Literary contributions will be sought from men equally with women, and it is hoped that the paper will find men readers as eagerly as women, and very rarely critics. The vast implications regarding moral sex values which are contained in literature exert an influence so pervasive that there can be but little change in moral estimates so long as such implied standards remained unquestioned.

The new undertaking is entered upon in the hope that it will afford the conditions most favourable to a full and frank discussion of feminism in all its aspects.

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