

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Harmsworth Press continues to disgrace the name of English journalism. Ever since Lord Kitchener gave Lord Northcliffe to understand that his ambition is to carry through the war against a conscript nation by means of a voluntary nation, Lord Northcliffe has fairly consistently misrepresented every situation as it has arisen. The present situation, we do not deny, lends itself to misrepresentation with generous facility. The exaggeration of the seriousness of certain elements in it is scarcely possible. At the same time, looking at the situation as a whole (a feat of imagination beyond the power of Harmsworth journalists), and, above all, contemplating our national resources and character, we maintain with Mr. Asquith that our victory may be a postponed, but it is also a foregone, conclusion. Whatever other purposes the war may serve, the economic future of Asia Minor will not be in German hands, the ports of Belgium and of north-eastern France will not be free to Germany's navy, and we may even venture to hope that the conscript system of militarism associated with Prussianism will be killed for ever. But the fulfilment of these ends by conscript means was, it cannot be denied, the object for which Germany precipitated Europe into war. If they are defeated, Germany is defeated and the Allies are victorious. Why, then, since they are certain to be defeated, need we give way to unmanly despair because passing situations are black? Dawn sooner or later will break.

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It used to be said of Englishmen that we never knew when we were beaten. Lord Northcliffe's Englishmen, on the other hand, appear never to know when we are winning. Now a natural pessimist of this kind is as much a tonic as a natural optimist of the former kind; and we could find it in our hearts to excuse and even to commend Lord Northcliffe if his pessimism were natural and unaffected. Unfortunately, however, there

is nothing in Lord Northcliffe's character, as revealed in his Press, to persuade us that he is one of those Miltonic Englishmen who naturally despair, but just as naturally never surrender. His pessimism is not of the noble natural variety, grim and terrible—more painful to himself than to others. It is, on the contrary, a calculated policy, not pessimism at all, but only journalism. And it is not a very deep policy, either. It is flattering to his amalgamated vanity to have ascribed to him vast plots for the establishment of the Servile State by means of conscription. But in reality his vastest plot is to exhibit his power. Having, for example, taken up with conscription in the early days of the war, he thinks he owes it to himself and his circulation to see it through. He would be personally humiliated if he should fail in it. What would his office-boys think of their Great Chief if, having backed conscription, he should prove to have backed a losing cause? He could never again look them in the face! To spare himself this deep humiliation among his peers he sticks at nothing to bring conscription about. Is Lord Kitchener in the way? Lord Kitchener must go. Is Mr. Asquith in the way? Mr. Asquith must go. Is the war-news good? It must be distorted. Is it bad? It must be made worse. Is recruiting satisfactory? It must be belittled and hindered. Only upon these suppositions is it possible to comprehend either the attitude of the Harmsworth Press or the attitude of the Government towards it. The former is due to vanity, and the latter to the belief that there is no great harm in it.

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Nevertheless, there is harm in it. For it is undeniable that neutral opinion is much affected by what it regards as English opinion. We have only to see what efforts Germany makes to produce the impression that she is winning, and *the effects of her efforts*, to realise that, with the wavering, nothing succeeds like confidence in success. It would be too much perhaps to say that we owe the decision of Bulgaria to the nigrication of our prospects by Lord Northcliffe in the "Times" and elsewhere. But there can be no doubt that he has contributed towards it. And what has tipped the scales against us in Bulgaria has assuredly inclined them to neutrality in countries which under more inspiring circumstances might have been on our

side. The popular elements of Greece, for instance, are as enthusiastically pro-Ally as were the people of Italy. Even Roumania was at first disposed to support us. But the insinuations of our "leading" Press (which owes, by the way, its prestige entirely to the past), that England is beaten and the Allies as good as defeated, coupled with the confirmatory claims of Germany, have made it a matter almost of madness for any neutral State, fearful of its future, to throw in its lot with us. As important as Germany, to judge by her efforts, believes the prestige of approaching victory to be to her arms, so important presumably would be the same prestige to us. But the Harmsworth Press has thrown this weapon away. Worse than that, the Harmsworth Press has seconded the lies of Berlin and actually ensured the success of its propaganda. If that is not doing harm, we should like to know what better service to the Kaiser Lord Northcliffe could render without involving himself in a charge of treason.

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And it is not only abroad but also at home that the evil effects are felt. We must suppose from their inaction that the Government are not much impressed, but it cannot be denied that the public is to a certain extent depressed. Now depression, it stands to reason, is not the mood in which great things are done. Foolish elation, there is no doubt, is equally inimical to laborious tasks, but the conviction that we shall win because we mean to win is the precedent condition of active determination. But this conviction, it is obvious, is the last thing the Harmsworth Press is likely to inspire. Therein we are daily exhorted to prepare ourselves for final extinction unless something we have no intention of doing is done at the dictation of Lord Northcliffe. The man is in this respect exactly like the quack who persuades a sick patient that nothing less than an operation to which the patient will never submit can save his life. Between the remedy and the disease the choice is impossible. Compare this with the speeches made by Pitt during the darkest days of the Napoleonic terror. Never can it be said that Pitt did not face facts quite as frontally as Lord Northcliffe or that he indulged himself or the nation in the belief that victory would be easy. Yet never, either, did he once give way to despair or allow the country to believe that, without a miracle, it could not hope to win. We, too, respect anybody who is impressed with the magnitude of our present national task. Nobody who underrates it is, in fact, worth listening to. On the other hand, we despise and condemn, as traitors to the English character, anybody who believes that we shall not in the end be equal to it.

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That the Government is largely to blame can be taken as a matter of course. There are twenty-two members now of the Cabinet of whom a dozen perhaps are superfluous for the daily executive work. Why should they not utilise their position to discharge the second essential duty of war-strategy, namely, the creation at home and abroad of a good national spirit? If even they do not feel disposed, for some unintelligible reason, to proceed directly against Lord Northcliffe as an unwitting accomplice of Count Bernstorff, they might at any rate devote their energies to sowing wheat among his tares. Apparently, however, they are content to draw their salaries in the obscurity of their offices. Even the responsible members of the Cabinet are not without grave fault. Take the matter of recruiting, for example. Both Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith appear to be playing at oracles upon the subject. Since Lord Kitchener asked for the precise number of 300,000 new recruits (and obtained them in three days), and promised publicly to renew his request when it became necessary, he has not made a single *specific* national appeal. Everything subsequently has been underhand, hearsay or innuendo. Next to God Almighty and above even

Lord Kitchener, nobody wields the power in England exercised by Mr. Asquith. A word from him, properly framed and properly defined (as he, above all men, knows how to frame and define it), and armed men would spring out of our pavements like warriors from the ground upon the stamp of Roderick Dhu. But the word is not uttered, and eligible recruits are left to measure for themselves in the mists of rumour the need and the hour for their services. But this is not the way to enlist the residue of the eligibles among us. Their psychology is peculiar and requires a particular appeal. It is an error to suppose them slackers or cowards, because they have shown themselves proof against ribbons and vulgar advertisements. We should not be surprised to find the makings in them, on the contrary, of the grimmest troops the nation can put into the field. Remember that the last to enlist on the Northern side in the American Civil War were also the last to leave the battle. But they are not going to enlist until they are directly asked with all the circumstances of *particular* responsibility. Both Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith know how to ask them, for they have done it before and are themselves of the same cast of character. They can do it when they please, and they alone.

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One of the first conditions of success with this class is, we should say, the announcement by Mr. Asquith that while he remains Prime Minister there shall be no conscription. That would not only clear the air, but the moral advantage would, we believe, be speedily followed by material advantage as well. While the introduction of conscription remains in doubt, at least three advantages arising from the certainty that it will never be introduced are sacrificed. In the first place, the absolute triumph of our case against Germany is in a measure obscured; for if it may still be assumed that the conscript system is superior in efficiency to the voluntary system, then German militarism has not only won, but it must needs be everywhere adopted after the war. But surely one at least of our purposes is to demonstrate the superiority, even in efficiency, of the moral over the material, the free over the servile element. Our adoption of conscription would have lost us this argument for the war at any rate. In the second place, it is undoubtedly the fact that while conscriptionists are still allowed to entertain the hope that their remedy will be tried, the fullest employment of the voluntary method is scarcely possible. After all, conscriptionists are human, and they cannot be expected to throw their might into voluntarism until they are certain that conscription will not be employed. Finally, if it is the case (as conscriptionists say) that men are "waiting to be fetched," then it follows that the threat of conscription actually hinders voluntary recruiting. There is really no escape from this dilemma. Men have been given, in fact, a good excuse for refusing to enlist of their own accord by the very conscriptionists who promise to compel them. They can plead that they are willing to join when the urgency is so great that compulsion must be adopted. But until the urgency takes that form, they are exempt. Supposing, however, that Mr. Asquith or Lord Kitchener were to make the urgency imperative, and at the same time to forswear compulsion, putting men solely upon honour, the last excuse would be gone. Then, and not till then, would it be possible to treat the non-recruits with the reality of moral abuse.

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In the event that conscription in Mr. Asquith's opinion still remains necessary, a fresh condition of its success becomes desirable. Capital must be conscripted as well as Men. You cannot invite and depend upon voluntary contributions (in the form of loans at interest too!) to the financial cost of the war and at the same time compel contributions to its vital cost. The inconsistency is obvious, and its injustice is a thousand times more glaring. We should, in fact, support to

the best of our ability anybody who resisted compulsory personal service while this inhuman distinction remained. Call it treason, mutiny, disloyalty—anything you please—but nobody can maintain that men's lives may be conscribed while equally indispensable sovereigns are left free to volunteer. This, we take it, was the purport of Mr. Smillie's speech at the Miners' Conference held last week. It was not, as he subsequently explained, that the rich have not performed their share of personal service. They have. But when the poor have given their all, the rich, having more to give, must give their capital as well as their lives, for both are needed. The Trades Union Recruiting Committee, we hope, will make a point of seeing that this is required before consenting to compulsion even if their voluntary efforts should fail. The price of the conscription of Men must be nothing less than the equivalent conscription of Capital.

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But there is really no necessity, we believe, to fear the one or to hope for the other. Germany is beaten, and it is only a matter of time for her to realise it. The addition of a Serbian front for her troops spreads them now over a line nearly a thousand miles long; and at every point she must be prepared for an attack at every moment. The wastage for the Allies is terrible, but it is distributed. For Germany it is no less terrible and it is concentrated. The German nation is not inexhaustible nor is its population immune from the frailties of the human race. The strain of feverish industry, of insufficient food, of appalling losses, of approaching despair, unexorcisable by newspaper lies, must already have begun to tell upon a people whose reserve strength was probably never as great as that of any one of the Allies. Be it far from us to underrate the exertions Germany has made or the exertions she can still call up from her exhausted system. They are prodigious, but there is an end to them. And the exhaustion of Germany after the war will be something to weep over. If the Napoleonic wars lowered the height of Frenchman by three inches, the present war will reduce Germany to a race of pigmies (and much of Europe with it!). The conclusion is tragic enough, but it might have been foreseen. What we have to do is to hold on with as good courage as we can command, in the certainty that there is one battle England will still win—the last!

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On a matter of detail, the current recruiting campaign is, in our opinion, being badly conducted. In the first place, Lord Derby is evidently not the man for the job; for in his first speech after his appointment he described himself as in the position of a receiver to a bankrupt concern—the bankrupt concern being the voluntary system he was undertaking to run at a profit! Such gauchery on the threshold of his enterprise is not an augury of the statesmanship his office demands. And in the second place, the direction of the campaign is still, we believe, indiscriminate and unscientific. Reckoning seventy-five per cent. of the four millions of men left of recruitable age as theoretically eligible, these fall into the three categories of (a) men indispensable to war-work directly, (b) men indispensable to war-work indirectly, and (c) men in industries unconnected directly or indirectly with the war. It is plain that the two first classes, in so far as the industries in which they are engaged have been organised, not only offer no field to the recruiting sergeant, but ought to be forbidden him. To take men from necessary industry is to rob Peter to pay Paul. But the overhauling of the men in the third class really means the overhauling of private employers. It is useless in many instances to appeal to the men themselves. Their occupation is personal in character or they are thought to be indispensable. The men to enlist in the national cause are thus their employers first. The question should be put to them, not only whether these men are indispensable to their business, but whether their business is indispensable to the

nation. If it is not, it should be suspended without delay. Selfridge's, for example, boast that they have enlisted all but their indispensable men; and we are invited to admire the firm's patriotism. But would England be ruined if Selfridge's closed for the remainder of the war? This, again, however, raises a still larger issue, and one that must be faced in the period of poverty that must follow the war—can we afford superfluous industry at any time? To organise industry (as we must) is to eliminate waste; and to eliminate waste is to close down industrial establishments that are socially superfluous. In the Grand Assize that peace will bring the Judge will surely recommend us to cut off our extravagances, our fancy shops, our loudly advertised emporiums. Let the recruiting authorities make a start upon it. Let them concentrate now upon enlisting the "indispensable" men from the dispensable businesses. Until firms like Selfridge's have not a willing recruit left the voluntary system has not been given a fair trial. We hope the Trades Union Committee will keep its eye upon them.

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The completion last week of the Triple Alliance of Labour may prove to be one of the greatest events in the history of the world. Several features make it unique as well in point of time and circumstance as in actual magnitude. Culminating, as it does, in the very midst of a revolutionary war, it is the first authentic evidence of the foundation of a new society. An association, not of single Unions, but of Federations of Unions, it stands towards the future of Labour in the same relation that a Triple Alliance of nations stands towards international affairs. Within the society in which it is formed it is, in fact, an alliance of Great Powers. It should be noted, too, that the constituent Federations are mainly and necessarily composed of men—whom, therefore, cheap women's labour cannot blackleg—and, further, that they hold, between them, the strategic key of the whole province of industry. Without coal and transport not a single industry can be carried on. We have never been under the Utopian illusion that in order to obtain a share of the responsible control of national industry it would be necessary to wait until every Trade Union had been converted to the demand. A single Trade Union, blackleg-proof in a single necessary industry, would have been able, we said, at any time to assume the hegemony of the industrial world. But with how much more confidence can it be said that the Triple Alliance now cemented, composed of three necessary industries, of many Unions, and each separately blackleg-proof, or nearly so, will exercise, if it choose, the determining power in the future of Labour and hence of Society! That the new body is, however, without ideas corresponding to its powers is plain from the first suggestions put before it and accepted. One emanated from the South Wales Federation, and was to the effect that the Triple Alliance's first work should be the amendment of such ameliorative political measures as the Eight Hours Act, the Mines Act, and other parchment bonds. The second came from the Lancashire and Cheshire Federation and urged a national movement against non-Union labour. But power that shirks responsibility (free power, as Mr. de Maeztu elsewhere defines it) is the most dangerous thing in the world. To procure the exclusion of non-Union labour from industry for the Lancashire and Cheshire Federation, in order to employ the resultant monopoly in squeezing benefits (as enumerated by the South Wales Federation) out of industry, with no further responsibility assumed, is nothing better than highway robbery assisted by the police. Either the new Alliance is a constructive force in society, representing the will of Labour to share the management of industry; or it is a destructive force which should be smashed while it is still in the egg. If it will not take responsibility itself, responsibility must be thrust upon it. And if still it refuses responsibility, it must be crushed.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHEN I wrote on the Balkan situation in last week's NEW AGE I said that even if all the Balkan States which are now neutral joined in against us the result would not affect the issue of the war. Such a move would lengthen the duration of the war, just as Balkan intervention on our side would shorten it; but neither move would affect the final issue. The statement holds good this week, as it will until the end of the war; but it is less with the actual situation in the Balkans than with one of its effects that I propose to deal at present. I write on Sunday, and this week's Northcliffe dam has not yet burst. But it is evident from the attitude already taken up by the "Times," by the "Daily Mail," and by Mr. Blatchford that another attack is being opened on the Government, nominally in the guise of well-grounded criticism, but in reality with the aim of securing a War Cabinet of five or seven, of introducing conscription, and of securing the resignation of Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Edward Grey.

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I do not exaggerate in the slightest when I say that this is the most serious feature of the Balkan question, and it is the feature which demands immediate consideration. In previous Notes of mine on the subject of the war and its conduct I have expressly said that one factor is necessary for our final victory, and that factor is the maintenance of the Grand Alliance. You may introduce conscription twenty times over; you may dismiss every one of his Majesty's present advisers and fill their places with reporters or pseudo-politicians of the Lovat Fraser type—the hectoring, cocksure, ill-informed breed of Carmelite House pressmen—and you may have a War Cabinet or a Committee of Public Safety of five or seven or two. But none of these steps will be of avail if the Alliance is not maintained. This country alone cannot be defeated by the enemy; our sea power guarantees us against that. It is not a barren stalemate we are looking for, however; it is a complete victory, and a complete victory is possible only if the countries which are now working in harmony towards a common end continue to do so. They will undoubtedly continue to do so if the management of affairs rests, where we are concerned, in the hands of sane and responsible administrators. They will not do so if the crude theories of the Northcliffes, the Austin Harrisons, the Garvins, the Blatchfords, and the Lady Bathursts prevail; for the solutions suggested by the organs to which these people contribute are solutions which have already aroused the most profound misgivings among the ruling authorities responsible for the conduct of the war in the countries with which we are now happily associated. The Cabinet itself is not blameless in this matter—not because it cannot meet the criticisms which have been hurled at it, but rather because it has not chosen to do so. I gather that our Ministers regard the average hooting critic—"Times" leader-writers, for example—as being too unimportant to bother about, while Lord Northcliffe cannot be dealt with because he would make trouble for some of our best-known politicians if he were. One or two statesmen with whom I have discussed the question of the Harmsworth Press recently have not hesitated to use the word blackmail in this connection. Certainly I find it difficult to account in any other way for the pusillanimous attitude of the police towards Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, every one of which deserves to be prosecuted ten times over. There is no excuse for issuing warrants against the "Labour Leader" if none is to be issued against such papers as the "Weekly Dispatch" and the "Times."

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However had people in general believe the Balkan situation to be, they should recollect this one important

fact: every Balkan Government, every Balkan statesman in power or out of power, trusts Sir Edward Grey as no other Minister has ever yet been trusted by a foreign country. If Sir Edward Grey has failed in the Balkans it may be taken as certain that no other man could have succeeded; for as to the trust reposed in him by the Balkan Governments there will be no question on the part of anybody who is acquainted with the conditions in the Balkan Peninsula. But has he failed? This would surely seem to be an important question, and before the demands put forward by Carmelite House are acceded to we had better try to answer it with the material at our disposal up to the present.

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In the first place, we shall have to recognise that Bulgaria has not yet committed any overt act of war against Serbia. The prospects, I am ready to agree, are of the worst, and it is said that Serbia and Bulgaria have now broken off diplomatic relations. The Greek King, if not his new Ministry, reads the treaty with Serbia as meaning that Serbia is entitled to ask for the help of Greece only if she is attacked by another Balkan State, not if she is attacked by a country outside of the Peninsula, such as Austria or Germany. Let us even admit that Bulgaria may not be taking any steps now because she wishes to let the Austro-German armies penetrate sufficiently far into Serbia to make Greek assistance useless and to intimidate Roumania. Let us acknowledge that the Greek Government desires simply "benevolent neutrality." There are still, in the second place, other factors to be considered, and one of them is the veiled ultimatum contained in Dr. Radoslavoff's references to the landing of Allied troops at Salonika and the attitude of the Greek Government regarding it. If the Bulgarians propose to make this a casus belli what can the Greeks do? King Constantine might still try to avoid fighting; but what would his people say? Docile as the Greeks are to a tyranny, they will not care to see their country overrun with Bulgarian komitadjis, or even with Bulgarian regulars. If Bulgaria, which appears to be unlikely at the moment, refrains from attacking Greece and confines her attention to Serbia, then the Allied forces now landing at Salonika will be able to do considerable damage to the flank of King Ferdinand's army, or I am greatly in error. In the third place, we know pretty well the amount of attrition which the German army has suffered during the last six months. The terrific fighting in Russia left blanks in the German divisions which will not easily be filled. If, as is asserted, a German army of 300,000 men is marching on Serbia, with another 300,000 men in readiness to deal with Roumania if necessary, it will surely be admitted that these men must have come from some other front, and they cannot have been removed without seriously weakening the forces already at that front. In the fourth place, assuming that Greece has to join against Bulgaria, which appears to be likely as I write, it must be acknowledged that the Greek army, plus the assistance of the Allied armies, will automatically cancel the military effect of Bulgaria's intervention. In the fifth place, there is always Roumania. In the sixth place, there is a very powerful party in Bulgaria which is opposed to the policy of the Court and the Government. All this must not be forgotten if we are to obtain a proper perspective. For the rest, the difficulties of Entente diplomacy in the Balkans have been referred to in THE NEW AGE time and again since 1910. It is largely a question of finance (national) and investments and estates (personal). Practically every Balkan king has put his little all into Austrian and German stocks. There are also disputes over territory and broken agreements to be considered. The articles on the Balkan question published in THE NEW AGE from 1911 to 1913 will be found to throw a great deal of light on the German designs in Asia Minor via the Balkan Peninsula, and on the origin of the present difficulties.

Gilders of the Chains.

By Ivor Brown.

V.—CALLISTHENES.

"To think profits and to make them—that is the business mind." Here is candour at least. But now we have a still more recent philosophy of commerce, to think profits, to make profits, but never by any chance to mention them. The old shop-keeper kept a shop: the new shop-keeper would be appalled at the idea. He keeps a lounge, a restaurant, a reading-room, a rock-garden, an observation tower—but a shop? Well, incidentally perhaps, but don't mention the vulgar fact. The old tradesman talked about trade, if he wished to puff himself: the new tradesman does not even talk: he hires an essay-writer—B. Litt. for all we know—who discourses on the war, the weather, anything but plebeian trade. The old merchant had a shop and methods: the new merchant has "a house" and "a policy." And now "the great house of Selfridge" flashes to the mind with the great houses of Tarquin and of Bourbon, and a Gordon is the Cock of Oxford Street as well of the North. The old man of business boasted honestly about his profits: but, just as kings must profess themselves the servants of their serfs, so H. Gordon Selfridge must chatter about his duties to the public and his boundless consideration for the welfare of the many.

And so every day there emerges from "this great house" a Callisthenic demonstration of the divinity that hedges and adorns King Gordon. How well we know the clotted hypocrisy that clogs those columns of the Press! How deeply we are charmed and fascinated by the new commerce which is no commerce, but national service, deep-rooted altruism, magnificent patriotism! How we pity you, anonymous scribe, whose ceaseless task it is to whip up this cream of cant with a hireling pen. Callisthenes—the Strength of Beauty! A non-de-plume that might fitly have covered a William Morris, and yet your life's work is to show that a shop is not a shop, and that your master lives to serve the public instead of to exploit them. But in an age when Junora (with a little soda) has adopted Michael Angelo, could such an artist, such a philanthropist of infinite perception as Mr. Gordon Selfridge forgo the classic touch?

So it happens that when after reading a lyrical outburst on the merits of your master's ménage we remember that he is not a new saviour of mankind but only a shopkeeper who wants our money, we burst out into righteous indignation and are fain to proclaim this age of Golden Calves and Iron Jelloids the most abominable the world has ever known. And yet this very hypocrisy is a sign of good. For, though hypocrisy has all the blackness of deceit, it does at least imply a growth of moral consciousness. It implies a sense of shame, a guilty conscience.

The old wars were fought with honest savagery for war's sake: nowadays everybody makes a highly moral excuse for going to war. The diplomats and Junkers in the various countries have discovered that they cannot rouse the organised workers to slaughter their fellows unless they are first persuaded that the thing is being done for morality's sake, for freedom, for justice, and all the rest of it. And so everyone has to be infected with blood-lust in case anybody else might have it. However nauseating this cant of war for culture may be on the lips of an antiquated German professor, however nauseating, too, the British bishop's scream of Join for Jesus, the necessity for these high-toned, if hypocritical, appeals does show that we are further on than we used to be and that we are making some slow advance to the common sense and common decencies of pacifism. And just in the same way the growing hypocrisy about capitalism points to a growing popular disgust with capitalism. During the last century no shame was felt for pronouncing the shameful gospel of greed or for glorying in the lawless laws of supply and

demand. We were a nation of shopkeepers, and quite right too. We were on the make and Cobden was a jolly good fellow. It was a way we had in the factories and nobody wanted to deny it. Professors delivered eulogies on greed from their chairs of dignity, and office-boys on their stools took the hint and became "self-made men."

But now we are a little doubtful. The Manchester school has perished, and all the business men are particularly busy in showing how useful they are to the nation. We are no longer a nation of shopkeepers; we are a nation of shop-assistants and shop-concealers. We are not ashamed enough to stop the ugly thing. But we want to cover its nakedness. The day has passed in which we proudly jangled our terrific chains of commerce. Callisthenes has come to gild them.

It is Gordon Selfridge, the master of the Great Store, who has led the way in this new campaign of white-washing industrialism. It is very popular in war-time, and everybody is eager to show how he is doing his bit by making profits as usual. But while the majority of profiteers are busy demonstrating that their own depredations are all for the good of McKenna, Callisthenes keeps pointing out that the existence of "this great house" is all for the good of the consumer. Now it is not my business to compare the house of Selfridge with the house of Harrod or of Debenhams or even of distant Rackstraw. It may or may not be the best of the bunch, but it is certainly the most typical. For in the script of Callisthenes we find reiterated the age-old justification of capitalism, that it is good for the consumer. Competition and the cheap purchase of human labour have always been defended on the grounds of communal benefit in consumption. Industrialism may be a bit hard on man as a maker, but as a spender and a user he gains immensely by it. At first the claim was put forward crudely by the Cobdenites and its keyword was cheapness: now capitalism is justified more magnificently as efficient, as polite, as bringing the world's markets to our door, as making possible such palatial clubs and promenades as Selfridge's.

Nothing has been made more obvious in recent times than the complete fraudulence of the capitalists' claim to national service. Certainly industrialism has never boasted much about the quality of its products: now it is found at fault even in the matter of quantity. It cannot give the nation enough. A nascent sense of shame has banished the unblushing Gradgrind of the eighteen hundreds. The nineteen hundreds brought many profits but less talk thereof: driven from the genial confession of pillage the rich men made protests about their valuable function in the State and the Hymns of Callisthenes bade London rejoice in the tremendous, the innumerable "services" of its premier house. Now even that last excuse of capitalism has been torn to shreds. It is certainly true in the industrial field and probably in the distributive, for there is no essential difference between buying and selling hats and buying and selling labour power. National Guildsmen have naturally insisted that their policy will liberate the producer from the shackles of private or collective external control. But they must not lose sight of the fact that neither capitalism nor collectivism benefits the consumer as much as they claim to do: they are similar impostors, and their gilders, both the genuine Callisthenes and his Collectivist counterpart Mr. Emil Davies, are furbishing a shabby article. Just because freedom in industry would benefit the producer it would also benefit the consumer: there can be no complete dichotomy of society. Now that the last flimsy plea of capitalism has been found wanting, it remains for the workers to claim the function of national servants which the exploiters have failed to fill.

In the meantime Mr. Selfridge will continue, I fear, to make profits; and Callisthenes, I hope, to make essays. For his columns are not nearly so nasty as the papers they appear in.

On a Doctrine of Power.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

SOME day there will have to be written a "Cratology," or doctrine of human power, as distinguished from "Energetics," or the doctrine of power in general; for if such a work is left unwritten we shall find this question of power encroaching upon problems of morals, or law, and of politics, throwing both them and us into confusion. The pure theories of morals, of law, and of politics can and must turn our eyes away from power; for they do not need it to tell us what things are good, what other things are laws, and what other good things it is desirable to secure for ourselves by means of the law. But we cannot theorise on morals, law, and politics without having our thoughts fixed on the application of our theories to the practical affairs of life; and such application is impossible without power.

Thus we find explained the double phenomenon—why the "Cratology" has not yet been written, and why writers on morals, law, and politics have given up so many pages to the task of finding out how it is possible to obtain the power to carry theories of morals, law, and politics into practice. This doctrine of power has not been dealt with because the writers have seen, and with reason, that power is only a means for the application of moral or political ideas and of legal rules. A "Cratology" cannot be, in theory, more than a secondary doctrine, since it is a doctrine of the means and not of the ends. On the other hand, this explains the interest taken by so many writers in the problem of power; because they are here dealing with the possibility of their ideas being practically applied. Power is the only means of making laws, good or bad, and of performing actions, good or bad, legal or illegal; but it is, on the other hand, the necessary and inevitable means—so necessary and inevitable that it leads many authors to assume that power is the very basis of law, of morals, and of politics. Instead of investigating what law is, and what good things are, and what good things ought to be secured by law, these people seek to ascertain where the sovereign power lies, or to know who defines the things which are good, or where public power ought to be—whether in the many or in the few or in a single person.

But if, so far as authors are concerned, power is nothing more than a means of realising political or moral ideas, we find ourselves, in real life, confronted with the indisputable fact that a large number of human actions are not planned for the realisation of political, juridical, or moral ends—that in them, in fact, energy is not merely the means but the end also. Most people would prefer at times to accumulate energy, in the form of money, for example, or muscular strength, for the pleasure of accumulating it; and at other times to expend it in enjoyment for the pleasure of expending it. And that fact has led the Italian philosopher, Benedetto Croce, to suppose (in his "Philosophy of the Practical") that there exists a special activity of the practical spirit—an activity which he calls "economic"—in which he includes the political and juridical activities, as distinguished from the "moral" activity. The aim of the former is utility, energy, pleasure; and of the latter, righteousness, goodness, duty. The reasons why this autonomy of the "economic" activity ought not to be accepted are given by the same Croce when he says that "When the moral consciousness arises, utilitarian volitions lose the right to innocence," and that "morality claims absolute sway over life." Moral consciousness is a fact. We no longer live in the Garden of Eden, but in a world which divides things into good and bad. Therefore we thrust aside Croce's "Economics" from this Kingdom of Ends, in which we accept his Logic, his Æsthetics, and his Ethics; but we warmly recommend its study to every man interested in the problem of power.

It may be said that the cause of Benedetto Croce's

perplexity consists in the fact that he has set forth, but not solved, the problem of Cesare Borgia. Croce admires Borgia for his energy, but he detests him for the manner in which he applies it. And as Croce cannot get rid either of his admiration or of his horror, he ends by legitimising both feelings, upholding the autonomy of the activity which he calls "economic" before the ethical activity. And it is true that this "economic" activity is a fact. It is a fact. Who does not know among his own acquaintances a score of little Borgias? But the right to an "economic" activity, opposed or indifferent to the moral, cannot be admitted, for the simple reason that a fact is not a right. The whole meaning of culture consists precisely in finding a way of taming the Borgias. Borgia's greatest admirer was Machiavelli; but the meaning of Machiavelli's work must be sought in the last chapter of the "Prince": "Exhortation to liberate Italy from the barbarians." It is only in this work of liberating Italy from the barbarians that Cesare Borgia can acquire any moral value. Until then he is only a considerable amount of natural energy let loose upon the world.

A "Cratology" would first divide human energy into personal power and social power. Personal power might also be called natural power, for we receive it from Nature and not from society. Society may give us money, position, means of education, and other advantages which may all be formulated in terms of power. But there are powers of activity, of talent, of will, and of health which we receive from Nature in varying quantities. Some men more than others. That is inevitable. We should all like to possess the maximum amount of personal power. That is also inevitable. We all envy the men who possess more personal power than we ourselves do. Inevitable, too. If a doctrine of personal power were written the fools would study it with the same avidity as that with which they now read those newspaper advertisements that promise them energy or the gift of command or the cure of timidity. Wise men, on the other hand, would not see in this part of the "Cratology" anything more than a systematisation of the numerous experiences which teach us not to waste our energy in excesses, to take care of our health, to concentrate our thoughts, etc.

How shall it be denied that personal power is required by the saint for his sanctity, by the artist for his art, and by the rascal for his rascality, and that power is a good in itself? The feeling of possessing the power necessary for accomplishing our work is, too, one of the greatest pleasures, just as there are few feelings of anguish so painful as that of knowing that we are not able to reach our goal. And not only that. We should all like to possess a quantity of free energy—that is to say, energy independent of that needed for carrying out the work we have in hand and works to follow; energy that we could waste at our own caprice, in gambolling, in bursts of laughter, in the pure pleasure of using it up. More: the possession of free energy is much more agreeable to us than that which we have mortgaged in the work we have undertaken. As soon as we set about a piece of work seriously, all our energy seems to us to be too little to accomplish it; and the fear that we may not be able to do what we wish to do is inevitably felt by every man who is doing something good. Hence the reason why play is more beautiful than work.

But if free energy is the more pleasant, it is not with it, but with the enchained energy, that all the good things in the world have been made. It is the same with the natural energy of man as with the energy of Nature. Waterfalls served no purpose until mills were built and turbines invented to transform energy into work. Perhaps the whole tragedy of man lies in this fatal conflict between the freedom and the enchainment of energy. We like free energy better. But the making of a good thing implies the binding of our energy to this work. Free energy is not bad in itself. It is neither good nor bad, but indifferent; like matter,

like life. The point is that energy cannot be good except when it is bound up in good works; and it cannot be so bound up when it has been wasted. And as the idea that we have been born to do something good in the world is always present, more or less clear, in every mind, innocence in regard to the employment of personal power is no longer possible. Either we employ it in good works, in which case we receive from the work itself the recompense for having expended our power, or we waste it in vanities or bad works, and then no compensation is possible. Our confessor may absolve us, but his absolution does not bring back to us our wasted energy.

But the most interesting side of a "Cratology" would not be that of personal power, but that of social power—that is to say, the power that society puts into our hands, be it money or university degree or hereditary position or the command of a regiment or the leadership of a political party or anything else. Almost every man occupies a position of social power besides his personal power. And it is not difficult to distinguish between them. A sculptor, for example, cannot possess the marble necessary for his monument except when society has given it to him; his personal power consists in that energy which he utilises in carving his figures, or which he wastes on his own caprices, in accordance with the character of the man. And here arises the problem of whether it is better to grant social power to men with full liberty for them to employ it as they like, or whether it is better to make this concession of power conditional on the execution of a specific social function. The world still remembers with horror the Kaiser's speech at the swearing-in of the new recruits at Potsdam on November 23, 1891:

Recruits: Before the altar and before the ministers of God you have sworn the oath of fealty to me. You are too young fully to understand the significance of what has been said. Your first duty is blindly to obey every order and every command. You have sworn fealty to me. You are the men of my Guard and my soldiers. You have committed yourselves to me body and soul. There can be but one enemy for you, and that is whoever shall be my enemy. Owing to the present machinations of the Socialists it may happen that I shall order you to fire on your own relatives, on your brothers and on your fathers—God grant it may not be—and in that case you are bound to obey my orders blindly.

What is it that revolts us in this document? Is it only the fact that a man may exercise such enormous power over other men? No; it is not that. Anyone who remembers the proclamations issued by General Joffre on the eve of the battles of the Marne and of Champagne will realise that the powers of the French generalissimo are not less, for certain determined ends, than those of the German Emperor. It could not be otherwise; for in war unity in the command is essential. What does revolt us in the Kaiser's speech and in the constitution of the German Empire is the fact that the powers of the Emperor are not bound down to a specified function or moment, while the powers of General Joffre are restricted to the operations of a war the cause of which his men believe to be a just one. No man can carry out a social work if society does not confer upon him the powers necessary for doing so. But it is one thing to give an explorer the resources he requires for reaching the Pole, and quite another thing to give him a cheque to spend as he may wish. In the first case we are creating an objective right, bound to a function; in the second, a subjective right, free and arbitrary. In the first case it is always possible to revoke the rights or powers conceded, as certainly those of General Joffre would be revoked if he employed them in sacrificing the lives of his soldiers uselessly. But subjective rights are, by definition, irrevocable. They can be withdrawn only by force—revolutions or coups d'état.

It is obvious that society ought never to grant powers to anybody except when they are attached to a defined function. The fact that an efficient general is entitled to as many men and supplies as may be necessary for

him to carry on a war to a successful conclusion is not a reason why, for the sake of victory, he should have the right to spend as he wishes a certain amount of money. The same man who is able to utilise the services of a hundred thousand soldiers for social ends may not be able to spend a hundred thousand pounds except on unnecessary clothing for his wife or in satisfying the whims of his useless and vicious sons. And, nevertheless, it is an old habit of all countries to pay with quantities of free energy for the services of men who have enchained their energies to social ends.

It is not difficult to understand the reason why. Nothing pleases us more than the free possession of social energy. It pleases us even more than the possession of personal energy; for the wastrel who uses up his personal energy in pleasures knows that, at bottom, he is paying for this with his life, while the lady who amuses herself in tearing up a dress every day is paying for her pleasure not with her own life, but with the lives of the sempstresses who have been working for her. And as we all like the free possession of social energy, we suppose that it will also please those men who have rendered outstanding services to us: and thus is produced the paradox that countries pay men for the services they have rendered by enabling them and their descendants to leave off serving us if it suits them to do so. Thus are hereditary aristocracies constituted. Faust earns the gratitude of the labourers of a Baltic village because he builds a dam that defends their lands against coast erosion. And the labourers reward Faust by granting to him and to his descendants in perpetuity the right to exact a tax from them. Because a man has done something good, rights are granted to him which may enable his descendants to be bad with impunity. The spirit of solidarity creates, by gratitude, subjective rights, and afterwards these are turned against the solidarity in which they were born, until a type of man is produced, like the Kaiser, the Pope, or the perfect Liberal, who believes himself to be responsible only to God and to his own conscience for the use he makes of the social rights which he enjoys—and in this way peoples enslave themselves to the same men, or to the descendants of the same men, who in former times served them well, until new liberators arise, whom the liberated peoples will afterwards transform into tyrants.

This vicious circle will not be broken as long as peoples do not prefer government by things to government by men; or, what amounts to the same thing, to bind social energy to social functions. This phrase as to being governed by things may be interpreted by a reader in bad faith in the sense of our being governed by the chairs we are sitting on. But these "things" of which we are speaking are not chairs, but justice, and kindness, and truth, and beauty; and, if abstractions be found displeasing, then those concrete things which are just or kind or true or beautiful. Either we submit to them, or we shall have to submit to the tyrant. And what is the tyrant? We have seen already; power set free. The conceptions of freedom and tyranny lose their antagonism in the analysis; and the outcome is that they only define the same thing. Freedom is our own tyranny; tyranny is the freedom of others.

There will never be an end of either tyranny or freedom. There will always be free energy in man, for there will always be free energy in Nature; and the "physis" of man is that of Nature. Free personal energy will always be more abundant in youth than in maturity. Romantic poets are the flatterers of youth. But there is no merit in youth. To the best men it is only the melancholy age of vacillation. To all those who have made all the good things that exist upon the earth there once arrived an hour in which a thing took possession of them, and in which they began to live for it alone—not for the glory, not for the success, but for the thing. And when the thing is good it projects upon the individual who did it that special nimbus which constitutes the dignity of man.

Impressions of Paris.

A PERSON who has read my paragraphs on Madame de Choiseul, the lady too busy to answer letters, who yet wrote such learned epistles, tells me that I do not practise which I preach, since I am no better than I should be in the matter of correspondence. I did not preach. Above all, I did not preach letter-writing as a virtue. If a soul dared lay itself bare in this cold world, I would admit to terror of correspondence which were to invite me to an exchange of ideas; of that which were to seek my advice while concealing the half of its case; of that from a great distance, and of that from my next-door neighbour. All these kinds of letter, if repeated, work against nature and revolt the will which would be good for one occasion. The effect of such upon me is disastrous. Humanity tells one to reply. One begins a dozen times. The worst of passions awaken and boil and seethe on their leashes; soon they seize their weapons, and burst into tears; winter and snow come before due season—and it is odds that despair disguised as philosophy tempts one to lay down the pen because nothing may matter a hundred years hence.

I don't know whether I may not have simply invented all this in order to talk about myself and irritate the "New Statesman," the which journal believes that "the greatest revolution that the world has known would take place if human beings could be suddenly induced to apply the Copernican system to human nature, if each man and woman ceased to believe that he or she is the centre of the universe." The grammar must go, for nothing easy may mend it. We moderns are all rather independent of grammar, but there should be some sort of patriotic adhesion to the only tongue we possess. The "New Statesman" is rebuking two ladies who have published books about France and Belgium, and which convey *nothing more* (italics mine) than an impression of their authors' egos. "One opens their books expecting to learn what war really is . . ."

There! Is that not our "New Statesman" impatient for Facts? Fancy being so anxious for instruction as to get cross at not learning what war really is from two vagabond women! I agree with what the "New Statesman" meant to say—that these two might make the descent to Hades seem long; but that would be, not because their accounts were an impression of their real egos, but, an impression of some or other ego which they might elect to seem. This is the worst of advice to women writers—to urge them to get outside themselves; the difficulty for them is to get inside. Very few modern women are ever really at home; we are mostly between in and out. We see things neither from within (as we should) nor from without (this last being impossible in the lack of intellect); and this is why few writings of modern women are worth preserving. Three writers shall stand for me as typical of the present derangement of literary women: Miss Evelyn Underhill, Vernon Lee, and Miss Jane Harrison. The wails of their defeated egos are a sound to cure one of artificiality. Miss Underhill gives way in her smudgy little verses. In a saner age, she might have written devoted and accurate accounts of the births of calves, potato-culture, and the rearing of chickens. Vernon Lee becomes almost verecund (I hesitate to say simply modest) in her social reform letters to the newspapers. A less aspiring destiny would have made her the blue-aproned guardian of some Spa whose mythology would

not have evaded her in its least wonderful or in its most incredible detail. The *déshabillé* of Miss Jane Harrison is not less human and touching. She, better informed and more open than the others, cuts an equally sympathetic figure; she turns aside from her grand subject, and she gushes. She might have been the ideal Scudéry of our day, with herself in all her heroines, our delightful guide to the perfect spinster.

A woman who works up the product of intellectual discovery and amusement is more perverse than the woman factory hand. There is no need, no excuse for her doing it. She is a monster of misdirected vanity and self-torment. Women should study as much as they may and please, and they should use their studies. The crime is of using study as though the faculty of proceeding somewhere by it belongs to women; the case is that the only use of study to women is to enable them to *stand* somewhere. Our precious right to *state* without giving reasons (a right which no man has) is always imperilled by study; this right only exists so long as we state truly, guided by sentiments and tastes of natural worth; alas! the woman who studies usually comes to regard her learning with reverence and her sentiments with contempt; she tries to *prove*—but proof is creative, and another step, and women never step.

So the "New Statesman" is all wrong and wicked to try and set us teaching it instead of expressing ourselves. Its two ladies, who went to seek the war and obviously found it something of a lark, and yet tried to remember that it was really a tremendous sensation, should be rebuked perhaps for not having written more faithfully to themselves; but they should not be tempted to falsify themselves in another way and to become even more negligible by an affectation of knowing more than they might possibly know.

I ought to have said that there were three books. The third is written—for what reason is hidden—by an Irish nun who, with her sisters, was obliged to flee her convent. The "New Statesman" remarks disparagingly of this volume that "its interest is hardly ever in the picture, but in the curious psychology of its author and the other nuns!" This is really an extraordinarily inept criticism. The nuns remain in spirit nuns; the war does not change them. But this remarkable psychological effect of a religious training is not interesting enough for the "New Statesman." I had almost written "sensational enough"—and I do believe that sensation is what the critic is after. "It was only occasionally that they saw what was happening around them. . . The really important thing was always that they should not miss a Mass, just as the important thing to Mrs. Sutton-Pickard was that the pretty girl 'turned out to be Lady Rosemary (the Duchess's daughter)'." And, I suppose, he would have said, as the really important thing to Miss May Sinclair was that Miss May Sinclair was with the Red Cross in Belgium during a real war.

But the difference is everything! To miss a Mass for want of effort was, in the nuns' belief, to offend their God, as well as to jeopardise their salvation. This is not quite the same as to miss meeting a duchess's daughter might be to an American, or to miss being "in it" might be to a lady novelist. The nuns did not seek the war; the war found them—and no doubt that it was to them really not more or less than the hand of God descending heavily yet with mercy, since they, humble instruments, were permitted still to serve and to worship. In fact, they remained true to the only sentiment they might feel.

The "New Statesman" has no sentiment of any kind, and ought to be censored on any subject which is not bones or Blue Books. We women have to learn to write as we feel. We, of this age, do not know how! The stupidity of the time has made of us something between a *précieuse* and a school-boy. We give way, break down, undress—and then you see what ruins we be!

ALICE MORNING.

The Translator's Preface to Sorel's "Reflections on Violence."

By T. E. Hulme.

... que si par impossible, la nature avait fait de l'homme un animal exclusivement industriel et sociable, et point guerrier, il serait tombé, dès le premier jour, au niveau des bêtes dont l'association forme toute la destinée; il aurait perdu, avec l'orgueil de son heroïsme, sa faculté révolutionnaire, la plus merveilleuse de toutes, et la plus féconde. Vivant en communauté pure, notre civilisation serait une étable. . . . Philanthrope, vous parlez d'abolir la guerre, prenez garde de dégrader le genre humain. . . . Proudhon.

It might be thought that a book which already contained two introductions was in no need of a third by the translator. But the accounts of Sorel, which have already appeared in English, are clear proof of the existence of the particular kind of misunderstanding which a translator, merely because he has read the author's other works, may do something to remove.

The character of this misunderstanding is important. It is not a question of wrongly understood details but of something much more fundamental. It is rather, that all the criticisms spring from a way of looking at things which makes the book incomprehensible as a whole. As a result of this the sympathetic accounts have been as wide of the mark and as exasperating to the disciples of Sorel as the others.

What exactly is the nature of this general miscomprehension? In a movement like Socialism we can conveniently separate out two distinct elements, the working-class movement itself and the system of ideas which goes with it (though the word is ugly, it will be convenient to follow Sorel and call a system of ideas an *ideology*). If we call one (I) and the other (W) (I + W) will be the whole movement. The ideology is, as a matter of fact, democracy. Now the enormous difficulty in Sorel comes in this—that he not only denies the essential connection between these two elements, but even asserts that the ideology will be fatal to the movement. Very roughly the book may be described as an analysis of certain facts characteristic of the working-class movement (violence in strikes) directed by the conviction that the existence of democracy¹ is incompatible with the progress of socialism. The regeneration of society will never be brought by the pacifist *progressives*.

They may be pardoned then if they find this strange. This combination of doctrines, which they would probably call reactionary with revolutionary syndicalism, is certainly very disconcerting to Liberal Socialists. It is difficult for them to understand a revolutionary who is anti-democratic, an absolutist in ethics, rejecting all rationalism and relativism, who values the mystical element in religion "which will never disappear," speaks contemptuously of modernism and "progress," and uses a concept like *honour* with no sense of its unreality.

As a rule such sentiments, when the democrat meets with them, are conveniently dismissed as springing from a disguised attempt to defend the interests of wealth. But this easy method of avoiding thought will not do in the case of Sorel. The reproach of capitalism can be made to cover much, but it hardly fits this case. An uncomfortable situation then arises. A foreign body has entered the oyster of democratic thought; it must be covered up; sometimes you get pearls, the American professor, for instance, who thought to discredit Sorel by referring mysteriously to his admiration for Pascal. In the effort to account for the existence of this admittedly sincere dissociation of democracy and the working-class movement, any amount of baffled wriggling will be resorted to. It is put down to reactionary sentimentality, to mysticism, etc. We have to deal then with an absolute incapacity to understand the main thesis of the book. The misunderstanding will be very stubborn. How can it be removed?

The object of this preface is the purely practical one of endeavouring to remove this misconception. The

object all the time is to convert someone. How exactly does the simple-minded democrat feel about this dissociation? His behaviour may indicate the source of his repugnance, and give some hints how to remove it. What he mostly feels, I suppose, is a kind of exasperation. He cannot take the anti-democratic view seriously. He feels just as if someone had denied one of the laws of thought, or asserted that two and two are five. When faced with the assertion that there is no essential connection between (I) and (W) his behaviour shows that the connection in his mind does not rest merely on habit, but on the idea that (I) must *necessarily* be connected with (W). In his natural state he is never really conscious of (I) as a separate element, but when the denial of the connection with (W) forces its separate existence of (I) on his mind, he then thinks that as (I) is a kind of category, an *inevitable* way of thinking, it must *necessarily* accompany (W).

It is this notion of the *necessary*, the *inevitable* character of the democratic system of ideas, which is here the stumbling block. It is this which makes him think Sorel's anti-democratic-position views *unnatural* or *perverse*. He thinks of democracy as the natural and inevitable equipment of the emancipated and instructed man. The ideas which compose it appear to him to have the *necessary* character of categories. In reality they are of course nothing of the kind. They depend on certain fundamental attitudes of the mind, on unexpressed major premises. If he could be made conscious of these premises, the character of *inevitability* would have been removed. The explanation of how these major premises get into the position of pseudo-categories goes a long way towards removing a man from their influence. They are unperceived because they have become so much part of the mind and lie so far back that we are never really conscious of them as ideas at all. We don't see them, but see other things *through* them, and consequently take what we see for the outlines of things themselves. Blue spectacles making a blue world can be pointed out, but not these pseudo-categories which lie, as it were, "behind the eye."

All effective propaganda depends then on getting these ideas away from their position "behind the eye," and putting them facing one as *objects* which we can consciously judge. This is a difficult operation. Fortunately these systems of ideas have a gradual growth; and a type of history, very difficult to write, makes it possible to dig out these *pseudo-categories*, and expose them as *objects* on a table. This is a violent operation, and the mind is never quite the same after. It has lost a certain virginity. But there are so many of these systems in which we unwittingly "live and move and have our being" that the process really forms the major part of the education of the adult. It is this method which Sorel has so successfully applied in "Les Illusions du Progrès" to the particular democratic ideology with which we are here concerned.

This democratic ideology is about two centuries old. Its history can be clearly followed and its logical connection with a parallel movement in literature. It is an essential element in the romantic movement; it forms an organic body of middle-class thought dating from the eighteenth century, and has consequently no necessary connection whatever with the working-class or revolutionary movement. Liberal socialism is still living on the relics of the middle-class thought of the last century. When vulgar thought of to-day is pacifist, rationalist and hedonist, and in being so believes itself to be expressing the inevitable convictions of the instructed and emancipated man, it presents the pathetic spectacle of an apparently exuberantly active being which is all the time an automaton without knowing it. Our younger novelists, like those Roman fountains in which water pours from the mouth of a human mask, gush as though spontaneously from the depths of their own being a muddy romanticism that has in reality come through a very long pipe indeed.

As to the contrasted system of ideas, under the direction of which, Sorel himself analyses the working-class movement, one can best describe it by thinking of the

qualities of seventeenth as contrasted with eighteenth century literature in France. . . . The difference, for example, between Corneille and Diderot. Sorel very often speaks of Cornelian virtues. But this antithesis of Classical and Romantic is not of much use. It merely invites loose thinking; moreover, it is much too thin for the purpose I have in mind here, that of propaganda. For this purpose, as we have seen, it is necessary to get back to the generally unconscious fundamental attitudes from which opinions really spring. Democratic romanticism is then a body of doctrines with a recognisable and determinate history. What is the central attitude from which it springs and which gives it continued life?

Putting the matter with the artificial simplicity of a diagram for the sake of clearness, we might say that romanticism and classical pessimism differ in their antithetical conception of the nature of man. For the one, man is by nature good, and for the other, by nature bad.

All Romanticism springs from Rousseau,³ and the key to it can be found even in the first sentence of the Social Contract. The conviction round which the whole thing resolves is this: Man is by nature something wonderful, of unlimited powers, and if hitherto has not appeared so, it is because of external obstacles and fetters, which it should be the main business of social politics to remove.

What is at the root of the contrasted system of ideas you find in Sorel, the classical, pessimistic, or, as its opponents would have it, the reactionary ideology? It springs from the exactly opposed conception of man: the conviction that a man is by nature bad or limited⁶, and can consequently only accomplish anything of value by disciplines, ethical, heroic or political. In other words, it believes in Original Sin. We may define Romantics, then, as all those who do not believe in the Fall of Man. I believe this to be the most fundamental division that can possibly be made in the region of thinking about society.⁴

From the pessimistic conception of man comes naturally the view that the transformation of society is an heroic task requiring heroic qualities . . . qualities which are not likely to flourish on the soil of a rational and sceptical ethic.⁵ At a given moment, qualities may be required which can spring only from something which from the narrowly rationalist position is irrational, something that is not *relative*, but absolute. The transformation of society is not likely to be brought about as a result of intellectual arrangement on the part of literary men and politicians. But on the optimistic and romantic view this is quite possible. From the optimistic conception of man springs naturally this characteristic democratic doctrine of *Progress*.

My purpose in this article has been purely practical. I wanted to convince a democrat of his error. I do not hope to have done that, but I think this developed antithesis may help to convince him that the other side exhibits a coherent structure, and cannot be dismissed as the result of stupidity or reactionary sentimentalism.

Though this tendency of Sorel's thought can be seen even in his earlier work—the first book on Socrates maintaining that Socrates represents the decadence in Athens, having introduced expediency and calculation into Ethics—yet his final disillusionment with *democracy* came only after the bitter experience of the Dreyfus case. There may be some who object to this book, in that it is concerned with names of unimportant people, quite unknown to most of us. The answer to this is, that the drama in which they figure is a universal one, though the universal may be exhibited here in the very particular. All these obscure political figures have their exact counterparts here, and the history of Sorel's disillusionment with *democracy* is really the history of our own disillusionment.

The belief that pacifist democracy will lead to no regeneration of society but rather to its decadence, and the reaction against romanticism in literature, is naturally common to many different schools. This is the secret, for example, of the sympathy between Sorel and the brilliant group of writers connected with "L'Action

Française," which is so eagerly fastened on by those anxious to discredit him. His ideology resembles theirs. Where he differs is in the application he finds for it. He expects a return of the classical spirit through working-class violence. The classical doctrine will rise again from the struggle of the classes.

This is the part of his thesis that is concerned with facts, and it would be impertinent on my part to offer any commentary on it. I have been only concerned with certain misapprehensions about the purely theoretical part of his thesis. One may note here, however, how he makes the two interact. Given the classical attitude he tries to prove that its present manifestation may be hoped for in working-class violence, and at the same time the complementary notion that only under the influence of the classical ideal will the movement succeed in regenerating society. The very important last chapter on the technical side of the matter, the proof that democracy will in the end ruin technical civilisation, should be remarked, and the final identification of the main antithesis with that between the points of view of consumers and producers.

Sorel's importance perhaps does not lie so much in his originality. We have a similar combination of the classical ideal and Socialism, in Proudhon. It lies rather in the fact that his character and sincerity make these ideas convincing. To use an old-fashioned terminology, his work is essentially part of the literature of power. He is one of the most remarkable men now writing, certainly the most remarkable Socialist since Marx, and his influence is likely to increase, for the ethical ideals he represents are gradually rising again.

NOTES.

(¹) Democracy.—The word is not used either as a general name to describe the working-class movement, or to implicate the true doctrine that all men are equal, but to indicate the views of the people who are most fond of so describing themselves. To recall that I am using it in this narrow sense, I have generally put it in italics.

(²) History.—A good deal of Sorel's best historical work might be described as an analysis of false categories of this kind.

(³) Romanticism.—For a history of the romantic movement in French literature from this point of view see Pierre Lasserre excellent a *Romantisme Française*. In this preface the word is used in a precise sense as indicating this definite historical phenomenon.

(⁴) Original Sin.—Not only in here, but also in philosophy. The whole of philosophy since the Renaissance seems to be more of one kind than it appears, and to be all vitiated by fact, none of it realises this great dogma. Humanism really contained the germ of the disease, that was destined to come out finally as romanticism; for this reason, that no sooner had the religious system decayed, in which man was of no importance, in comparison with certain absolute values, no sooner had Copernicus proved that man was not the centre of the universe, than you got expressed for the first time, in Pico Della Mirandola, the idea that man was good. Here is the Romanticism in the egg. A renovation of philosophy is only possible when this vicious idea is exterminated. One can find a parallel which I don't desire to press too much in art. It is gradually being realised that what has passed as the science of aesthetics is only a psychology of classical and Renaissance art. This art forms a unity exactly, as thought since the Renaissance does, and differs from the intense Byzantine art in exactly the same way. It is promising to note that there seems to be signs of its break-up; this might indicate a similar movement in thought. Sorel says that Renan was incapable of understanding religion, for he had superficial views on this dogma.

(⁵) Virtue.—Without too much exaggeration it might be said that the view of ethics to which Sorel adheres has now more chance of being understood. There has always been something rather unreal about ethics. That is, perhaps, because the only ethical questions that came before parasitical literary men were those of sex, in which (may I be forgiven, being here no disciple of Sorel), there seems very little but expedience, nothing that a man could honestly feel as objective. But now some sensualists have had to make an ethical decision for the first time and uncomfortably recognise that there is one objective thing at least in ethics, so there may be more.

(⁶) This is very far from materialism: cf. Pascal's wonderful chapter on the nature of man.

Treitschke and Nietzsche.

(Translated from an article by Henri Albert in the "*Mercur de France*" of August, 1915, by PAUL V. COHN.)

IN June, 1871, Overbeck made his first attempt to bring Nietzsche into contact with Treitschke. It was trying to join together two antipodes. The professor of ecclesiastical history at Bâle, however, who had long been on intimate terms with the historian of the new Empire, was already highly impressed with the talents of his youthful colleague. That he should wish Treitschke to share his admiration and should ask him to admit Nietzsche as contributor to the "Prussian Yearbooks," of which Treitschke had recently become editor, was a fairly natural proceeding. Were they not all professors, men of the same calling, stamped with the same scholastic hall-mark?

Treitschke, however, rebuffed Overbeck in no uncertain fashion. Why should he want to hear anything of this callow innovator? Nietzsche, who was then twenty-six, had as yet published nothing but essays in classical scholarship, the work of a mere student, considered of some account by specialists, but of no interest to the general public. Treitschke, on the other hand, was at the zenith of his glory. In the course of a few years he had seen the fulfilment of his earliest dream: Germany was in Prussia's grip. He could say to himself, moreover, that in the triumph of the Imperial idea he had played no insignificant part. He, too, had flung himself into "German struggles," and what he had preached in his writings Bismarck had translated into action "by blood and iron." A Saxon by birth (he was born at Dresden in 1834), he had not hesitated to betray his country by inducing Prussia, after Sadowa, to dethrone the King of Saxony. Yet he was a "Liberal," and when he came to Paris in December, 1864, to deliver one of a course of lectures for the benefit of Schleswig-Holstein (the subject he chose was "Washington"), he was entertained by the Republican Opposition as a fighter against tyranny.

After the foundation of the Empire, Treitschke could insolently enjoy his insolent triumph. As member of the Reichstag from 1871, and as professor at Berlin University from 1874, his work until his death in 1896 was nothing but a vainglorious parading of his boundless satisfaction. Loaded with titles and decorations, and received at Court, he sang for more than thirty years the praises of the good old German God, who had miraculously favoured the enterprises of the glorious Hohenzollern dynasty.

It is highly probable that the worthy Overbeck, who spent his days in biblical exegesis, utterly failed to understand Treitschke, just as he was not in a position to gauge the value of Nietzsche. He was one of those second-rate natures whose chief pleasure in life is the cultivation of friendship. When quite young, he attached himself to the historian with the same devotion that he afterwards showed in watching over the philosopher. Three years younger than Heinrich von Treitschke, and a cosmopolitan by birth and education, Franz Overbeck would never have become intimate with his senior but for the chance which sent them both to the "Kreuz" school at Dresden. Overbeck was born at Petrograd; his father was a British subject, his grandfather a German, and his mother was a Frenchwoman and a Catholic. When in the spring of 1851 he came to complete his education in the Saxon capital, he had but a limited acquaintance with the German language. His Germanisation was amazingly rapid; eight years later, when he was finishing his studies at Leipzig, his community of sentiment with Treitschke was so strong that they saw each other every day. They ate at the same table, they addressed each other with "thou"!

To his four nationalities Overbeck was soon to add a fifth. In 1870 he was appointed to an extraordinary professorship at Bâle. There he became acquainted with Nietzsche, whom he was destined to honour for thirty years with a loyal, if not always intelligent,

friendship. As a kindly intermediary between his new friend and his comrade of other days, Overbeck not only aimed at helping Nietzsche to get his writings printed, but defended his work against the instinctive aversion which Treitschke showed at the first intellectual contact.

Nietzsche's article "Music and Tragedy," offered by Overbeck for the "Prussian Yearbooks," had not found favour in the eyes of the historian. It was a fragment of "The Birth of Tragedy," which was published in the following year. When Treitschke, after having rejected the fragment, received the volume, he condemned it quite frankly as "nauseous." This was because he had a horror of Schopenhauer, who was at that moment the bugbear of all the academic Liberals. Moreover, Nietzsche's view that the Greeks were pessimists was quite opposed to the official creed of the University.

Overbeck, however, would not own himself beaten. Not content with proclaiming the intense originality of the ideas set forth by his young colleague, he returned to the charge when the first of the "Thoughts Out of Season" appeared. In this little work, as is well known, Nietzsche entered on his campaign against German culture. In order to invest his attacks with a concrete form, he had hit upon an Aunt Sally in the person of David Strauss, the famous author of a "Life of Jesus," who, according to him, embodied the perfect type of a "barbarian savant." Renan had already passed an unfavourable verdict on this writer, but Nietzsche, who was then twenty-seven and still unknown, had the distinction of pointing out how the foolish vanity of success had robbed the commonplace little Swabian professor not only of all critical sense, but also of all fairness in judgment. After an interval of more than forty years, we find in the manifesto of the German intellectuals a fresh instance of the very mentality that Nietzsche so severely condemned. The David Strausses, whatever be the names they bear at present in German universities, in arts and in letters, are still what they were on the eve of our defeat in 1870. In multiplying themselves so as to reach the number of ninety-three, they only give a more cogent example of that "coarse self-sufficiency" which Nietzsche lashed with such consummate scorn.

Overbeck was artless enough to imagine that Treitschke would approve of this campaign. How was it that he, who with his illustrious friend had shown violent enthusiasm for the "German struggles," had been able to change so completely as to become the champion of Nietzsche's ideas? The explanation is that this man of five nationalities had for three years been breathing the healthy air of Bâle, the city of Jakob Burckhardt, the city of disinterested research, which kept aloof from the extravagances of the new Empire. At any rate, Treitschke received his copy of "Thoughts Out of Season" with the warmest recommendations from Overbeck. The historian's acknowledgment of this unseasonable gift has not been preserved, but Herr C. A. Bernoulli, in his "Franz Overbeck and Friedrich Nietzsche," has published a series of letters, dated 1873, all of which plead Nietzsche's cause and vainly endeavour to bring Treitschke round to a better way of thinking. But the aversion was too deep-rooted. Besides, how could the historian of the new Empire fail to be offended by the verdict which he was ingenuously requested to pass on that institution? For him, after the defeat of the French, everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and now came one who dared to criticise the state of things which was in complete harmony with his own desires! Nay, more, this critic, in order to express the discontent he felt at intellectual barbarism, had had the audacity to single out David Strauss, who, while Bismarck was preparing for his achievement, had also been a champion of Germanism! The "satisfied" Treitschke could not allow anyone to lay hands on the "satisfied" David Strauss.

Overbeck, however, stuck to his guns, and went even further than Nietzsche had done. "After all," he writes

in October, 1873, "whichever way we look in Germany, we can only see one thing that is really worthy of us and in thoroughly good condition—the army: everywhere else I observe, beyond all doubt, nothing but decadence." Treitschke replied that this was the view of a citizen of Bâle, who stood outside the great political struggle in Germany, and could not grasp its full splendour.

The other insisted on his point and developed at length the ideas which at the time were certainly the daily topic of his conversations with his "other friend":

"It is unfortunate that in our German history the political and the cultural movement have so often followed divergent paths, and that their strength has been impaired by unhappy dissensions. . . . The recent war, in so far as it has not had an altogether corrupting influence, has fostered our political life and our civilisation in a purely one-sided manner, and has proved entirely barren for our culture, for the development of those vital energies which spring from the noblest instincts. This is one of the gravest symptoms of our present condition."

In offering these scathing criticisms to Treitschke, Overbeck earnestly begs his friend not to bear him any illwill, and to contribute towards remedying a state of things which he deploras:

"I don't want to quarrel with you. Say, if you like, that my views on contemporary German culture are exaggerated—although I have an answer ready for every one of your objections. If my outlook on things is too black, yours is certainly too rosy. If I thought as you do, the most drastic remedies would seem too weak for improving the situation. Who but the strongest would be able to stem the tide of barbarism which threatens us, the only barbarism that is really dangerous—the barbarism of men who have been outwardly polished."

It would indeed be impossible to-day to find a more apt way of putting the case. But the cause which Overbeck defended was doomed to be lost before it was heard. Treitschke, in his answer, spoke of him as "an enemy of the Empire," and accused him of harbouring "anti-German sentiments." Their friendly relations, indeed, were not disturbed by this passage of arms, and they often saw each other again in later days; but their correspondence turned on more academic subjects.

Nietzsche had taken no personal share in the dispute. He had carefully abstained from soliciting the adherence of Treitschke, and Overbeck was discreet enough not to show him the letters in which he had been given such a severe trouncing. Their friendship remained undisturbed. Some years later, however, another friend of Nietzsche's very nearly quarrelled with the philosopher when the latter wrote to him that he looked upon Taine as "the greatest living historian." Erwin Rohde, the scholar of Heidelberg, could not allow a fellow-countryman to be so unpatriotic as to apply that title to anyone but Treitschke.

Nevertheless, the author of "Zarathustra" whenever he had occasion to mention Treitschke, added some expression of contempt. "Those wretched historians, those Sybels and Treitschkies, with their great bandaged heads!" he writes in "Beyond Good and Evil." In "Ecce Homo" Treitschke's name occurs in three places:

"There is a fashion of writing history for the *Court*, and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed to practise it."

"I have known men of learning who thought that Kant was deep; I am seriously afraid that at the Prussian Court Herr von Treitschke is regarded as a profound historian."

"During the last years of his life, he" (i.e., the Hegelian Bruno Bauer, an attentive reader of Nietzsche) "liked to rely on my writings, in order, for instance, to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian Historiographer, some hints as to where he could obtain in-

formation regarding the idea of culture, of which Treitschke had lost all conception."

In spite of these very explicit utterances, attempts have been made in Germany, and recently in France, to find points of contact in these two German writers, who themselves had realised from the first that a whole world lay between them. Moebius, basing his views on their common Slav origin, tried to find in both certain psychological features which place them in the same mental category. Overbeck, however, held that the soul-healer was mistaken, for in his copy of Moebius' work, "Nietzsche from a Pathological Standpoint," he added in the margin: "The differences far outweighed the resemblances."

If this testimony is not enough to justify our placing the pan-Germanist Treitschke and the Mediterranean in different worlds, let us remind those who, in bringing the two into ill-assorted partnership, have shown themselves as stupid as certain Germans, of Nietzsche's exhortation to Italy in 1888 (Preface to "Nietzsche contra Wagner"):

"And perhaps I might also have a word to say in the ear of my friends the Italians, whom I love as much as I . . . *Quousque tandem, Crispi.* . . . Triple Alliance! With the Empire, an intelligent people can conclude nothing but a *misalliance*." . . .

In Salonika.

RECENT experiences of mine compare ill with the current attitude of Greece. Who will believe me? When returning from Salonika a few weeks ago, I described it as our friendliest little town in all the countries of the world, and the Greeks themselves as a positive ally. Glad tidings these—to which last Wednesday's news-bills came as a challenging bomb. I stick to my pro-Ally Greek guns, however. Something unforgotten in Greece may have spoken the wheel of unity, but I rest on my recent laurels—inspiring recollections of the words of Greek pro-English enthusiasts. Her actions may seem to belie her, but the people of Greece are with us. And, after all, I have the opinions of my courage. See here, for instance. If a Greek soldier walked into one of our provincial cinemas I wonder whether the manager would offer him the best seat in the house, add to the pictures an excellent set of Greek topics, and to the music programmes a selection of patriotic Greek airs. I never got up from a Salonika cinema seat without being called to attention with "God Save the King" from the orchestra: and it was from British films, screened by courtesy of a Greek picture-palace manager, that I brought my acquaintance with English happenings up to date. Listen again while I recall with pride the night a Greek dining at the next table raised his glass to us—myself and English doctors—stood up, and in stumbling English began "God Save the King," scores of his fellow-countrymen joining in with heartiness—unaffected, I take my oath on it. "Vive le roi Greeque," we replied. "Rule Britannia," they attempted. "Vive le roi Greeque," we cried again. "For he's a jolly good fellow." "Tipperary," they tried the Marseillaise, Brabançon, Russian and Italian anthems following.

Take the general courtesy such as I experienced from Greeks all their country over. Is there a tailor in Sheffield, say, who, at sight of a Greek soldier, would put on his hat and himself go round the town to find another tailor who might perchance cut a khaki coat for a more reasonable figure than he himself was able? In Salonika I had the advice and personal guidance of more than one such good fellow. I had been warned against the bazaars. The fez-capped merchants were thieves and extortioners. Everyone told me they were. I only know that in all my tours of the bazaar quarter I was never once bothered to buy, leave alone to bargain. On the contrary, I was beset with questions rather than embroideries. I was going to Serbia. Ah,

poor, brave little Serbia! Her sufferings were terrible indeed. Was the work voluntary? I was English. Ah, the English were good people—good people. Was I not afraid of disease? It was terrible up there. When I came back I must come to see them again—and so on with the most friendly gestures.

My last hour in Salonika was devoted to the hotel porter—an historic figure who deserves a revue to himself. So deeply moved was he at the scene of farewell he would scarcely give me back one of my own hands to offer his tip. (English hotel porters please note.)

But the Greek is traditionally affable, perhaps you retort, as demonstrative to foe as friend. Theories are not facts, however, and, indeed, I never found homely pictures of Flanders screened for the enjoyment of Belgian doctors, of whom I saw several, neither did I come across any member of an American hospital unit being escorted through Salonika by altruistic tailors. On my home-bound *Messagerie* boat full of Greeks, French—and Turks!—I suppose "God Save the King" formed an alternate item on every impromptu concert programme, the "Marseillaise" being second indeed, but *only* second favourite, mark you. And I will not have you go off saying that these facts of camaraderie were proved only by "the people." Officials in high places were to us English (in particular) guide, philosopher and friend. Note, for example, my adventure with a SPY, who slept in the hotel room opposite mine, a big man with a big beard (of the sort, I do believe, that take off and on like a doll's clothes)—a spy in the pay and confidence of high Serbian circles. He used to glance at me ominously, leave his room at the very moment he must have heard me leaving mine, and so, suspiciously, on, till one day I suppose I convinced him I was English. I had certainly done my best by omitting to take off my hat to a fancy-dress gendarme, and by calling out "Shut up!" to a friend. At any rate that black beard never bearded me again. Irrelevant, you say. But it's an amusing little story. Here's another! At the Legation, seeing the un-English name on my card, they inquired, oh, ever so gently, whether indeed I *was* English. "Ja" (will you believe it!), said I, fresh from three months speaking German in Serbia. "Oh, sorry, I mean 'yes,'" and in my worst French—I haven't any best—set about explaining. Suddenly all smiles and graciousness. A British accent will out!

Oh, but Salonika, you object, is notably easy, cosmopolitan, every man good fish to her shores. Well, on my honour, for compliments Athens was the biggest fish ever caught, and may I never meet a less cordial Ally than the tram-ticket puncher in Piræus.

Why, then, you ask (so do I!), why this resignation of Venizelos, this fall of the Cabinet? Is the cause diplomatic, a cause bound with blood ties, sprung from a flutter of eagle's spread feathers. I trust so! For in my mind is the memory of too many regrettable parts played in Salonika streets by pseudo-doctors salaried out of British hospital funds subscribed by children's pennies and servants' hard earnings. All this fuss and scoutmaster's golden-deed cant about a beery, cheery Tommy (long life to his half-pint and stronger), and in the principal café in Salonika I have seen Englishmen with three (!) unearned stars on their scarcely warranted khaki, quarrelling and worse, for all the world like drunken husbands and wives. Please God, Salonika looked the other way. Heavens! the true tales I could tell of the way some of England's Serbian heroes behaved with all a foreign and still neutral country looking on. But that, I trust, is another story. I will not suggest what is too horrible to believe—that Englishmen themselves, by the vile impression they created—under no provocation of hardships, mind you—are responsible in any degree for this "benevolent" neutrality of Greece.

What is wrong then? King "Tino's" Queen could doubtless tell us.

R. P. O.

Readers and Writers.

THE October "Quest" (2s. 6d.) contains several articles of interest to me and therefore (may I say?) to my readers. In view of Mr. de Maetz's determined attack upon Romanticism—upon Romanticism, above all, as defined by himself—the belief that man is an exiled king—Dr. Tudor Jones' article on "Present-Day Italian Thinkers" is reinforcement to—well, to us! Thus defined with great boldness, Romanticism has a much older history than Mr. de Maetz claims for it. The exiled king theory of man is at least as old as the story of the Fall; and as for the existence within man of buried powers and of the promise of their resurrection, all Hindu thought, from days long before the Flood, is based upon it. Bergson, we know, has been responsible for the most recent renaissance of one form of romanticism; but, as was to be expected, his movement carried his disciples too far. Instead of *adding* the method of intuition to the method of intellect, the tendency of his school has been to *substitute* the one for the other. Thus romanticism has come to mean anti-intellectualism or, in brief, no intellect at all. The Italian thinkers quoted by Dr. Tudor Jones are, however, more wise in their attitude, and hence more worthy to be called Romanticists. Croce, Varisco and Aliotta are all romanticists within Mr. de Maetz's definition, but they are intellectualists as well. They believe, that is, that the mind of man is not yet manifest in all the glory that shall be (and we can believe it!); at the same time, they insist that intellect is one of the necessary means of development. And all hark back to the Italian philosopher Vico, whose work I mentioned some months ago. Had Vico's philosophy been successful, Croce has said, *wisdom* and *insight*—the results of intellect and intuition combined—would have taken the place of our present-day scientific materialism on the one hand, and of our unscientific guessing on the other. It is against both these latter that I understand Mr. de Maetz to be really protesting. But is it not just their defect that they are separated instead of running concurrently?

* * *

I am aware that there is a Hindu philosophy that in practical outcome appears to be identical with the system now being expounded by my admirable colleague. One of these days I intend to devote a series of notes to it. In the meanwhile let us listen first to Vico. Vico, says Croce, "laid down the principle that as only the creator of a thing can know the thing, the whole of reality must be divided into the world of nature and the world of man"—of which world man is "more certain of the powers that dwell within his own mind than of the external forces of nature." Not only does Croce agree with this, but Varisco and Aliotta carry the doctrine to practical conclusions. Varisco, for example, contrasts the "Christian" with the "Humanistic" conception of values; and prefers to the latter, "which recognises only this life," the former, which explicitly "subordinates terrestrial to other worldly ends." Aliotta on method lays down this—that "the time has come when the intellect should be conceived as only one avenue to reality." "Our mind," he continues, "possesses other functions which are no less vital and no less original and profound." The whole, perhaps, is not very satisfying. I contrast it with the sunny lucidity of Patanjali and the author of the "Bhagavad Gita." But it is leagues from both intellectualism and sentimentalism, from classicism and romanticism. This dichotomy is, in fact, somewhat played out as a verbal symbol; and not even, I imagine, can Mr. de Maetz restore its bloom. We must transcend both. Everest is higher than Olympus and Sinai put together.

* * *

In another article Miss Jessie L. Weston examines "Germany's Literary Debt to France." It is, it appears, tremendous. Until about the end of the 12th century Germany had only the usual mythical fragments of almost primitive folk-lore—the Hildebrands Lied and

the Waltharius. But then for a period under the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, French translations were poured into the country in fertilising streams. To this period, and mostly from French (and English) sources, Germany owes the literary legends which Wagnerians pretend are German, German above all—Parzival, Lohengrin, and so on. Even the German minnesängers were an imitation of the Provençal troubadours. From the death of Hermann, for nearly six hundred years, Germany had no literature whatever. It revived when Frederick the Great sent to France for Voltaire. Miss Weston makes out a good case against Germany as an annexationist, not a discoverer or inventor. But unfortunately the present armageddon is not literary. The next ought to be.

* * *

The editor of "New Days" replies to my "acid comment" on the superfluity of his journal by actually claiming it as a merit that he has nothing new to say. But a journal that calls itself "New" and professes to deal with the "new conditions" created by the war ought, at least, to be able to say something that is not already being said—or to say it better. Neither of these conditions is satisfied by "New Days," and I must repeat my acid comment that it is a pity the war is made responsible for it. The same remark applies to a new "monthly journal of Christian thought and practice"—"The Venturer" (3d.). At a time when labour is scarce and money is dear, the publication of dull sermons all about next to nothing is offensive to my economic taste.

* * *

More than enough books have been written about Maeterlinck to bury him under. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he appears to have an irresistible attraction for third-rate critics. The latest is Mr. Macdonald Clark, who, in a portentous tome, counts Maeterlinck's bones and exhibits the workings of his mind. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.) Actually there is very little mind in Maeterlinck at all. He is a suggestion rather than anything else. And if his were a mind it is certain that Mr. Clark could not understand it. He says, in a cliché imported from Ralph Waldo Trine, that Maeterlinck is "attuned to mysticism"; and then carefully explains that "by mysticism we understand in general the study of and inclination to the mysterious in life." But that is exactly what mysticism does *not* mean "in general." It means that, no doubt, to Maeterlinck, whose highest conception has never surpassed the goose-flesh thrill; but "we understand" by it something very different. In equally banal phrases Mr. Clark recommends other qualities of his desirable lot for our purchase: "his sympathies are with all that makes for progress"; "he is an extremely educative force"; etc., etc. Where *are* we when a critic of his calibre can find a publisher to produce a seven and sixpenny work for him? The essential feature of Maeterlinck, the decadent over-emphasis of which gave him a reputation, Mr. Clark fails to analyse with any subtlety. Yet it stands out plainly enough. Exactly as Beaudelaire (as I pointed out last week) enlarged a single mood of De Quincey and Coleridge, Maeterlinck in his characteristic plays has done no more than enlarge a scene from Shakespeare. Everybody knows the three knocks in "Macbeth," and the eeriness produced by them. One of the most famous essays in dramatic criticism has been devoted to them. Well, Maeterlinck has written plays about them—that is all.

* * *

It is pleasant to turn to something more manly, if still sentimental. Morris' "Chants for Socialists" have now been published in a cheap and pleasing edition. (Longman's Pocket Library, 2s. net.) Here are to be found the songs the Socialist comrades sang in Labour halls and occasionally on public parade: "What is this the sound and rumour"; "Hear a word, a word in season"; "Come hither, lads, and hearken." They recall old memories of the secularly religious days of the "Cause," and are sanctified on that account.

R. H. C.

Of Love.

By Stendhal.

(Translated for THE NEW AGE by Paul V. Cohn.)

CHAPTER XXIX. (continued).

A STILL greater misfortune is that it always runs counter to their happiness; the Princesse de Clèves had to say nothing to her husband, and to give herself to M. de Nemours.

Perhaps the fact is that women are kept up to the mark by their pride in making a fine defence, and imagine that vanity enters into their lovers' desire to possess them. A petty and contemptible notion! As if a passionate man, who without misgivings faces so many ridiculous situations, had any time to think of vanity! It is like the case of monks who think to catch the devil, and recoup themselves by their pride in their hair-shirts and fastings.

I fancy that if Madame de Clèves had reached old age, the period when one weighs life in the balance and sees all the bitterness that lies in the so-called joys of pride, she would have repented. She would have wished to live like Madame de la Fayette.*

I have just re-read a hundred pages of this treatise. It seems to me that I have conveyed a very poor idea of real love, of the love which fills the whole soul, giving it visions that are now happy, now mournful, but always sublime, and making it utterly indifferent to everything else in the world. I do not know how to express what I see so clearly; I have never had a more painful sense of my lack of talent. How can I give any adequate conception of the lover's outward and inward simplicity, of his profound seriousness, of the clearness with which every shade of feeling is mirrored in his eyes, and, above all, I repeat, his utter want of interest in all that does not concern his beloved? A "yes" or a "no" uttered by a lover has a certain unction not to be found anywhere else, and quite foreign to the man under any other circumstances.

This morning, about nine o'clock, I was riding past the lovely English garden belonging to the Marchese Zampieri, perched upon the lowest slopes of those hills, crowned with great trees, against which Bologna nestles, and from which one has such a fine view of rich and verdant Lombardy, the most beautiful country on earth. The road I was taking leads to the waterfalls of the Reno at Casa-Lecchio; the Zampieri garden overhangs it; and in a grove of laurels there I caught sight of the Conte Delfante. He was in a brown study, and although we had spent the previous evening together until two hours after midnight, he barely returned my nod. I went to the waterfalls, I crossed the Reno; at least three hours later, passing by the laurel grove again, I saw him still there. He was in precisely the same position, leaning against a tall pine which towered above the laurels. When he saw me (I fear that this detail may seem too simple and appear to prove nothing) he came up to me with tears in his eyes, imploring me not to tell anyone of his having stood there so long like a statue. My sympathy was roused; I proposed that I should turn back and spend the rest of the day out there with him. After two hours he told me everything. What a noble soul is his! How cold are the pages I have written, compared with his recital!

He believes that his love is not returned, but here I disagree with him. One can read nothing in the beautiful marble face of the Contessa Ghigi, at whose house we had spent the previous evening. Only at times does a sudden, delicate flush, which she cannot repress, betray the feelings of a heart in which the loftiest womanly pride has to contend with strong emotions. One notices, too, that the flush overspreads her alabaster neck and as much as one can see of her splendid shoulders, worthy

* It is pretty generally known that this celebrated woman wrote, probably in collaboration with M. de la Rochefoucauld, the novel called "La Princesse de Clèves," and that the two authors spent the last years of their lives together in perfect friendship. This is love in the Italian style.

of a Canova's chisel. She find no difficulty in averting her dark, lustrous eyes, in cases where her subtle feminine instinct dreads that some penetrating gaze may pierce their secret. Last night, however, when Delfante said something of which she disapproved, a sudden blush mantled her face, neck and shoulders. Her proud soul at that moment felt that he was less worthy of her.

After all, though I may be wrong in my conjectures about Delfante's happiness, I think he is happier than I in my indifference, although my position is a most fortunate one, both to outward seeming and in reality.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRANGE AND SAD SPECTACLE.

Women, with their feminine pride, make clever men pay for the delinquencies of fools, and noble hearts pay for those of prosaic, sordid, coarse-grained souls. Truly an admirable outcome of their pride!

Petty considerations of dignity and social decorum have proved the bane of some women, and the vanity of their parents has put them in a most unpleasant position. Fate had reserved them, as a solace for all their misfortunes, the joy of loving and being loved with passion; but one fine day they borrow from their enemies that very insensate pride of which they were the first victims, only to make both themselves and their lover unhappy. A friend who may have had a dozen notorious liaisons, in some cases more than one at a time, gravely warns them that, if they love, they will be disgraced in the eyes of society. And all the time society, which can never rise to any ideas that are not ignoble, generously endows them with one lover a year, because, it says, that is the rule! Thus we have the strange and sad spectacle of a sensitive and fastidious woman, an angel of purity, who, on the advice of an unscrupulous baggage, denies herself the only great happiness that can satisfy her soul; and all this to appear in a robe of dazzling white, before a churlish blockhead of a judge, whom we know to have been blind for a hundred years, and who shouts as loud as he can: "Her robe is black!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

EXTRACT FROM SALVIATI'S DIARY.

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.

PROPERTIUS, II, 1.

How doth a mistress spur the lover's brain,
Inspiring wit, where folly once did reign!

"In the desperate plight to which love has reduced me, I curse the day I was born. The weather is gloomy, it is raining, an unseasonable spell of cold has come to sadden the face of Nature, who after a long winter was launching out into spring.

"My cautious and level-headed friend Schiassetti, a colonel on half-pay, has just spent two hours with me. You should give up love, he said. How am I to do that? I retorted; give me back my passion for war. It's a great misfortune for you to have ever known that passion, he answered. I almost agree, so depressed and nerveless do I feel, so completely has melancholy taken hold of me. We considered what motive could have induced her friend to speak against me to her; we could find none but the one expressed in the old Neapolitan proverb: 'A woman who is losing love and youth takes offence at the merest trifle.' What is quite certain is that that cruel woman is furious with me—so I hear from one of her friends. I could take a brutal vengeance, but I have no defence against her hatred.

"On Schiassetti's leaving me, I went out in the rain, not knowing what was to become of me. My room, in which I lived during the first days of our acquaintance, when I saw her every evening, has become unbearable. Every engraving, every piece of furniture reproaches me with the happiness which I have enjoyed in its presence and which I have now lost for ever.

"I hurried along the streets through a cold drizzle;

chance, if I can call it chance, decreed that I should pass under her windows. Night was falling, and with tears in my eyes I gazed steadfastly at the window of her room. All of a sudden the curtain was tugged aside a little, as if she wished to look out on to the street, and was then at once drawn across the window again. An actual bodily pang shot through me, near my heart. I could hardly stand; I took refuge in the porch of a neighbouring house. A thousand emotions welled up in my soul: perhaps that movement of the curtain was due to mere chance: but supposing it was her hand that had drawn it aside!

"There are two crowning misfortunes in the world: the one is when one's passion is actively thwarted, the other when one brings it up against a blank wall of indifference.

"Sometimes I feel that there exists, but two paces from me, a happiness beyond my wildest dreams, a happiness that depends only on a single word, a single smile.

"On gloomy days, passionless as Schiassetti, I get a fit of the blues, I see happiness nowhere, I come to doubt whether it exists for me. One ought to be without strong passions, and merely to have a little curiosity or vanity.

"At two o'clock I saw the little movement of the curtain; at six I paid several visits; then went to the theatre; but everywhere silent and dreamy, I spent the evening in revolving this question: 'After so much anger with so little cause—for, after all, did I intend to annoy her? (and what is there in the world that cannot be vindicated by its intention)—did her love return for a moment?'"

Poor Salvati, who wrote the above in his copy of Petrarch, died soon afterwards. He was an intimate friend of Schiassetti's and mine; we knew all his thoughts, and it is to him that I owe all the pessimistic parts of this treatise. He was rashness incarnate; and the woman for whose sake he committed so many follies is one of the most interesting I have met. Schiassetti said to me: "But do you really think that this unhappy passion was without advantages for Salvati? First of all, he had had the worst possible luck in money matters. This misfortune, which left him very badly off after a youth spent in the lap of luxury, would under other circumstances have been a source of bitter resentment; as it was, he was so absorbed in his passion that he did not give it a thought so much as once a fortnight.

"Secondly, what is far more important for a mind of his type, this passion is the first real series of lessons in logic that he ever took. This may seem a strange thing to say of a man who has been at court, but the explanation may be found in his superlative courage. For instance, he passed that fatal day of — without turning a hair; he was astonished then, as in Russia*, at feeling no unusual sensation; it is a fact that he had never feared anything so much as to think about it for two days. Now for the last two years he has lost this nonchalance, and has tried to screw up his courage every minute; till then he had never known what danger meant."

When, as a result of his rash procedures and of his confidence that they would not be taken amiss, he had been condemned to see his beloved no oftener than twice a month, we saw him spend the whole evening, drunk with delight, in talking to her, because she had received him with that noble frankness which he adored in her. He held that Madame — and he were two peerless souls, who were bound to understand each other at a single glance. He could not fathom why she should pay the slightest attention to the petty scandal-mongers who might make him out a criminal. The result of this fine confidence in a woman surrounded by his enemies was to get her door shut in his face.

* [Stendhal is alluding here to Napoleon's expedition of 1812.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.]

More Letters to My Nephew.

Concerning Politics.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I was delighted (and a little envious) to hear from Halliday of your clever and amusing speech at the Union. He tells me that the fellows are all sorry that you do not speak more frequently. I wish you had frankly told me of it yourself. There is much to recommend in the English habit of personal modesty, of careful under-statement of one's possessions or attainments, particularly before strangers; but it has downright disadvantages. Under-statement may be as misleading or dangerous as over-statement. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not entitled to credit for a big surplus. It means that his estimates were faulty. In like manner, in estimating your capacities and prospects, you may positively injure your future by not boldly claiming from Fate all (and a little more) to which you are entitled. Your title to it is measured by your hopes tempered by your will-power. I do not of course mean that you should swagger or talk vain-gloriously. Do not talk at all; confront the world with the accomplished fact. But to me or to any trusted familiar speak frankly, aiming to state your condition of mind or estate with precision. Unless you do this, there is a real danger that your inner consciousness may respond to your outer modesty. The result might be that you would grow into an ineffective English gentleman, of undoubted bon ton, leaving the work of the world to the less delicately contrived. You would be an ornament at the dinner table and a nuisance in business. In material as in spiritual affairs, let your *yay* be *yay* and your *nay* *nay*. You will find that a habit of decision, of quick recognition of your abilities and limitations, is essential in real life—is, indeed, more precious than rubies. Particularly does the political life call for it, if you would mount high. For it is in crises, both great and small, that the man of decision and self-confidence asserts himself and wins the political prize—leadership and power.

When I speak of leadership, please observe that I confine the term to its strictly political meaning. There is a political type known to us—suave, voluble, persuasive, respectable. It lives upon the political small change of the passing hour, gambling upon the tidal changes of public opinion, like outside brokers who trade on tips from their masters of the inner financial ring. Leadership comes to those who correctly guess or have a natural flair for the drift of the electoral current. Once secured, it is maintained by loyal and unquestioning co-operation with the political machine. A degrading life: for experience soon proves that it is evanescent and sterile. It is leadership without power. And the real prize is power. For my part, perhaps because I am old and disillusioned, I cannot conjecture why any sane man should be content to live, high or low, in the political hierarchy, conscious that the strong men of the world—the men with real power—quite palpably treat him with contempt. It is surely the most galling and humiliating position conceivable. The illusion that power is inherent in politics would be amusing were it not disastrous to our national life.

If then you are thinking of a political career, aim at real politics and not at the parlour-platform popularity, so dear to the Tadpoles and Tapers. I wonder whether some stray bits of conversation I have had recently with Rafael of Placentia would help you. My meeting with him is a little romance. A few months ago, a Spanish Indian rode in and asked for me. He introduced himself as having journeyed far with a message to the Senor Farley from Don Rafael of Placentia. The name was new to me, so I opened his letter with some curiosity. It read:—

"Dear Sir,—Although, as the crow flies, we are not far apart, worlds sunder us by our primitive means of communication. I am, unhappily, very far away. Nevertheless, it has been told to me across the chasm

that you strive for greater things than rich crops (which God prosper); that you read books; that you are accounted a wise man.

"I have, alas! too often heard of men alleged to think and to read. I have cast my line to hook them, with the tense expectancy of one fishing for tarpon. When caught, they have proved themselves June fish or young sharks and poor sport. Disappointed, I do not lose courage. So I address you in the spirit of the sportsman, ever ready for a prize or a disappointment.

"Pray, sir, send by my man any recent books or other literature not actually trashy or transitory. And if you could follow your literature with a personal visit, I should indeed be happy.

"Believe me that I write sincerely and without arrogance.

"Yours faithfully,

"RAFAEL OF PLACENTIA."

The hunger of this man for intellectual companionship impressed me most, even though I smiled at the humour of the situation. Nor was my vanity untouched by the implied compliment that my reputation for wisdom had travelled across the mountains and the great silences. So I sent to him the book about which I have already told you—"National Guilds"—and a new volume, just published—"A History of Economic Doctrines," by MM. Gide and Rist. I also packed a recent file of THE NEW AGE and stray copies of various reviews. With them I sent a note expressing the hope that he might find something of interest and told him that a visit was not impossible.

Of course the names of Gide and Rist are known to you. I had heard vaguely of Rist, but Gide's name was quite familiar. I do not think we have any economist in Great Britain whose authority is as high and certainly none who writes (and, I suspect, thinks) with such clearness. The beauty of a clear thinker is that not only do you know what he means but his limitations are obvious. Its Gallic clarity makes the book an oasis in the arid wilderness of economic doctrine and theory. France is famous for its adherence to doctrine; it very rightly avoids "applied economics." And so, from the Physiocrats and Adam Smith down to the last fad in 1910 or thereabouts, here you will find economic doctrines stated in their true perspective and in their relations each to the others. The publishers (George C. Harrop and Co.) are unknown to me. They deserve encouragement. As Rafael of Placentia constantly referred to the book, and as I shall be telling you a good deal of what he said, I advise you to buy it.

I am not one of those who decry political economy. It is undoubtedly a science. None the less a science because it deals with inconstant factors. If the factors were constant, then economics would become a purely mathematical problem, easily dealt with by engineers and other technicians. Even if your factors change, as their relationships change, political economy, if its spirit be sincerely detached and disinterested, can discover with reasonable accuracy the main current of economic development. It cannot prophesy and it cannot measure the dynamic power of such factors as labour, invention and discovery. It can tell us of the totality of work and wealth production; it affords a working hypothesis as to the motives that urge mankind in material affairs. It is as though it had framed working rules and regulations for the national factory. For a time these rules are explicitly obeyed, even though they are not implicitly accepted. Suddenly a strike or lock-out marks a new and unforeseen situation. Reference to these rules brings no light. They must be modified or perchance completely changed. The dynamic has shattered the static. Why should we blame the economist? He is not only human and therefore liable to err, but his profession is sternly delimited. He must not cross the frontier into philosophy on one side nor into politics on another, nor into religion, nor statistics, nor prophecy. The historical school has

tried to force his hand and compel him to adopt induction, when deduction is undoubtedly his true rôle. Did you ever read the controversy between Ricardo and Carey? I must tell you about it.

Of course you know Ricardo's law of rent. Adam Smith, following the spirit but not the text of the Physiocrats, has based his theory of rent on the liberality of nature. Quite the contrary, affirmed Ricardo, rent is the child of the avarice of nature. Rent only appears "when the progress of population calls into cultivation land of an inferior quality or less advantageously situated." I need not worry you by an exposition of what you have already learnt in the schools. But it was vital to Ricardo's argument—reached by deduction—that as a fact the most fertile lands are occupied first. (Thus, if you work it out, you will find that Ricardo finally depends upon the theory that labour is the source of wealth—a fatal blow to Bastiat and his disciples.) Along came H. C. Carey, an American, who denied the fact. Fertile land in its natural state is either overrun with vegetation, which must be cleared, or is covered with water, which must be drained. Rich land is the terror of the emigrant. And so on, with wealth of detail. Great rejoicings from Bastiat et Cie. Of course Ricardo must be wrong. Look at France. Nearly everywhere, the old town still crests the hill. A bas Ricardo! Now listen to M. Gide:—

"If Carey were writing now he would probably express himself somewhat differently, for it is no longer true even of the United States that the most fertile lands are still awaiting cultivation. Only the poorer and the more arid plains remain uncultivated and here dry-farming has to be resorted to. So that even in the Far West Ricardo's theory is closer to the facts than Carey's. Rents are rising everywhere, and not a few American millionaires owe their fortunes to this fact."

Out of this little comedy you will be wise to glean the wisdom of pinning your faith to well-established abstract doctrine. "Wise saws and modern instances" died with Shakespeare. But I am running away from my purpose. I really wanted to urge that a knowledge of economics is supremely valuable if you enter politics; and I quoted the Ricardo-Carey episode to prove the value of pure deduction. If you fail in this, you will fall to the level of amateur statisticians of the Chiozza-Money kidney. They play in the press the same part as the "spell-binders" on the platform. Take infinite pains to base your life upon enduring doctrine, necessarily stated in abstract terms. If your conception of this doctrine really penetrates your being, you will be astonished at the ample liberty it affords you to deal with concrete life. It is the only liberty known to me that is truly the offspring of law: the only liberty that sows good seeds. License is generally supposed to be the abuse of liberty. It has no relation to liberty. It is action unlicensed by law. What then is the underlying principle of political economy? Undoubtedly self-interest. The later economists scoff at such an elemental motive. But it has good Biblical authority: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." But what constitutes "treasure?" "Ah! Now you're talking," as the Americans say.

A few weeks after Rafael of Placentia's messenger had returned, along came old Nathaniel Davila, a Spanish half-breed, who has tracked game from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In his pack-mule were loaded about twenty tiger skins, a number of deer-antlers, six oriole nests and 200 lbs. of rubber. Having bought the lot, after tortuous argle-bargling, I asked him if he knew Don Rafael of Placentia. Natty's face brightened.

"Si, Señor. El tiene un bon puño; un corazon caliente; y buenos sesos."

"You know that country?"

"Es la palma de mi mano."

"You know how to get there?"

"Si, Señor. Tres días en la linia; yo se crusando las montañas; y entre él hocotah."

"Righto, Natty! We start to-morrow at daybreak."

With two pack-mules, Natty and my man Clarke, who thinks I am not to be trusted out of his sight, our little cavalcade started, just as the sun was flecking the waters with iridescent darts. At first the going was easy. Then we moved more slowly through indefinite picados, occasionally skirting the pine lands. At mid-day, beside a stream, we dismounted for breakfast. Clarke busied himself with food, Natty watered the horses and mules, whilst I strolled about, finally disturbing a "Tommy Gough" snake that had sleepily coiled itself in the surface roots of a tree. I discharged two bullets at it and was, on the whole, glad that I missed. It did not deign to move. After breakfast we mounted and rode on. At four o'clock we came to a river in slight flood. There seemed some doubt whether we could cross. Natty and Clarke, with ceremonious courtesy, allowed me to go first. So commending my watch to God (Paley interceding) and my riding boots to the tender mercies of Clarke's brown polish, I spurred my beast into the deadly, immanent stream and luckily forded it at three feet six. As the sun canted its tireless way down to the west, we approached a deserted Carib camp and determined to sleep there. Our appetites were well whetted and Clarke excelled himself. About eight o'clock and half-moon, my cot and net being ready, I lay down. Not so Natty and Clarke. Each had his guitar and each proceeded to tune up. Natty was first. Standing up, his right shoulder thrown back, he began:—

"Guarda esta flor
I piensa que es mi vida;
Porque te adoro con amor ardiente,
Guarda la si, y piensa en mi mente
No cabe nadie—no cabe nadie
Si te pierdo á ti.
Qu no te supe amar, eso es mentira,
Tu eres la imagen
Que vive en mi memoria
Yo sin tu amor no quiero ni la gloria
Benga la muerte—benga la muerte—
Si te pierdo á ti."

The Honduran love song rose and fell in pleasant cadences, Natty's voice and guitar harmonising. Clarke, who is a Jamaican negro and thinks of money rather than sentiment, took up the running:—

"My pay was forty cents a day (twang)
Forty cents a day (twang-twang)
Worked all day for forty cents pay (twang)
Forty cents a day (twang-twang)
Soon came pay-day, pay-day (twang-in crescendo)
Forty cents a day (twang-twang)
Boss said: 'Come another day' (twang-diminuendo)
Forty cents a day
Come another day."
(Twing-twang, twing-twang, twing, twing, twing).

The aromatic scents of the forest filling my nostrils, combined with the tapping of innumerable birds upon the barks of the immemorial trees, made me drowsy. I remembered nothing until Clarke brought my morning coffee.

In this wise did we travel until, on the afternoon of the third day, we reached Mount Placentia. Nearly half way up on the south-west we descried a huge ledge, a plateau in all but name. Upon it, snugly ensconced, was the hacienda of Don Rafael. Our horses and pack-mules quickened their pace, even though we were mounting a track that wound steeply. A touch of coolness in the air indicated our increasing altitude. The track grew into a well-trimmed road, betokening permanent settlement. By four o'clock, my spurs jingled on the cobble-stones of a trim yard, three parts surrounded by a rambling adobe building, whose open doorways and windows breathed knightly hospitality. I went up on the verandah and waited. In a minute, a discreet old English butler, correctly dressed, came to me to say that the Don would surely be in soon

and would I have some tea. "Out here, please." "Yes, sir."

A sense of some strange event impending kept me too preoccupied to look out critically upon the plantation that changed in colour and sheen from the coffee uplands to the cacao down below, interspersed with vegetable and fruit trees. My concern for the moment was personal, my mood psychological. Don Rafael of Placentia intrigued me.

I had not long to wait. A quick, firm step recalled me from reverie. A large man, bearded, athletic. Natty had truly described him as having a big fist—un bon puño. A domed forehead, covered with black curly hair, steady grey eyes whose vision lit up an aquiline nose. I rose to take his greeting. A sense of the familiar came to me, a dim stirring of vague memories.

"Tony Farley, as I'm a sinner!" he laughed.

"Geoffrey Raymond! Well, I'm damned!"

Thirty years ago, his intimates had prophesied that in the end Geoffrey Raymond would lead England with gracious distinction in any conceivable crisis. Sane, solid, lovable, of great attainments, an exceptional career lay before him. And now England's crisis was upon her and here before me stood Raymond. I remembered a dinner of choice souls of which he was the centre. We laughed and argued and told stories well into the morning. I remembered a wonderful monologue of Raymond's on Imperialism, in which he reviewed colonisation and dominion from Corinth to Carthage, from Rome to Spain. And now he stood before me grasping my hand in his "big fist." After a quarter of a century, here he was in the flesh, in this remote corner of Central America.

"What's become of Waring?" I said gravely.

"Rats! Tony. Rats!" he jeered. "Waring became a Levantine pirate, didn't he? By the way, does anybody read Browning nowadays at home?"

"Lord, yes! Every mutual improvement society has a Browning night once a year. They generally bring down some University Extension prig."

"My hat! But let's have a drink."

"Rather! I see you have limes. A whiskey sour for me." In this light way, Don Rafael of Placentia rode off a situation not devoid of emotional tenseness.

"Sorry I wasn't here when you arrived, old chap. Fact is I was umpiring a cricket match—cacao versus café. The Coffee boys won by ten runs."

"I have a boy on my estate who could earn money as a professional in England. Slow overarm, perfect length, natural movement. Each farm team insists on having him in turn."

"It's odd how round arm bowling persists out here. They get marvellous pace. I've taught my boys that pitch is better than pace."

The day's final glow presaging night was upon us.

"Geoffrey, what have you to say for yourself?" He was lounging lazily against the upright of a French window. He stiffened on the instant, stepped to the edge of the verandah, waved his arm towards the mountain side and slowly down to the valley.

"Circumspice!" he replied proudly.

"Te absolve."

Geoffrey Raymond, Don Rafael of Placentia, lord of one hundred thousand acres, thinker, idealist, planter, man of affairs, man of the world, more than all else a man, has come back into my life. Do you wonder that to-night the blood speeds quicker through my veins, that I am a little excited? Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

AN EPITAPH IN WAITING.

Basest, by far, of all the Press-gang crew,
'Neath costly marbles — here lie you;
Your carcase truly would find place more meet
Down the main sewer of the noisome Fleet.

P. T. K.

Views and Reviews.

On Things Forbidden.

AT the end of his notes on "Readers and Writers" in the last issue of *THE NEW AGE*, "R. H. C." asserted a standard of taste which, being unqualified, is misleading, and must lead to unjust criticism. That he should have linked a certain article of mine in a condemnation of a professed work of literary art is an instance of the injustice; and I write this apology for my use of certain words hoping that "R. H. C." may be induced to clarify his principles of criticism. Before we can determine that there are "subjects unsuitable to literature," we should determine what we mean by "literature." It is obvious, I think, that "R. H. C." is thinking only of artistic literary expressions, of poetry, drama, fiction, essays, and all that we include under the heading of belles lettres. As the prime purpose of artistic literature is the creation, or the manifestation, of beauty, it is clear that certain subjects are unsuitable for treatment by these methods; the particular subject with which I dealt, maternity, if it is to be mentioned at all in these forms of literature, can only be mentioned in certain of its aspects in the most general and casual way. Wordsworth's "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" is an example of what I mean; the poetic treatment would be ruined by the introduction of any precise details concerning the process of birth, or by the use of words which serve only the purpose of physiological description. If my article had pretended to be a poem, or an essay in belles lettres, "R. H. C.'s" criticism would have been justified, and would have found no more stanch supporter than myself.

But there is a whole class of literature, that is, of things written, that has not the purpose of the creation and manifestation of beauty, that exists solely for the purpose of conveying information. The whole range of scientific literature, that is, literature that deals with a precise knowledge of the functions and relations of things, and all that general literature that aims at the direction of practical effort, must be judged by other canons of criticism because its purpose is different. If "a spade is just not a spade in literature," as "R. H. C." says, it is certainly a spade in every other activity of life; and the word connotes a definite shape and function. To call a spade a shovel, would be to introduce confusion where before was clearness; and to obtain an implement different from the one required. If literature really is like Bishop Blougram, if it really does "say true things, but calls them by wrong names," it is a corrupter of speech and a confounder of intelligence; and never until now have I heard those descriptions of its functions. Literature, according to this conception of its purpose, would never speak of a "black eye"; but would prefer the famous evidence of the doctor who said: "I found on examination a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumified state, with abrasion of cuticle." Banish words that have a precise meaning, and people are compelled to circumlocution, not always of the precise kind offered by this doctor. Either the whole subject must be ignored, or, if "R. H. C.'s" contention is correct, it must be so treated as not to convey precise information.

I will deal first with my reasons for not ignoring the subject. The relation of maternity to the health of the people is so vital to our welfare as a nation that no one professing to be interested in public affairs can really afford to ignore it. If the difficulties related in the book I reviewed were diminishing, they might reasonably be ignored; but they are not. With a diminishing birth-rate, and an increase of efficiency in the medical assist-

ance given at birth which is registered by a decline of deaths from "accidents of pregnancy and childbirth" to the extent of twenty-five per cent. in fifteen years, there is also registered under the heading of death from "injury at birth" a rise of nearly six hundred per cent. during the same period. I will give the figures from the Registrar-General's report. In 1897, the birth-rate was 29.6, the deaths from "other accidents of pregnancy and childbirth" numbered 1,079, and the deaths from "injury at birth" numbered 166. In 1911, the birth-rate was 24.4, the deaths from "accident," etc. numbered 748, and the deaths from "injury at birth" numbered 904. The importance of the matter may be seen if we reflect that the deaths do not conclude the matter; they are themselves indicative of survivors who go to swell the total of the mentally and physically feeble or unsound people. I did not ignore the subject, because I thought that it was important.

Having chosen not to ignore the subject, the question of treatment arose. A merely literary treatment would not suffice; maternity, or, more strictly, parturition, cannot be made beautiful. It is one of those occasions when the modesty and reticence both of life and art cannot be maintained, when the veil is torn aside and woman is seen not as she represents herself to be, or as man likes to imagine her, but as an organism in the throes of an organic process. The person is, at the moment, subordinate to the function; all the Graces may cluster outside the chamber, or lay their gifts on the dressing table, but now they are helpless and their presence would be an intrusion. So long as women choose to remain silent about these things, so long must men respect that silence; but, in the case with which I am dealing, the age-long silence of women was broken, and with it, also, the obligation of men to respect that silence. Bacon said that "if a thing is worthy to be, it is worthy to be spoken of"; and when women deny the value of silence to themselves, a man need not be ashamed to speak with equal frankness. There is no good reason known to me why physiological facts should be treated as sacred, and never to be mentioned; if publicity is profanation, art profanes the soul by revealing its expressions, and sanctifies the body by veiling it in silence. Having chosen to notice the subject, the only fit way to treat it was by the use of plain and precise speech. Any other method would have introduced personal factors which would have been destructive alike of precision and propriety.

The last question is, I think, the fitness of such a treatment of such a subject to the pages of *THE NEW AGE*. I submit that "R. H. C.'s" standard does not extend to the whole of the activities of this journal. Artistic literature cannot properly make use of technical terms; yet the technical terms of economics, for example, must be as familiar to the readers of *THE NEW AGE* as the more literary expressions that delight us on every page. Mathematics has stated its formulæ in this journal; ethics, politics, psychology, all have uttered their weird cacophonies; even Love, the peculiar province of the artist, is being described in the terms of psychology not too precisely by Stendhal. I have no reason to suppose that the precise use of one or two physiological terms is really shocking to the literary taste even of readers of *THE NEW AGE*; nor can I admit, unless "R. H. C." shows cause, that terms which do not offend when printed between cloth covers offend when printed in a journal for public circulation. Books and reviews alike appeal to the same public, if, indeed, the word public is the proper description. For it is of the nature of literature to be intimate and private, to be written and read in solitude; and words that would offend when spoken, or subjects not suitable for conversation, may with fitness be used and treated in the impersonal medium of print. Taste is a principle of selection, but it selects the proper word and puts it in the proper context; and I see no incongruity in the use of physiological terms in a review of a book on maternity.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Soul of Europe. By Joseph McCabe. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Joseph McCabe has written a series of studies of the combatant nations mainly with the purpose of discounting the effect of race in the composition of national character. He postulates an essential unity (or, at least, similarity) of human nature, subject to variation according to its environment; and thus susceptible to the propagation of a uniform culture. He explains the theories of race-superiority as being "nothing but superficial expressions of the fact that at a particular period of history a particular race or group of races holds the stage"; and, indeed, if the races be as inextricably mixed as he shows, the merely racial explanation will not explain the temporary superiority of any people. Forms of government, religious beliefs, economic practices, geographical position (determining climatic influence), contact with or isolation from other peoples, all these are summed up in the word "environment," and deprive the concept of race of any validity. "I have, in the great elementary schools of the United States, watched earnest teachers stamping the American type on little Italians, Germans, Britons, Jews, and even negroes. The press would afterwards take up the work. In some cases I have seen the process completed in one generation," he says. We should be better able to judge of the success of these efforts if the phrase "American type" conveyed any real meaning to us. Grant that the concepts Englishman, German, Frenchman, Russian, and so on, have a content varying in complexity according to the knowledge of the persons who hold them, yet they do convey general ideas, such as the practical Englishman, the logical Frenchman, the learned German, the visionary Slav; that is to say, to the same stimulus we should expect the Englishman to respond with a practical effort, the Frenchman with a theory, the German with a *Geschichte*, and the Russian with a dream. But we have no expectation, even, of how the "American type" would respond to the same stimulus; and the amenability to certain technical forms of education does not seem to us to prove anything concerning the fundamentals of human nature. For example, thousands, perhaps millions, of our girls learn to play the piano, and quite certainly millions of our people now listen to the gramophone. But we doubt legitimately whether the English are a more musical nation than they were, whether they have increased either their desire or their ability to express themselves in music. A technical proficiency of any kind does not tend to modify character; and even if, as Mr. McCabe thinks, "in the end, almost certainly, we shall have a uniform culture all over the earth," it by no means follows that the differences between human nature will thereby be abolished. Man, after all, is only a concept, not a reality; we know only men, and bodies of men, differing from each other to such an extent that we should not expect Englishmen transported to Russia to become Russian, or any similar transformation of peoples to occur if they changed places. However, the interest of Mr. McCabe's work is not in his theories, but in his descriptions of the various peoples of Europe, and he certainly tends to correct some prevalent misconceptions concerning them in an interesting manner. But a "uniform culture" implies uniformity of conditions (which we cannot create) and a uniform response to those conditions, which we have no reason to expect. "Race" itself may be the product of "environment," and may be manifested in the conscious or unconscious adaptation to it, by choice or by reflex action. Races are probably not so much born as made, and require for their persistence much more and clearer knowledge of the conditions of permanence than has yet been possible. Probably, at the last, we shall find caste, and not race, as the fundament of human reality, shall find five distinct types of men amenable to different cultures, and try to sort them out. But if "the

tendency is to homogeneity," if at last "there will be a soul of Europe, a soul of mankind," we think that it will not be a uniform culture but a uniform barbarism that will spread over the earth.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

This little book about Germany and the war is written by one who is apparently an American, who, on July 19, 1870, saw "a train composed of twenty-one locomotives, moving ominous and sinister on their new errand. France had declared war on Prussia that day. Mobilisation was beginning before my eyes. I was ten." We cannot help feeling that this was an example of that German courtesy and thoroughness that Mr. Wister praises in his book. Germany knew that Mr. Wister was a boy of impressionable age, a member of a nation which would be neutral forty-five years later; and must have run this "train composed of twenty-one locomotives" (why twenty-one?) before his eyes to teach him what war really means. The educative policy has succeeded: Mr. Wister has never forgotten those twenty-one locomotives. They keep popping in and out of his narrative as the shuttle flies across the loom of Time. What is war? Twenty-one locomotives that he saw when he was a boy. What are twenty-one locomotives? War: Franco-Prussian War. "They were a symbol," he says half way through the book. "They stood [we thought they were moving] for the House of Hohenzollern: they carried Cæsar and all his fortunes, which had begun long before locomotives were invented. July 19, 1870, is one of the dates that does not remain of the same size, but grows, has not done growing yet, will be one of History's enormous dates before it is done growing." This is not neutrality: it is eloquence—of a sort. Thank God, we are belligerents, and need not read the stuff unless we like. Mr. Wister tells us about the baths at Nauheim; tells us also that "the four-fifteen was apt [only apt?] to be my express to Frankfurt"; tells us of an experimental operatic performance given in Frankfurt to the younger boys and girls of the schools, quotes even from his own diary that "the boys had good foreheads and big backs to their heads"; gives us a weird and wonderful composition, made up of stray sentences from the Kaiser's speeches, from the writings of "generals, professors, editors, and Nietzsche," which is supposed to express the true faith of Germany; asks the Americans: "What of ourselves in this well-nigh world-wide cloud-burst?" (observe the couplings between the words; those locomotives are still a symbol) and concludes that America hardly knows her duty, and wonders whether "History will acquit us"; and hits the buffers at last with the statement "that some things are worse than war, and that you can pay too high a price for peace; but that you cannot pay too high a price for the finding and keeping of your own soul." Puff! puff!

The War of Steel and Gold. By H. N. Brailsford. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

When, in May, 1914, Mr. Brailsford published the first edition of this book, no one, not even himself, knew that we were so near the outbreak of the war which one school of thought regarded as inevitable, and which the other school, represented by Mr. Brailsford, thought could be averted if the conflicting trends of policies and interests could only be dragged into the arena of public discussion. There is one passage (which, with admirable honesty, he leaves as first written in this, the third, edition of his work) wherein he speculated on the prospects of a reconciliation between Britain, France, and Germany. He says in a footnote that "these speculations may seem ironically absurd to-day; they did none the less fairly represent the facts on the eve of the war." But as these speculations were based entirely on the facts of modern diplomacy, they destroy the validity of his arguments against "secret" diplomacy as being the cause of war. Knowing little of, and caring less for, the fluctuations of diplomatic friendships, the peoples of Europe joined issue of battle cheer-

fully for they knew not what. This is a people's war, a democratic war; and like most democratic movements, its motives are obscure and its objects are not clearly defined. All that we can deduce from the situation is the opposite of Mr. Brailsford's contention—the intervention of the people in foreign affairs is *not* a guarantee of peace. The merit and the defect of Mr. Brailsford's work is that it is an essay in the economic interpretation of history. As a demonstration of the facts that foreign policy is principally concerned with the exportation of capital, that Europe aims at the development (i.e., exhaustion) of the resources of the globe for the benefit of those to whom the word "dividend" is more blessed than any other word, that these matters can be easily arranged if there is goodwill among the disputants, that goodwill would make the development of armaments unnecessary and thus reduce the prime cost of "concessions," Mr. Brailsford's book is wonderfully clear and cogent. But much as we admire this portion of Mr. Brailsford's work, we feel that it is an artificial simplification of the problem. So, also, does Mr. Brailsford; he says: "A student who traces all the armaments and angers and heroics of our seven years' struggle over the balance of power, to the fact that German industry looks forward to the early exhaustion of its native supplies of iron ore, and hoped to replace them by obtaining access to the mines of Morocco, may seem to be trifling. Was there really nothing else in all this crisis? Of course there was. There was the anger. When the plain man sees the Dreadnoughts rising on the stocks, and listens to the gossip about crises and military preparations, his common sense is offended when he is told that the trouble is about nothing more serious than a few mines and railways and bankers' ventures. The plain man is right. The potent pressure of economic expansion is the motive force in an international struggle . . . but the starting point in such a rivalry is soon forgotten. Danger begins when a nation generalises, and declares that it is being "penned in," and threatened by a policy of "encirclement," etc. In short, the economic interpretation breaks down when we see that history is really determined by states of mind. We may grant (although it would be a very large concession) that international economic questions can be settled peacefully by a Concert working in unison; but we cannot safeguard ourselves or any other people against the translation of those questions into the terms of other states of mind. The point to observe is that every nation, and every body representative of it contains people of diverse types, who interpret the same facts in diverse ways, and handle questions differently. Mr. Brailsford's proposals come, at last, to the simple one of the subordination of all types to that of the peaceful exploiter, the man whose country is Capital, and whose only principle is Profits. There are three main types of control of economic production (we omit the blends and modifications of them); they are Capitalist, Consumers', and Producers' controls. Mr. Brailsford objects to the "exploitation" of patriotism in the interests of capitalism; we object to his exploitation of Socialist sentiment in the interests of peace, which would only make Capitalist control of the resources of the world more powerful and more profitable. War has already done what peace failed to effect, it has made a better distribution of wealth; it has given many men three square meals a day who previously were lucky if they got one a week; it has necessitated a provision for their wives and families which has, in many cases, taught them the difference between penury and poverty. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" is beginning to savour more of Divine wisdom than the peaceful suggestion "Can't the thing be arranged?" and even if War be Hell, this war has not "taught us that our choice is between Utopia and Hell," in spite of Mr. Brailsford, but that the way to Utopia probably lies through Hell. No mystic will be surprised by the fact.

Current Cant.

"What would you say to a sorrowing mother?"—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Stephen Langton, Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury. This, the greatest Englishman—greatest because he did the greatest service to his country—urged the Barons to defy John. His was the master mind which made the slaves of England free—for Magna Charta was the key which loosened the fetters of his country. One British journal champions the poor and oppressed to-day, and strengthens the cause which Stephen Langton upheld. With a sale far in excess of a million, it is so beloved of the people that, if you wish to win cleanly, quickly, write to 'John Bull' about it."—"John Bull."

"In 'Lohengrin' Wagner forced upon us his disgusting prelude to the third act."—CHARLES VIDAL DIEHL.

"Ireland is united in praise of Brian Boru, and all Britain is proud of his noble victory at Clontarf. The Danes could not defeat a will so independent and a heart so devoted to liberty. Such independence of spirit, such sense of humour finds its counterpart in Britain's greatest, freest journal, and Ireland gives as hearty a welcome as its three sisters to the weekly with very much over a million a week. If you wish to win cleanly, quickly, write to 'John Bull' about it."—"John Bull."

"Awake! Great Britain is at last awake! wrote a bold German recently. Great Britain is at last awake to a stauncher loyalty, so she buys Wolsey underwear."—"Daily Mail."

"Robert Bruce. The hero of Bannockburn. Love of country sustained him through many years of trial and peril. Dark days of defeat did not quench his spirit or lessen the ardour with which he defended the freedom of his land. Bannockburn brought to Scotland such independence that to-day a Scotchman is as proud as an Englishman of the glory which is cast by the word 'Britisher.' The journal which is most British—therefore, best loved in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales—has a sale very much in excess of a million a week—and if you would win cleanly, quickly, write to 'John Bull' about it."—"John Bull."

"After this war we shall have to find a new name for Socialism. . . . I wince when I call myself a Socialist."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Nelson. Loved, because when he said a thing all men believed—loved because he was human, fought fair, but hard and straight, was considerate of the weak, and put his country first before all things, even life itself. Nelson is loved as our greatest Englishman. The journal which shares his qualities proves that Britain appreciates them to-day and follows the voice of courage, by a sale far in excess of a million a week. If you wish to win cleanly, quickly, write to 'John Bull' about it."—"John Bull."

"Rouge of the most vivid tint is the order of the day. Perhaps the fashion was set by a woman whose pallor betrayed a too keen anxiety for a beloved one exposed to deadly peril."—"Ladies' Field."

"Lloyd George. 'Of the dead we say nothing but good'—but rarely has there been a man so honoured in his lifetime and so respected. He is a fighter for Britain's rights, who has made us all prouder than ever of gallant little Wales. The people know they can trust him, for he is one of them, just as they trust the great British journal whose strength is ever at their service. The paper with very much more than a million a week will help you if you wish to win cleanly, quickly—, so write to 'John Bull' about it."—"John Bull."

"Wednesday next being the feast of Saint Michael and all angels in the Church of England, Mr. Arthur Machen will contribute to to-morrow night's issue of the 'Evening News' a special article entitled 'Angels in the 20th Century.'—"Evening News."

"There must be a kind of glorying in London at being allowed to take our little share of danger in Zeppelin raids."—BISHOP OF LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—One ventures to think that this correspondence, to which you have given space so generously, has served to show:—

That an International Treaty, any Article of which has been broken with impunity, becomes, if not repudiated, an international menace: that references to Herslet and to happenings in 1883, and in 1905, are only made to confuse the issue, since they can have no possible bearing on the intentions of other parties in 1839: that Dutch journalists are not too scrupulous in their methods of controversy: that they find it difficult to conceal their chagrin when confronted with the literal text, which they had deliberately garbled on the impertinent assumption that their opponent was unable to produce it: that they do not study the Encyclopædia Britannica: but, it must be conceded, that it has not shown the prefix proper to a Dutchman's name. Perhaps this last is a matter of slight importance.

HOWARD INCE.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

Sir,—Your correspondent may brandish bones from his Russian retreat in absolute safety, so far as I am concerned. Three of his assertions, however, are old lies clothed in spring new fashions.

(1) I have long since ceased to advocate the formation of an independent Ukraine. The eventual result is one that concerns no one but the Ukrainians. All I ask for is justice. That will be obtained when a body of opinion from England and France help the Russian people in wresting it from the Russian bureaucracy. That body of opinion is to be created only by dint of publicity, and this I attempt to supply.

(2) Gogol expressed, in private letters written towards the end of his life, his great regret for having written well-known books in Russian and not in Ukrainian. "What Tarass Shevchenko has done, I could have done also," he said.

(3) I have seen myself scores of peasants from all provinces of the Russian Ukraine taking part in Nationalist gatherings in Galicia. Does Mr. Bechhöfer know that hundreds of Russian Ukrainians, prisoners of war in Austria, have claimed permission to serve with the Ukraine legion against Russia?

Further mention of his display is unnecessary. Let me turn rather to Miss Morning's interesting remark about Kiev having been the intellectual cradle of Russia. As to the chronicle of Nestor (not Hestor in English, but Hectop as it should be spelled in Russian, hence the plausible error), it is, of course, the first historical record of Ukrainian life.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Bechhöfer's onslaught, I admit that I have never had the great advantage of visiting the Russian Empire which he has enjoyed. But I have seen something of Russian diplomatic and ecclesiastical intrigues, and have known at different times a good many Russians both in Europe and in Asia. My views of Russian policy, it is true, are derived from such experience, and not from study of the Russian in his home surroundings. But I find nothing in Mr. Bechhöfer's writings to make me modify those views at all. I am sorry that Mr. Bechhöfer should have received what he considered an affront from Talaat Bey when he was so good as to offer his services to the Turkish Empire, since the incident has evidently given him a bitter feeling against Turkey. "The gloomy, cruel-faced Talaat Bey" is a portrait which is hardly recognisable of a man who can laugh as heartily as anyone I ever met.

"My objection to the Russian occupation of Constantinople," Mr. Bechhöfer writes, "was that the most beautiful city in the world would be desecrated. Now that I have seen Tiflis and other Caucasian cities I no longer fear the fate of Stamboul."

Well, my objection to a Russian conquest of Constantinople was less æsthetic than political, and would not, I think, succumb even to the sight of Tiflis and other Caucasian cities.

The article which has so angered Mr. Bechhöfer was written several months ago, and I forget its contents, but I stand by the meaning of the passages which he quotes against me so indignantly, though the expression of that meaning may be faulty, as he says. The whole thing is a matter of opinion, and it may astonish Mr. Bechhöfer to be informed that there exist some Russians who agree with me.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

"THE SWEATED CLERK."

Sir,—Mr. Fred. Hughes asks me why, in my article, "The Sweated Clerk," I advocated the formation of a Bank and Insurance Clerks' Trade Union, when the National Union of Clerks is in existence.

Two reasons impelled me to believe that a separate organisation would be advantageous:—

(1) That both Bank and Insurance Clerks are especially concerned with finance, which, under modern conditions, is the most powerful factor in civilisation.

(2) That as a class Bank and Insurance Clerks are fairly homogeneous. If it is difficult to induce them to employ any concerted methods to better their position, it would be impossible to persuade them to join such a society as the "National Organisation." At present they are too snobbish and self-centred.

If a Union, such as I have suggested, really came into being, naturally, it would have a close connection with the "National Union." And I hope amalgamation would eventually result.

Mr. Fred. Hughes should remember that inborn prejudices are hard to overcome, and that a new idea has cautiously to be put forward, if good results are wished for.

"CALIBAN."

* * *

THE MATERIALISTIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.

Sir,—In your issue of July 15 Mr. W. Anderson makes some fatherly observations on my views regarding the materialist conception of history. I regret, however, that Mr. Anderson is not well grounded in his facts. For instance, he says: "There were (and are) those among Marxists who consider that in Buckle we have the forerunner of Marx in showing that history, taken on a naturalistic basis, may be a science." In view of the chronological facts, it is difficult to imagine that there can be Marxists so foolish. Buckle was never heard of till he published the first volume of his "History of Civilisation" in 1857, while Marx and Engels first propounded the materialist conception of history in "Die heilige Familie," which was published in 1845; and Marx afterwards wrote a whole series of books on the same subject, most of which were published before 1857. How, then, could anyone suppose that Buckle was a forerunner of Marx?

Mr. Anderson also says: "The economic view of history can never again be so immediately plausible to English people as it was in the early days of the S.D.F. and the Socialist League." I regret to say that this is one of the worst examples I have ever met of the characteristic English vice of pompous pretentiousness. Just as every Englishman wants to be supposed to belong to a higher class than he really moves in, and to be intimate with people who could not recognise him three feet off, so he pretends to have read books and weighed theories of which he knows nothing whatsoever. In point of fact, English people have never given any consideration at all to "the economic view of history." I can remember "Justice" and "The Commonweal" back to 1885, and both of these publications said a great deal less about the materialist conception of history, and knew a great deal less about it, than the editor of the local Socialist paper in the smallest town of Italy or Russia. Numberless good books have been written on the materialist conception of history, in Germany, France, Italy, and the United States; but not one has been written in England. Outside of the Socialist movement, it may fairly be said that, in spite of the efforts of Thorold Rogers, there is practically nobody in England who knows that an attempt has ever been made to interpret history through economics.

Marx and Engels approached the subject first from the deductive side. Probably they saw the whole truth in a flash, instead of reaching it by any laborious process. Marx saw that the vast majority of human beings as individuals spend their lives over economics, and he saw that what was the basis of individual human life must also be the basis of collective human life. The vast multitude spend most of their waking hours in toiling for a living, and the rich spend even more hours in thinking of money than the poor. Even the aristocracy, who do not work, have a very lively perception of the main chance, as anyone will soon discover who has any business with them. Even the knights of the Troubadour period, who appeared wholly engrossed in writing love poems and playing the harp, were among the most ruthless grabbers of wealth that ever existed. Economic gain is the one life-long interest of the vast majority of human beings, while all other interests are either individual fads or evanescent excitements. It must, therefore, follow in-

evitably that when you take a vast agglomeration of human beings and call it a State, the collective action of that body must be almost wholly determined by the one interest which dominates all others in the individual life.

Moreover, the economic element is the variable element in history. In a given country and race the sexual emotion is almost unchanging from age to age: it is, therefore, impossible that it could be the originating cause of innovations in history. Sexual movements always originate from economic movements. The same may be said of all the passions, vanity, anger, and so on. These things are unchangeable, and cannot originate historic changes. On the other hand economic conditions are very changeable. Such things as the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the steam engine have overthrown the very foundations of nations. It is, therefore, clear that events like these, and not events connected with the unchanging passions, have been the cause of historical changes. Of course, by "history" I mean changes in the life of society, and not merely the succession of events.

Marx, however, did not suppose that the general economic advantage of a community was the impelling force in history. He knew very well that every country is governed by a ruling class possessed of economic power, and that the rest of the people are just like cows and horses. The multitude, therefore, does not count in history, which is engineered for the economic happiness of the few.

It is utterly impossible to state this openly, however. Hypocrisy is essential to any ruling class in State or Church. "Brother, that fable of Jesus Christ pays well, does it not?" said Pope Julius the Second to one of his Cardinals. Such frankness could never be tolerated in public. Even the strongest military class does not like to govern by naked and unblushing force, without pretence of right. Consequently, an immense veil of conventional lies has been woven to cover up all the realities of life. It has been found that there is a vast number of fundamentally gullible persons who have no vision of reality whatever, but have an immense power of imagining the unreal. Such are poets, parsons, professors, and all those whom we call the spiritual classes of society. The business of these persons is to glorify and beautify the unreal, and bury the real out of sight, so that the world may be conducted on a milder and gentler basis than that of open plunder. The Spartans simply set spies to watch the clever Helots and secretly murder them, but refined aristocracies shrink from anything so drastic. Therefore all sorts of beautiful idealities, like patriotism, duty, reverence, the loveliness of self-sacrifice, and so on, have been developed to cover up reality. All this, of course, is specially intended for the servile classes, but even the masters largely believe in these ideals. A man does not like to call himself a swindler or a parasite, and would rather invent some fine name instead. "Thus did the Tories of England," says Marx, "long fancy that they were enthusiastic for the Monarchy, the Church, and the beauties of the old English Constitution, until the day of danger wrung from them the admission that their enthusiasm was only for ground rent."

Such was the theory that Marx and Engels, as young men in their twenties, worked out by deduction seventy years ago. Since then a vast amount of Socialist erudition has been expended on the verification of this theory, and no opponent has succeeded in shaking it in the smallest degree. What is more wonderful, it has largely been adopted by opponents of Marx, notwithstanding the great need of a class society for an idealistic interpretation of history. Guizot applied the materialist conception of history to the Great Rebellion of 1640, and showed that the fight between Cavaliers and Roundheads was nothing but a class struggle between the landed aristocracy and the rising bourgeoisie. Mommsen explained everything in Roman history by economic causes, in a way that Gibbon never dreamt of. I have lately read Duruy's "Histoire de France," and its essential basis is the theory of economic class struggle.

Even in England, the land of the salaried snob and the obsequious wage-slave, some headway has been made. Of course, the English Socialists long since forsook and fled from Marx. It was evident to them that on a point of learning a mere Socialist could hardly be right, when professors and men of letters said he was wrong. I have little doubt that Mr. Anderson, for example, sincerely believes that the late Professor J. A. Cramb was a man of greater learning, greater intellect, and finer perception, than Marx or Engels. From such sources I expect nothing. It is pleasing, however, to remember that Thorold Rogers, the most learned of economic historians,

wrote a book on "The Economic Interpretation of History," even although such an interpretation may not be "plausible to English people" of the type of Fabian clerks and Baptist Labour leaders. R. B. KERR.

THE END OF ROMANTICISM.

Sir,—Far be it from me to agree with Señor de Maeztu, and in my humble opinion "A. E. R." stamped on his head something beautiful; but may I be permitted a word in Mr. Stephen's emerald ear? Musha now, James darling, but a couple of full stops would have been most grateful little peppercorns in your Irish-all-too-Irish stew this week. When I came to that lamest duck without an egg in its head, bobbing about upon a sea of commas, I very nearly went under for the third time myself. And you ought to be very careful to keep your own books of poetry shut when you are sitting up like a little man and writing for the Only Paper. Look what dropped out and was printed and all this very time:

"The beetle and the bat and the ten-legged bug"—as fine and romantic a line as ever you penned.

And what is the result of your effugion? Senor de Maeztu sails as serene as a Zeppelin after it. It's not enough to read an article, jam a saucepan on your head, grab the fire-shovel, and tilt into blind battle; but that seems to be exactly what you did in your fatal Irish way, shaking your romantic fist for the windy stars, and the grand girl with white legs bathing in a pool to see, and expecting your opponent to fall flat as a fritter. But he doesn't—outside Ireland.

NINON.

* * *

Sir,—I, too, feel almost jerked out of the wagon by the rapidity with which Señor de Maeztu dismisses certain men and things.

It was Falstaff that said to Prince Hal, "Take us with you." But, seriously, one would wish for a little further postponement of the final verdict. Either Señor de Maeztu in his article on Romanticism is too sweeping and rapid, or I, with, I am sure, many of your readers, am too slow and immobile.

I would venture to suggest a further consideration of Romanticism in its relation to the Nietzschean doctrine of the *Ego*.

Nietzsche, like the Vedas, speaks of a small self, which should continually be in subjection to the large self. In the most willing self-sacrifice and self-obliteration in the service of some great cause, national, social, religious, is there not a living and growing element of kinship with the object of such devotion? In New Testament language, a losing one's soul to find it?

Romanticism, as I take it, bases its appeal on a "return to nature." For beauty, for political felicity—for everything, in fact, of value, to Rousseau and all of his way, the state of nature is the be-all and end-all. The theory with which Nietzsche bears more affinity is that of a return to the self. There is a tendency in life to return upon itself, and hence its (for him) final validity. The persistence of this identity is always prominent in his teaching.

Endurance, longevity, eternity—they are his philosophical love. And always the empirical individual has to disappear into his larger abiding self. As to *duty* in the light of this doctrine, there does not seem any need for a "whole duty of man"; there are *duties* which *men* owe to themselves and to others. Neither does duty seem to be the most efficient motive; while the ethical braggadocio that often goes by that name is inimical to spirituality and nobility.

The love of the *eternal not ourselves*, but to which we are called by endeavour to win kinship, and yet becoming what we are. This does seem to afford all the material for a vicious circle of egotism, but still it corresponds to the round of our life.

Benedetto Croce, in his theory of knowledge, has boldly endorsed, or rediscovered, what both the Vedas and Nietzsche taught—that is, the identity of subject and object.

My recollection of Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy" and "We Philologists" leads me to question Señor de Maeztu's placing of the author in antithesis to the classical spirit.

In the former work he insists upon the essence of Hellenic culture as a tragic *objectivisation* of life, while in the latter work he quarrels with the classical scholars of the Germany of his day for their very failure to appreciate *objectively* the spirit and standards of classical times. While one must welcome the swing of the pendulum away from the fantastic and extravagant individual-

ism of recent years, should we not guard against the opposite error—that of making the principle of individuality, indispensable as it is to progress, utterly valueless? The true principle, perhaps, would seem to be a healthy equilibrium as between subject and object—a frank give and take as between a man's self and not self.

Again, while I must express my thanks and appreciation to Señor de Maeztu for concentrating such philosophic light upon current, live matters (I will certainly read the works he mentions), yet is there not some vagueness in the statement that rights should only be defined by functions? It sounds like defining by a more obscure term in a still more obscure and chaotic sphere! A man has generally a rough idea of his rights, but the recent requirements of the Registration forms that he should tell what he could do must have sent him to despair, or reveal in him a great capacity for lying. Is it possible to define *function* in the present state of society and industry? Can we isolate one function from another, and make that the basis of citizenship? This seems to me a difficult problem.

It seems to me thus—pardon if it seems incongruous—you have a dog, and would expect it to wag its tail, that being the accepted *function* of that organ. And this new commandment would say, "If the tail does not wag, cut it off."

T. M. S.

* * *

Sir,—Either Mr. de Maeztu is mistaken in his conception of Romanticism, or he misunderstands Carlyle and Nietzsche, or he is wrong in calling them Roman-

ticists. Mr. de Maeztu's thesis appears to be something like this: "The greatness which you attribute to some men is theirs solely in consequence of the things they have made"; a man's "dignity depends upon his work"; this is Classicism, and "spells the end of Romanticism"; "it is characteristic of the romantic" (Carlyle and Nietzsche are romantic) "to forget that things do exist"; in short, Carlyle and Nietzsche are to be condemned because they exaggerated the importance of the man, and minimised the importance of his work, of things. Now there is no writer of whom this is so completely false as it is of Carlyle. "Classicism," says Mr. de Maeztu, "teaches us to see men only in the things and actions in which they are truly revealed." "A certain inarticulate self-consciousness," says Teufelsdröckh, "dwells dimly in us, which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*." (Pace A. D. Wood.)

Mr. de Maeztu writes his paragraph on unworking aristocracy as though Carlyle had never written those great chapters in "Past and Present." He is so eager to prove his case against Carlyle that he distorts Carlyle's own words for that purpose. The converse of Carlyle's thesis is: "The history of the great men who have worked in this world is the history of what man has accomplished here." That is something different to Mr. de Maeztu's abridged rendering, but what is gained by reversing the sentence at all is not very clear.

Maeterlinck may have flattered us by saying of men that, "like mountains, their peaks rise solitary to the infinite"; with Carlyle, however, men are visual spectra; but "labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven."

As for Nietzsche, his attitude towards things is as idolatrous as even Mr. de Maeztu could wish: "Higher than love to your neighbour is love to the furthest and future ones; higher still than love to men is *love to things and phantoms*."

I think I shall not be far out if I say that everything of value in his article Mr. de Maeztu owes to Carlyle.

A WORKING MAN.

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"There is nothing to be said against the running of munition-works under military conditions and everything for it. As we have insisted again and again, our war factories are as much a part of our military force as our armies at the front. It is patently absurd that so important a service as the supply of munitions (and of fuel) should be left in the sphere of private enterprise and subject to interruption by disputes between masters and men. The Government should take over those services, and run them under military conditions for the benefit of the nation. What will probably be proposed is this: That munition factories, and possibly, coal mines, shall be run under military conditions as far as the men are concerned, but not so far as the masters are concerned. In other words, men will be forced to labour for the profit of a private employer. This is slavery."—"Daily Sketch."

"It would be a great thing for this country if it could win through without adopting conscription, the worst engine of the very militarism we are seeking to destroy. Our compulsionists will, of course, sneer at this, but there is something in the idea of a nation fighting this war of its own free will, and we shall be very reluctant indeed to abandon the voluntary principle which has hitherto sufficed, and more than sufficed for all our needs. . . . There is an aspect of the compulsion idea which agitators forget. It is an important one, and more is going to be heard of it. If there is to be conscription, and if the State is going to seize A and B and C and send them off to fight, it must treat D and E and F who remain at home on the same terms: there must be an equality of sacrifice all round. It will not do to take the life of one man, that is, all his capital and confiscate it for the State, and let another man hold all his property or capital as usual. If A is going to go off to fight and make the supreme sacrifice of his life for the State, then D, the man with £100,000 or £50,000 of property, must make the supreme sacrifice also, and hand over his wealth to the State. There can be no limited liability in the matter. National Service is an excellent ideal, and we want to see it all round. It must mean not merely National Service in the sense of fighting, but National Service in the sense of handing over all that we possess to the State to use as it requires for the successful waging of this terrific war."—"Aberdeen Gazette."

"A view of Liberty. 'I thought that that was what we are fighting for,' said a perplexed workman at West London. The 'that' was personal liberty, of which the man complained he had been deprived. It seemed that he was a non-union carpenter, and he had been discharged from his employment because the other carpenters, who were union men, would not work with him. Mr. Fordham expressed sympathy with him, but said he had no cause for action against anyone. 'It always strikes me as rather hard,' said the magistrate, 'that a man should not have his liberty in that respect.' Mr. Fordham went on to say that Trade Unions were 'sheltered in what they did by the Legislature and by general feeling, so that free men who wanted to work where they wished had to stand on one side.'"—"Star."

"New ideas may float across our consciousness, but, selecting the wrong ones for more detailed study, we waste our time fruitlessly. We are bewildered by the multitude of roads which open out before us, and, like Poincaré when he tries to play chess, lose the game because we make the wrong move. Do we not all remember how, after the announcement of a new fact or generalisation, there are always many who claim to have had, and perhaps vaguely expressed, the same idea? They put it down to bad luck that they have not pursued it, but they have failed precisely in what, according to Poincaré, is the essence of inventive power. It may be bad luck not to have had a good idea, but to have had it and failed to appreciate its im-

portance is downright incapacity."—Professor ARTHUR SCHUSTER in his Presidential Address at the British Association at Manchester.

"I have warned you at the beginning of this discourse not to beat the utilitarian drum too loudly, and I have laid stress throughout on the idealistic side, though the most compelling events of the moment seem to drive us in the other direction, and the near future will press the needs of material prosperity strongly upon us. I must guard myself, therefore, against one criticism which the trend of my remarks may invite. At times, when the struggle for existence keeps masses in permanent bondage, in a society in which a multitude of men and women have to face starvation, and when unfortunate, though purely accidental, surroundings in childhood drive the weak into misery, is it not futile to speak of æsthetic motives? Am I not, while endeavouring to find a common bond between all sections of the community, in reality drawing a ring round a small and privileged leisured class, telling them these enjoyments are for you and for you alone? Should I not have found a surer ground for the claims of science in its daily increasing necessity for the success of our manufactures and commerce?"

"I have said nothing to indicate that I do not put the highest value on this important function of science, which finds its noblest task in surrendering the richness of its achievements to the use of humanity. But I must ask you to reflect whether the achievement of wealth and power, to the exclusion of higher aims, can lead to more than a superficial prosperity which passes away, because it carries the virus of its own doom within it. Do we not find in the worship of material success the seed of the pernicious ambition which has maddened a nation and plunged Europe into war? Is this contempt for all idealistic purposes not responsible for the mischievous doctrine that the power to possess confers the right to possess, and that possession is desirable in itself without regard to the use which is made of it? I must, therefore, insist that if we delight in enlisting the wealth accumulated in the earth, and all the power stored in the orbs of heaven, or in the orbits of atomic structure it should not be because we place material wealth above intellectual enjoyment, but rather because we experience a double pleasure if the efforts of the mind contribute to the welfare of the nation. . . . I am drawing no ring round a privileged class, but urge that the hunger for intellectual enjoyment is universal, and everybody should be given the opportunity and leisure of appeasing it. The duty to work, the right to live, and the leisure to think are the three prime necessities of our existence, and when one of them fails we only live an incomplete life."—Professor ARTHUR SCHUSTER in his Presidential Address at the British Association at Manchester.

"Few things are more remarkable than the ignorance of many London newspapers with large circulations of the temper and opinion of the 'working classes.' Some of them appear to be written like the old 'Pall Mall Gazette' by 'gentlemen for gentlemen.' Others, as Lord Salisbury said of the 'Daily Mail,' by office boys for office boys. But it is not only the newspapers which are at fault. The same criticism applies to thousands of well-meaning men and women who have suddenly been goaded into teaching the 'working man' thrift, or the lessons of the war, or the meaning of 'National Service.'"—C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

"National Factories. These establishments are national in the sense that they are financed by the Government and are run without profit. They are managed technically by a board of local manufacturers or engineers, and generally by a joint committee, on which the municipal authority and the Trade Unions are represented. This is the Munitions Committee. There has been some little friction here and there about the labour representation, but it has been quite unimportant, and has been easily removed. It is mainly a matter of numbers. Attempts have been made to stir up trouble, but without success: and, generally speaking, complete harmony and goodwill prevail. There is no reason why they should not, for there is nothing to quarrel about. . . . The Government bear the expense of providing and equipping the buildings, supply the material, arrange and find the pay, and, in short, defray the expenses."—"Times." (Special Correspondent.)